

## Loose Threads...part four

The gun was small. It fit in my hand quite nicely. I felt powerful. However, I took a deep breath and wrapped the gun in toilet paper as I slowly exhaled. I exited the restroom and strolled nonchalantly toward the reception desk. I am sure that I looked guilty.

“Ah, here”, I said when the desk clerk noticed me hemming and hawing. “I found this in the ladies restroom. I am sure that soon someone (policewoman, perhaps) will be asking about this.” I gently took out the tissue wrapped weapon and handed it to her, barrel first. She was trained well. She unwrapped the handgun, nodded and said “Thanks” carefully placing it inside a drawer. “Is that all?” I had thought. I would like to have heard a gasp, a “OH MY GOODNESS.” Deflated, I returned to the restroom to do what I first started to do. Soon our train to carry us home would be coming around the bend.

The man in 001 went berserk when we had traveled only an hour.

His wife screamed, “Help! Help! Help me! He’s going crazy. Help Me!” My husband was nearby saw a man about 55 years old on the floor. He helped him up and noticed that his eyes were glazed. Porters arrived so my husband returned to our sleeper.

The train stopped where the track meets the high spot to receive a passenger from the lodge van. The crazed man was taken outside. Immediately he began weaving back and forth to the cadence of his wife’s wail. “He’s crazy, he’s crazy.” He ran for the van. A porter headed him off reaching for the keys that were left in the ignition.

The train stood still. Waiting. Darkness enfolded the man in fear. His eyes moved back and forth as he pulled out a tool with a screw driver, pliers and knife from his pant pocket. He was now in combat “on guard”. A large rock was in his left hand. He was in survival mode. The gods turned angry. The rains come in torrents. Lightning lit up the sky; thunder rattled the porters. All eyes were on the man. The sheriff was 75 miles away. This was frontier country.

The dinner bell rang for our group. We sat at tables with white cloths and ate a hot meal. Outside drama made a strange background creating dinner theater. It was a most eerie dinner.

When the sheriff arrived the man was transferred into the car without incident. The pill he had taken for anxiety had worn off. He was driven to the nearest town for doctor observation. His wife went by rail.

Following dinner I had a good night’s sleep in the lower bunk. I felt a little guilty seeing my husband climb up to the top lever. I managed to let it go.

Five years later I wonder what happened to the man and wife from Chicago. Who claimed the nifty little handgun? Are the tourist vans still running? Did money get sent for the artwork? And when will my purification return?

Lana Russ...The End

