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Killer sample  
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## **ON THE RUN**

Level 4 - B1/B2 Intermediate (2) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press  
Old Secrets - Modern Mysteries Series Book 4

### **Copyright**

Killer

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### **Killer Character List**

*James Winchester* was a diplomat for twenty years. Before that, he worked for the British Secret Service. He is married to Sarah and they live in Hill House in western Scotland.

*Sarah Winchester* is a retired schoolteacher. She grew up in Scotland. She is very experienced with guns.

James and Sarah fell in love when they were students in Paris. James disappeared from her life, and Sarah returned to Scotland. Forty years later, they met again.

You can read more about James' and Sarah's recent lives in books one, two and three of the Old Secrets - Modern Mysteries series: *The Blue Lace Curtain*, *End House* and *On the Run*.

*Boon Mee* is a contract killer. He calls himself Spock. Many years ago, when he was a baby, James found him in a rice field.

*Archie Ross* is the top policeman in Scotland. He grew up near the village where Sarah and James live. He knows Sarah well. Archie and James became friends when they worked together, many years ago.

*David Carver* is the head of MI6. When he first joined MI6, James was his boss.

*Anthony Barrows* is a hotel manager in London. He is very friendly with Archie Ross and helps the police and Secret Service from time to time.

*Peter Ellison* works for David Carver at MI6. He is a computer expert.

*Other characters:*

*Ernst Hoffen* is a contract killer.

*Mattie Simpson* is head of one of the anti-terrorist groups within the United Kingdom police.

*Anthea Weston* is the Head of Foreign Affairs for the United Kingdom.

*Tarquin Grantly* is Head of the Middle East Department of Foreign Affairs in the United Kingdom.

*Billings* is a lecturer at a small university. He belongs to a very secret group called *Deep Water*. He sometimes uses the name *Dawkin*.

*Noi* and his wife *Kulap* adopted Boon Mee when he was a very young baby.

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### 1. Cambodia 1979

The man was moving very slowly. He had been walking for 11 hours and was very tired, but he couldn't stop. He was near the border with Thailand, and he knew Khmer patrols were in the area. After many long months, he was finally within hours of escape. It would be very stupid to make a mistake now.

He stopped on the dirt road and looked around. He could see the empty houses and unused rice fields. He had not seen anyone all day. But maybe someone had seen him. Villagers were hiding everywhere, but they would not talk to Khmer men, or to strangers. It was late, and he wanted to cross the border when it was dark.

He listened carefully for any sound of danger. There was a strange noise coming from the bushes on his left side. It sounded like a kitten. He moved carefully towards the sound. He moved the bushes, and saw a baby wrapped in an old shirt, lying on the ground. "Damn!" said the man. It would be safer for him to leave the baby and continue his walk to the border. But he couldn't do that.

*The baby will die if I leave it. I will have to take the baby with me.*

He sat down on the ground next to the baby and picked it up. He knew nothing about babies, but he thought it was very young. The baby's eyes were open. The man took out his water bottle. He put his finger in the bottle, and then in the baby's mouth.

*Don't cry! The Khmer will find me, and they will find you. They will kill us.*

The man stood up and unbuttoned his shirt. He put the baby inside his shirt. He buttoned his shirt and tied his belt around his waist. Then he started walking again.

## 2. Thailand 1979

Four hours later, the man was in Thailand. He walked to a temple in a poor village. It was a very old, and very small temple. Only one old monk lived there.

He went inside. He gave the baby more water and put the child on the floor. He drank some water himself, lay down on the floor, and fell asleep.

When the sun rose, the old monk who lived in the temple opened the door.

The man woke up immediately and stood up, ready to attack.

The monk stayed by the door. "I didn't think you would come back," he said. "You said you would come back in a few months. But you didn't come. It has been a long time. But now you are here."

The monk spoke in English slowly. He had not spoken English for many, many months.

