

The Hitchhiker

1. Job Ending In Ers
2. Adjective
3. Noun
4. Emotion

The Hitchhiker

I'm about as proud of it

as anybody could be in the entire world!"

"Then why won't you tell me?" "You Job ending in ers

really is Adjective Noun, aren't you?" he said.

"And you ain't goin' to be Emotion, I don't

think, until you've found out exactly what

the answer is?" "I don't really care one way

or the other," I told him, lying.

He gave me a crafty little ratty look out of

the sides of his eyes. "I think you do care,"

he said. "I can see it on your face that you

think I'm in some kind of a very peculiar

trade and you're just achin' to know what it

is.

I didn't like the way he read my thoughts. I

kept quiet and stared at the road ahead.

"You'd be right, too," he went on. "I am in a

very peculiar trade. I'm in the queerest

peculiar

trade of 'em all.

I waited for him to go on.

"That's why I 'as to be extra careful oo' I'm talkin' to, you see. 'Ow am I to know, for instance, you're not another copper in plain clothes?" "Do I look like a copper?" "No," he said. "you don't. And you ain't. Any fool could tell that." He took from his pocket a tin of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers and started to roll a cigarette.

I was watching him out of the corner of one eye, and the speed with which he performed this rather difficult operation was incredible. The cigarette was rolled and ready in about five seconds. He ran his tongue along the edge of the paper, stuck it down and popped the cigarette between his lips. Then, as if from nowhere, a lighter appeared in his hand. The lighter flamed.

The

cigarette was lit. The lighter

disappeared. It was altogether a remarkable performance.