

Show me your panties.

THE THIN man with the hook nose dropped coins into the bus meter and swaggered into the aisle. The bus doors sighed shut, cooping everyone inside, and the bus pulled away. The thin man stood, hands agitating. He scanned up and down both sides of the bus. His eyes moved like a hawk's. Finally he sat in the closest seat and leaned forward.

"Whutzat on yo leg," he said, loudly, to the elderly man next to him. The entire bus quieted and warily watched. Before the elderly man could answer, the thin man moved two seats deeper into the bus. Across from him sat Codell.

"What are YOU looking at?" The thin man sneered at Codell, rose again, and moved a few rows farther back. He hovered over a diminutive woman, her hair a neat bun on the back of her head. "Gimme yo seat," he told her.

She looked straight ahead.

"Gimme yo seat." The bus driver watched in his rear view mirror.

"I paid the fare," the thin man spit at her. "I want yo seat."

"I don't give a stitch what you paid." She continued looking straight ahead, her eyes piercing behind rimless glasses. "I didn't move then, I'm not moving now."

The thin man rocked on his heels. "I'm tired of you," he snapped. "Old school."

He strutted to the back of the bus and perched next to a young woman in a sundress. "Show me your panties," he leered. He scratched her thigh with his fingers.

The woman sprang from her seat as if she'd been launched. **"GET YOUR HAND OFF MY LEG!"**

The driver slammed the brakes, lurching everyone forward, and threw the bus into park. He stormed down the aisle with taut face and clenched fists.

Before the driver could reach him, the thin man hopped to the rear door and punched the release handles.

"Take your sorry ass out of here!" the bus driver yelled, but he'd already taken flight.

Everyone exhaled, then twittered.

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