Drooling Maniac
Engl. 5510
Mods 19-21
1/31/89

VX

I picked up the box and ran. When I got to my room I flung it open. In it was what look like a tiny toy machine gun. Under it was a pamphlet. I read it and was astonished. It was a real gun and made of a strange plastic.

Before I could read further the door burst open and a masked man grabbed me. I lost all consciousness.

I woke up in a dim room. Right across from me was the boy I had seen. I asked him what was going on. He silently explained how he was accidently delivered the box and how the men chased after him; finally dragging him in the car. He explained how they were terrorists and overheard them say they'd use it first on flight 103. We waited for an hour. Finally I decided to try escaping. I found and old nail and worked on the lock. I used to know how to pick one, but it took long. It finally ~~[illegible]~~ clicked and I kept out.

No one was around. The only thing in the room was the pamphlet on a table. I took it and ran. I knew the section of town I was in and ran straight to the police station.

I told them of what happend, but they did not believe me until I showed them the pamphlet. They sped off with me to the airport.

We got to the airport just in time. The plane was boarding. We entered the plane and one of the officers told the travelers about how we had to check the plane because of a so-called "Armed terrorist".

Good use of 1st person variation.

XV

An uproar arose in the crowd. One lady screamed she waited off. Another man in a black suit yelled he had get to New York fast. One man in a brown suit screamed he was already late and now a search for a stupid toy would make him even later. A lady stood up and almost fainted.

I pointed at the man in the brown suit and said he was the one. Before I said anything else he went for his suitcase and drew the gun. An officer quickly barrelled him over and took the gun.

As they took him away they thanked me and I cleverly explained how we never said anything about the gun and how it was like a toy. We only said we were searching for an "armed" terrorist.

I was driven home and tried to put it all behind me. ~~and~~ return once again to normal life.

I like the "quiet" normal ending you use here — the idea that life goes on...