

Gladrags & Snotrags

I had the most bizarre subway experience on the way home from work yesterday. *Ok, let me rephrase...*

On the way home from work yesterday, I had **No. 432** in a long series of bizarre subway encounters. I boarded the car, undeniably a bit strung out from a 12-hour day at work, my stomach a little rumbling from the cheesy Salvadorian thing I ate for dinner, my neck a bit sweaty from the very noticeable draught of air conditioning happening in both my living and work environments...

I was geeking out on a bit of Sleater-Kinney (those drums! *those drums!!!*), when I unfortunately caught the eye of Subway Weirdo No. 432. Upon first glance he seemed normal, kind of young, good-looking even....

...but then...there is always a "but then"...

...No. 432 produced a used tissue from his jeans pocket and began waving it methodically in the air, in front of his face, eyeballing me the entire time. He knew he had me. And as such, subsequent forms of tissue entertainment included:

- Rolling the used tissue into the shape of a **joint**; "smoking" used tissue
- Holding used tissue upright, as if it was a flag, and **marching** in place, waving used tissue proudly above his head
- Pulling a thin chunk of hair down from his forehead, carefully winding hair around used tissue, which was standing in for lack of a **curler**
- Slapping used tissue against his **inner thigh**, humming along to the invisible beat it provided his crazy little mind
- Ripping used tissue in half, very gently - mind you, and re-tying tissue in the shape of a bow...which was then **applied carefully** to the right side of his head
- Removing used tissue from head, tearing it into tiny little pieces, and scattering them in a little **bread crumb trail** as he exited the car. Probably to help me find him, since I was quite obviously enchanted by the whole process and wanted to make tissue-lovin' babies with him forever.

--*Shawnté Salabert, 2006*