

(Please feel free to leave on subway system after reading!)



An open letter to the asshole who  
masturbated in front of me on the subway:

---

---

Dear Asshole:

You might remember me. I'm the woman you masturbated in front of sometime in the summer of 2007. How are you? Are you well? I hope you're well. Well, I'm well. I still take the subway, but it was nice of you to bring a little sexual harassment into an otherwise humdrum subway ride. Anyway, I guess I was a little pissed off and probably wiggled out when you followed me from one subway line to the next. And just between you and me, afterwards, I had fantasies about meeting you again and breaking your fingers. But NO big deal. Like my mama says, forgive and forget, don't fill up on French fries and whatever you do--don't make a scene!

Anything new with me? Not really. I guess since the last time we met, I learned how to break a collarbone or two. Next time, I won't think twice about loudly asking you to stop masturbating at me. Failing that, well, I hope you're not too attached to using your arm. What am I saying? Of course, you are. I know you were counting on me not saying anything because, who knows, you might be a shy person after all. But for posterity's sake, I took your picture on my cell phone and gave it to the police. Anyway, that's all.