

Paul needed a break from his super-hero life. Daily dealings with villainous characters was dragging him down and threatening to give him a case of PTSD, so he decided to go bowling. Nothing ever happens at a bowling alley he thought to himself, and he looked forward to a relaxing evening.

After a brief warmup which involved throwing a few gutter-balls he started to get his swing just right. He took two steps forwards towards the line at the start of the lane, swung the ball backwards, then forwards, and just as he was about to release the ball from his grasp, a large insect went whizzing past the left side of his head. He could just barely make out a cylindrical shape to the insect as it made a buzzing noise going past his head. It broke his concentration, but he still managed to take out two pins on right side for five points. Then he realized his ear was stinging. Gee, did that sucker bite me ? He thought to himself, then touched his ear. He thought it was a dragon fly, they don't bite. He was shocked to notice blood on his fingertips. Wow that was a nasty bite. He thought. He was about to go to the bathroom to check his ear out when he heard another zinging sound and thought he saw something fly past the left side of his head again as he turned around towards the washroom. What the heck. He thought to himself is that woman putting a pistol in her purse ? Now the insects made some sense to him; they were bullets. "Hey!" hey yelled at the woman and took two steps forward. She turned and ran quickly out the door. Then he felt bit foolish as he realized it was probably just her cell telephone or makeup she was putting in her purse, and he had scared her. There was a way to find out however. He could look for the bullets. Then he thought to himself this is just the kind of thing that is PTSD symptoms. A bug flies past and you think it's bullets. It's a good thing he was taking time off. He decided to take more time off.