

A Meeting With Qaddafi

by Estelle Bruno

Qaddafi's murder brought an old memory I had forgotten about. My first trip to Portugal.

I was so happy thinking about the many tours I would be taking. I was anxious to see this country.

But the second day, in our comfortable hotel room, we were told that we must vacate and move to the floor below. It seemed that Mr. Qaddafi and his body guards had to have the entire floor for themselves.

We packed up our belongings and opened the door to leave, when who but that very man was waiting outside our door, watching us carefully. Surrounded by his guards, who each had many guns strapped around their bodies. But the monster was safely in the center of the circle. No one could reach him.

He kept watching us, carefully and coolly, so coolly that it made me shiver.

For the remainder of our trip I never felt as safe and secure as Mr. Qaddafi was.

I wasn't in a circle with soldiers to protect me.

