

Nowhere Else to Run

A man and a woman are running away from the viewer through a dark, rocky tunnel. They are silhouetted against a bright, circular opening at the end of the tunnel. The woman is on the right, holding a small object in her hand. A metal railing is visible on the right side of the tunnel.

They thought they were safe...

Eddie Martin

A gripping thriller full of suspense

Nowhere Else to Run

Eddie Martin

First published in 2016

Beecroft Publishing
Beecroft
Crittenden Road
Matfield, Kent
TN12 7EQ
United Kingdom

www.beecroftpublishing.co.uk
email: sales@beecroftpublishing.co.uk

ISBN 978-0954618-66-7

Copyright © 2016 Eddie Martin

All rights reserved around the world. This publication is copyrighted and may not be reproduced, in whole or in part, in any manner (except for excerpts thereof for bona fida purposes in accordance with the Copyright Act) without the prior permission in writing from Beecroft Publishing.

Table of Contents

Chapter 1 – Heathrow Airport	1
Chapter 2 – Journey to Rio	13
Chapter 3 – Making Contact	29
Chapter 4 – The Abduction	40
Chapter 5 – Rescued at the Sambadrome	58
Chapter 6 – Iguassu Hotel	81
Chapter 7 – To the River	99
Chapter 8 – At Iguassu Falls	124
Chapter 9 – Terror in the Favela	141
Chapter 10 – Finding Antonio	165
Chapter 11 – The Man in Black	188
Chapter 12 – Downtown Rio	198
Chapter 13 - The Double Cross	222
Chapter 14 – Final Day Sting	235

Chapter 1 – Heathrow Airport

George glanced up at the overhead departure monitor, then across the table towards his wife Maggie.

“What do you want for breakfast?” he asked, as they both scanned through the breakfast menu.

The smell of coffee and toast wafted through the air, while they waited to be served in a café in the departure lounge at London Heathrow airport. The time was 6:15 on a cold February morning, but it was warm inside the building, and the airport was awakening for the day.

“I don’t know yet,” Maggie said, “I can’t quite decide what to have. Have you chosen yours?”

George looked at the menu again in a habitual way, and scratched his head, but had already made up his mind.

“I’m going to have the full English breakfast,” he said, “It has to be done. We’re going abroad, and I’m not sure when we will have a proper English breakfast again.”

George and Maggie were waiting to catch a flight to Brazil, which was their first trip to that amazing country. It was carnival time in Rio de Janeiro, and for many years they both wanted to experience the festival, it was one of the world’s most spectacular events. The couple were going to spend six days in Rio, to enjoy the carnival, the beaches, and the Brazilian culture. It was to have been the holiday of a lifetime, and the trip was booked months in advance. George and Maggie were eager to board the plane, but breakfast was foremost on their minds at 6:15 in the morning.

Maggie deliberated a minute or two longer over the menu.

“I know,” she said, “I’m going to have scrambled eggs on toast, with tomatoes, and a pot of tea.”

“I think I’ll have coffee,” George said, “I must have my coffee first thing in the morning.”

“Shall we have orange juice as well?” Maggie asked.

“Good Idea,” George replied.

George looked around for a waiter, but could not see any nearby, they were all busy behind the serving counter. He tried to get their attention by waving his arms in the air, but no one was looking in his direction. He gave out a deafening whistle, which was unbecoming for that time of the morning, but it caught the attention of the staff. One young lady acknowledged George, and immediately made her way over to the table with notepad in hand.

"Sorry about that," she said, "It's early, and we were just getting things ready. How can I help you?"

"It's alright," George said, "we're all asleep at this time of the morning."

It was a sarcastic remark, and Maggie looked at George with disgust. She raised her eyebrows, as if to say, 'that wasn't necessary'. The waitress was not fussed, she had heard remarks like that many times before, and just ignored the comment.

"What would you like?" she asked.

George opened his hand towards Maggie, and offered for her to speak first. Maggie took the opportunity, and addressed the waitress.

"I would like the scrambled eggs please, with fried tomatoes, and two slices of toast."

"Anything to drink madam?" the waitress asked.

"Ah! Yes. A pot of tea please."

The waitress then looked at George nonchalantly.

"And for you Sir?" she asked.

"I will have the full English breakfast thanks, with coffee, black coffee."

"Will that be all?" the waitress asked.

"I think so," George said, while looking at Maggie in case there was something else she wanted.

The waitress was about to walk away from the table, when George remembered he had forgotten to order the juices.

"Hold on," he said.

The waitress turned around and George beckoned for her to come back.

"Can we both have orange juice as well please?"

“Yes, certainly Sir,” the waitress replied.

