Everybody Fung Wah tonight

There are a few things a person generally does before boarding a crowded bus for a 4-hour ride, and those things almost often involve personal hygiene.

But perhaps I generalize, perhaps not everyone thinks this way. No, perhaps there is one dirty M.I.T. nerd out there who would be so bold as to reek of B.O. while poring over his fucking Astronomical Geophysics From Mars Advanced Algorithms book during said 4-hour ride back to NY. And not only would this man - so bold - reek of B.O., but he would also have the goddamned worst breath ever breathed on the planet, and he would exhale through is mouth every time he turned a corner on an astronomical geophysics from Mars advanced algorithm. It would sound like this: "*huuuuuuuuuuffffffff*" and smell like this: *uuuuuuuuuugh*.

And that said, when it seemed as if he could assault the olfactories no more, stinky M.I.T. genius gently ruffles a small red bag and produces a bagel. With peanut butter on it. The most goddamned potent peanut butter to ever exist. And now the peanut butter is mingling with the B.O. and the *uuuuuuuuuuugh* and there is no room to breathe. None.

And to cap it all off, dear friends? To cap it all off?

He slowly turns his head to the window after polishing off the putrid peanut butter bagel and lets out the slowest, squeakiest, motherfucking smelliest fart to ever emerge from a person's sphincter.

This is when I literally sat with my head in the aisle, my finger cradled under my nose, praying for Conneticut to speed by a little faster.

--Shawnté Salabert, 2006