

## Bomb Scare

by Marilyn Reeves

A Buzzer-Buddy, in case you don't know, is a hand-held electronic toy that plays music, features a tiny screen, and has an assortment of icons that light up, including one that allows for text messaging between two units. They also go "*Buzzzzzzzzz*" when activated.

My twin granddaughters held their Buzzer-Buddies as they stood in front of the counter at the airport. "Sorry," they were informed. "You can't take those items on board the flight."

My son protested, "But they're just toys!" to which the curt reply was again, "Sorry. They're not allowed on board."

Well, what to do? Tom said, "Let's step out of the line. Maybe we can rent a locker." But Mary said, "Oh, let's just get rid of them and buy some new ones when we get back. Girls, take your Buzzer-Buddies and throw them in the trash can over there."

But the girls had a better idea. While Beth pretended to throw them away, Melony stealthily hid the precious toys inside a planter. With a wink and a sly grin, they headed back to join their parents.

All of the sudden, *Beep-beep-beep! Buzzzzzzzzz, buzzzzzzzzz, buzzzzzz!* Lights started flashing as the Buzzer-Buddies started buzzing. Some lady screamed "Bomb! It's a bomb!" People started screaming and running, dropping baggage and tripping over each other trying to find the nearest exit. A security guard shouted "Stop! You people come with me!" He retrieved the still buzzing Buzzer-Buddies and led the family into an office marked Security Chief. There sat a world-weary middle aged man with the two Buzzer-Buddies in front of him. He looked from one girl to the other. "Are you terrorists? The legal age for terrorists is 18. You're not 18 yet are you?"

Beth said, "Of course not. We're eleven."

"Well, which one of you planted these bombs?"

Melony, tears running down her cheeks, could barely whisper, "I did."

"But they're not bombs!" Beth protested. "They're just toys, Sir."

"Just toys, huh? Well, we'll see. Because if they're bombs, they should blow up when I take them apart." And he proceeded to pry one open with his pocket knife.

"No!" screamed Melony. But it was too late. Springs and batteries and bits and pieces of Buzzer-Buddy flew all over the desk. The girls sat silently weeping.

"What are you going to be when you grow up? Beauty queens, movie stars or terrorists?"

"Beauty queen," whispered Beth.

"M-m-ovie star," sobbed Melony.

"Okay, then. I'll make you a deal. How much does one of these things cost?"

"Twenty bucks," Tom said.

“Okay, here’s \$40. My son’s got a birthday coming up. I’ll see if I can get this one put back together again. But you girls promise me that you won’t grow up to be terrorists?”

They nodded.

“Okay then, off you go. But don’t you ever do anything like this again, you hear?”

The girls nodded again and wiped their eyes.

“Have fun at Disneyworld,” he said as he held the door open for them. Then he sat back down at his desk and started playing with the remaining Buzzer-Buddy.