She completed the order on the notepad, and made her way back to the service counter. It was not long before she disappeared through the swing doors to the kitchen.

George and Maggie both looked up at the departure monitor again. The flight was non-stop from London Heathrow to Rio de Janeiro by British Airways, and it was on time. Earlier that morning, they had checked in and disposed of their luggage, and retained just the hand baggage. George and Maggie were seasoned travellers, and always arrived at airports early, so as to avoid queues and delays. The flight was due to depart at 9:30am, so there was ample time for breakfast, and for some duty free shopping.

George was a gregarious man, five feet ten inches tall, medium built, and aged 52. His eyes were light blue, with a brown speck in one iris, which was most noticeable when you looked directly into his eyes. His hair was curly and light brown in colour, with a touch of greying at the sides. Compared to many men today, he had a full head of hair for his age.

Maggie was the more cautious of the two, five feet two inches tall, and attended the gym twice a week to keep herself fit. Her eyes were brown, which matched the colour of her shoulder length hair. Maggie was approaching the age of 50 in a month's time.

The holiday to Brazil was a special trip to mark the occasion. Two years previously, they went on a similar trip to Thailand, to celebrate George's 50th birthday. The couple always celebrated landmark birthdays with a special occasion, and sometimes threw a party for friends and relatives. At other times, as on this holiday, they organised a trip to some far away exotic destination.

The clink of a coffee cup behind George caused him to turn around, and he noticed two well-dressed men, seated a few tables away from them. The men were of a swarthy complexion

with black hair, indicating they may be from South America. They were dressed in black suits, which suggested they may be some kind of business men. George noticed two unusual things about the men. One had a three inch scar on the right cheek, and each man wore a diamond encrusted ear ring. The men spoke in a foreign language, which was hard to decipher because of the distance away from George and Maggie. They were eating breakfast, and the sight of breakfast made George even hungrier.

"Lucky fellows," George said, "they've got their breakfast already."

The men overheard George, and stared intensely towards the couple. This sent a shiver down George's spine, for no reason other than being stared at by a man with a three inch scar on his face. This made George feel uncomfortable, and he looked at Maggie with raised eyebrows. He gave a wry smile, as if to say, 'I should have kept my mouth shut.'

Maggie was sympathetic to George's reaction, and changed the subject.

"What do you want to buy in duty free?" she asked.

"The usual I guess. A bottle of rum for me to have in the hotel room, and whatever you wish to drink."

"I don't know what I want," Maggie said.

"You normally have sherry, or sometimes wine."

Maggie looked puzzled at George for making such a crass remark, but knew he was probably correct at the assumption.

"I'll think about it," she said.

"I need to buy some after shave lotion as well," George said, "but I think I'll get that on our return journey. It's too heavy to take there and back."

At that moment, two young men approached the table adjacent to George and Maggie.

"Good morning," one of the men said.

The man spoke with a foreign accent, possibly German.

"Good morning," George and Maggie said together.

The men took off their jackets and sat down. Both men wore tee shirts, jeans and trainers. On the front of one tee shirt was

written 'AC/DC', across a picture of an electric guitar. The other man wore a red tee shirt, with no markings. The men were about 25 years old, over six feet tall, and their arms bulged with muscles, which indicated they kept themselves fit. Both men sported prominent tattoos on each arm. The man with the 'AC/DC' tee shirt was also tattooed on the right arm with 'AC/DC'. The other man was tattooed with a sword on one arm, which stretched from his elbow down to his wrist. The appearance of both men looked menacing, but they seemed like good friends and were well-mannered. The men spoke German, which confirmed the thoughts of George and Maggie.

George scanned around the café to see who else was seated there. On another table sat four young men, with four glasses of beer in front of them. It was early for alcohol, but they seemed to be starting a holiday in a manner they wished to continue it. A man sat in the corner of the café wearing a brown leather jacket. He was sipping coffee and reading a newspaper, and looked familiar to George. A travelling group of young school girls, aged 12-14, approached the café, and the noise that emanated from a group of ten young girls at 6:30 in the morning was horrendous.

Seconds later, the waitress arrived with the breakfast, and put the plates on the table in front of George and Maggie.

"Here you are," she said, "I brought you some toast as well Sir, I thought you might like some."

"Ah! Thanks very much," George said, "I forgot about the toast. Thank you very much."

The waitress unloaded the tray of beverages, orange juice and toast onto the table.

"Enjoy your breakfast," she said, and turned around to serve the Germans.

