One woman’s candid experience of New Bedford’s public transportation

Do you use the local public transport? (StuffUnemployedPeopleLike)
By Cheryl M. Lamb-Spooner

Editor’s Note: This article is an opinion piece submitted by one of our readers.

I don’t have a car so I have to use public transportation to get to most of the places I need to go to here in New Bedford. Here is just a taste of what that experience is like for those of you unfamiliar with it:

A bra is not a top. Just a thought here, but you might want to consider putting something on over that, before coming downtown to the bus terminal.

If you are over a certain size, please do not wear your clothes so tightly that they may tear if you fart. No one wants to see all of that.

Two words: Soap and water. Oh, and how about some deodorant just for shits and giggles?

Please do not talk about your inability to perform cunnilingus due to your cold so loudly that the entire bus station can hear you. I think you just gave that old lady over there a heart attack.

When you were in kindergarten you were taught to wait your turn and stand in line. Those rules still apply, thank you very much. Cutting to the front of the line is just being an a$%hole.

If you see me pause to hold the door for an elderly person, it’s probably not a good idea to just push past both of us. I may have to kill you with her cane just on general principle. Oh, and speaking of “thank you”, you might want to try using that phrase when someone holds a door for you or “excuse me” when you bang into someone really hard instead of just continuing on your way.

Cover your mouth please when you cough. It would also be nice if you could refrain from sneezing on me. (Not just near me, but actually on me. Yuck!)

Pajamas are not proper attire for the court date about which you are telling everyone who will listen to you. I can see why you have that court date by the way you are screaming at the poor attendant at the ticket counter.

Please don’t encourage your little kid to talk to that creepy guy. I think I saw him on a wanted poster. Please don’t let that other creepy guy talk to me. Why the hell is he staring at me? Oh, God..is he actually drooling? Yep. That’s actual drool. What time is my bus again?

Talking about how you tried to smuggle booze into the club in your boobs because the prices at the club were too expensive, but you got caught in as loud a voice as can be? Classy!

There are, like, 30 empty seats on this bus. Don’t sit in the seat immediately next to me and start arguing with your imaginary friend. No, I’m not getting in the middle of it no matter how hard you try to draw me into it. For all I know, your friend may have a valid point.

I am here to ride the bus, not become your BFF. Stop telling me about how your ex is secretly a serial killer and how you decided to stalk him.

Sorry, but being drunk does NOT automatically make you the most attractive male in the world despite what you seem to

think. I’m 2 seconds away from using pepper spray on you.

If you shoot up before you get on the bus and start nodding off, there’s a strong possibility you’re going to miss your stop. Don’t yell at the driver because he drove past it while your eyes were closed and you never even told him you wanted to get off there in the first place.

In short, taking the bus in this city SUCKS!
