Blush on a train

I was 17 years old and sitting on a crowded underground train writing to a friend. My bag containing all my worldly possessions was open so that as soon as I arrived at my station, I could easily slip my writing folder and pen into it.

As I wrote I became aware that the rather large gentleman sitting beside me was reading my letter. 'I'll teach him', I thought as I wrote "There's a big fat man sitting next to me and he's reading everything I'm writing."

I was so pleased with myself that for a moment I forgot where I was. Suddenly I realised the train had stopped at the station I wanted. Panicking, I scooped all my possessions in my arms and dived for the now closing doors. Much to the amusement of all the passengers on the train and the man who had been sitting beside me in particular, I and the contents of my bag landed in a very undignified heap on the platform.