

# GNABRT Day 58 – Well Met(s)



Game 25 on the Great North American Baseball Road Trip was in Citi Field, the “other” New York team.

The location presented a dilemma. The hotel was set up for me to walk to Yankee stadium (and be cheap and have free parking). The distance to Citi Field was too far to walk under normal conditions and way too far to walk late at night.

That left me with three options: Bus/Subway (1 1/2 hours travel each way); Taxi (\$60); Uber (\$ unknown).

The thought of waiting and riding on the subway past midnight (my luck, the game would go extra innings), didn’t thrill me a lot. Plus, I would still have to walk from the bus stop to the hotel at around 1 am.

The taxi cost (for less than 9 miles) seemed prohibitive and that was before tip! Plus, I was running seriously low on cash (thanks NE turnpikes!) and didn’t know if taxis took credit cards.

I decided to give a shot with Uber. Supposedly, I had some credits coming my way based on my first two uses of the service. We would see. I knew Uber worked off of a direct charge to the credit card, so it appealed to my conserving currency goal.

After researching the program, I decided I should probably tip the driver, as Uber only provides the ability to add that into the charge for the taxis they use in their service, not “regular” Uber drivers.

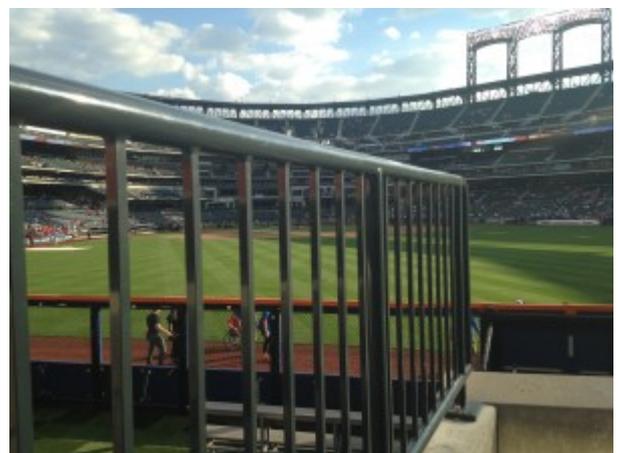
The decision turned out to be a correct one. Though there were 3 swings and misses to start off getting picked up, a driver did arrive and get me to the game in plenty of time. I also misunderstood my discount. I thought I was getting \$30 off my first two rides, but I really got \$30 off *each* of my first two rides, meaning both trips cost me a total of \$38.48. Quite reasonable for door-to-door service, especially in NY.

**The Game:** New York Mets vs, Los Angeles Dodgers. The surprising Mets are still hanging around in the not-so-tough NL East. They are only 3 games out of first despite being only 2 games above .500. For comparison, the Dodgers are only 3 up in the NL West despite being 13 games over .500.

Both games in New York turned out stinky, just in opposite directions. This time, the home team pitcher fell behind 6-0 before the third inning was over (and was booed). The Mets eventually lost 7-2 and dropped the GNABRT to 17-8.

If not for the screaming 5-6 year olds all around me, the game would have been meh, but despite losing seven years of hearing, the lunatic youngsters were amusing throughout. They paid little attention to the game, rarely knew who was batting or in the field, but thoroughly enjoyed shouting "Let's Go Mets!" and "Whoo!" in high-pitched voices. Literally, a scream.

**The Tab:** Ticket, \$55, for this:



Talk about your rip-off. I spent the game watching between

spokes 3 and 4.

Pastrami on rye, \$12; Iced tea, \$6; Total – \$73

### **Miscellany of Day 58:**

– Now that my return to South Florida is a mere 11 days away (I can hardly believe it), it has dawned on me that my house hasn't been lived in – or cleaned – in over two months. I wonder if I can get volunteers to pitch in?

– Twice now, I've allowed myself to get seriously burned by sun during day games. Passing over my innate stupidity, I am pleased to note that tomorrow's Red Sox game is late afternoon with temps dipping into the upper 60's. I should be able to wear jeans and a long-sleeve shirt and thus avoid any more damage. The remaining GNABRT games are all at night.

– I may reschedule game 30, the final game, if my South Florida friends prefer a later (and more affordable) date. My original plan was for August 11th, which features the Red Sox. The Marlins, like many other money-shrewd teams, charge more for good opponents.

– Before I leave for Boston tomorrow, I am going to stop off and see a friend from my last company. I'll get to meet her no-longer-so-new son and we may even walk to the park and eat bagels.

– That reminds me I forgot to relate an amusing time at the Phillies game the other day (sunburn day). A young boy (4-ish) and his Grandma were sitting in front of me. By about the 6th inning, she was wearing down and he would alternately be eating popcorn out of her hands and making faces at me.

He asked her if he could sit with me and though she initially said no, I could tell she needed a break, so I invited him over. I "wrestled", tickled and bounced him around for a couple of innings, including the one where we all thought the

Phillies had won (overturned).

What can I say, I like kids. The Grandma laughed and said, "At least your legs won't get more sun", so there was an added bonus

– It appears that, unless I start doing surf and turf or develop an heretofore nonexistent taste for expensive wine, I am going to be under budget for this trip chiefly due to much lower food spending. I'm unsure how that happened other than the food has been so bad it's muted my appetite.