

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Tonight, I hit my favorite local pub and here are my thoughts, sights, and experiences in unproofed fashion.

I love it that this pub is an easy six minute walk from my house, but tonight is hot as hell and I fear sweat spots upon my arrival.

As I walk passed the oldest house on Massachusetts South Shore (a local landmark), I recall scaring my daughter a few weeks ago when I told her that the house was haunted and dared her to knock on its door. She accept, but only for one dollar in quarters. As she approached and knocked, I quickly jumped behind a nearby tree and hid. She turned and called for me. Her second call was filled with terror. Knowing I may have taken this prank too far, I reappeared from behind the tree. She was pissed at me, but as we walked away from the house, she laughed saying, "Good one Daddy!"

As I continue, I recall in grade school how kids, including me, would "like" someone and finally have the balls to reveal the likeness. However, as it often happened, at least to me, the liked person failed to reciprocate and the hurt feelings ensued. I recall hose feeling and I miss being able to actually feel emotion.

I pass a local church (there are five within view) and see a hot looking women exit one and enter the parking lot. Yowza!

I sit down at the bar, order a drink, and look at my chest seeing no sweat marks. Right then, I begin to sweat like a drug smuggler caught by the Turkish border patrol.

I see a regular who's sporting a blatant farmers tan, but is wearing a wifebeater (or Guido T for the racially insensitive) and looks pretty damn funny.

As the next hour passed, I come realize that the place is filling with man chicks. I really hate to be judgmental, but I am 6-1, 210 pounds, and can hold my own in a brawl. However, these "chicks" could kick my arse sideways.

Two men who sat in the two empty stools next to me suddenly turn awfully cheerful. Their demeanor changed like a light switch. Turns out, one of the dudes hit \$204 playing Keno (state lottery game). The winning dude tells me how earlier in the day, as he drove to a nearby funereal home for a wake, was pulled over by the police in front of the very same bar in which we sit. He was ticketed \$175 for two offensives, which the Keno win easily covered. How odd, and cool, is that?

I watch as the karaoke guy and girl set up their equipment, Holy ugs! I hate karaoke. I've seen these two before and the man has gained and insane amount of weight, but only around his waistband. It is kind of shocking, really.

Since I am alone, I people watch (as if you haven't figured that out) and notice that 99% of the women have eaten 12 too many Twinkie's and wear clothes two sizes too small. The pale skin of fat flows freely over belts, tonight.

I notice a man, all by himself, walking around and standing alone.

Three old ladies, guessing around 70, walk in and when each one hears the songs blasting from the Karaoke speakers (no one is singing), they all begin to boogie to the rocking tune. Though I do not recall the song, I do know that is was rather rocking and surprised me when they moved to the sound. I look

at the two men next to me (the Keno winner and his bud) and consider making a joke about us three and the three hags, but think otherwise. I can only hope that when I am that age I am still able to enjoy and move to the rock-n-roll music of the day's youth.

I hit the terlet (toilet) and overwhelmingly decide that the men's room is way too hot.

As I return to my bar stool, I pass a table occupied by two of the man chicks and one of them, the smaller of the two, release a belch awe inspiring of any Chicago Bears beer guzzling bratwurst eating sports fan. If I wore glasses, they would have certainly fogged.

My phone rings and I see that it is my daughter, whose vacationing with her mother. I rush out of the pub and talk to her. She's at a restaurant and I tell her I am at the pub. She asks me "Is it karaoke night?" I answer in the positive. While talking with her, I walk down the block and notice a huge Pirate statue in a window store front. It is might cool looking and tell my daughter about it. God I miss her, and it's only been four days!

Upon returning, I notice the farmer tan/wifebeater guy has ordered himself a pitcher of beer. I have seen this fellow do this in the past. Doesn't it get warm?

I curse as I see the pouring rain and blasting lightening outside. I was planning on walking home after this pint, but that is not happening.

The barkeep comes over to me and asks if the pint she served me is ok. I answer yes, but she offers to replace the one in front of me. I wonder if I was making a sourpuss because of the rain and she mistook it for Smithwick's distaste.

A small crowd of people enter the pub. They are a, well, trashy looking bunch. One of them is older, very small in stature, and wearing a funky hat. He speaks and nothing but raspy whippers escape his mouth. He is so small and I can not imagine anyone fighting him even if he's the world's greatest douchebag because who want to pound on a lil' one?

