



## **That ain't allowed you know**

Lost in thoughts, I walked down the Kloveniersburgwal in Amsterdam toward Nieuwmarkt. The plan that the council spokesman had just presented for the local residents, to reduce the nuisance of junkies and pickpockets in the city center, surely was ambitious.

As often happens at this time of day, the sidewalk was very crowded. Steadfastly I tried to move forward against the continuous flow of oncoming tourists. At one point, in order to still make some progress, I decided to walk along the sidewalk on the roadway. After all, there was no traffic there at all.

In the distance, I saw a young man on a bicycle coming toward me. I saw that he had seen me and since the roadway was otherwise totally deserted, there was no cause for concern. However, the young man stayed on his track which would mean that he would collide with me in not too long. I found this strange, as I could clearly see that the young man saw me.

However, he did not deviate from his track and remained on a collision course with me. Amazed, I stopped my stride and remained standing on the

road. What was going on here? Just before he was about to collide with me, he abruptly braked vigorously, bringing his bicycle to a stop just inches in front of me. Surprised at his action, I asked him what was going on.

“You are walking on the roadway,” he spoke with a broad grin, as if he had made a special discovery.

“Yes, that's right,” I replied in surprise.

“That ain't allowed you know,” he continued with a radiant smile as if he had thereby performed a good deed of some magnitude.

Perplexed, I looked at him, expecting more to come.

The young man turned his bicycle slightly, while continuing to look at me sternly. “That ain't allowed you know,” he once again reprimanded me, after which he cheerfully continued his way, leaving me speechless on the roadway ...

**END**