

New York, New Yooorrrkkk...

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Leaving shortly for a videotaped interview at Barnes & Noble (which will be available on their website...p And yesterday I did one at Time for Kids, the junior version of Time Magazine, and that will be on THEIR website...they use kid reporters, mine a charming 11-year-old named Sarah)p Then tonight I go out to long Island to speak at a teachers' conference before heading home tomorrow.

Here is a truly New York Moment:

Yesterday, on arriving, my hotel room wasn't ready yet so I went out for a walk.p When I encountered a drugstore I remembered that I needed dental floss so headed inside but was stopped at the door by a 25-ish African American man wearing a Yankees sweatshirt, who asked me for money by saying, "I'm from Afghanistan."

I declined politely and went in the store, but as I looked for the dental floss department I was thinking about him. From Afghanistan?p Why no accent, then?p And he didn't look Afghani.p Well, might he have meant that he had been in Afghanistan with the military?p Made more sense.p And if that were true, I certainly wished him well, although I still wasn't inclined to give him money.

I paid for my stuff and headed out of the store, and there he was again, again asking for money, and again I shook my head no and said, "Sorry." His reply: "Well, God bless you anyway, cheap bitch!"

Two anonymous emails this morning through the website, one telling me to rot in hell, and the other that The Giver should be burned.p So I have had altogether too many bad vibes sent my way in the past 24 hours. But the sun is shining and it feels like spring! So it is hard even to be irritated.

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