







● قریباً ۱۰ (۱۰۰۰۰)

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There was a girl in a pale blue dress standing on the jetty. She appeared to me to be too young and inexperienced to be a reporter working for a well-known paper. However, my duty was to meet her and accompany her to the hotel at which she would be staying.

"Good morning!" I greeted her respectfully and in English, "Are you Miss Brown?"

"Yes, I am." She addressed me in the same respectful tone of voice I had used, "And may I ask you who you are?"

It was a British voice I heard. The Miss Brown I had come to meet was, according to what Ahmed had told me yesterday, definitely American.

I looked at the Miss Brown standing in front of me more carefully. It was then that I noticed that she had long straight hair. My Miss Brown was, according to the photograph Ahmed had shown me, curly haired. This was certainly not the Miss Brown I had been instructed to meet. Who, then, was this?

The first thought that crossed my mind was that this was an impostor who had been sent by one of our competitors. So I asked Miss Brown for her passport saying that they would require it at the hotel. She hesitated.

"Pardon me!" She said very politely, "You have not introduced yourself yet, have you? I presume you are Mr. Hassan of Astrolux."

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