

Arrest Us for What? Wearing Big Pants?
by Matt Buchanan

I'm skating on the sidewalk and this guy tears out of his shop like I'm the Unabomber or something and actually tries to shove me off the pavement.

"Get a job, you punk!"

Who's he think he is? Get a job. I'm not doing anything to you. As far as I can see, this isn't your sidewalk. I've been here all day and I haven't crashed into one person.

Maybe if he worried less about skaters scaring off his precious customers and more about not selling garbage his store wouldn't be going under. Maybe if he checked his blood pressure once in a while he might live longer. I know one thing: The next time he tries to push me off his stoop, he's gonna wish he kept his hands to himself.

Get a job. Get one yourself. You'll need one when your lease comes due and your landlord kicks you out so he can open a yogurt bar or something. This is the same guy who threatened to call the cops on us last week. I wish he HAD called them. What are the cops going to do--arrest us? For what? For wearing big pants? There's no law against skateboards.

Call me a punk. I wish he did call the cops. I wonder what the penalty is for a grown man assaulting a juvenile. Not that anyone would've come anyway. The cops are too busy rolling bums and eating donuts to mess around with "skatepunks" who might actually fight back. Skatepunks! What's that about? Just because we skate, does that make us juvenile delinquents? I have a B average in school, I don't smoke or drink, and I never cut class in my life. I don't even sneak into the movies. They don't like the way we dress, so they assume we're criminals or something.

My Dad has pictures of himself in the sixties, with long hair and beads and stuff. He looks like a freak! And he's PROUD of it! They're all proud of it. Compared to them we look normal.