

quid pro quo, is it?

In the world of freebies, I've learned the valuable lesson that there really is no such thing as a free lunch...or a free salad, or free cream puff, or free mariachi band. The karmic cycle of the universe has its own system of checks and balances...sometimes when you *get*, you end up *giving* a little, too....

15) Being the kind, gracious, wonderful (*insert as many superlatives as you like here*) big sister that I am, I took my visiting little sister and her friend out on the town last evening. My sister was thrilled with the big lights and big city, but not so much with the big ass piles of garbage on the streets.

However, because New York is a city that often offers up surprises when you least expect it, we stumbled across a discarded box...full of trophies. Beautiful, shiny, golden plastic trophies for things like "Winner - Christmas Tournament," "Best 1 on 1", and "Hot Shot of the Year." I'm not sure exactly what the trophies' previous owner was the champion of, but we scooped up a handful and they are now proudly strewn about my living room.

Free Thing: Adopted accomplishments

16) On the flipside, the cosmos could not let such a windfall go unchecked. I wandered Times Square with my guests, periodically stopping to take pictures of them surrounded by neon. During one such photo session, I stepped over to the side of a crowded sidewalk, lifted the camera, and readied myself for the shot.

Unbeknownst to me, I was standing directly above a subway grate, and when that train comes a-rollin', it sends up one helluva wind. Directly. Up. My. Skirt. And that helluva wind sent my skirt spiraling far, far above my waist, front and back, side to side. I was blinded by my own skirt.

Sidewalk traffic actually stopped, which does not happen all that often in New York. A man, his wife, and his small child stopped, and for a second, as I struggled, I thought that they were going to take a picture. Instead, the man gave me a thumbs-up, his wife laughed, and the child stared wide-eyed in shock.

Oh...did I mention? Naturally, I was wearing the ugliest pair of underwear I have ever owned. They were beige. *Beige*. The horror.

Free Thing: Upskirt for the masses

--*Shawnté Salabert, August 2006*