

Revenge of the Fly

My wife and I stood in the back of the elevator as it descended toward the lobby of the hotel. It was New Year's Eve, and we'd decided to splurge and stay in a five-star hotel for the evening. We slowed and eventually stopped as a chime, notified us to number four, was lit on the overhead panel.

We had been chatting pleasantly, but as the door of the elevator began to open, she pointed toward my lower midsection and said, Honey, your zipper. She was right. I discovered my fly was wide open. I, like most people in the hotel, was dressed to the nines for this fancy celebration. The women wore gowns and the men, tuxes. Before I could repair the damage, however, the doors whisked open to reveal a large crowd waiting to board. Being a master of improvisation, I folded my hand stiffly in front of my open zipper, trying to appear natural. The crowd pressed into the elevator as my wife and I moved to the rear. Salutations and wishes for future well-being filled the tight, mirror-walled space as party-goers flowed in.

As any well-mannered elevator crowd will do, we all faced the front staring with feigned interest at the floor indicator panel, as if watching the lunar landing. We were on our way to the lobby; the home party base. My descending comrades and I were packed as tightly as my wife's overnight case. I thought it might be the perfect time to conquer my zipper dilemma. Not removing my gaze from the descending numbers, I reached down and with some conviction, zipped myself back to decency.

I leaned to my wife and whispered, "That sucker's staying up this time!" As she smiled with relief, The elevator came to rest at the lobby level. I knew this because the indicator we were all still staring at said "L". That means lobby.

The doors opened, sweeping in ultra-loud music from the lobby band.

Being at the back of the elevator, my wife and I had to wait for the others to depart. The crowd began to spill out into the boisterous lobby, and I was just getting ready to say something witty to my wife when I noticed a rather interesting anomaly.

As the woman directly in front of me took a step forward, her dress began to levitate horizontally. After my initial fascination with this seemingly paranormal phenomenon, I noted with mounting horror that the dress was not levitating at all.

Rather, I had inadvertently, and with some gusto, zipped her dress into my fly.

Thankfully, in certain situations, reason will rule over panic.

This was not one of those.

In just a few micro-seconds, I'd recognized the following:

1. My crotch was attached to a traveling dress.
2. A woman, who was wearing said dress, would, within a second, feel a tug from behind.
3. Within two seconds, this woman would turn to see the cause of the tug.
4. Therefore, I had to avoid the tug at all costs and free us from our pelvic prison.

As she advanced forward, I pressed my crotch close to her back end. In order to avoid interfering with her steps, I positioned my feet wider than hers, taking quick, shuffling steps to keep pace and avoid interrupting her natural gait.

I invested both of my hands in the task of zipper disengagement. Feverishly, they toiled. One held the dress close, while the other wrestled aggressively with a stubbornly embedded fly gate.

My wife, I think, said "Honey . . ." but I'm not sure if this happened or not. Time had slowed. Perception became selective, something common in survival situations.

After ten seconds in the lobby, I was sweating, mostly from emergency-related stress. I must admit, though, crouched shuffling as a crazed limbo competitor wasn't easy, either.

Apparently at that time (I was looking down) a man appeared. At least this is what I was told later.

This man was my captive's husband, who had been busy overseeing his duties as the hotel manager.

From what I've been told, this is when my wife intervened. All I remember is exhausted relief while several mean-looking people looked at, prodded, pulled at, and eventually freed my fly.

Fortunately, the dress was undamaged. Due to the grace of God, my face turned out similarly. No violence ensued. The dress's husband and the wearer were understanding. All enjoyed a wonderful evening, save for the many times folks pointed me out to a group of friends. "Hey, that's the zipper guy!"