George and Maggie had left home about two hours before, to allow for traffic delays, and to check in early. The journey to the airport took an hour, and the check in was swift. They were hungry, and looked forward to breakfast, only managing to have a cup of tea before leaving home. The couple spent the next half

hour eating breakfast, until about 7:15, when George looked up at the departure monitor again. He checked if the flight to Rio was still on schedule, and it was on time.

"Are you ready to do some shopping?" George asked Maggie.

"Yes, let's go. Time is moving on."

The couple stood up, collected their hand luggage, and were about to walk away from the table, when one of the Germans on the next table bid them farewell.

"Hope you enjoy your holiday, wherever you are going."

The German spoke with an accent, but his words were understood by the couple.

"Thanks, and you enjoy yours as well," Maggie said.

As they walked away from the table, George glanced over his shoulder at the two men in black suits seated further back. Once again, both men were staring intensely at them, and it was very unnerving. George decided to ignore it, and walked on.

The couple made their way to the Duty Free shops, and meandered around searching for booze and perfumes. Maggie paused at a counter to try out a perfume, which she sprayed on a tester and dangled in front of her nose.

"Hmmm! That smells good. What do you think?"

She handed the perfume tester to George, which he held close to his nose.

"Too sweet, and too overpowering. I prefer something earthy."

"What do you mean earthy?"

"Like musk. You know! Musk from animals."

"Well I like this one," Maggie said.

"Ok, get that one then," George replied.

At that moment, there was a shriek from one of the female staff members on the other side of the duty free shop.

"Stop, thief, stop," she shouted.

The disturbance caused everyone in the shop to look in the direction of the noise. A man was seen running away from the duty free shop, with two bottles of booze in his hands. He was

closely pursued by a security guard, who was on duty in the shop. The chase was short, and the thief was soon apprehended by another guard from a nearby shop. One of the security guards held the man firmly by the arm, while the other called the airport police on his Walkie-Talkie. It was not long before a small crowd gathered around the man and the security guards. The crowd looked on with interest while the man was sternly spoken to by the guards. The police were soon on the scene, and after a brief discussion with the guards, led the captured man away for interrogation. The episode reminded George and Maggie to be vigilant at airports, and to ensure their belongings were safe, where ever they travelled.

The commotion soon died down, and George glanced around the duty free shop to observe the reaction of the other people. Most of them looked shocked and surprised, and there was a general murmur of people speaking to each other around the shop. While George scanned around, he noticed the two men in black he saw earlier were also in the shop, and were staring at them. The men turned away quickly, and pretended to be shopping, but George thought otherwise.

“Look Maggie, those guys are staring at us again,” he said.

“What guys?” Maggie asked.

“The men we saw in the café, the ones who stared at us before. If I’m not mistaken, I think they are following us.”

“Don’t be silly,” Maggie said, “It’s just your imagination. No one is following us. Why would they follow us?”

“I don’t know, it just seems odd that since we were in the café, they always seem to be near us.”

“It is an airport after all,” Maggie said, “People are allowed to move around.”

“Yes I know, but I am getting an unusual feeling about this.”

The two men exited the shop, and were eyeballed all the way out by George who still felt unnerved. George and Maggie continued to shop, and purchased a bottle of Eldorado gold Demerara rum from Guyana. One that was matured for 12 years, and a favourite of George. The purchases also included a bottle of French Merlot, and a 50ml bottle of Chanel No. 5 for Maggie.

It was 8 o'clock when they left the duty free shop, and located the nearest monitor to check the departure flight times again. On this occasion, the display indicated the departure gate number. Boarding was at 8:30, so they needed to make their way to the departure gate as soon as possible, and proceeded towards it. On the walk there, the two German men who sat on the table next to them in the café, were about to overtake the couple. The Germans seemed to be in a hurry, but George decided to speak to them anyway.

"Hi there again," George said.

The German men were startled by the remark, and slowed down to match the couple's pace.

"Hi," one of the men said, "We meet again."

George then thought to make a flippant comment.

"You're not following us, are you?" he asked.

All four thought the comment was funny and laughed, and in not so perfect English, one of the Germans replied.

"No, we are going to Brazil."

"Really!" Maggie said, "What a coincidence? We are also going to Brazil, and will be staying in Rio."

"On the 9:30 flight to Rio?" the other German asked.

"Yes, what a coincidence," George said, "It's the same flight as ours. I think it's going to be a long flight."

"Ah Yes!" the same German man replied.

He held out his hand towards George, and all four introduced themselves. The Germans were called Karl and Helmut from Frankfurt.

"We will probably see you on the plane," Karl said.

"Yes, have a good trip," George replied.

The Germans then walked on ahead, and left George and Maggie to walk at their own pace.

"They seem like nice guys," Maggie said to George.

"Yes they do. I wonder where they are staying in Rio."

