

Rechargeable Batteries

by Smiley McGroucpants, Jr-Esq-III

Rachel's first trip to England didn't go as planned. She didn't get peanuts on the flight over, but pretzels, instead, which sucked.

Worse still, they were "Honey Mustard" pretzels, in a clear attempt to make up for their not being "Honey Roasted" peanuts, trying too hard to make up for it. Totally lame.

Then, you wouldn't believe what happened! She opened up her laptop and realized she had forgotten to charge the battery. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She had a twelve-hour flight ahead of her and nothing at all to do except stare out the window, or deal with all the obnoxious, stressed-out people around her.

This was starting to get annoying. Every minute increased her discomfort, because it was another minute wasted, another minute she could have spent doing something else, escaping from the clamor around her.

Who did these people think they were? The clamor was starting to get a bit louder, which was weird, because the plane was starting to level off in its altitude, and, while people were allowed to walk around now, there wasn't really much to do.

She craned her neck to look over her neighbor, a woman in her mid-fifties who had fallen asleep as soon as the plane took off, and was busy snoring. Some dude who looked like he was Secret Service was starting a dispute with the stewardess, in tones that were too hushed to disguise their urgency, and were obviously deliberately being *kept* hushed, which was, of course, only a further testament to their urgency.

Rachel felt like Nancy Drew. What could this be about? She felt like a magnifying glass had all but appeared in her hand. Whatever it was, it couldn't just be about being stiffed out of the peanuts.

Rachel craned her neck and looked up the aisle again. Her neighbor, as if in response to Rachel's movement, slipped further into her sleep, and further down into her seat, snoring more loudly. The guy was gone.

Hmm. Rachel tried to think. The waitress had now returned to busily distributing snacks and drinks, a bit more hurriedly, as though to make up for the time she lost from doing her job. No help there.

Rachel looked out the window. The clouds streaming by didn't help her. No help there, either.

Then, a clamor ensued. She looked up, quick as a fox, and the Secret Service guy was tussling with the stewardess!

Was he really a Secret Service guy? No time to think now! Quick as lightning, Rachel bounded over the sleeping matron and sprinted up the aisle.

The fake Secret Service guy only had time to look up and register a look of complete surprise and shock on his face, before Rachel was upon him. Little did he know she was star of her high school track team! Thankfully, she had also taken Tae Kwon-Do and kickboxing all through college. Her training would serve her well.

Three sharp kicks to the head and he was down! The stewardess was saved! The whole plane was saved! Everybody started clapping! "Why thank you, thank you, you fine young lady!" they all started shouting in unison. She turned and blew them kisses. When she landed, the President showed up at the gate, with T.V. crews, to give her a medal, and ...

Rachel was snoring by the time the waitress finished her circuit, and strapped herself into her seat, for some much-deserved rest.

