

I went dashing to the west wing, pounding on every window / entrance / grille I could reach, until finally I got in through a service entrance. Belted back the length of the hotel to the lobby, thinking myself very clever to have stacked up a collection of one pen coins. But the cord on the first phone was cut, and the second, and all the rest. James has a room here, 4040, and I get into the lift with a Chinese guy who doesn't look like a spook. The 4th floor is a building site. Back in the lift, I ask the chap if he has a room. Yes. And may I use his phone? Well... We get off at the 4th, he takes me to a room, knocks on the door, shouts 'Wong', and scuffling and consultations. There are lots of people in the room, and they don't want me there. I beg and plead through the closed door, say who I am in English, Mandarin and Cantonese. Finally, the door opens a crack & it is the Hong Kong journalist from Liambao, and about 10 others, all snaking around the room ridiculously on their bellies. Can I use the phone? It's bugged. I use it anyway, talk to Bob. Give him the whole story, put down the phone and Liambao, who has listened carefully, calls Hong Kong with her ^{own} eyewitness account. I went to find James, and a hug.