The Germans were fit guys who walked at a quick pace, and soon disappeared among the passengers ahead.

George and Maggie arrived at the departure gate, and searched for a place to sit in the waiting area. The departure lounge was packed with people of various nationalities, all

waiting for the flight to Rio. There must have been hundreds of people waiting, and to accommodate for the volume, British Airways laid on a Boeing 777 airliner, which can seat 400 plus passengers. George went to find some bottled water, while Maggie searched for two vacant seats, and waited for George to return. They sat down to relax until the flight was called. George and Maggie looked up at the departure monitor again, to check the flight was on time. It seemed excessive to scan the monitors so often, but they are informative, and relieved the boredom of waiting.

Boarding was not for another few minutes, and to pass the time, a bit of people watching was necessary. It was a normal pastime for people waiting in a crowded area, and George and Maggie were no exception to the pastime. George notice three men standing not far from the departure gate, whose appearance seemed Brazilian, and they seemed to be somewhat agitated. One wore a black zip up cardigan, and was listening to music through his head phones. The second sported a green casual jacket, while the third wore a black lounge jacket. All three wore blue denim jeans, and each held onto a small black trolley bag. George thought they were an odd looking bunch.

A number of jets could be seen glistening in the sunlight through the windows. Some waited on the tarmac for permission to take off, while others were being refuelled at the docking areas. Quite a few people were seated in the departure lounge, some were families with children. Most of the children seemed bored, and played quietly. Others were boisterous, and ran around causing havoc to the other passengers. The lounge area was normal for an international flight, with the murmur of various conversations in a multitude of languages. Many people however, remained in their seats, and watched the BBC news on the large TV screens.

George leant across to Maggie and spoke quietly to her.

"I don't believe it."

Maggie looked at George strangely.

"Don't believe what?" she asked.

"Those two men in black are standing over there."

George tried not to look up, but indicated surreptitiously with his right hand to Maggie.

"Over where?" she asked.

Maggie was about to look in the direction in which George pointed, but George interjected quickly.

"No, don't turn your head, they're looking at us."

Maggie decided to look up at the ceiling, pretended to glance around, and not make it too obvious she was going to look at the men. She eventually looked in the direction George indicated.

"I can't see any men," Maggie said, "where are they?"

George looked over and could not see the men either, and assumed they must have moved away from the place he last saw them. His hands began to sweat, and he felt a shiver come over him.

"They were there, I tell you. They were," he said.

"You're just being paranoid," Maggie said.

"No I'm not," George snapped back, "they were there, where I told you."

"If you feel so strongly about it, why don't you report them to the authorities?"

"Report them!" George said, "That seems over the top, don't you think?"

"Well, you are the one who seemed concerned. Do something about it or shut up, because you're making me nervous now."

George did not want to ruin the special holiday to Brazil, so thought it best not to say any more about the men for the time being.

'Bing-bong', rang out on the intercom in the departure lounge, and the flight was called for boarding. Most people stood up immediately, and collected their hand luggage. Some hurried and pushed their way to get to the front of the queue, which formed quickly. George and Maggie were travelling in Economy Class, as their funds allowed, and eventually joined the lengthy queue that already formed. Business and First Class passengers were allowed to pass through the fast track channel,

which made George and Maggie envious. 'If only', they thought, as they shuffled along.

George took the boarding passes and passports from the hand luggage, and presented them to the lady in charge of boarding.

"Good morning Sir, good morning madam. How are we today?" the lady asked.

"We are fine," George replied.

George glanced down at the name badge pinned to her blouse.

"And how are you Elizabeth?" he asked.

"I am also well," she replied.

"Are you looking forward to the flight?" Elizabeth asked.

"Very much so," Maggie replied.

Elizabeth paused for a moment, and tapped a few letters on the keyboard in front of her. The short delay caused George to make a flippant remark to Elizabeth.

"Is something wrong with the plane?"

Elizabeth looked up at George strangely.

"No, I've got some good news for you," she replied.

"Oh!" George said.

Maggie looked on with interest, while Elizabeth typed a few more letters onto the keyboard.

"It's your lucky day," she said.

She looked up at George and Maggie, and smiled.

"I'm going to upgrade you to Business Class."

The couple were elated, resulting in a great big grin on their faces, and they raised their arms ecstatically in the air.

"Wow!" George and Maggie said together.

"I don't believe it," George added.

Elizabeth reprinted the boarding passes with the new seat allocation, and handed them to George.

"Have a good flight," she said.

"Thank you," the lucky couple said.

George and Maggie made their way towards the door to board as Business Class passengers. They were filled with excitement now that they were on their way, and because of the unexpected seat upgrade.