

## almost drafted /3/ a rock and a hard place

I looked around and the room **seemed to be** empty, so I **grabbed** a nice chocolate donut. Then I saw they had coffee, too. **Without a second thought**, I poured a cup and added plenty of sugar and cream. Then I **figured** if one donut was good, then two would be **even** better (**which** is, by the way, Jim Anchower's eighth rule of life), so I **grabbed** a custard-filled one. **Just as I was about to** take a bite, I heard this **person** behind me **say**, "How are you doing today, son?" Man, I **almost crapped my pants!**

I was **caught red-handed**. I guess I **could have run out of the room**, but Sergeant Slaughter probably **would've chased me down** and **pulled** the donuts **I'd just eaten** out of my stomach and showed 'em to me before he killed me. I looked out the window and saw a sign **that said** "Army Recruitment Office," **only** it was **backwards** 'cause I was inside looking out and not **the other way around**.

Now, you should remember that I have a quick brain that **allows me to** quickly **figure out what the problem is** in any situation and **come up with the best way out**. **The way I saw it** I had two **choices**: The first was to pretend I was **in** the wrong place and pay **for** the donuts and coffee. **There was no way** I was doing that **since** I **figured** that, **as** an American taxpayer, I **had** paid for them already. The other was to **join the army**. **Talk about a rock and a hard place**.

Fortunately, there was **one other** option. I slowly turned and said, "Yes, sir, I **came by to** get some **information** on my career in the armed services." That's right, I decided to pretend I **was interested in signing up**. **That way**, he gets a potential recruit, I get my free donuts, and **no one is hurt**.