**Chapter Three Alternative**

It had been a few hours and I could feel myself starting to panic. I started to tell them more information, everything I knew and I had even started to make things up to see if it was enough for me to be let go. Suddenly, the tied my hands and legs up and wrapped an old piece of clothing around my eyes and in my mouth so I couldn’t see or scream for help. I was being dragged by what seemed to be 2 men. I could hear propellers.

After a few minutes they took off my blindfold and I was at least ten thousand feet off the ground. They opened the door of the helicopter and fought to push me out. I was frantically struggling, fighting for my life. They knew I had no way out and my end was near. They pushed me out of the helicopter. As I was free falling into oblivion which felt like it was taking an eternity, I saw my life flash before my eyes and I knew this was the end.

Its with great misery that I, Lemony Snicket, am telling this story on behalf of the late Roisin Eccles. Unfortunately, some stories don’t have a happy ending.