

## Chapter 1 *Two dangerous men*

‘Take a look at these,’ said Naylor.

He put two photos in front of Munro. Two men. There were names on the photos. One man was dark, Asian maybe. His name was Sam Tajik. The second man looked European – German or Scandinavian. Jonas Beck.

‘Sam Tajik. Jonas Beck,’ said Naylor. ‘Dangerous men. Terrorists.’

Munro waited. He worked for Naylor. And Naylor never gave him easy jobs.

‘Yesterday I had an email from our man in the Caribbean,’ said Naylor. ‘He saw these two men at the same table in the same hotel.’



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Naylor showed Munro a third photo. Beck and Tajik were in a hotel restaurant. Naylor looked up at Munro.

‘I’m not happy,’ he said. ‘Beck always works in Europe – so what’s he doing in the Caribbean? Having a holiday? No. He’s not.’

Naylor looked down at Tajik’s photo.

‘And Tajik is an animal, a killer,’ he said. ‘He hates Americans. He hates Europeans. He hates the West. Why is he talking to Beck? What’s he doing in the same room as Beck?’

Naylor sat back.

‘They’re talking and laughing and having a good time. They’re “friends”. I don’t like it.’

‘Where in the Caribbean are they?’ asked Munro.

‘Tobago,’ replied Naylor. ‘At the Mount Irvine Bay Hotel. That’s where you’re going. There’s a room for you at the hotel from tomorrow night.’

There was a file on the table: ‘The Caribbean File’. Naylor put the photos into the file and gave it to Munro.

‘Take this and read it,’ he said. ‘Go. Watch. Listen. Why are they there? What are they doing? I want some answers.’

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At six o’clock the next evening Munro got out of a taxi in front of the Mount Irvine Bay Hotel. He loved the Caribbean: the sun, the sea, the palm trees, the friendly people. He walked into the hotel.

‘You have a room for me,’ Munro told the receptionist. ‘The name’s Munro.’

The receptionist looked on his computer. Just then a woman came into the hotel behind Munro.

He turned to look at her.

She was beautiful – tall, with short dark hair and dark eyes.

Munro smiled at her.

‘Hi,’ he said.

‘Hello.’ She smiled warmly back.

The receptionist looked up.

‘Excuse me,’ the woman said to Munro. Then she said to the receptionist, ‘I’d like some tea in my room, please.’

‘Of course, Ms Salgado,’ he replied. ‘Two minutes.’

‘Argentina or Uruguay?’ Munro asked Salgado.

Salgado looked at him, a question in her eyes.

‘Your English is very good,’ said Munro, ‘but I think you’re from Argentina or maybe Uruguay.’

‘Ah!’ said Salgado. ‘Well, you’re right.’ She smiled at Munro again. ‘I am from one of those countries.’ And she turned and walked away.

‘Nice answer!’ thought Munro, and he laughed.

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At seven o’clock Beck and Tajik were back in the hotel restaurant. This time Munro was at a table near them. The two men talked and laughed. They spoke in English.

Munro read the *Tobago News*. But he also watched and listened. He heard a little of the conversation, but Beck and Tajik didn’t talk about anything important. After dinner they asked for coffee.

Just then Salgado walked into the restaurant.

‘She is very beautiful,’ thought Munro.

Salgado saw Munro. He smiled at her. She smiled back.

Beck and Tajik saw her and stopped talking.

Beck said something to Tajik, something about Salgado. And they laughed.

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Salgado gave Beck a long angry look. Then she turned and left.

Beck laughed again, but it wasn't a nice laugh.

Munro thought about Beck. What did he say about Salgado? Was it just 'man talk' with Tajik? Or did he know her?

Beck and Tajik finished their coffee and left the restaurant.

Munro went to the bar. There were ten or twelve people there. Munro asked for a Carib beer and sat down with his back to the wall. He always sat with his back to the wall. No one can come up behind you.

There was cricket on the television. West Indians love to play and watch cricket. Munro watched the television, drank his beer and thought again about the two men. Why were they here?

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‘Do you understand cricket?’

The question came from Munro’s left. He turned. It was Ms Salgado.

‘A little,’ replied Munro. ‘But it’s an English sport, and I’m Scottish.’

‘Ah!’ said Salgado.

Munro smiled at Salgado.

‘Can I get you a drink?’ he asked.

