Tekst 4

For what it's worth

1 MY day normally begins so early that it's actually two days ago. But last week a series of unfortunate events including a wardrobe crisis and a milk catastrophe in the kitchen made me an hour late.

2 Being 60 minutes late in the morning has a remarkable effect on my entire day, but most notably on the commute.

3 As the train pulled into the station it appeared as though an entire platform full of people had all decided to get into the first carriage. To my horror though, as each subsequent car passed, they all looked the same. Some passengers were giving me repellent expressions to try and deter me from taking up more non-existent space next to them. Other people were pressed so tightly against the glass that they were incapable of making any facial expressions at all. I could tell what they were thinking though.

4 A set of doors opened and, at the same moment, two people simultaneously and foolishly breathed out creating a tiny void. I saw my opportunity, dived in and expertly morphed into the shape of the doors so nothing was amputated as they closed. I had succeeded in boarding but at a cost of having to spend most of the journey in someone's armpit while being glared at.

5 There was so little free space left in the carriage that some commuters were starting to use breathing apparatus. Despite this, at the next station the doors opened and a man started trying to climb into my pocket. When the doors closed the passengers relaxed, which pinned the man to the wall with such pressure that by the next station he had turned into a diamond.

6 Parts of my own body had started to fossilize but fortunately the next stop was mine. Evidently my destination was also everyone else's too and alighting from the train was more akin to surfing. It was lucky I wanted to get off because I didn't really have much choice.

7 To prevent this unfortunate situation occurring again I have developed a brilliant rush hour strategy. Just before bed I quickly consume 10 pints of cider (good cider). Then for breakfast I pick up my usual order: lamb souvlaki, extra onions and tzatziki, hold the salad, lamb … and bread.

8 The result of this recipe is breath that can etch glass. As commuters approach my carriage a slight exhalation in their direction has a similar effect to tear gas and they will normally wait for the next train.

Dan Gardner, an mX reader who hopes you don't adopt his idea.

adapted from a column in *mX Newspaper, 2012*