He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last. Walter heard the firing squad load their guns. He now realized that he will soon face death. However, he kept calm as he was before, since he did not want to let anyone know that he was feeling terrified. “Did anyone eat breakfast today? I can hear my stomach growling. My hands are trembling for some toast.” Ignoring him, the firing squad slowly held up their guns. A gunman with a drawn and **haggard** face said peevishly, “Offender, we are in the progress of execution. Please stay still.” Walter said out loud, “Okay, I guess this is it. Goodbye to my life,” as he maintained his impassive expression. Then he stood up, turned around, and tightly covered his ears with his hands. He pressed his ears harder and harder as fear build up inside him...Walter felt a nudge on his arm. “Why are you covering your ears? I yelled at you several times to get you to unlock the car,” Mrs. Mitty exclaimed. Walter and Mrs. Mitty got into the car and as Walter started the engine, Mrs. Mitty groaned. “I forgot to buy one more thing. Walter, could you go buy me some cough medicine? I am too tired to go back to the drugstore again.” “You have a cold?” questioned Walter. “No, I just want to always have medicines ready at our house.” He asked again, “Can’t we just buy it tomorrow?” “Walter, stop wasting time and just go to the store,” Mrs. Mitty rolled her eyes. Reluctantly, Walter went to the drugstore and was in line to purchase the medicine. In front of him, a tall and muscular man stood straight, covering all the view Walter might have seen if he was behind an average height person. The man in front of him had a baton and a handcuff attached to his shiny belt. His blue uniform was nicely fit which made Walter stare at the man’s back for quite a long time.

… “Sir! Sir! We just got a report that a hostage situation is going on at the bank right now!” said the neophyte officer, as he stepped into the room. Officer Mitty, sitting on his chair and grinding his cigar butt on to the ashtray on his desk, replied with composure: “How many hostages are held?” “Unfortunately, we do not have much information about the situation, sir. We estimate that there are about fifteen hostages and three hostage takers. What we exactly know is that complete **pandemonium** broke out in the bank. Pedestrians who walked by the bank claimed that they heard screams and cries coming out from the building.” Officer Mitty slowly rose up from his chair and spoke to the neophyte officer. “Young man, is this your first time handling a hostage situation?” “Yes, sir,” he said anxiously. Officer Mitty came close to the young man and fixed the man’s hat which was set at a **rakish** angle. “Dealing with this kind of cases, it is crucial for the police to be always calm in order to negotiate with hostage takers, and eventually solve the problems safely.” Mitty walked toward his coat hook, took his blue uniform jacket, and opened the door by his side. “Now, young man, let’s go and see what is going on at the bank. Shall we?” Officer Mitty smiled grimly to the neophyte officer, and he walked through the hallway with confident footsteps.