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THE HIDDEN SUN

CHAPTER ONE

*For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire.*

James Elroy Flecker

As she crept along the first floor corridor of the Hotel Constantia, Famagusta, shoes in hand, Sally spotted the waiter with the early morning tea some distance ahead.

God! - He'll wake Liz and she'll think I've been abducted, she thought, quickening her pace to intercept him. It was at the precise moment, when he raised his hand to knock at her bedroom door, that she called him by name in an urgent stage-whisper, 'Vasos!'

He turned sharply, startled at first to see her fully dressed and in the corridor, when he'd expected to find her on the other side of the door in bed. Then he grinned. All the staff had a soft spot for Miss Locke, the happy one - as they called her amongst themselves - and the only one of all the young ladies willing to make some attempt to learn Greek.

'Efcharisto poli,' she murmured, taking the tray from him and waiting until he had reached inside and switched on the bathroom light.

As the door closed behind her, she made her way past the bathroom and into the bedroom. She had sufficient light to make out her own unoccupied bed and that of her room-mate. Then one of her shoes, squeezed precariously between finger and tray, dropped to the floor with a loud clatter.

'That you, Sally?' Liz's voice was heavy with sleep.

'No, it's Colonel Grivas.'

'I thought he was a General.'