

## UNTITLED

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Mustaf Abrad looked around the room with a satisfied expression. His comrades were waiting anxiously for his next words. "Yes, my friends—the Jews will never know what hit them! Our plan is fool-proof! Once the barbed wire is cut, the kibbutz will be completely open to attack. At that hour of night, that far into Israel—they will be helpless. Strike quickly, aim well, and show no mercy! We have waited quite a while for this opportunity. Good luck."

As the band of guerillas left the room, Mustaf sat deep in thought. Visions of his peaceful and happy Palestinian village, images of his mother, his father, his brother Sharif appeared in his mind. But the picture soon was clouded by the remembrance of the flight of Israeli fighters that left his village a flaming wreck. He fought back the tears as he recalled his parents, his brother, his uncle, and his cousin being buried in that common grave—"to prevent disease," as the Jordanian official put it. A disgrace! He had been a guerilla ever since. That was seven years ago—he was now almost twenty years old. "But I am a man now," he thought bitterly. "I am doing what I can to save Palestine from the Zionists."

There were still two days to go before the attack. Mustaf spent his time cleaning his weapon and going over the plans. He knew he was a wanted man, high on the Israeli list of most dangerous terrorists, yet he felt free to walk the streets of Amman. Although King Hussein hated the Palestinians, there was little he or the Jordanian government could do to stop their activities. "It certainly makes living a lot easier," thought Mustaf.

He was confident the attack would succeed. It would be just another successful operation to his credit—but it would definitely do much to damage the recent trip of Sadat to Jerusalem. "What a traitor Sadat is!" thought Mustaf. "I would kill him if I could."

Feeling hungry, he left his tiny room and headed for his favorite cafe. The night was warm and clear, and the smell of the bazaar intrigued him as always. Mustaf thought of having an excellent dinner—perhaps mutton. He never had to pay for his dinner, since the owner of the cafe was a PLO sympathizer. As he walked briskly down the

street, he noted the unusual lack of people, but did not give it much thought. He turned the corner and walked into the dark alley that led to the cafe. A sudden, shocking, blinding wave of pain overwhelmed him. He felt his stomach ripped open and the knife plunge even deeper. Then he was on the ground. He looked up to see a dark face silhouetted against the pale moon. He heard the Arabic words, spoken with a thick Hebrew accent: "That was for my mother and wife, murdered at Maalot in 1975. You were there, you bastard!"

As the steps receded from the dark alley, Mustaf's face, though contorted with incredible pain, broke into a faint smile. He tried to yell, but the words came out as a dying whisper—"You are mistaken, my friend. I have never even seen Maalot."

