



Home Late! - The Next Day - A Sidebar

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The next day on the inbound bus...

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The next day I'm on the bus.

Stumbling and muttering an obscenity, a woman attempts to get on the bus.

She flopped on the bench.

She looks like something the cat dragged in.

That's when I recalled her.

Looking at me she spoke, "Do I know you?"

"No, but I saw you last night."

"Oh Gawd! What happened?"

"You sang show tunes."

Grimacing, "Anything else?"

"You pirouetted around a lamp-pole."

Looking down, "Is that all?"

"No, you mooned the bus."

"Shit!"

"Did I mention you were naked at the time?"

Her eyes grew exponentially.

“That's my last Temperance Christmas Party.”