



Source: Michael Slackman, 'Did Mubarak foe get too close for comfort?', *New York Times* in *International Herald Tribune* online, 20/10/05.

Tags: [bombings](#), [security](#), [war](#)

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6.13 p.m.—Well, you think Chinese takeout is pretty tasty? Well let me tell you, my Little Terror. Like it...nah I love it. But I prefer to eat in...Even though it's a little more expensive, it's okay. I'm flush with cash...War is a costly business and a man can't be expected to fight on an empty stomach...Can he?

You know I've always had cravings for that greasy American fast food, you know the Colonel and the Clown, Drive by...or fly by if your Amex can handle it...if you know what I mean. But it really doesn't rate...compared to some nice Chinese. Italian, French, Spanish...they excite the palate, but they are more of the...how do I say...more for the sophisticated type. The barbeque is fitting for the occasion all that smoke, heat and flames...Australian style with the flies is my favourite...but I haven't had that for a while.

So...you don't recognize the pattern, my little afraid friend? Terror is my food, my daily fuel. Bombs and guns, gas and poison, knives and fire. The fear they bring is my sustenance. I feed on the uncertainty of life...of yours and theirs...well I know the certainty of yours, ha hah! About 20 minutes if the detonator is primed correctly, the chemicals are true and batteries are charged. Are your batteries charged, my swift package of enlightening

purity? But wait there's war!

You know the evenings plan don't you? Will you catch the bus? Or will you drive? Yes, drive of course it's much safer...Will you find parking nearby? Not that it matters...You know what to order...Did you bring your girlfriend, your wife?...Ah your family. Good. Do insist on the best table in the restaurant...Excellent!

We have brought the terror to the buses, the planes, the boats, the roads and the rail. Nearly all forms of transport! You don't ride the bus for free around here and have you seen the price of petrol lately?...We have brought the terror to the building site, the factory and the office...Those farmers don't just hand us their fertilizers!

We have brought the terror to the universities and the schools. Flying lessons are pricey too!...And we have brought the terror to the cafes, bars and night clubs...And you must leave a tip! The enemy has almost no place left to feel safe and secure...But we have as yet failed to unsettle their appetites. Until dessert that is, or would you like the bill now? It's okay, I'll pick up the tab...no really...it's on the house.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Mathew Parsonage.*