Becky Romero Visits Denmark   
  
Part 1   
  
There was a bright chill in the air as Becky Romero left the plane and passed through the terminal of Copenhagen Airport between the two main pillars. Her friends would be following her on a flight tomorrow after a layover in Sweden, and after the way Belinda had been looking at that big blond guy they had met at that cafe, she thought the lay over part might have to be taken at its most literal. Maybe.   
  
She looked around curiously at the terminal, it felt no different than the one in Chicago except for the two bronze nude statues looking down at her from the upper level. She had seen other galleries of art along the way in the terminal, but these were striking because they were female and naked. The bodies were roughly cast but the forms were obvious.   
  
Becky shivered at the thought of being naked like that in the middle of a foreign country, in the middle of an airport of all places. Looking at the statues she felt as if they were smiling to each other while looking at her. Sharing a secret she hadn't been let in on just yet.   
  
Suddenly she felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned around to see a big handsome guy standing besides her.   
  
"You are American, yes?" he said.   
  
"Yeah," Becky said, with a touch of suspicion in her voice. So far during her trip most of the people who had asked if she was American had followed that up by saying something nasty or embarrassing her in some way. Those kids in Oslo had been the worst.   
  
"My name is Anders, Anders Henrikson. You live in California?"   
  
"Chicago," Becky said. "Look I gotta go. We booked this hotel online and..."   
  
"I'm sorry to bother you, but I am catching a flight to California in a few minutes and I was wondering if you could write down the name of a good restaurant for me," Anders said, handing her a pen.   
  
"I told you I'm from Chicago," Becky said, handing it back to him.   
  
"Then write down your phone number for me," Anders said, smiling charmingly. "Then I can find the best restaurant and take you there."   
  
For a second Becky almost relented, but then rolled her eyes. "Look California, Illinois, it's different parts of the country. And I have a boyfriend. Just beat it."   
  
Anders tried to put his hand on her shoulder and she furiously slapped it away.   
  
"Why do all of you European creeps think that just because an American girl is on vacation that she wants to have sex with you. Go fuck yourself if your boyfriend isn't up to it," Becky shouted. "And if you say anything else to me, I'll scream rape so loud they'll have you arrested and thrown in jail for 20 years."   
  
"Bitch," Anders snapped, "you'll be sorry." And then he walked away.   
  
Furious and still shaking, Becky stomped inside one of the airport's adjoining art galleries filled with paintings of colored cubes and graffiti. After fifteen minutes of glaring at any guy who came near her, she finally left only to bump straight into two men in dark blue uniforms. They were tall and looked coldly at her.   
  
Becky tried to walk by them but they were so broad they blocked the exit.   
  
"My name is Sergeant Bjorn," the taller said. "Come with us please."   
  
"What's this about, I have to go to my hotel," Becky said impatiently.   
  
"You were seen having a confrontation with a known drug smuggler," Sergeant Bjorn said. "We must speak about this with you."   
  
"That guy, the creep who tried to hit on me, I had no idea he was into drugs or anything. He didn't give me anything either," Becky protested.   
  
"Surveillance footage demonstrates for us that he passed you a pen," Sergeant Bjorn said coldly. "Lying to us as you see is futile."   
  
"Oh come, I gave that back to him," Becky said. "Didn't your cameras show you that?"   
  
"But perhaps you palmed its contents," Sergeant Bjorn suggested. "As you see we must properly sort this out." He put his arm on her shoulder in no uncertain way and began to steer her through the terminal.   
  
"Please, this is all a big misunderstanding," Becky said. "I have to get the hotel I booked. It's a discount online deal, if I don't show up on time, they'll give the room to someone else."   
  
The other officer laughed. "I am sure we can find pretty American girl a place to sleep."   
  
"Why you asshole," Becky shouted, turning rapidly toward him. As she did Sergeant Bjorn grabbed her and pushed her to the floor. In a matter of seconds Becky found her arms had been painfully locked behind her and handcuffed.   
  
Sergeant Bjorn lifted her off the floor as if she weighed nothing at all and absolutely helpless Becky could do nothing but try to shrug the hair out of her face.   
  
"Resisting us will only get you into further trouble," Sergeant Bjorn warned.   
  
"Stop it, no, I wasn't resisting. Ugh," Becky protested as they dragged her along. "You assholes. You'll be punished for this. I didn't do anything."   
  
A silence had fallen over the busy airport as Becky realized that the handcuffed girl being dragged along by two burly uniformed officers was now the center of attention. And that girl was her.   
  
Sullenly she fell silent as a crowd of tourists and native Danes watched her being led handcuffed through the airport. Becky Romero hung her head realizing that her first steps on Danish soil would be as a prisoner. Then her eye caught the attention of the two naked bronze girls who seemed to be laughing. Laughing at her.   
  
"Pretty American girl should behave herself," the other officer said, brushing the hair out of her face for her. "Or maybe there will be three naked statues in the airport. And the third will be the prettiest of all."   
  
WHAT FATE WILL BEFALL BECKY NEXT? LEARN MORE IN PART 2. COMING SOON.