

"It doesn't mean anything to say it!" I yelled.

"Well then just say it!" he yelled.

I didn't need to deal with any of that, so I ran off through the meadow. A minute later, I heard clomping of feet and looked behind me and I saw a shadow running up behind me and I could smell the pipe smoke. He grabbed my arm and said, "Hold up now, mate, hold up."

I tried to shake his hand off my arm, but it was on tight, so I turned back the other way and ran in a very quick circle. He wouldn't let go! I swung my suitcase around and clubbed him.

"Fine, whatever!" he yelled. I slowed down for a moment, feeling tired, and he bear-hugged me around the waist, pinning my arms against my side and lifting me up.

"Stop!" I yelled. "Uncle, uncle!"

"No, no," he said. "I'm not doing a thing until you tell me what you're up to. Who are you?"

He had his arms around me and his hands were clenched together, with his pipe held in his hands. I moved my hand up and grabbed the pipe and lunged it as hard as I could. My arms were pinned, so it was only a few feet, but he let go and yelled, "Hey! Hey! That's irresponsible!"

I bolted off. I made it easily into the forest and my arm was tired from the suitcase, so I switched it to the other arm, but I ran deep into the forest and sat under a log once I was always in, laying on the ground and I thought, "How difficult this is going to be if there's just a bunch of know-it-all do-gooder types out here!"

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