It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by Trouble - 23 Mar 2017 20:22

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep interrupting me): "It" braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can't they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn't sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What's up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can't park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it's just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn't his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it's hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I'm on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was already turning red, and it was clear to anyone that he ran it), but I missed it. Two yeshivah boys were smirking at me, holding up a dangled side mirror with several wires coming out of it. It was then that I lost it! And who could blame me? I jammed the gear into park and ran out of the car, yelling at those two boys (who anyways should be in seder now; what's up with that? Is there no learning anymore in Yeshivah? This would never have happened if I was appointed the First year Beis Medrash Rebbe, like it was so deserving, and instead, they appointed that so-called masmid, halachah expert, who just happened to be the nephew of the Rosh Yeshivah! Sick nepotism is what I say, and look at the catastrophic results!) to wipe their smile off their faces. I screamed, "why the Hell did you pull my mirror off my car?" They looked at me with that glum

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

look, as if I was nuts. This really ticked me off. They said, "Excuse us mister, but your mirror came off when you sideswiped that truck." It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am 61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance's friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Grant400 - 12 Nov 2020 16:00
i-man wrote on 12 Nov 2020 06:36:
Wow good stuff - a Trouble classic !
We need to get him back here
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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by i-man - 12 Nov 2020 18:17
I'm looking for a new source of entertainment now that the White House will no longer be one.
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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by Trouble - 11 Jul 2022 20:19

i-man wrote on 12 Nov 2020 18:17:

I'm looking for a new source of entertainment now that the White House will no longer be one.

GYE - Guard Your Eyes

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by i-man - 11 Jul 2022 22:38 **GYE - Guard Your Eyes**

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