

Yorkie Mom versus New York Businessman

by Terry Powell

May I tell you a funny story?

Happened last night as I was going home in a thunderstorm...

Walked to the subway when the sky opened up. Ducked into a coffee shop figured, what the hey, have a breakfast for dinner, and then go home. OK, so the coffee was so bad I asked for a replacement (it sat 5 hours too long and was strong enough to re-wire me.) The mostly raw Spanish omelet was OK, but glad I don't enjoy French fries, because they were terrible, anyway. Decided to keep upbeat. I love walking in the rain, but this was an outdoor bathtub!

Anyway, the streets were filled with rain about an inch high, and the subway steps were really waterfalls that I'd pay a fortune to put in my backyard!

Took the subway down town to get my bus to Staten Island. 3 men offered me a seat!

Turned em down, saying I'd drain the water off my clothes if I stayed upright. We all laughed.

On the bus, there were two seats left and 4 stops to pick up more passengers. I asked a man (on a cell phone) if I could sit in the other seat next to him. "MR. (yep, caps) BUSINESSMAN spoke into his phone, "Wait a sec, some b- - - ch wants the other seat." (Ah, a nasty one, and the strong coffee had just re-wired me.) He got up, still complaining into his cell phone loudly about how the bus driver was driving too slow, like 5 mph, damn rain, worse people on the bus. He was getting lots of stares.

I took out my book, reached up to turn the reading lite on my side toward me. Instantly, he said "Hey I was using that light!, I was reading (no book on his lap.) I looked him in the eye, he's about my age, expensive business suit, still-crisp white shirt, precise small Adolph Hitler type mustache, and a face getting redder by the second. (High blood pressure?) He takes out a copy of the new B

Streisand book, in hardcover (\$30 book.) So I reach up, (He never tried the reading lite on HIS side) and turn the light straight down, which gives neither of us enough light to read, but I was next to the window, with a bit extra light there, I could read, HE could not. He fumed, "I need more light!" I calmly said, as if to a small child "WE can SHARE the light." He began tapping his entire hand on his still closed book. Other hand still on cell phone "Dam people take too long to get on the bus (yep, that's how I knew we reached the next bus stop.)

I took out a bag of peanut butter M&Ms and began to eat while I read. That bothered him. So, next two got popped in my mouth, I turned my head slightly and exhaled silently in his direction. Just in time to see a standing passenger put her dripping umbrella into the over head compartment directly over his head, and yes, it dripped big splotches all over his open book. He was livid, but quietly steaming. I turned back to my book, trying not to laugh out loud, and went back to reading, eating and exhaling M&Ms aromas. He was pounding his book at the last bus stop in Manhattan. More delays in his life!! That's when my Spanish omelet decided it was time to repeat its aroma and flavor. I was now exhaling that with the M&Ms.

Some where in Brooklyn, God must have decided to test me. All that heavy rain, developed a leak just over my head. I leaned forward to avoid getting wet, which blocked out half of the light coming from the window to his book. Ah, I took out the gallon size zip lock bag that I brought my lunch in, and lay it on my upper back. The rain ran down my back, cold, but made me laugh. Yep that got him more upset. When the bag slipped down, I reached over my back, using the arm next to him, and pulling it up. At one point he called the same person back on his cell , and told her to pick him up, because I WAS GETTING HIM WET. Yep: from the leak over MY head. I never did anything to get him wet!!! Apparently his wife will pick him up.

OK. I thought. When we got a few stops before my stop, I got up, said I'm getting off. He had to get up to let me out. He got up, slowly, (probably stiff) and barely backed up the aisle to let me pass. When he sat down, I turned and said, "By the way, do you know you have something red, like, umm, lipstick on your collar?" He didn't. But I walked to the front of the bus, and sat in the now empty seat across from the driver for the last two stops before mine.

Told the driver that I just took down his badge number and bus number to call in to transit to tell them that I am calling to let them know some guy in a bad mood because he is running late, said into his cell phone that he going to complain to transit that the driver is

too slow. I think the driver was great, considering the rain, and nut cases on the road and in this bus. He asked which guy. I gave him a description & seat location, and finally it was my stop.

I got off the bus so giddy, because I just had to look back, and the guy was trying to apply a tissue to his shirt collar. Guess he was worried his wife would see the lipstick, the stuff that wasn't there.

Life is fun.

Watch out for peanut butter M&M breath.

Terry