

Train ride assignment



Thursday night on the metro rail. Exhausted like always exiting work, but hey, life goes on. As I step into the south bound train to settle down and enjoy the ride, I see my victims for my assignment. About Ft. Tall, built, a skull tattoo on his right arm, bald, and with a pair of nice Nine's, lets call him Tommy, since I didn't catch the name. Tommy was somewhat arguing with what seemed to be his girlfriend. His girlfriends name was Tania, and I promise my pockets would be bulging if I received a dollar for every time he said It.

Tania, with her long curly jet black hair, nice body, must have messed up somewhere because Tommy wasn't having It. The look on his face was Like one of a murderer, ready to strike and not care. From my understandings, remember I was a distance so It was hard to catch on to them; Tania went out with a few friends the night before. Tommy was not aware of that since he did not receive a call from her. Of course she claimed she did, but Tommy never received the call. She kept trying to get near him and keep things cool, UT Tommy had no feeling to work with her. He would touch Is arm, attempt to lean on him, a tiny hug, anything to try and make it somewhat better. She knew she did something wrong from picking up on her actions. With all that, eye contact was very minimal from Tommy, more than half the time he was looking outside the window at the Miami nightlife. Every now and then, his arms would go up like he was conducting a plane for landing. I shouldn't say it, but it was quit amusing in a sense that I used to deal with the same situations back in the days.

I work a good distance from my house, and they were on it all the way passed my stop. It takes me 30 minutes from work to get to my house, and

they were silent for a total of about seven minutes, and that's being nice. Some other people I noticed were looking at them, because they seemed to be in their own world and no one was in it. My stop came, and I evacuated while they were still going at it. The last word I heard, and yes I did write it down, was movies. I'm sure little lady Tania went with another little man to the movies, that was not Tommy.

I wish I had the conclusion to this fiasco, maybe a little novella love story ending, with white doves flying around in the train. Or maybe Tommy pulling out flowers from out of nowhere, or even a little kiss would have shown that the war was over. It would be nice if they worked things out, because Tommy seemed as if he was having the worst day he could ever deal with. This assignment I found to be useful in the sense that you pick up on others' gestures and actions.

You do not have to know what is going on or the whole situation to pick up on what's happening. I enjoyed it. Train Ride By memorandum bulging if I received a dollar for every time he said it. Tania, with her long curly jet having it. The look on his face was like one of a murderer, ready to strike and not care. From my understandings, remember I was a distance so it was hard to catch on but Tommy had no feeling to work with her. She would touch his arm, attempt to lean actions.