

“Hello, there's going to be a short delay! Sorry!” said a voice **insincerely** from the loudspeaker. “So wrap up warm, and the plane will be **absolutely** ready to go by the morning!”

I sighed and **unhappily** sat down in one of the only chairs in the terminal that wasn't occupied. Next to me was an businessman, deep asleep, who was drooling down his suit. I tried to shift away from him, but the movement caused his head to **suddenly** flop over onto me, so he was drooling down my shirt instead! I **hurriedly** shoved his head to the other side.

A few moments later I began to drift off. Then the drooling guy's cell phone went off **unexpectedly**. I growled **angrily**, grabbed it, and shoved it into his gaping mouth. He woke up with a start and began choking as beeping **disconcertingly** came from his esophagus.

I settled down, but what with the beeping and and the choking, I didn't get any sleep that night until I grabbed the guy by the seat of his pants and tossed him out the **nearest** open window.