

# *THE INTERROGATION*

A D.B. COOPER STORY

*Eva McCurty-Bowman*

*FULLSAIL UNIVERSITY |*

The room was darker than the dark side of the moon. Only a small lamp illuminated the center of the room as it sat on a small desk. Dayna Cameron stood arms crossed, her eyes dark and brooding as she stared at an eighty- year old man handcuffed to the table. Her brown hair hung past her shoulders in waves. She sauntered towards the desk her stilettos echoing in the otherwise silent room.

“My name is special agent Dayna Cameron; would you please state your name for the record?”

The elderly man sat up straight in his chair, he gave a wickedly devilish grin as he said, “My name, of course, is the infamous D.B. Cooper.”

Dayna sighed heavily her face disgruntled as she spoke calmly, “No, sir I need your real name.”

“Oh darling, I apologize for causing you stress. A young thing like you shouldn’t be adding wrinkles to her flawless complexion.”

“Listen, I am up for a promotion after we are done with this. We have been chasing you for over forty years. You have been pussyfooting around with answers for weeks with the other agents. Give me you damned name!”

The man chuckled as he spoke,” Okay, okay, fine. My name is Kyle Finch. You and the rest of the F.B.I know me as D.B. Cooper.”

“Thank you, now you may proceed by answering these two questions. One, the explanation as to why you high jacked the plane and demanded a ransom? Two, why did you turn yourself in after all these years?”

“Ah, yes, my favorite story to tell. I boarded the plane with my briefcase, took my seat and motioned for the flight attendant,” Kyle said as he looked into the nothing his face became blank.

Dayna's face softened, as she sat in the seat across from Kyle. She lifted a pen from the desk and started jotting down snippets of what he was saying.

Kyle continued, "I told the beautiful young lady that I had a bomb and that if she didn't follow my instructions perfectly, I would blow the plane and everyone in it like a firecracker on the fourth of July. She notified the captain when we stopped to fuel in Seattle; I allowed them to let the passengers off the flight. I received my parachutes and my money."

Dayna pursed her lips as she put down the pen. "We know that part, I want to know why. Also, what happened to you, where were you hiding out?"

"Oh, you want to know what happened after I jumped out of the plane?"

Dayna nodded as she said, "Yes."

"Well, I got snagged in a tree. I had to cut myself down. I had dropped a large sum of the money. It scattered into the wind, who knows where the hell most of it ended up. What I had left, I decided to bury."

Dayna stood up, she started to pace back and forth, her slender frame gracefully parading across the front of the table.

Kyle smiled as he continued to speak, "I didn't need the money, I was bored. I had never been skydiving before and felt it was an opportune time enjoy that experience. I also never have done anything this impulsive. How long has it been again?"

"Mr. Finch, I am the one asking questions here!"

"Please, humor my old mind," Kyle pleaded as his eyes gleamed in the light of the lamp.

Dayna had noticed something that she hadn't before. Kyle's eyes were milky white. The man was going blind. She approached the desk and picked up the pen.

"It has been forty plus years," she spoke her voice honeyed softly.

Kyle had slumped over in his seat, leaning on the desk. “Let’s say I was curious what would happen if I stole 200,000 dollars. I have no children, I may have many to claim they are my family, alas, I have none. To answer plainly, Agent Cameron, I was bored.”

“So, let me get this straight. The money, the investigation, the high jacking? All of this because you were bored?”

“Yes,” Kyle spoke matter-of-factly.

Dayna sighed, she had a feeling of sympathy for the man. He was eighty-years-old and here is sitting across from her telling his story.

“Agent Cameron, I am too old. The excitement is no longer there. Frankly, I am tired, my body is too dried up to keep up with my wits. I thought now would be the best time to turn myself in.”

“Well, that answers that question,” Dayna replied, she wrote something down on the paper. She waved her hand in the air and like magic two uniformed guards came in the room. They removed the cuffs from the desk and lifted Kyle from his seat.

Kyle grinned ear to ear, he looked as if he hadn’t a care in the world.

“Please, be gentle with him,” Dayna said, her eyes sad.

The guards nodded and started towards the door. Kyle turned his head to Dayna.

The last words he spoke before leaving the room, “Thank you for the game of ‘hide and seek.’”