

apb

Is Mercury in retrograde? Is that why Fate is giving me the long face as of late?

For the second time since living in New York, I had to call the police today. Now, the first time was because, as I was heading to lunch at the very corporate corner of 42nd St. & 5th Ave., I witnessed a mob on the opposite corner; as I crossed the street, I noticed the mob quickly scatter and found myself standing directly in front of a crazy motherfucker with a neon green box cutter. Blade exposed. Waving wildly in the air.

"Uh-oh," I thought to myself. "Crazy person with sharp object. Must turn away. Must avoid being knifed during incredibly short 'lunch hour.' Must eat overpriced salad and return to desk unscathed."

As I switched my route, Crazy McStabber started slashing at a man standing on the corner near him, making contact with the man's outstretched arm several times. Alarmed and mystified that I had, in essence, witnessed a stabbing on the corner of 42nd St. & 5th Ave. in broad daylight, I dialed up 911 and spoke to a dispatcher who, among other things, asked if I would stay on the scene. *NO, I will NOT stay on the scene. I DO NOT want to incur the wrath of Crazy McStabber. The answer is NO, 911 Lady. NO, I will not stay on the scene of the bloody knifing where the knifer is still slashing at the knifee.*" Instead, I bought my salad and made my way back to the 27th floor.

So this time, luckily, there were no bodily fluids involved in my police-summoning. Instead, I arrived at work at the godawful time of 7:45am and busied myself with opening up and doing my general morning crap, including re-setting the computers in the computer lab. At 8:30am, the Shop Monitor came in. At 8:50am, the Desk Dude came in. At 9:40 a.m, I was interviewing a potential Desk Chick. At 10am, I noticed that some fucking motherfucking fucktard wiped out our computer lab. MO-THER-FUUUUUUUCK.

I searched high. I searched low. I yelled at Shop Monitor. I yelled at Desk Dude. I felt bad and stopped yelling. I cursed. A lot. I kicked a garbage can. I cursed some more.

When we realized that the computers really hadn't decided to take a bathroom break, as I'd hoped was the case, I dialed 911 and spoke to the most lethargic operator of all time:

Me: (*panicked*) We've been robbed! Burglarized!

Lethargic 911 Lady: (*almost audibly rolling her eyes*) Queens, Manhattan,

Brooklyn....

Me: Brooklyn! We've been robbed! They took our...

L911L: (*Letting out a very loud sigh*) Yeah, okay. Sure. Where are you located? We'll send someone out when we have the time.

Me: (*What? When you 'have the time'??? The time is NOW! Our computers are gone! We need a team of officers!*) Our address is.....Oh! Can you send a fingerprint team? I'm sure there are fingerprints...

L911L: Lady, we're busy this morning, so someone will get over there when they can. Goodbye.

You know, I hope they record these things, like they do on *C.O.P.S.* and *Rescue 911* (didn't you just loooooove Billy Shatner in that show? Brilliant.) This lady obviously didn't understand the gravity of the situation. But the police officers would...I'm sure they would...

(*Enter: Two undercover, Johnny-Goumba-type beefy guys wearing - I shit you not - GOLD CHAINS and tapered, stone-washed jeans enough hair gel to serve as a masturbatory aid for an entire classroom of teenage boys*)

Johnny Goumba 1: Hey, yeah, so what's the problem? Heeeeeyyyyy....this place is cool. Nice artwork.

Me: Someone came in this morning and burglar...

Johnny Goumba 2: Yeah, I like the colors in here. You got a nice place here. Where's the bathroom?

Me: Um, down there. So, someone came in this morning and stole our computers. While I was...

JG2: You talk to her, I'm gonna go take a leak.

JG1: Yeah, okay. So, what did they steal?

Me: Computers, from the room...

JG1: Yeah, okay. Uh, so what do you guys do here? I think you should all wear name tags. Like on a necklace or something.

And so on and so on and so forth. The Brothers Goumba spent more time talking about how interesting our facility was than about the actual thieving that had occurred. And JG1 just *had* to use the bathroom after JG2 returned with raving reviews. NEVERMIND THE FACT THAT WE HAD BEEN BURGLARIZED WHEN I WAS IN THE BUILDING NOT 30 MINUTES EARLIER.

NYPD. Sucks.

--*Shawnté Salabert, August 2006*