

I even tipped the bellboy a hundred and fifty dollars. I said: Do me a favor. I've got my baggage booby-trapped.

Natch, he said, only mildly impressed by the bill and a half, even less impressed by me.

I mean really booby-trapped. Not just a burglar alarm. Besides the alarm, there's a little surprise on a short fuse. So what I want you to do, if you hear the alarm go off, is come running. Right?

And get my head blown off? He slammed my bags onto the floor. Mister, you can take your damn money and~~~

Wait a minute, friend. I passed over another hundred. Please? It's only a shaped charge. It won't hurt anything except anybody who messes around, see? But I don't want it to go off. So you come running when you hear the alarm and scare him away and~~~

No! But he was less positive. I gave him two hundred more and he said grudgingly: All right. If I hear it. Say, what's in there that's worth all that trouble?