

Road Sign

By Robin Lipinski

Standing tall at the corner, a sign blinked out to all.
"Call me, 1-800-555-1212, the call is free."
Furthermore it stated,
"If you ate rat poison, were hit over the head with a shoe, or got sick eating fast take-out Chinese,
Our offices are open to serve you, and get you some money."

Pondering in my car daily, I chuckled at what I saw.
Who could take this sign seriously?
Surely, not me.

And then it happened.
In a blink of an eye, I tripped over a duck in the park, while watching my kids play in a tree.
Down I fell, my ankle twisted, the pain was immense and deep.
Caressing the swollen joint, swearing at the dazed duck, the situation made me angry.

Someone must be blamed, as I was embarrassed while my kids stood laughing at me.
A park ranger sauntered on by and saw me sitting down on my luck,
And he asked, "Is everything OK?"
I just fumed and kept getting more and more angry, when my memory remembered the corner sign.

"Hello?" I said, the next day on the phone while talking to a wonderful female voice.
And then I told her my situation in detail,
Embellishing of course.

One thing lead to another, and soon the lawsuit started.
Murphy vs. The Town Park.
It made the paper.
It made the TV news.
About the conflict of one mans ankle and the negligence of the park.

My lawyer blustered and boasted, how this situation should never have occurred.
How there should be signs warning, about duck crossings in the park.

And then it was over.
It got settled out of court.
My share was five hundred dollars and pride in knowledge I was doing my part.

The attorney though, did fantastic.
Fame and addition to his sign about ducks,
But most important for him, was his cut of the take,
Five thousand bucks.

The End