

## **holy jesus, a rubber goldfish!**

8) I was sauntering around a cheeky homegoods store in the general 11211 zip code when I noticed several glass jars full of bright orange rubber goldfish. Not just any rubber goldfish, but goldfish of such size and magnitude as to make one retract in humble deference. God, I love rubber goldfish.

Anyway, those suckers were a mere \$1 a pop, so I considered populating the entire upper ledge of my computer with them. But, in the wake of a mini spending spree, I decided to adopt only one little orange guy. Imagine my surprise when I approached the counter, dollar in right hand, fishie in left, and the guy waved me off. I shoved that goldfish into my bag quicker than Nicole Ritchie doin' a line.

### **Free thing: Fake pet**

9) Last night, I gamely hopped on the G train to go 10 stops out to Red Hook. It was Lacey Langston's birthday soiree, and not one to miss an opportunity for free cookout food, I hightailed it off of the Island. However, before I left, I realized that I never got the directions and since my laptop decided to never boot up again in its natural life, I couldn't Mapquest it. Lacey offered me a vague description that sounded like, "Walk down *static* street, take a *static* at the corner and go over the bridge until you see *static*." Flush with this knowledge, I set off on my mission, armed with little more than a cell phone, a birthday gift, and a killer pair of brand new gold heels.

About 10 minutes into the expedition, I had developed blisters and a bad attitude. I received 3, yes, 3 sets of wrong directions, and suddenly found myself on a dark street, trailed by a police car. The officers finally called me over and I cautiously approached their car, ready for whatever edible they may be offering. Instead, I got, "Hey, m'am, you know this isn't a safe place to be walking around. Several women have been robbed at gunpoint lately." I was then told to call a car service, because I was apparently miles away from civilization. Or at least the bar I was trying to get to.

I slumped back to the nearest gas station, police trailing behind me like a lingering fart. (Yeah, I said "lingering fart." Got a problem with that?) Finally, taking pity, they offered me a ride to the bar, lecturing me the whole way about how women shouldn't be walking around this area at night, and we dont' want to see you be a statistic, and even though we're cops we're kinda creepy and, and, and...

So I rolled up to Moonshine, the best little hole-in-the-wall dive bar populated with closeted gay men and people who wear camouflage and talk about 'dem 12-point bucks. I thanked the 5-0 and walked into the bar, where I received the following comment immediately from one of the patrons who fit both of the aforementioned descriptions: "Hey, how did you get a police escort? What did you do - are you from the South?" (*he pauses for effect, his tone softening*) "Hey, I'd like to buy you a Lambourghini sometime."

### **Free thing: Cop Car Crusin'**

--*Shawnté Salabert, 2006*