

## **“This Job Fits Me to a ‘T’ ”**

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### **Opening Narration**

Enter one Mr. B.A. Baracus, lately emerged from a jungle quagmire known as Vietnam. Now, with three unlikely companions, he finds himself in a new war, fleeing through the jungle of the American underground, pursued by foes in friendly attire. In his quest for freedom, Mr. Baracus has one inflexible rule: "I ain't gettin' on no plane." Yet, unbeknownst to him, as he sips his afternoon milk, Mr. Baracus has his boarding pass in hand, baggage checked, destination: The Twilight Zone.

### **Closing Narration**

Mr. B.A. Baracus, confused and more than a little angry, but the recipient of a most valuable lesson: namely, that one's choice of friends may make all the difference between sleeping peacefully in bed, and waking up with a headache in Guyana. A lesson not just for Mr. Baracus, but for all who wish to avoid making unscheduled journeys, whether by plane or otherwise, into The Twilight Zone.