Salgado looked round the room. ‘Not here. There are too many people,’ she said. ‘But there’s some whisky in my room. That’s from Scotland too, I think.’

They left the bar and walked to Salgado’s room. She opened the door.

‘Do you know those two men in the restaurant?’ asked Munro.

Salgado put a finger to his lips.

‘Sh!’ she said. ‘We don’t want to talk about them.’ Then her lips met his and Munro felt the fire in her body.



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Munro opened his eyes. He heard a noise. Maria Salgado came out of the bathroom in a black T-shirt and jeans.

‘What time is it?’ asked Munro.

‘I’m late,’ said Salgado.

‘Where are you going?’ asked Munro.

Again Salgado put a finger to Munro’s lips.

‘Goodbye, Ian,’ she said. ‘I enjoyed meeting you.’

She left the room quickly.

Munro looked at his watch. It was five o’clock in the morning. He looked round Salgado’s room. There were no bags, no clothes, nothing of Salgado’s in the room. Just his clothes on a chair.

Munro dressed quickly and ran to the front of the hotel. He was too late. He saw Salgado get into a black car and drive away. There were also two men in the car. Beck and Tajik.



## Chapter 2 *A call to Naylor*

Munro ran back into the hotel. The receptionist was at his computer.

‘Those people in the black car,’ said Munro. ‘Where are they going?’

‘I don’t know,’ answered the receptionist.

Munro put \$50 next to the receptionist’s computer.

‘They put their bags in a taxi and told the driver to go to the airport,’ said the receptionist. He took the \$50. ‘Then they got into that black car. But I don’t know where they’re going.’

‘I need a taxi to the airport,’ said Munro. ‘Can you call me one?’

‘Of course,’ replied the receptionist.

Munro ran back to his room for his bag. By five forty-five he was at Crown Point International Airport. There was a plane to Trinidad at six-forty. Munro sat down to watch and wait. He took out his phone. It was two o’clock in the morning in London.

‘Naylor.’

‘When does Naylor sleep?’ thought Munro. ‘I’m at the airport,’ he said. ‘Beck and Tajik have got a woman with them. Her name’s Maria Salgado ...’

‘Salgado!’ said Naylor.

‘Yes,’ said Munro. ‘She’s tall with ...’

‘I know,’ said Naylor. ‘She’s a terrorist too. I don’t like this at all. She was Beck’s girlfriend for five years. Then she left him and went back to South America. He was very angry

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about that. At the time he told people he wanted to kill her. But I don't think she knew about that. Why is Beck talking to her again? This isn't good.'

A plane came in from Trinidad. People got out and walked into the airport. A black car drove out to a small blue plane next to the one from Trinidad. Two men and a woman got out. Beck, Tajik and Salgado. Then a boy got out too.





‘Wait a minute,’ said Munro to Naylor.

Munro looked at the boy. He was twelve or thirteen years old and wore jeans and a light blue shirt. He looked half asleep.

Salgado took the boy’s hand. They walked slowly to the plane. The boy got in, then the terrorists. The plane started to move.

‘They just got here,’ Munro told Naylor. ‘Beck, Tajik and Salgado. And they’ve got a boy with them. They’re just leaving on a small plane. The boy’s about twelve or thirteen. White. Blue shirt. Jeans. Short brown hair.’

‘How did he look?’ asked Naylor.

‘OK,’ replied Munro, ‘but he moved slowly. He looked half asleep.’

‘What are the letters on the plane?’ asked Naylor.

‘G-BUTY,’ answered Munro.

‘Give me ten minutes,’ said Naylor.

Munro bought a coffee and waited for Naylor’s call. It took fifteen minutes.

‘I spoke to the airport,’ said Naylor. ‘They’re going to St Kitts. You’re on the next plane to Trinidad. You go from there to Antigua, and then to St Kitts. Get to St Kitts and find them. And get me a photo of the boy. I need to see him.’

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## Chapter 3 *A photo for Naylor*

Munro got to St Kitts at five forty-five in the afternoon. It was still hot and sunny. A large police officer in a light brown shirt and trousers came up to him.

‘You must be Ian Munro,’ said the police officer. ‘I’m Wesley Samuels of the St Kitts Police.’

‘Nice to meet you,’ said Munro.

‘Mr Naylor asked me to help you,’ said Samuels. ‘You’re looking for some people, I understand.’

‘Yes,’ replied Munro.

They started walking to the front of the airport.

