

Date: September 19th

Location: Museum of Islamic Art, Jerusalem, in the occasion of the Jerusalem Conference

15:55 - 16:15 I arrive early. The door is closed, and the security guards asks me if I am here to work. **“Yes”**, I reply, while he asks **“for whom?”**. I make up a name and he is satisfied, telling me that if that person is not on the first floor, I should go downstairs. Easy start so far. I go down the beautiful staircase, and arrive to the bottom floor, where two suspects are hanging posters. They are surprised of my presence. As I walk by a video presenting the museum’s antique watch collection, they ask me why am I so early. **“It is already five minutes to 4”** I reply in order to make them question the time themselves. It works. As they are stressed to complete their task, they forget my presence. I continue scanning the area, and enter the gallery to see the exhibition. I find 3 suspects. I recognise them from a previous mission, and as I check their records I leave the room. A curator, whom I know from one of my first missions, almost 5 years ago, approaches me with excitement; I try to avoid her but she invites me to have a cup of coffee to celebrate her new art centre. I congratulate her as she leaves her bag on a black Keter chair in the conference room. As the organisers see that I am with her, their questioning eyes transform to a much calmer gaze. The curator takes her wallet and I follow her to the coffee station. As she makes herself a cup of black coffee, I tell her **“I have to meet someone upstairs”**. Disappointed, she walks to the balcony, joining the 3 suspects from the gallery. She waves her wallet in discomfort, as I offer **“do you want me to put it back your bag on my way upstairs?”**. Surprised, she happily agrees. **JACKPOT**. I take her wallet and walk to the conference room, as I hear her yelling **“I TRUST YOU!”**. I smile to myself and open the wallet. I take 15 Shekels, and put it back in her bag on the black Keter chair.

17:30 The conference starts with a performance, when a man and a woman cross lips. They continue crossing lips while making voices, music. At one point the woman is asking (while in the other’s mouth) **“can you hear me?”**. There are 30 people in the crowd, and two agents. I do not spot anyone of interest, yet. The vice-mayor of Jerusalem takes the stage with some greetings. **“Breath!”** She asks the crowd. I become more alert due to that strange remark. Is she suggesting in her joke that soon we will not have the option to breath? In addition, I notice that she did not prepare a speech. She is wearing a blue top with a beige rayon sparkling cardigan. She finishes her speech by **“enjoy, and do not forget to breath!”**. The second remarks is to me a green light to follow her, but she only returns to her seat to grab her bag and quickly leaves the room with two body guards. I follow them upstairs but she quickly enters a black van and is soon out of sight.

17:51 I receive a text message from an old fellow agent **“Come to Van Leer Institute, there is a conference on ISIS and the destruction of antiques”**. I check the map, and see that it is a minute away. I take the challenge. On the way to Van Leer I pass by the presidential residence, where I notice an agent who took the first course with me. I arrive to Van Leer and take a sit on the second row from the end. I go to take a glass of water. On a shelf by the cooler, I notice Jean Francois Lyotard’s *Heidegger et les Juifs*. I nonchalantly take the book and return to my seat right before the conference begins. I scan the crowd, and cannot believe my eyes: in the row right in front of me, two seats from the left, I notice a familiar SUPER PHARM bag. I am hesitant, as next to it there is a bordeaux coloured bag. I scan the person closely while I recognise the silver earrings. A couple next to me are arguing, and the lady turns around and say **“please, be quiet!”**. In an instant I recognise her face. **JACKPOT**. I follow her closely through the lecture, while she is reading the Open House-Jerusalem catalogue. She circles the houses she is interested to see, as I copy them to a list. I text the agent who tipped me, “Thanks”. I know when and where Ill see her again.