

The Flood Under Boskone 57

(by Sue Isaacs)

It has been a wonderful con, so far. I had already had one close call with Storrowing a vehicle Friday night. Not my vehicle, because it's really difficult to Storrow a Prius accidentally. So, Saturday, just before noon, I was attempting to find convenient parking for said Prius. I had been instructed to enter the garage, and I had gone all the way down, found nothing to my liking, and was attempting to exit the garage before I'd have to pay for parking that wasn't as convenient as I wanted it to be.

I was not quite up to the lowest level elevator lobby when I saw headlights headed straight in my direction. Then I noticed the driver of the large vehicle was struggling with the limited height at that level. I was hoping they would simply back straight up, but they were maneuvering around light fixtures and various dangling objects. I saw a light fixture swinging because it had been disturbed. I had already stopped my car, and I pulled over to watch, because I was concerned that something might go terribly wrong for the other vehicle.



The next thing I knew, I had already seen that swinging light, accompanied by scraping sounds; the vehicle pulled to my right, and I heard a crash/crunch, bang, and finally, a loud clang. This was followed by a hiss/PSSSSHHHHH. I saw a cloud. I stayed put, not knowing what I was dealing with. Was this a steam cloud, was it some exhaust vent with unknown chemicals? It turns out, it was one of the sprinkler system pipes. The water was flowing downhill towards cars I recognized as belonging to friends. I had no idea how quickly the garage staff would be able to manage the situation, so I decided to leave my car where it was. It's not like I could go anywhere, anyway. At least, not in my car. I left my flashers on, and the key inside.

I went upstairs, via the parking garage elevators, which never stopped working while the alarm was sounding. I realized staff had been alerted, so that was not my concern. However, my friends whose cars might be flooded were not aware of the situation, and I needed to call the Bread Fairy to tell her I was unable to meet her upstairs, as we had been planning. I informed some of the Boskone Committee members that I knew what was going on, and to please pass on that cars might be in danger of getting flooded.

I then rode the elevator back down to B3, saw that the water had already been turned off, and my car was on the other side of a deep puddle. The garage staff were working on getting the overheight vehicle removed and the pipe repaired. After I slogged through the deep puddle, I reached my car, changed my shoes, and took a picture of the vehicle that had caused the trouble. I then parked, and came back up to work on the convention.

The ride home later that night was uneventful. I had the pleasure of driving another ConCom member home, and I enjoyed my day thoroughly.