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Subject: Re: Posts/Topics deleted?

Posted by [YSLMuffins](#) on Mon, 10 Jul 2006 02:40:22 GMT

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icedog90 wrote on Sun, 09 July 2006 13:02

At least where I live, it has to rain every fourth of July. Even if it was uber nice the day before.

Alas, this was only my second time really trying to celebrate the fourth. I happened to be on my bike riding toward a gathering of sorts when a massive storm hit. I pulled onto the sidewalk next to some hole-in-the-wall bar but when the the rain started coming down in torrents and I felt like I was going to be zapped by lightning and drowned by SUV-sized waves, I decided to go into the bar with my bike. Having a bike was a charmismatic conversation piece, apparently, because I was the only woman in that bar, and I ended up choosing to risk death by lightning than starve off the stupid drunk advances of a construction worker named Lewis.

He came at me for about five or six times in 40 minutes. He lay pipe for a living. He would like to buy me a drink. He and his friend would really really like some female companyship (oh yes he did slur company and companionship). He thought I was a teacher, and he wanted to be in my class. He would like to buy me a drink--no, he really would! I look like the kind of stern teacher that would have whipped him into shape when he was in high school. He would really like to be in my class so I could teach him a thing or two. Near the end of his beer-induced commentary I realized the only way out of this was back into the rain. :\ Poor Lewis. Women would rather die than talk to him.

I got soaked the rest of the way and naturally there were no fireworks. And then it rained again the next day, too. I'm glad my friends convinced me to celebrate! Well, I did have a little fun except for the drunken Lewises, but it's no where near as exciting.

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