Evil and the supermoms

I just got it - a little rubber white man, in a white shirt, white boots, and an american flag in the shape of a "v" on his chest. You could bend him back and forth, throw him, and he would just bounce. Unlike the real one, however, this evil knievel didn't break.

The toy was pretty simple:

 put evil on his cycle,

put the cycle in the launcher,

wind it up,

stop winding,

watch evil zip around,

crash,

fall off the bike, and

bounce around.

Amazingly simple actually, but unless you had one, you have no idea how many hours of fun this could provide. Really. You could send evil into a wall, off the kitchen table, down the stairs, only to watch evil come back for more. And, of course, after all else has been tried, you could send evil off the huge rock in central park on 103rd street (across the street).

I tried everything in the house and now it was time. I got evil ready - got dressed, and went across the street. I went into the park, made a left, and walked up to the clearing at the top of the hill. I had the whole field. It was mine.

I loaded evil, revved him up, and let him go. He lasted only a few seconds (poor evil), before he hit a bump, flipped off the bike, and was dragged a few feet as he held on for dear rubber life.

I was getting evil back "in the saddle" when, as always, some kid showed up. He was black, about my age, wearing some sneakers, jeans - usual gear. He watched me wind up evil, let him go, and flip around. This time evil lasted a little longer.

The kid asked if he could try it. Sure I said [this attitude changes later in life]. He loaded evil, wound him (much harder and faster than I), and off went evil. And yes, off went the kid after evil with the winding thing in hand.

After about a few feet, he swooped evil up and was off down the hill. By the time I came out of my I-Don't-Know-What's-Happening-I-Don't-Know-What's-Going-On-Oh-He's-Got-My-Toy-What-Do-I-Do syndrome, He was already half-way down. I did the only thing that I could think off - I screamed for my mother at the top of my lungs. [She had the window open to catch the breeze off the park.]

And with the resounding echo, faster than evil shot out of the winder, more limber than the rubbery white man, and clearly pissed at the kid who was beating me down the hill, there she was.

The word "MOM" had barely come out of my mouth but it still echoed off the building, seconds (no minutes) in duration. I'm sure the word propelled my thief on even faster.

She blew by me on the hill, dressed in clogs, a big flowered shirt (half open), a flowing (billowing as cesca would say-) skirt, and a big 1970 afro. And with this vision (a kid with evil and my mom on his tail), they went off into the distance, up and down hills, stretching for blocks. In that moment, my first superheroine was born - NYC MOM. More real than wonder woman (bullet proof bracelets that covered all parts of her body just in time), more spry than batgirl (who hardly got any airtime), and clearly better dressed than supergirl (blue and red - please), off she went - making the world (or at least our little part of it) safe for her son.