

almost drafted /2/ caught red-handed

Now, John's Place isn't the **finest** restaurant in the world, but they have **plenty of** cheap meals, **plus** a video poker game that **people say** pays out if **you're good friends with** John. Well, **I'd been** there **enough times that** I hoped John would remember me, and I could go play some poker and get some free food. **Plus**, the day's special was three hot dogs, a medium drink, and fries for two and a half bucks. **There was no way** I could **go wrong**.

So I **put on** my pants and **went off to** John's, which isn't **that** far, but **it** was **kind of** cold out, so it seemed like a long way. **By the time** I got there, I was really hungry because **I'd been walking** and **shivering** the **whole** way. But what did I find when I pushed on the door? A **sign that said** they **went out of business!** My great plan **fell through**.

At that point, I seriously needed to go **someplace warm** and get something to **snack on**. Unfortunately, there was nothing **within** a mile and a half of John's Place. **Desperate**, I **turned into** the first door that looked **like** it wouldn't kick me out. Now, I **should have realized** where I was **the moment** I saw all the posters with smiling people **wearing** camouflage and holding guns, but I wasn't **paying any attention** to those pictures because something **much more** interesting **caught my eye**: a plate of donuts that were just **asking to be eaten**.