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## Nice People

by Richard Rewell

Argentina, 1952. The right-wing government of Juan Peron is in power.

In the Edelweiss restaurant in Buenos Aires's fashionable, La Calle de Florida a man and woman, both in their thirties sit opposite each in the corner booth.

Everything about her was beautiful thought the man. Her smile, her laugh, her looks, her shimmering black hair. He stretched out his hand to touch hers and she responded by clasping his tightly. He was falling in love and it was only the third date.

"Teresa, you said you worked for your father. What does he do?" asked Carlos.

"He owns a brewery in Roserio."

Carlos suppressed a smile thinking of how he would break the news to his friends that he has met a beautiful woman whose father owns a brewery! Please God, next she'll tell me he's a season ticket holder at River Plate.

"Why do you smile?" asked Teresa.

"No reason" he fibbed "Just happy."

"Me too" said Teresa gazing at him in the intimate golden light of the candle that projected from the old wine bottle. "The apple strudel here is out of this world. Just like back in ..."

"Back in where?" said Carlos.

"Nothing" Said Theresa sharply before smiling "That car of yours needs changing. Father also has an import business. Cars. He could get you a Volkswagen from Europe. It would be suitable for you. Afterall you are a doctor."

Carlos responded with a thoughtful 'um', changed the subject and soon they were laughing again until Carlos waved at the waiter.

"Don't get the bill yet I want a brandy and you must have one as well" said Teresa.

"OK. You have one. I won't. I don't like brandy."

"You must like it. Everyone likes it."

"Not me."

"Have some. Join me." spat Teresa before quickly smiling to cover her outburst.

It was not a friendly invitation to join him in a brandy, it was a demand. And an alarm bell rang in a corridor somewhere in the back of Carlos's mind. What was it? Yes. On the previous date she said she attended Saint Francis High School in 1932. But it had not been built then.

Teresa drank her brandy, Carlos paid the bill and they went outside onto the sidewalk where Teresa placed a pink silk scarf over head and put on her white framed 'Aviator' sunglasses. Carlos hailed a cab, they kissed, and she elegantly slid into to the cab.

"Darling" Teresa said "My flatmate's away tomorrow night. See you at nine. You'll love my cooking."

Carlos walked towards the hospital thinking that before he went home, he would visit the little boy he had operated on earlier that day. However, he was agitated. Teresa bothered him. At a phone box he rang a friend, Jamie who worked for Peron's secret police.

Carlos stood in the phone box, had a cigarette and waited for his friend to ring him back.

The phone's sudden shrill ring made Carlos jump. He lifted the receiver "Jamie?"

"Carlos. There is a file. Theresa Gomez. Real name? Eva Grun. 'Wanted for War Crimes - Prison guard at Auschwitz.' "