

No Shit Sherlock â€¦ Keep diggin, Watson!

Description

Nothing too interesting has happened to me these past few days. That was, until, last night.

Yesterday was someone in the programâ€™s birthday, and she wanted to go out to celebrate, so, most of us obliged. We all met up at her apartment and, after spending some time there, we went to a bar. We stayed at the bar until closing and all parted ways. It was a good time.

Now, here is where it gets interesting.

For those of you who know me, this will seem like old news, but for those who donâ€™t, hereâ€™s an insight into David.

I have little to no sense of directionâ€¦ seriously. Itâ€™s a miracle I make it anywhere. Usually, I use Google Maps and public transit, and I sort of figure out my way. But, I get turned around quite often, and often end up walking in the wrong direction.

Back to last night, I was walking with a few people back home, and I mentioned about how I have no idea where I am and that I was just following someone who lives in the same direction as me. Ben, one of the guys from the program, turned and said, â€œYou know your house is behind us right?â€

â€œReally? Are you sure?â€ I said.

â€œYeah, youâ€™re going the wrong way,â€ said Ben.

â€œGODAMN IT!â€ I screamed in the cold and dark silence. After I wished my friends goodbye I turned around and walked in the CORRECT direction.

After about 5 minutes, I saw a cab and flagged it down.

I got in, told him my closest intersection, and sat back.

About 5 minutes in, the cab lurched forward, stopped, lurched, stopped and then just died. The cabbie banged his hand on the dash to no avail, before turning to face me and said in a thick, thick accent, â€œUh oh.â€

â€œWhat now?â€ I said, looking around the cab. The entire dashboard was dead â€¦ except, magically, the money counter, which kept increasing by \$0.16 every 20-ish seconds or so. Just my luck.

Finally, I ask the cabbie what to do now, and he said that he is going to call the cab company and they will send a replacement taxi. So, he calls them and speaks in a language I did not understand at all. Meanwhile, the time kept ticking away and I could actually feel my wallet getting lighter.

FINALLY, after about 7 minutes of awkward silence, another cab comes and we just switch taxis. The driver, before leaving, jotted something down on a piece of paper, but I paid it no mind, I was just happy to get back on the road so I could go to sleep!

We got in the new cab, he started up the distance-money thing and starting driving me home.

When we were about 3 minutes away from my house, I heard the driver yell something and then the car jump (as if over a speed-bump) twice. The cab then skidded to a stop, turned behind and said, "Did I just hit something?"

Let me properly set the scene for you. It is now approximately 3am on a Tuesday night (or Wednesday morning, if you wanna be a stickler for time) and I was sitting in a smelly cab with a man who hardly spoke English I could understand, in my second cab of the night, on a dark stretch of road by my place and the driver may have just hit something. At this point, normal people would have probably lost their mind, gotten out of the car, yelled some obscenities and walked home. However, I am not normal.

"DID YOU SEE ANYTHING DASH OUT IN FRONT OF THE CAR?" I told the cabbie, enunciating every syllable so he could understand me. He shook his head. Then, I said, "Go outside and check if you hit anything."

He left the cab, while it was still running, and found what he had hit: A now busted up Blue Box and a large bag of leaves. There were little and big pieces of blue, strewn among the leaves on the street. It looked as if someone killed a Smurf in autumn.

"Ok, enough is enough, he could have killed someone or something. Time to get out and walk the 8-10 minutes home," I thought to myself.

I grabbed all my stuff, and told the driver that I was going to leave. He then stopped the time (which was still running!), took out the little piece of paper and said that I owed him the the first fee PLUS this one. I don't remember the exact amount, but it was INSANE.

I then proceeded to get into a verbal disagreement with the guy, debating about how much I should pay for this terrible and way over-priced taxi ride. Eventually, after about 15 minutes, he relented and I only had to pay the second fee. I gave him the cash, with basically no tip, and grabbed the door handle.

I pushed and nothing happened. I pulled it back and the handle CAME OFF. I turned to the cabbie, held up the handle and said, "Get me out of this cab."

He left the cab, opened the door and went back to the driver's seat. I then proceeded to exit the cab and closed the door.

"HEY!" he shouted, "Why you slam door?"

"I did NOT slam the door," I replied, calmly

"Why you slam door?" he asked, again.

"I did NOT slam the door," I replied again.

"Why you slam door?"

"Maybe your door hates you," I replied with a smirk and walked away.

Suffice to say, I got home much later than I wanted to and slept through my alarm.

Luckily I have no classes on Wednesday.

Category

1. birthday
2. cab driver
3. direction
4. lost

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