

almost drafted /3/ a rock and a hard place

I was **caught red-handed**. I couldn't just **make a break for it** or nothing, cause Sergeant Slaughter probably **would've chased me down** and **yanked** 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 lightning-quick brain that **enables me to** quickly **assess** any situation and **make the most out of it**. **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, **though, 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 pamphlets and other **information** on my potential career opportunities 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**.