

Chapter 28

Pour me another drink,” Barak demanded.

“I thought it was contrary to your religious beliefs,” Macy said, standing in front of him wearing only sheer panties and a bra.

“Many things I do are against my religious beliefs, pour!” he shouted, as his fist crashed against the wooden table.

She emptied the bottle of Jack Daniels into his water glass while gazing about the room. “This place is depressing. Can’t you find anything cleaner for us?”

“Look around you, this is Ramallah, everything is depressing.”

He drained the glass in one gulp and reached for her; she came willingly. “Do we not have another bottle?” he demanded, his face pressed against her belly.

Pulling away, she walked the few feet to the opposite side of the small room, avoiding the jagged edged cracks that covered the concrete floor like so many tentacles. Reaching into a cardboard box that sat on a wooden chair, she withdrew their last bottle of Jack Daniels. “This

is the last of it," she lamented.

"Bring it here."

"If you drink any more you will not be able to perform for me."

"I must wash away the confusion."

"What confusion?"

"I am troubled by the methods of my brothers. What good does it do to kill if we are to be killed in return? There is no end to this, we cannot win. And you, I don't know who you are—friend or enemy. We use each other but I sense there is more."

"Of course there is more. Put that bottle down and I will show you."

"No, I must think--think more clearly."

He finished a third of the last bottle while Macy relaxed on the disheveled bed waiting for him to reach a drunken stupor. She didn't have to wait very long. "Barak, you've had enough," she said, as he wobbled in his chair with an empty glass in his hand.

"Yes, I have had enough!"

With her help, he slid the three foot distance to the bed and fell asleep.

Shortly before sunrise, with Barak still asleep, she left the dilapidated house and carefully made her way back to Jerusalem and a prearranged meeting with her superior.

"We thought you might not have made it back," her superior said.

"I had some difficulty finding a hole in our security ... you know I don't carry any

papers.”

“Yes, yes of course. Standard operative procedure.”

“I haven’t had time for a shower or a change of clothes,” Macy complained, as the man seemed to scrutinize her appearance.

“No matter, what have you learned?”

“It took almost two bottles of Jack Daniels but I finally managed to trick him into revealing their major source of funding.”

“Yes, and that is?”

“It seems that the A.I.F. has a Malaysian benefactor.”

“Interesting, do you have a name?”

“I should get a medal for that information, I had to withstand a torrent of vomit to obtain it.”

“Yes, yes, out with it.”

“His name is Fadil Hamzah.”

“Ah yes, his anti-Western views are well known to us but we did not know of his direct terrorist involvement. This is very useful.”

“Where does he fit into the Malaysian society?”

“He is a wealthy businessman who for years we suspected of involvement in the international drug and arms trade. His businesses are so well shrouded, however, that it has been difficult to prove. But, I think we now have our proof.”

“I guess so.”

“I hope this little escapade has not damaged your relationship?”

“I doubt that he will remember anything when he awakens.”

“Let us hope not.”