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I think they think we're some sort of super-hero team now. We are kind of cinematic. There's me with my ability to overcome trained fighting men in hand-to-hand combat (hey, I had surprise on my side). There's him, mad amanuensis to his own fevered brain, scrawling his Night Novel across any pieces of paper he can find, even though they confiscate them at once, and joking with bitter punchlines. And still on our honeymoon. I suspect they talk about us, wonder, muse, theorise, all the time.

Whereas we don't. I haven't asked him what dragged him away from London on his nutty quest. He hasn't asked me to demonstrate any kung fu moves, even though our 'hosts' have told him what a dangerous weapon I am (hey, the guy I beat hadn't slept in 36 hours).

They have our passports. They know where we live. They have some inkling of what we're capable of. And they want us to deliver something. But when I ask for details, they change the topic. World Cup's starting soon, how will Australia go? You raise goats, I grew up with goats.

He joins in the discussion, corners them with 'but you would think like that, wouldn't you, you probably played football with goats as a child.'

There are two women—they're very interested in my lacework collection but neither speaks English and the discussion travels fitfully. Six of them altogether: Joe is the man I headlocked, Fatimah is the younger woman, Philippe seems to have the most authority, I haven't worked out the others' names.

Our train has crossed into Italy and still he and I haven't spoken about things. So many off-limits topics are floating around all eight of us. Maybe it's bringing us closer together. Maybe we're all having those forbidden conversations in our heads.

Are you terrorists? We aren't, but we are connected to a terrorist group. Why did you run, on our honeymoon? I forgot we were on a honeymoon and I felt cornered. Are you terrorists? No, we just need someone to deliver messages to Fatimah's mother, she's a member of a minority and they haven't seen each other for 20 years. Are you a Mossad agent? What an idea! Of course I am! This has all been an elaborate plan to infiltrate this group and compromise their operations. Is every Australian like you? Is Joe your real name?

Are you terrorists? Isn't everyone?

Do you still love me?

Do you?

Those thoughts remain unspoken. We disembark in Milan. Our plane leaves in three hours and we're cutting it close to get to the airport. He asks them to drive us past the cathedral on the way and I'm thinking this:

If we talked about things, we might get out of this. But we're both too curious. We're not worried that talking will force us to reveal truths that neither wants the other to know—we're worried that it would mean stopping the adventure. Sickest line of thought I could imagine right now. Because maybe neither of us thinks this will end well—which means this is all the time we have now. I like hearing his voice. I like smelling him. The honeymoon's going well.

On the way to the airport we're told that we will be travelling by plane to Lithuania. We'll be met by some Russians at the airport—one named Bruce. Not his real name? suggest I. Not his real name, confirms Joe, but Bruce does speak a little English. We will be given a package while we're there and we must not open it but take it to another man in Vilnius who will drive us somewhere across the border. Then we hand over the package and make our own way back to wherever we want to go.

They have given us our passports back—stamped for Lithuania—our spouses back, and it rains. Rains rains rains. They have given us two thousand dollars.

Planes don't fly direct to Vilnius. We hop to Frankfurt, while he befriends an old man who came out of retirement to teach refugees German. We wait for two hours, talking of nothing nothing nothing. *Do you still love me? Isn't it obvious?* At the airport, someone is watching us. It's Fatimah, but she doesn't come close, just watches us across the way. Until we go through the gate.

Then we're on the plane to Lithuania, and he befriends a flight attendant and a small boy with a scar like a slash straight across his face from the top of his right ear over his upper lip to the bottom of his left ear.

The plane is descending. He grabs my hand as he always does when planes descend. I tell him it's time we were dropping the taboo. It's time we owned up.

I tell him: darling, I love you, and I speak fluent Russian.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by John O'Brien.