

I got out of the car and asked John, as he was inserting his card into the gas pump, “I think I’m gonna grab a pack of gum, do you want me to get you anything?” He turned to look at me before shoving the pump in his car. “No thanks” he said “We’ve only got another hour of driving, so I don’t think I’ll need any snacks to keep me awake.”

I walked into the convenience store, passing the jerky, nuts, and chips, almost passing by the gum too. It makes sense for it to be next to the candy, but I always forget that while I’m walking by. As I looked through them I couldn’t help but wonder why there are so many flavors. I mean, they can’t all taste that different, can they? As usual, I spent a few minutes looking through to figure out which one was the cheapest.

I grabbed a pack from the bottom and, as I was about to walk to the register, I looked over the shelf to see a man run in, wearing a black ski mask. I dropped to the fetal position behind the candy shelf as soon as I saw him pull a gun on the cashier. “What the shit?” I shouted in my head “Of course I’d get caught in a robbery when all I wanted was a cheap pack of gum!”

The robber was yelling at the cashier, but my head was racing too much to make any sense of what he was saying. I couldn’t hear the cashier saying anything, so I got curious about what was going on. I decided it would be a good idea to poke my head over the shelf to get a peek at what was happening. It was not a good idea.

I was shaking so much that I somehow managed to knock the shelf over. It wasn’t until after the shelf crashed to the ground and the chips were thrown and scattered about that I threw myself to the floor, realizing the robber was staring straight at me. “Just fucking great” I thought,

as I heard him walking toward me “Now he’s gonna come over here and shoot me, and I’m gonna die for buying a pack of gum.”

“Stand up, shitstain!” he barked in a commanding voice, towering over me. I stood up as quickly as could, which was still pretty slowly since I was trembling violently. His gun was pointed straight at my face. “Please don’t shoot,” I squeaked, in such a high pitch that it sounded like I was going through puberty again. Before he had a chance to respond, he stared at my pants and I started to feel a warm sensation along my inner thigh. “Holy shit! The kid’s pissin’ himself!” the robber cackled, as he doubled over in laughter.

Just as I’d lost all bodily control when I toppled the shelf and my bladder voided itself, my knee shot upward once he lowered his head. The instant my knee connected with his face he fell limp and hit the ground with a loud thud. I could only stare at him blankly while I tried to get a grip on what just happened. I knew I had soiled my pants, but as soon as I realized he was unconscious I bolted for the door.

I came out sprinting for John’s car. He stared at me with a slightly confused, but mostly concerned expression. I sat down and slammed the door as he asked “Dude, what happened in there?” he glanced at my crotch and asked “And did you piss yourself?” He barely finished before I looked him dead in the eyes and shouted “Just gun it! We’ve got plenty of time to talk on the way home!” The car was surrounded in an uncomfortable silence—accompanied by the smell of ammonia—until we got back onto the interstate. Once we picked up speed, and I had a chance to calm down a bit, I looked down at the pack of gum in my hand and realized “Oh shit, I ran out of the store before I had a chance to pay for my gum.”