

Vladimir's own cruel hand had delivered a blow to himself all right.

The Police laughed at his fantastic tale of misguided love in a tempting night.

For fun, he was bound and taken down to the harbour on the other side of the island.

There he was set adrift in a small dinghy donated by a frightened fisherman.

Guns were drawn and so were corks, and pot shots taken at his floating corpse.

Luckily for Vlad, their aim was high and they soon tired when the bullets ran dry.

All through the night he floated on and fell asleep until dawn arrived and he found himself aground on a beach with fish around, the waters run deep.

He stumbled up from the shore and fell at the doors of a bar called "Matador".

Vladimir, confused and tired, hungry with aching head.

The bar man, Miguel, showed his kindness, and fed and clothed the wretch who's first enquiry was in stammered English :

- "Where am I?"

- "Senor, you are in Mexico"

Relieved and feeling better Vladimir soon realised the extent of his good fortune.

He decided to change his identity in this Mexican Paradise.

In return for his lodgings, food and beer.

The simple world Miguel gave him began to change Vladimir.

He basked in the sun and learned to fish and even learned how to cook a pretty mean tortilla dish.

He discovered more and more about his whereabouts.

It was the leeward side of a resort visited by Yanks and Krauts on the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico.

This was an area famed for its Mayan ruins, fabulous fishing and tropical weather.

One glance at the dusty map hanging behind the bar at the "Matador" showed Vladimir just how close he was to Miami, Florida, a place he had always heard hushed stories about back in the USSR.

A place he became increasingly curious about. A place which he determined would be his next destination.