

STOLEN GODS

The man in the black cashmere coat climbed down the steps of his private six-seater Learjet 40 and stood for a moment, his breath frosting in the chill morning air. He glanced across the tarmac as a refuelling truck rumbled past. In the distance two men in fluorescent jackets were standing talking in front of a hangar. Otherwise, he seemed to be alone. Ahead of him a sign read WELCOME TO LONDON CITY AIRPORT, and beneath it an open door beckoned, leading to immigration. He headed for it, unaware that he was being watched every step of the way.

The man was in his fifties, bald and expressionless. Inside the terminal he gave his passport to the official and watched with blank eyes as it was examined and handed back, then continued on his way. He had no luggage. There was a black limousine waiting for him outside with a grey-suited chauffeur behind the wheel. The man offered no greeting as he got in, nor did he speak

