

## Stuck at the airport on Christmas Day

- I'm sorry ma'am, it seems like your ticket has been cancelled - the lady behind the glass window told me in an emotionless tone. - A member of our security team will escort you to another room, and we'll try to learn more about your situation.

No, that can't be! I need to come to you, I need to see you this Christmas!

I wanted to say something, but a tall man grabbed my arm, gently, but firmly. I smiled politely and let him lead me away.

It's not about my ticket, is it? They must've found out. They know! But how? Somebody must've told them. And the only one that knows apart from me is...

You.

Oh, you.

You turned me in, didn't you? I killed him for you, and you sold me. Oh, you naughty boy. And now you're making sure you won't have to see me for Christmas. I'm stuck at the airport on Christmas day, only because of you. Are you scared of me? Well now you should be.

When the security man lead me into an empty room, I stopped suddenly and swung my head back, crushing his face. The man grunted. I felt blood dripping on my neck from his broken nose. Turning around I hit his chest with my knee. When he bent down from the impact, I put my hands on both sides of his head and yanked my arms in opposite directions. I twisted his neck. His lifeless body hit the ground with a loud thump. That was quick.

I took the gun from behind his belt and searched his pockets for additional ammunition. Then I proceeded to change into his clothes. They were way too big, but I managed to roll up the sleeves and tuck the shirt into the (also too big) pants. It didn't look nearly as good as it should, but that's the best I could do. I unlocked the gun and stormed out of the room.

- Suspect on the run! - I yelled, alerting the security team. - Armed and dangerous!

Two seconds later the whole airport was alarmed, guards running around, trying to calm down the panicking people. No one seemed to notice I wasn't part of the security, no one disobeyed my orders. There was too much going on for anyone to think about it.

- Search all the planes in the area, go!

I run along with the guards, making them split up into smaller groups.

- I'll check this one! - I run towards a small, private plane. I run up the stairs and bashed into the aircraft, putting the gun to the surprised pilot's head.

- Take me to San Francisco, dear, will you? - I asked politely. When he didn't respond, I pressed the gun harder against his forehead. - Better do it before I blow your brains up.

The pilot flinched and started the engine. I couldn't help but smile.

Stuck at the airport? Nice try. You won't get rid of me so easily, baby.

I'm coming for you.