

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.