

It's true, he put his hand on my ass and I was about to scream bloody murder when the bus passed by a church and he crossed himself. He's a good sort after all, I said to myself. Maybe he didn't do it on purpose or maybe his right hand didn't know what his left hand was up to. I tried to move farther back in the bus—searching for explanations is one thing and letting yourself be pawed is another—but more passengers got on and there was no way I could do it. My wiggling to get out of his reach only let him get a better hold on me and even fondle me. I was nervous and finally moved over. He moved over, too. We passed by another church but he didn't notice it and when he raised his hand on his face it was to wipe the sweat off his forehead. I watched him out of a corner of one eye, pretending that nothing was happening, or at any rate not making him think I liked it. It was impossible to move any farther and he started jiggling me. I decided to get even and put my hand on his behind. A few blocks later I got separated from him by a bunch of people. Then I was swept along by the passengers getting off the bus and now I'm sorry I lost him so suddenly because there was only 7,400 pesos in his wallet and I'd have gotten more out of him if we'd been alone. He seemed affectionate. And very generous.