A couple has entered the joint and sat down at the booth up front. She is weathered looking and kind of gross, but she is hot for some reason.

The seemingly lonely looking wanderer has picked up and checked out my zine (Askew Reviews 13-I leave 'em everywhere) and utters to the guy next to him, "This is pretty cool." I wonder if he really thinks that or if he's just trying to spark a conversation. If the latter, he failed.

Two pints after it started, the rain has nearly stopped and I decide to leave. I order one last pint and an order of buffalo chicken fingers to go.

A man singing Karaoke to "House of the Rising Sun" works in the name of the pub and it patrons. Genius.

While drinking my last pint and waiting for my fingers, a man enters and lets the barkeep know that he is here to pick up some chow. As he waits, he gets into the music and raps his knuckles on the bar in tune with the music.

I hit the terlet one last time, but rush out as I see water shooting out of the bathroom wall. Looks like a pipe burst. I return to the bar where I hear a man informing the barkeep of the waterfalls.

The barkeep drops the bag of fingers in front of me, I down the last of my pint, and head out.

I walk by the local high school, pass the "haunted house," and a very young couple walking and holding hands. He looks excited while she gabs on her cell phone.

Almost home, a trio of young girls pass me on one bike. One girl is sitting on the seat and peddling, one in standing on "pegs" extending from the rear wheel axis, and the other is riding atop the handlebars. For the life of me I can not figure out how they were able to pull it off and actually get moving. Youth is an amazing thing.

I enter my house and turn on the Red Sox, who are beating the Angels 3-2.

I dive into the fingers and remember why I think these fingers are the best around. Crispy on the outside but soft, moist, and very tasty on the inside, And the order is huge!

A few fingers (each is the size of my foot) and Captains later, I have finished this nonsense and somehow somehow, the Sox are down 11-3. How the hell did that happen?

You're Drunk...And you're pissed because you have to make 9:00 Mass in the morning, but at least that hot priest will be there to help make the 45 minutes fly by.

You're Drunk...And you're going insane because while you filled yourself with booze all night, you couldn't stop thinking about your 65 year old history teacher in the 7th grade.

You're Drunk...And you're still wondering if that fart followed you out of the club's bathroom.

You're Drunk...And your genitalia craves something other than your hand

You're Drunk...And the text feature on your cell is beyond maxed

You're Drunk...And ugly people are suddenly rather acceptable

You're Drunk...And you just remembered that you have to work the weekend shift

You're Drunk...And you're considering hitting up your roommate for a little hey now

You're Drunk...And goddamn you'd kill for something deep-fried

You're Drunk...And you're wondering why you smell of foreign perfume/cologne

You're Drunk...And you wish you were a big enough loser, or lonely enough, to call a 1-900 chat line

You're Drunk...And you just gave your car payment to a stripper in one-dollar bills.

You're Drunk...And you just banged your passed out husband's best friend.

You're Drunk...And you just used a public toilet and now you're not only drunk, you're itchy.

You're Drunk...but the song you've hated forever suddenly sounds amazing

You're Drunk...and you're realizing you're becoming what you grew up hating

You're Drunk...and you can not figure out why exactly your fingertip smells like that

You're Drunk...and the idea of throwing up has never been so appealing

You're Drunk...but not drunk enough to find Jamie Kennedy funny

You're Drunk...and you just now thought of the perfect comeback to say to the arsehole you ran into earlier

You're Drunk...and you just might start an activist group to fight for the rights of bowling pins

You're Drunk...and you feel bad for telling Gramma to "fuck off" after incorrectly thinking you hit the lottery (sadly, I know someone who did just this)

You're Drunk...and for all the money in the world, you can not figure out which was the worst sequel: Caddyshack 2, Meatballs 2, or Grease 2

You're Drunk...and you bet you can successfully argue the greatest tension breaker is a fart

You're Drunk...and you're considering logging into a chat room and typing in caps to piss off everyone

You're Drunk...there's plenty of beer and microwaveable food, but nothing's left for rent

You're Drunk...and by George you pray that wart has always been there.

You're Drunk...and you have no plans to stop boozin'

You're Drunk...It's been a good night.

Alcohol Tolerance:

I ordered a Captain and Coke one night, but received a SoCo and Coke and did not complain because the female barkeep was hot... so it was ok