

The Bomb

By Connor Wilson

Todd had been getting strange looks since he first sat down. He figured it was because he was wearing his sunglasses inside the plane and refused to remove them. It was dreadfully bright out for him and he only wanted to keep the sun out. However, he decided he would enjoy his new novel. Removing his reading glasses case from his suit coat pocket, the man beside him let out a shriek. The crew hurried over to attend to the man and noticed the strange fellow sitting beside him.

“He’s...he’s got a bomb,” The man said, squishing himself as close to the wall as he could. Todd’s heart paused for a moment. He tried to give the frantic passenger the stink eye, but his sunglasses hid the effect.

“Do something! Oh, God! He’s gonna kill me!”

“Sir, out of your seat now,” The attendant said.

Todd tried to interject a statement of defense, but an idea crossed his mind. He stood up quickly and flipped the lid on the case of his reading glasses.

“No one move! I do, in fact, have a bomb. If anyone moves, I’ll blow this thing sky high!”

He wished to hit himself. *We’re already in the sky.* He analyzed the plane and noticed other shocked faces and a few people were crying. It really worked.

“Sir, now, rela-“

“Back off! I swear I’ll do it!”

The crew stepped away from the crazed man.

“Sir, please, don’t do anything to hurt these people. What is it you want?”

Todd’s eyes shot between the crew and the passengers. Sweat dripped from his clenched fist.

He spouted the first number in his head, “Two hundred thousand dollars.” An awkward pause held the air of the cabin. The sweat of embarrassment replaced that of his nerves.

“T-two hundred thousand dollars,” asked one of the crew.

Todd threw his hand upwards.

“Yes! Two hundred thousand dollars!”

“I can give the two hundred dollars. Just leave the people alone.”

Todd located the voice. A large, gruff man with kind eyes stood up from his seat.

“Y-you can?” Todd choked on his words.

“Yes, of course. May I approach?”

“Yes, you m-may.”

Todd gulped as the giant approached him, but he held his ground. *I’ve already come this far*. The plane seemed to shutter with every step of the man until it finally ceased in front of Todd. The man looked Todd in the eyes to assure that it was safe. He reached into his suit coat pocket and with a swift uppercut to the jaw, Todd’s head bashed against the roof of the cabin, raising the altitude.

The man stood defensively at the crumpled man. Noticing his lack of consciousness, he adjusted his coat. The passengers roared in relief and praise as the man walked back to his seat. A member of the crew analyzed Todd and noticed the case in his hand.

“It wasn’t a switch, it was just a case,” the attendant announced. Curious eyes scanned the scene.

“Check his carry-on,” One of the people called.

The attendant carefully opened the overhead bin and removed Todd’s briefcase. It had no lock, just a latch. With a flip, it opened revealing simple clothing. The passengers laugh hysterically and then began to applaud the giant man.

In a haze, Todd woke up in his intended location. However, he found his hands bound, teeth missing, and in the face of a very unhappy officer.