

Chapter 7 - Lying Policemen



MY BIGGEST FEAR IS SOMETHING I'VE DONE OR SAID WILL CAUSE US TO BE KILLED.



BUT WHEN SHE SAYS THAT THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IS GOING TO CLOSE ITS DOORS TEMPORARILY, IT'S LIKE THE LAST STRAW CHUCHA SAYS BROKE THE DONKEY'S BACK. EVEN THOUGH I COMPLAIN ABOUT SCHOOL, I REALLY DON'T WANT THE LAST NORMAL THING IN MY LIFE TO STOP.



I WANT MY CHILDREN TO BE FREE, NO MATTER WHAT. PROMISE ME YOU'LL SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND FLY.



THE WASHBURNS ARE LEAVING.



"IT'S BAD NEWS," MR. WASHBURN IS SAYING. "THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SEND ANY MORE INGREDIENTS FOR THE PICNIC."



I KNOW I'M BEING RUDE, BUT I CAN'T COME UP WITH THE WORDS TO ANSWER HER.



THE SPECIAL FEELINGS I WINCE HAD FOR SAM HAVE DEFINITELY FADED.

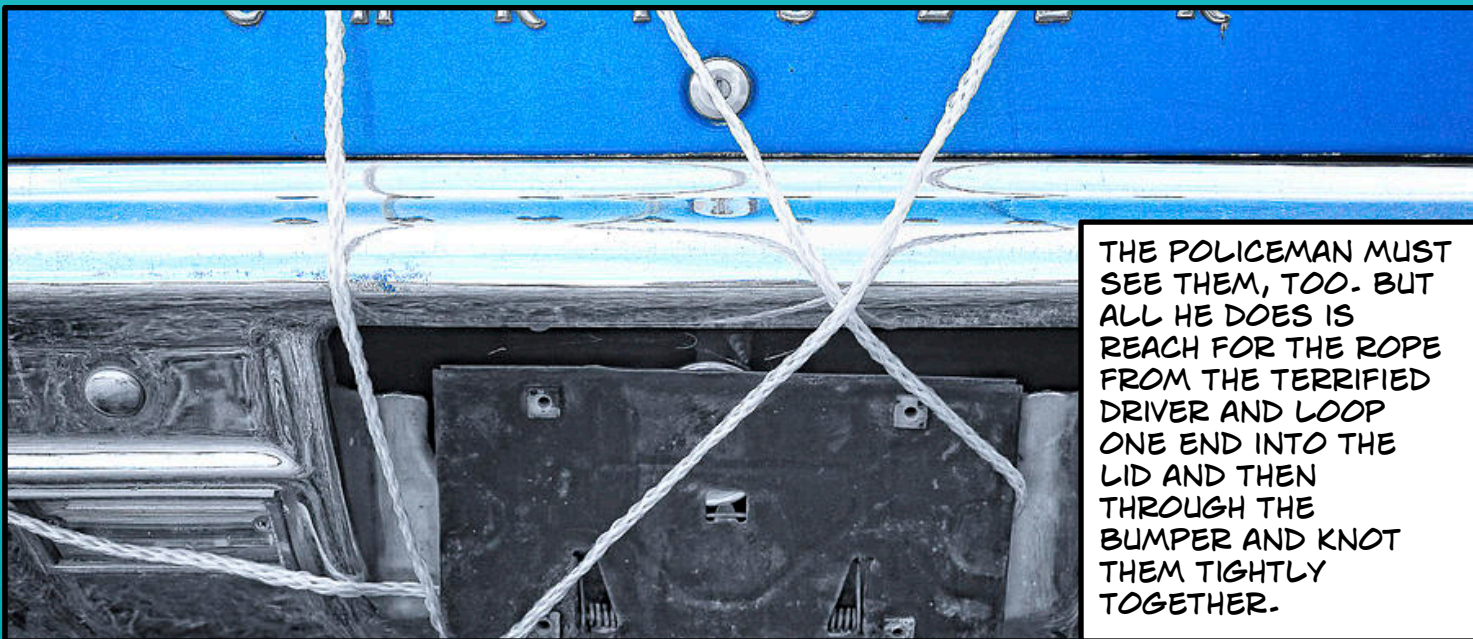
CRASH!!!!!!



HE'S TALKING TOO FAST, AS IF HE'S THE ONE WHO RAMMED INTO A CAR, HIS HAND TRYING DESPERATELY TO PUSH DOWN THE TRUNK THAT HAS FLOWN OPEN.



JOLTED FROM THEIR SUGAR-CANE SACKING, BARRELS POKING OUT, THE INGREDIENTS OF THE PICNIC HAVE SPILLED OUT ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE TRUNK. THE GUNS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DROP-OFF POINT, THE MISSION DISGUISED AS A SCHOOL RIDE FOR US KIDS.



THE POLICEMAN MUST SEE THEM, TOO. BUT ALL HE DOES IS REACH FOR THE ROPE FROM THE TERRIFIED DRIVER AND LOOP ONE END INTO THE LID AND THEN THROUGH THE BUMPER AND KNOT THEM TIGHTLY TOGETHER.