

Mascaraman



Weeks of grueling wilderness survival training had paid off as Weapons Sergeant Bud Wisenheimer of the U.S. Army Special Forces eluded the last of his would-be captors in the jungles of western Myanmar. As he set up base camp in the hollow of an ancient mangrove tree and began to enjoy his first real meal in days – a burdock flavored MRE supplemented with a half dozen raw scorpions – his satphone rang. Even in a land teeming with jungle birds and their concomitantly piercing shrieks, the ring was loud. Wisenheimer had been under orders to not use the telephone except in an extreme emergency. There'd been no directive, however, about incoming calls. Just before a fourth ring triggered his annoying answering machine message, he picked up the receiver. "Sergeant Bud Wisenheimer, is that you?" queried an exuberant baritone. "This is Meriwether Maybelline, president of Maybelline Makeup. We've had our eyes on you for some time, Sergeant. In fact, we have you in our sights right now!" Wisenheimer instinctively dropped to the ground and pulled a pair of mangrove leaves over him. "Nice try, Sergeant," chirped the voice from the satphone, "but we're employing a heat-sensitive optical scanner that sees right through your camouflage. We can also track you down to fifty fathoms, so don't bother making a dash for that swamp over yonder. But you shouldn't even be trying to hide, Sergeant, because I'm merely calling with a *fabulous* business proposal. Like I said, we've been watching you for months as you've infiltrated various enemy strongholds, and we've been impressed with what we've seen. We think America is ready for a new war hero who thinks like you, acts like you, and most importantly *looks* like you. That's why we want you to be the next spokesperson for Maybelline Eye and Brow Liners!" A barrage of cannon fire from high up in the jungle canopy brought the conversation to an abrupt close as one of the bullets shattered the satphone. Wisenheimer dove for cover and simultaneously drew his particle beam death raygun. If they wanted a fight, he was ready! But was he ready to have his mug plastered on billboards the world over? It was a question he pushed to the back of his mind as the horrific firefight commenced.