

“We’ll have to forget about eating kebabs or getting drunk tonight,” he said. “We’ve ended up with nothing.” He fingered his scar, as he always did when he got worked up.

“A great, fat bus full of people,” he went on, “and we come out with a lousy sixty-eight pounds! Just our luck! God, this bunch had already been robbed before we came along!”

The thin, nervous-looking man joined in his partner’s laughter.

“The ones who robbed them must have been big thieves,” he answered. “Really big thieves! It’s a big-time game they’re playing. Ha, ha, ha!”

Translated by Hoda El Sadda
and Christopher Tingley