

Sewer Lips

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Sometimes, even a simple thing like stopping off to get a slice of pizza, and checking your E-mail at the local open Wi-Fi equipped Italian bistro, can run into aggravating complications.

I live just down the block and around the corner from a very nice Italian restaurant – located on the corner of 58th Street and Northern Boulevard in Queens, New York. The place provides open-access Wi-Fi for their customers, and I’ve been there a few times to enjoy the food and check my E-mail. At approximately noon, on July 19, 2006 Jozi and I went there to get on the ‘Net to check on something related to the electric and gas companies threatening to turn off the utilities in the apartment house where we live – because the owner hasn’t paid the bill in TWO YEARS (another AssholesAmongUs expose’). In any event, I sat there with my notebook, trying in vain to get a connection¹, while Jozi went to make copies of the \$9,000.00 and \$4,300 electric and gas bills.

All of a sudden, the place erupts in a bombardment of cuss words, sexual innuendos (and explicit sexual remarks) racial epithets, and threats. As my concentration on the task at hand was broken, I realized it was a young woman whose mouth I heard – not that I haven’t heard it all before – the place was full of customers, and to top it off, she had a 4 or 5 year-old boy in tow. After enduring a (no exaggeration) 15-minute tirade from this bimbo, I calmly walked over and said, “Hey, Sewer Lips... you curse like that in front of your kid? Put a cork in it!” Needless to say, in one ear and out the side of the neck. She got up from her chair, picked up a beer bottle, and threatened to hit me over the head with it. I told her, “Listen... I’m a Vietnam vet. If you swing that bottle, I’m going to plunge my right hand in under your rib cage, rip your fuckin’ lungs out and wrap them around your neck”. Didn’t faze her a bit. I said, “Tell you what... I’m calling the police and have you arrested. You’ll probably lose your kid to Social Services because you’re going to jail”. She says “What for?” and makes another threat. So I tell her “For being an unfit mother, drug abuse – what the hell ever it is you’re on... and for assault”. She scoffed at the assault part, but a verbal threat is LEGALLY assault – and a “jailhouse lawyer” like me who knows the statute, can press the issue and make the charge stick.

I stepped off saying, “Listen, sweetheart, lay off the testosterone injections because you ain’t got the equipment or the temperament to handle it”. At 1:20PM the call to 9-1-1 went through. As I was waiting for the squad car to pull up, I took these two photos with my digital camera. When she observed me make the call and take the photos (I made no attempt to be covert about it), she – as they say in Vietnam – dee-dee mau’ed.²



A restaurant full of customers



Sewer Lips – victim of testosterone therapy

¹ I later found out that I had four firewalls running at the same time.

² Dee-dee mau – to run, flee, or leave hastily.

When Jozi returned from making the copies, the incident was over. I told him about it, and he corroborated in the writing of this article. He says that Sewer Lips committed “non-physical child abuse”. I wholeheartedly agree. Foul language is nothing out of the ordinary these days – hell, they play that shit on the radio! What this young woman did went far beyond *tasteless*; it went far beyond being *inappropriate*, *inconsiderate*, or *unbecoming*. She was in reality, looking to provoke a physical confrontation, and I wasn’t going to feed into her aberration; but all it would have taken for things to get out of hand, would have been ANOTHER, similarly-aberrated asshole to happen upon the scene.

Unfortunately, she wasn’t apprehended because it took the cops all of 5 minutes to respond. They’ve had their hands full these past few days with underground electrical fires, and REAL emergencies related to the sweltering summer heat. The real tragedy of all of this is that little boy – who has to go home and live with someone who is obviously five cans short of a six-pack.

This ASSHOLE needs an attitude adjustment, and her mouth washed out with soap.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen – there are ASSHOLES among us. Assholes are everywhere... a ubiquitous cacophony of pervasive, insidious, and omnipresent dipshits, and flaming, gaping assholes where you least expect to find them. You don’t have to look for them – they’ll find YOU!