

or so and it's getting really old. Get original, asshole. They've been saying this because recently a couple Parking Enforcement Officers, OK- meter maids, have met their untimely demise.

A month ago Leslie Sullivan was struck by lightning while writing a parking ticket. I don't know why she wasn't in some coffee shop hiding like we all do during inclement weather. But there she was on the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth streets about to write a truck up for "within 20 feet of an intersection" when ZAP outta the sky a bolt of lightning smacks her dead square on the head. Must have been the damned metal strip around the brim of the ugly white assed hats we're supposed to wear. They say the space pen she was using (space pens work on rain soaked paper) was like glued to her hand all sizzling and shit. The papers loved it, the Hand of God and all that holy horseshit. God's finally killing us for being such Bitches, or so they like to think. They had a field day with that one.

Now let me tell you, we (us meter maids) were all freaked right the fuck out about it. Not only was this a sweet older woman who was a couple years from retirement, but the fact that the whole fucking city was getting into her death like it was one sick joke terrified us. I didn't know Leslie very well, she was on another shift. I met her a couple of times out on the street. She was cool. She had a great sense of humor for a woman who had been slapping tickets on cars for over twenty years. It really freaked me out when I heard it was her that died. There are a lot of other meter bitches that I would have rather see fried.

Leslie wasn't the only officer to kick the bucket. Mary Randolph was beaten to death with a rolling pin by her live-in signif other three weeks later. The bastard was shit-faced and pissed at Mary for not having dinner on the table on time. They say you couldn't tell it was Mary because her face was so smashed in from the rolling pin she was using to make an apple pie for the bastard who killed her. They IDed her by looking at her badge number, she was still wearing her uniform. Mary was alright, a hotshit. There was no need for her to die.

So, now we're really freaked. And the media is having a field day again. Two down, they say. You know, you know what they say. Everything comes in threes. So, hence the "You're next" evil shit. They believe, or at least find it humorous, that another meter maid will meet thy maker, ya know? Now at least ten times a day I hear that crap, "Yer next, bitch!" Yeh, yeh, whatever. Get original.

Ya know, that's the one thing about the job that can be the most annoying. Y'all need to get original. Do you know how many times I've heard, "Get a real job!" or "Give them another ticket!" or even "Give them a break!"? I could go on and on. The point is you're boring the fuck out of me with the same stuuupid boring assed lines. God. You really think you're oh, so funny and oh, so brilliantly original. And you wonder why I'm that bitch

VIOLATION!

who gives you the rolling eyeballs look. Come on. You can come up with something new, can't you?

I love it when someone comes up with some wildly insane insulting comment. Seriously, it makes my day. Like the dickhead who just told me to go change my Kotex. Now, that's funny. Ya know, I don't like to be called certain names, Fucking Cunt comes to mind, but when someone comes out with some hilarious bizarre name like, "You motherfucking ugly hairy-eyeballed dog-fucking troll" do I laugh. Now that makes my day. And Lord knows I need a good laugh doing this job. And when I laugh at someone who is trying to make me feel shitty about giving them a ticket they get pissed, which makes me even happier.

Damn, you should hear what people say about us and to us. Mostly it's extremely embarrassingly insulting shit, like you want to either kill the bastard or run and hide. They come up with some pretty vile evil shit, I can tell you. Some of the stuff you wouldn't believe. Yeh, sometimes even when it is horrible it is quite humorous, but most of the time it's like a big slap in the face. I know, sticks and stones, but it feels more like stones than words. I really can't believe what comes out of these assholes mouths sometimes, like they really want to hurt us, even kill us. And the looks on their faces, all red and screwed up, not at all pretty.

It's amazing. Just to think you can say anything, especially cruel belligerent shit to someone because "it's what you do to a meter maid" is fucked up. And you all do it. Don't look at me like that. Everyone has at least once bad-mouthed a meter maid, and don't tell me you never did. Everyone hates the meter maids, and everyone has a story. I've been told I'm a nice meter maid (yeh, until I give them a ticket), but "there was this meter bitch who gave me a ticket and I didn't do anything wrong." Right, sure, OK, like I believe you. Everyone's in the right and the meter maid is always just an uncaring bitch trying to fill her quota. Uh-huh, right. So, you got a ticket, big effin deal. Get over it ya pansy, it's not the end of the world. In a city parking tickets are a reality, so unbunch yer undies and get on with your pathetic life.

And I hear it all the time. I'm at a party and some jerk tells everyone I'm a meter maid. First I get the look that says "how could you be one of those" like I'm an insect, and then they cry their asinine stories in my ear, like I care. Sometimes I wish I had a license to carry. You talking to me? Yeh? Bang.

After all these years of pounding the damned pavement "Bitch" is hardly insulting. At times it can be quite the opposite. Of all the things you can call me "Bitch" is the one I'm proud to say I enjoy being called. One evening in the North End some stupid twat waitress from that restaurant on Richmond Street was arguing about something stupid and told me I was a "cocky bitch".

"From you I take that as a compliment," I smiled at her. Boy did that piss her right the fuck off. The look on her face, ha ha ha! People do not like a