

Written by Ting Joven

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Jesse, Welcome back to "paradise". I am glad you came back before "Ondoy". I couldn't help laughing while reading your story. You are right. There are no rules on the road in some areas. They pass red lights while you hold your breath and hang on to your dear life. I never look at the road every time I am in a vehicle - afraid I will die of heart attack right there. Where in the world can you see a two way lane with 4 vehicles side by side - an inch apart. Now that you have seen the "other side of town" next time you go home, you might want to stay within the "tourists perimeters". Less stressful that way. I went home one time during Corazon Aquino's time and stayed in Cainta in my brother-in-law's house who was then Cainta's OIC. I had to go shopping, so he gave me his car with his driver. I had the shock of my life when I took the backseat because there were two armalites on the floor. I refused to take the car unless the armalites were out of my site. He took it to the front seat. So I thought everything will be just fine until we got stuck in the traffic. I got another shock when he took a siren (similar to the one used by police on top of their cars) and put it on top of the car and there we went breezing thru the traffic - every car on our way were forced to give way - I felt like I was riding an ambulance. I was so afraid I will be shot along the way. I was riding a politician's car with a politician's license plate. The driver was very amused of my reaction. You can guess. The next time I went shopping, I took the jeepney - with one of my sister's maid in tow. BIG mistake. It took us forever to get where we were going. I bet you have a lot of stories to tell. Looking forward to part two. Ting [Joomla SEO powered by JoomSEF](#)