

## **“The Plot”**

**by Elliot Manches**

If anything happens, you're ready.

You may jump when an almighty sucking whoosh follows the pressing of the flush button, but should you unlock the toilet door to find the plane under siege, you're ready.

Sitting with your trousers down shitting over the Atlantic, you look across and study your face in the mirror, wondering whether you shall kill the terrorists, or just disarm them.

If you kill them, it will be swiftly through stealth and cunning. You will creep up behind and strike them with uber-human strength. The power will come to you in a surge like the Incredible Hulk, only you shall act with the moderated precision of a Jedi Knight.

It may first involve a half-nelson or maybe even a full-nelson, to get the terrorist in a disengaging lock before cracking their neck. Then if another comes at you, you'll spin the first toward him before rushing forward.

But if he has a Stanley knife like in 9/11, will you be mentally able to slit his throat with it? It may haunt you afterward, but yes, you think you can do it. You must.

Yes, if when you step out of the pokey “wash-room” (as the stewardess called it) you find the terrorist has a woman held hostage with a Stanley knife to her throat, you will walk calmly up to him, from behind, and should he spot you and say:

“Don't try it, I'll kill her!”, it will not stop you, for we all are doomed otherwise.

But you know what would be better than killing the terrorists? (For everyone, you reckon). It would be you walking up to them, and them

looking into your collected fearless compassionate eyes, and you saying something really profound, something that touches their soul and awakens their consciousness, which results in them just giving up right there and then.

They may even collapse immobile on the floor, like in that TV-guy Derren Brown's show, where he calls a payphone and says something apt and perceptive to the stranger who answers, so that she falls to the ground in shock or something.

Perhaps, to confuse them, you would say some bullshit like: "You are already dead." Or maybe some amazing divine truth will spontaneously flow from your lips as if you were the mouthpiece for God; or you are God. Yes, maybe you will allude to them: "You know who I am!" and they will know what you mean because they are angry and sad and want to absolve themselves from responsibility and of a meaningless world where they are desperate for meaning.

But what then?

As you wipe your ass, you notice your penis in the mirror. Today it hangs well you think. Some days it is not as full as it could be. But today you would be proud if having accidentally left the door unlocked, someone were to walk in and see your presently well-hanging penis.

But not if they were a terrorist. If they were a terrorist, you would be ready.

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