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There was an aeroplane on the runway with its engines ewitched off. I saw that its nose was, as I had been told by Mohamed, painted a dark green. Therefore, I decided that it was Mohamed's aeroplane. However, as there was no one within sight, I did not know what to do. Suddenly I remembered that I had been ordered to wait till Mohamed got off the plane.

After waiting for about ten minutes for Mohamed to get off the plane, I decided to sit down under a tree by the side of the runway and smake a cigarette. The seroplane appeared extremely lonely as it lay there on the runway like a huge silver moth.

I did not have to wait long under the tree. Faintly heard at first, but getting louder as it approached, was the deep note of a powerful engine.

was the deep note of a powerful engine.

List the car came into sight, I saw that it was an expensively model driven either by a woman or by a man who loved to wear his hair long. Whoever it was, it was not Mohamed. So I decided that the wisest thing are do was to hide behind a pile of rocks which was nearby.

Suddenly I heard gunshots. I peered over my pile of rocks. The car was now weaving along the runway. I knew that the driver had been injured. And I knew that I myself was in great danger. All I wanted at that mement was to be somewhere else.