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This novel is written exclusively for Right Truth Blog ([www.righttruth.typepad.com](http://www.righttruth.typepad.com)) and its readers.

In loving memory of my precious  
Sara (7/25/1951 to 12/13/2003) who always  
encouraged me to write from the heart and was  
at once both my greatest critic and my most  
loyal fan.

**In love with you always!**

*And...*

To the greatest dad anyone like me could ever  
have hoped for: Joseph Stanley Godlewski  
(11/29/1918 to 04/14/2008).

**You gave me life. Thank you!**

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## Chapter Sixty-One

“I’m just going to the can!” Jonas ignored the muscular guard trailing after him and preferred that the rifle-toting security agent would not inspect the restroom located in his tiny room. “I ran out of toilet paper and the janitor won’t be in until the morning.”

The ruse worked. At least the guard retreated somewhat to his post.

“At least you’ll be safe from the smell!” Winking, Jonas grabbed the door handle and flung the barrier open, casting a wayward glance towards the large blue plaque that bore the inscription UNISEX, and entered the enviously large restroom. Pausing for a second to secure the door behind him, he positioned himself in the center of the room and sought out his options.

*Okay, Jonas. How are you going to get away from these assholes?*

A brief inspection of the vent in the ceiling proved that it could not accept his bulk even if he could somehow manage to find his way up. He thought about sneaking his way out and scurrying away when the guard’s attention was distracted but the realization that the hallway was several yards deep shot down this option. *Fat desk jockeys shouldn’t run away from pissed off people bearing guns.*

Time was becoming an issue for the captive analyst. Soon someone would be inquiring as to why he was taking so long to defecate. He amused himself with the thought of waiting until the guard arrived and then throwing a bucket of his excrement into the man’s face. *No, that would make him really pissed!*

Jonas knew that the guard in question was his principal adversary. No one bothered to show up to question him now and where his confinement was located was an abandoned part of

the building. Take down the guard and he could simply walk his way out to safety. *How?*

His benefit was probably being obese; few would believe that an overweight analyst would be a threat to a conditioned and trained guard so a solitary sentry was all that his superiors placed his care under.

Jonas paced the center of the room. "How do I get rid of the guard? What do I do once he's gone? Why am I talking to myself?"

The janitor's closet at the far end offered opportunity and Jonas chose to explore it. The gratuitously unlocked compartment offered little in the way of an exit. It was barely large enough for a wheeled mop bucket – of the puke yellow variety that doubled as a caution sign; a galvanized metal bucket similar to something Dorothy would have used before she realized that she was no longer in Kansas; several mops of varying degrees of neglect; a large pipe wrench; and a dozen rolls of toilet paper.

Jonas was just about to close the door when his mind began to chuckle over a thought. More of an escape plan, really, but one that required every bit of ingenuity and strength that his overweight ass could muster.

He glanced into the direction of his confinement, mentally analyzing where the guard would be standing, the position of his rifle, and how close the guard stood to the small room. It was a desperate gamble, his plan, but after half a year being confined to a small room with only brief escapes to the polygraph room, the cafeteria, and the dispensary, he was ready for just about *anything*.

Jonas grabbed the smaller bucket, tossed in the pipe wrench, and proceeded to slide roll after roll of industrial grade toilet paper onto the handle until the wrench was effectively hidden from view.

Pausing for a moment to stare at his reflection in the mirror, Jonas summoned his courage and unlocked the restroom door and began his slow, deliberate walk back towards the guard cradling the bucket as if it were a tearing bag of groceries.

As Jonas methodically marched off his steps, the guard appeared to scrutinize the bucket his charge was carrying. Upon recognition of the white rolls of toilet paper, the guard seemed to acquiesce and spun his body counterclockwise to open the door for the burdened analyst.

Jonas struggled to restrain his breathing and to forestall any suspicion on the part of his target. Time seemed to lengthen as the analyst considered whether it was too late to abandon his attempt at freedom.

Slowly, immeasurably slowly, Jonas moved his left hand into the bucket and rested it at the bottom of the stack of toilet paper rolls.

“Found you a year’s supply, eh?” laughed the guard.

“Well, you know...” Jonas feigned a slight misstep and launched the rolls into the hallway.

As the guard retreated a bit, offering the analyst a chance to gather his runaway quarry of ass wipe, Jonas shoved the bucket as hard as he could into the guard’s midsection as he simultaneously extracted the pipe wrench from its hiding place and pirouetted around bringing the sturdy tool into contact with the man’s back.

Stumbling onto the floor, searching for his rifle first and then his sidearm, the guard’s consciousness was silenced from another appropriately placed swing of the wrench.

Fueled with an intoxicating mixture of adrenaline and fear, Jonas retrieved the guard’s weapons and proceeded to lug the unconscious man into his small room. Quickly closing the door behind them, Jonas found a roll of duct tape and proceeded to bind the guard’s hands and feet as well as secure the man’s mouth, ignoring for the moment the blood dripping from the back of the helpless man’s head.

Satisfied that the guard was no longer a threat, Jonas stood up, now heavily armed, and thought of his prospects for survival. *Okay, my dear Jonas. You’ve just attacked a federal agent. What now?*