

THE GIRL WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

by **Norm Harris**

EXCERPT

The tourist dressed in white shorts and running shoes, a tangerine top, a ball cap, sunglasses, and a red backpack descended the gang plank from the ship to the dock at Cruise Ships Dock at Limassol, New Port. Once on the dock, she paused to ensure the two men lurking in the shadows of the terminal building had noticed her. She hailed a cab. Her destination was the Russian Embassy in the nearby capitol of Nicosia. The trip to the embassy would take almost two hours. Occasionally, she checked to be sure the men were keeping up with her. She wanted to know where they were at all times. Each morning, she began her day with but one simple rule Irishka has once taught her: “Every morning in Africa, a gazelle wakes up. It knows it must run faster than the fastest lion or it will be killed. Every morning, a lion wakes up. It knows it must outrun the slowest gazelle or it will starve to death. It doesn't matter whether you're a lion or gazelle. When the sun comes up, you'd better be running.”

I must run today. Every day. Without fail, Kat thought.