

## **One Crazy Night**

**By: Unknown**

**A man, who is driving from the capital city to his hometown, decides not to take the highway one evening. Instead, he decides to enjoy the varied scenery along the old road to his home.**

**When he reaches the hills, his car suddenly breaks down. The man is furious with himself because his mechanic had just told him that his car needed repairs. The man didn't want to break the bank on the parts needed to fix everything.**

**So, the man became angry. He started kicking his tires just to let off a little steam. After his little tantrum, he began to think of solutions. He thought the nearest town is too far away to reach on foot, his cell phone was dead, so he decides to stand on the shoulder of the road to try to and get a lift from a kind soul that may pass by.**

**Three minutes later, he sees a boxy red car coming towards him. Its driver is burning rubber and does not stop the vehicle. He stamps his foot impatiently.**

**All at once, the clouds darken and it begins to rain just buckets and buckets of rain. As dusk falls, the growing darkness is just creepy to the man. It doesn't help that the wind has picked and that the temperature has dropped.**

**Out of the mist, a rusty navy blue jalopy is now coming towards him. It slows to a crawl and stops next to him. He opens the back door, jumps in, and leans forward to thank his savior – but there is no one at the wheel.**

**Although the car is driverless and its engine is not running, it somehow starts to move again. The man's blood seems to run cold and he's scared out of his wits end. Suddenly, he looks at the road ahead and sees a bend. Then the unexpected happens. Just before the car hits the curve, a hairy hand appears through the window and slowly turns the**

steering wheel anticlockwise. The car easily negotiates the curve, much to the relief of its sole occupant. Looking as pale as death, the man continues to watch in shock as the hand appears several times at critical moments to prevent the car from plunging into a ravine.

Shivering more from fright than from the cold, the man presses his hands together and starts to pray that he'll make it out alive. Then he sees a blaze of bright lights a short distance away. His heart racing, he wrenches the door open, scrambles out, and runs for dear life towards the lights. "This is a town," he says softly to himself.

He is out of breath when he stumbles into a coffee shop, where he orders a cup of coffee to ease his nervousness. After finishing his drink, he decides to relate his horrible ordeal to the owner of the establishment.

As he is telling his story, two thickset men wearing leather jackets and peaked caps trudge into the coffee shop. The taller one nudges the other in the ribs and says, "See that man over there whose clothes are all wet? I'm going to knock the stuffing out of him!"

"Why? What did he do?"

Cap in hand and fury in his eyes, the large fellow cries, "That's why the car was so heavy! That dummy must have gotten into our car while we were pushing it!"