

Chapter 32

Jerusalem, two o'clock in the morning. Macy was sound asleep when, instinctively, she awakened with the sense of a presence in her bedroom. Slowly, she reached under the pillow and grasped her Glock semiautomatic and with one fluid movement, spun to the floor, aimed the pistol towards the opposite corner of the room and clicked on her flashlight.

"I wondered when you might awaken," the calming voice of the Mossad's chief, known only as Aaron, said. "I would feel more comfortable, however, if you pointed that thing elsewhere," he added, while puffing on his ever present pipe.

"What are you doing here?" she snapped, while getting off of her knees and pulling on a robe.

"We have a job for you. I am afraid that it is considerably more dangerous than you are accustomed to and I thought it only proper that I ask you myself."

"Does that mean that I have a choice?"

"Unfortunately, no."

“Shall we move to the kitchen then, I’ll put on some coffee.”

“Yes, of course,” he said, while rising, “but I would prefer tea.”

She filled the pot and chose a seat opposite his at the kitchen table. “Do you care to begin or do we wait for the tea?” she asked.

He removed the pipe from his mouth and smirked. “I always admired your sharp tongue,” he said.

“And I, your expertise. So, now that the mutual admiration is out the way,” she sneered, with her arms crossed in front of her chest, “I’m anxious to hear what you have in store for me.”

“Right,” he replied sharply. “The Americans have unearthed what they feel is reliable intel leading to the conclusion that the A.I.F. is planning a major and spectacular event to be carried out on their soil.”

“Does our intelligence concur?”

“We have monitored some of their traffic as well and yes, it is possible.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to go deep cover. Do whatever you feel necessary to gain acceptance to their inner circle. Make them believe that you have turned.”

“I thought my job was to turn Barak?”

“What is the difference, the game is information. Does it matter who pretends to be what?”

“I guess you’re right and I suppose it will make Barak happy and a big hero to his band of animals.”

“That attitude will get you killed for sure ... start hating us, figuratively, that is. One more

thing, we are convinced that their base of operations is near the Lebanese border on the Lebanon side. Get them to take you there.”

“Why is that important?”

“Aside from learning of their exact plans, we must know who comprises their inner circle.”

“But we already know that Barak’s half brother is the current leader.”

“Yes, but is Barak the next in line for command or is it another? These questions must be answered if we are to assist the Americans and maintain our own security.” After providing her with a package of currency, Aaron removed an envelope from within his coat and handed it to Macy.

“What is this?” she asked.

“Open it,” he replied, while relighting his pipe and puffing noisily.

“Palestinian documents?”

“Yes. You will use them to cross into their territory through normal channels. Dispose of them thoroughly before you make contact with Barak and his people. If they find them on your person, the ruse will be obvious.”

“Understood.”

Aaron buttoned his coat and left as silently as he had arrived.

Macy locked the door behind him and returned to the kitchen. Almost four A.M., she said to herself, no sense going back to bed. Opening a closet, she removed the same abaya and head scarf that she had worn while seated outside of the mosque, spying on Barak, and wondered if Weylin had understood the true nature of her messages. Deciding to err on the side of caution,

she resolved to send another. She booted the laptop computer that sat on a small desk in the corner of her bedroom and began to compose a cryptic note. Halfway through, however, she stopped, and realizing the potential danger of the internet, hit the delete key. If there was ever a time when I feared that my e-mails were being monitored, she admitted to herself, it is now—a message like this could compromise my mission and, more importantly, my life!