

Trailer Trash in the Ocean State: Part 3

by TODD CORAYER

This is the last part of a three-part story that began in the April issue.

Lisa Egan might be the best thing to happen to the Department of Motor Vehicles. In the midst of the day to day crush that is working with the driving public, handling endless complaints and the occasional foul-mouthed ticket holder, Lisa worked my boat trailer snafu through the system with patience and a much appreciated sense of humor.

For those who did not follow the trailer trash saga, I failed on several attempts to register a small boat trailer which, previously unbeknownst to me, had never been registered and most importantly in the eyes of the state, had never had its taxes paid.

My plight ended on her desk, likely with a bright yellow sticky note alerting her of my two marginally witty, largely sarcastic columns about my travails and appearance with the lovely **Tara Granahan on WPRO**, airing my concerns for a twisted system that refused to take my money. On the heels of a 130 million dollar shortfall, I was trying to fill a few budget holes with money and they weren't having it.

Lisa Egan helped me to understand the error of my purchasing ways, fixed my issue and sent me packing to the nearest branch.

It took a few months to get to Westerly's DMV **Friday Only-Family-Funday day camp**. And there I waited. And waited.

After almost three years, what's another five and a half hours in a council chambers bubble, sitting with chatty, sullen, gum snapping, disgusted people on the nicest day in months?

A woman bleated, "There's no way I'm driving over a

bridge," to get to the Middletown branch, which was curious because a bridge is really just a road that goes up and then down again but such is the fickle Rhode Island driver.

Overhead, the Motor Vehicle Network showed beautiful destinations, reminding us of all the places we'd rather be than leaning against a door frame for five hours, praying to God almighty our paperwork was correct. A cartoon wristwatch advised us to save time by having all

that paperwork completed.

That's rich, I thought, the DMV offering guidance on saving time. I imagined turning the screen towards their desks.

I also imagined not having given up four vacation days to register a trailer.

A few seats over, a thin woman with rainbow hair and a tank top several times smaller than appropriate, nodded off, rainbow in hand.

Almost everyone cradled cell phones in that new weird posture we've developed.

There was a sucking sound of extra large iced mocha coffees, three sugars five creams thank you, running low. So was the collective patience.

By 5:00 p.m. there was blood in the water. Those next in line gripped tickets, nervously pacing the sturdy brown carpet, guarding the door to desk number one. "None shall pass," I chuckled.

82 numbers later, I was summoned.

A young woman accepted my paperwork, inspecting, processing, checking, confirming, rechecking and smiling. Erin was her name. She was polite, charming, confident and expedient. She was, quite frankly, wonderful.

Erin held my license while helping other workers. We discussed back taxes and interest. **(to page 36)**