"Yes," said the man. "It has been a long time since I came here. Do you have my package?"

"Yes," said the monk. "You asked me to keep your package safe. I did what you asked."

The monk walked to the Buddha of the temple. He went behind the wooden statue of the Buddha. He came back with a small package. He gave it to the man.

"Thank you," said the man.

The monk said, "I am a man of peace. I hope you have made some peace in our world."

"I'm sorry. I tried to find ways to make peace. I could not do it. But I did not make war."

The monk bowed. "Maybe that was enough."

"I hope so," said the man. "But I think I have failed."

"You must leave here," said the monk. "This part of Thailand is not a safe place for you."

"No," said the man. "I will leave this country. But I have a problem."

He lifted the baby from the floor. "I found this baby boy close to the border. I could not leave him. Can you help me? Can you find a family to take care of him?"

*This man is crazy, thought the monk. He is young and strong. He escaped from the Khmer after many months. But his heart would not let him leave a baby.*

"He has been very quiet. He didn't cry. But I could only give him some water. He will die. The child needs milk."

“Wait here,” said the monk.

The man sat on the floor holding the baby.

After a few minutes, the monk came back.

“Give the child to me,” he said. “I have brought a young mother from the village. Her child was born six weeks ago. She has milk. She will feed this child, but she must not see you. Go outside. Hide in the bamboo forest. I will come soon.”

The man gave the baby to the monk, and went outside. He opened the package the monk had given him. It contained a passport and many American dollars. *I can leave Asia*, he thought. *But first I must make a plan for the baby.*

An hour later, the monk came outside.

“The young woman says the baby is strong and well. She has given him milk,” said the priest. “You cannot take the child with you. But I have an idea. I have a friend. His name is Noi. He came to Thailand many years ago from Laos. He lives near Bangkok, but his wife’s family live near here. My friend and his wife are visiting her family. They are Christians. They have no children. I think they will take the child. They will take the child to Bangkok. It is the safest way.”

The man gave the monk many American dollars. “Please take some money for yourself and your temple, and give some to your friend. It will help pay for the cost of raising the child. Thank you for your help. I will go now.”

The monk carried the baby to a house on the edge of village. He put the baby on the ground behind some bushes, and went to the door of the house. He asked to speak to Noi.

When Noi came to the door, the monk asked him to come into the garden. Noi followed him outside.

“I have a child. A young baby boy. Will you and your wife take him?”

Noi stared at the monk. “Why don’t you give the child to someone in this village?”

“It might be dangerous,” said the monk. “The child was carried over the border from Cambodia. People will ask questions. The Khmer are moving backwards and forwards across the border. The man who brought the child to me is in great danger. He must escape from Thailand. We are too close to the border here. If you take the child with you, no one will know where he came from. Around Bangkok, no one will care.”

“My wife would like a child,” said Noi. “Yes, I will take the baby. But there is one condition.”

“What is your condition?” asked the monk.

“The boy will grow. When he is older, he will want to know his history. I want to know the name of the man who bought the child from Cambodia.”

“The man’s name is James Winchester. I believe he is a very good man.”

“Thank you,” said Noi. “My wife and I will take the child to Bangkok.”

The monk put his hand inside his robes and took out the US dollars. “This is for you. To help with the cost of raising the child.”

Noi looked at the money. “I will take the child. You don’t have to give me money.”

The monk smiled. “I know. But James Winchester gave me this money to help with the child.”

“Take some for yourself,” said Noi.

“No,” said the monk. “James Winchester told me to take some. But I need nothing.”

The monk bowed and went away.

Noi went back into the house and told his wife, Kulap, everything the monk had said.

“The man must be an American,” he said. “He gave money for the child. So I think he is the father.”

“This child has been saved, and he comes with money. We will call him Boon Mee,” said his wife.

“I agree,” said Noi. “This is a lucky child. In the future, James Winchester might come back and look for his son. We must tell the boy his story.”

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