

Metropolitan Diary

Smacked by a Car Door

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Dear Diary:

Whack! I was slammed by the door of a parked car, flung open by a driver who was so proud of her primo parking spot on Amsterdam Avenue and 96th Street that she didn't see me standing right outside her window.

I stumbled to the sidewalk, with an unpleasantly wet chin. Something about that whack foretold the need for stitches and an uncomfortable session with a plastic surgeon. True, I had been standing near the car but in the street, hoping to hail a taxi. And true, I had been listening (with one ear only!) to "The Rosie Project," an audiobook that had been making me laugh out loud for days.

The driver and her friend came to my side. They fumbled for tissues. "Can we get you a taxi?" the driver asked. She did seem concerned. I said I lived in the neighborhood. "Oh, she lives right here!" said the other. "That's great! We can take her home."

"But we just got this parking spot," protested the driver.

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