

Even the Best Laid Plans...

Charlie had a brilliant plan. He was gonna rob a clothing store, the Man's Wear Hut. He knew they kept a lot of cash on hand, he'd seen it. Earlier, he'd walked in and bought a cool little pink-with-black-polka-dot bow tie, tried it on right there. It looked kinda strange on a t-shirt, but nobody said anything. We did see it later on You Tube.

Of course, like all the other big schemes the hapless Charlie had hatched in his 33 years, this one, also, was doomed to backfire.

He walked in the door just before closing.

"Welcome to the Man's Wear Hut." George, the greeter, held out a gloved hand. "T-t-t-try on one of my suits today and you'll l-l-l-love it, I guarantee-guarantee-guarantee-guarantee...g-g-g-

Benny, the cashier rushed over, slapped George up side his head. The stuttering stopped.

Apparently, George was a robot.

"Interesting," thought Charlie. He pulled the nine millimeter from his pocket, motioned to George and Benny. "I'll take what's in the drawer. Now move!"

The employees hesitated. Before Charlie could repeat his order, the door to the dressing room flew open and HN311X, aka The Terminator, clanked out into the room. He had been trying on a new suit. Sparks were shooting from his bum knee, the one he had hurt during the filming of *"Terminator - Salvation."*

Without hesitation, he strode up to an astonished Charlie and snatched the gun with one hand, grabbed Charlie by the collar with the other, then laughed, an unearthly high pitched giggle. More sparks shot from his knee. His red eyes shifted to George. "What are we gonna do about this, XP299..er, George?"

"We're gonna teach him a lesson he'll never forget, I g-g-g-guarantee-guarantee-guarantee-guarantee-guarantee..."

The Terminator picked up George, threw him into The Hugo Boss display.

George landed spreadeagled on top of the manly mannikin. His legs twitched, one stiff hand clawed the carpet, he said "I-guarantee-it" one last time, then lay silent.

Charlie tried to bolt. The Terminator snatched him up and dumped him in front of the dressing room.

“Lock the doors, Benny.” Then to Charlie. “You’re gonna model for us tonight, boy.”

It was definitely torture. They started with the Speedos and white lizardskin boots, forcing Charlie to parade each new scanty outfit down an imaginary runway.

“Work it, boy! Oh, by the way, you **do** know this is being Tweeted to my minions, don’t you?”

“Uh, no.”

“Oh, yes. Look ! Now we’ve got an audience.” A boisterous crowd had gathered outside, watching Charlie strut and pose. “Now **dance**, boy!”

By the time Charlie got to the skinny jeans and heavy gold necklace, the crowd outside had grown to several dozen. Someone fired up a boombox, “Disco Inferno” was playing and the chant began.

Dance-Baby-Dance!...Dance-Baby-Dance!

Another shower of sparks shot from the Terminator’s knee as he guffawed derisively.

“*Never again,*” thought Charlie, as he boogied up to the window.