

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Here we are, again, at the end of a long drunken night out at the local fav. Another Track Wreckard, number 10 (ten). Unedited and unproofed for your uneasy reading and deciphering. The night is over, except for this writing, Mike Ness is keeping my upstairs tenant awake, and I am recalling the night's events.

Real time: Ok, so about five (5) minutes have passed since that first paragraph because I had to do air guitar in the middle of my kitchen. I was suppose to be in a band, but instead I am tone deaf.

I step outside my door and see my nearly empty driveway. My tenant's car is here, but mine is absent. You see, I was driving around the other day when I heard a loud "snap" and suddenly the car would not turn right. Luckily, I only needed three left turns to return safely home to my driveway. However, my car is now away at the mechanic and the dollar damage is not yet known.

As I walk by the nearby school, I can hear a kid talking. Turns out he's on his cell phone an talking way too loudly. Shut it, Jr.

Real time: I just got a text (1 AM) from a hot chick who's coming over to have some sex (with me, oddly enough). You'll excuse me if this misguided writing seems suddenly unfocused more than the usual.

Alright, I am now approaching the main drag and my leg is beginning to do stuff I do not want it to do. Somehow, I recently hurt my leg- pulled this or tore that- and my left leg is now a hurty leg. Studid thing.

Tonight, I am off to the local fav for more than Track Wreckard fodder and pints. You see, the band playing the local is a pretty amazing band who I really dig. The bands that usually play the local are boring and suck arse. Not these guys! They play good stuff and the stuff I don't like they make me like with their own special "twang."

Real time again. Sorry. Had to take front man duties for Dope Fiend Blues.

I walk up the steps and see a new sign hanging over the entrance to the door/stairs leading to the rooms over the pub. It reads, "...The Working Man's Ritz-Carlton." I am amused by this. The rooms in Deadwood are nicer than these holes.

Got Dang It!

The pub is packed and I must find a place at the very end of the place. I walk in and I think the woman owner, who is drinking with friends, just waved at me. But of course I do not wave back because I am a pussy. So back I go to the doldrums of the pub. Banished to the pool tables and unmaintained popcorn machine. I stand at the end of the bar and hear the familiar, "Smitty?"

"Please," I answer.

With my pint as my only company (and who could ask for more?), I plant it at a desolated booth with one stool. I've me the perfect view to two pool tables and

the entrance to the woman's room. And lo and behold, I see a woman I once knew years and years ago! She was the part owner of a video store and had an ass that would bring tears to the Pope's eyes. Perfection. However, all these years later it is not what it once was. Not that I am checking her can out like some sort of dime store preevert, but it was looking at me an I had no choice but to look back.

Someone has pumped the jukie with a dollar and I now know how much the acoustics are different down here.

Alone in my corner, I see an encased Guinness display light. I am not sure if it's new or if I've simply never noticed it. It appears to be pretty cool looking, but since it is not plugged in or illuminates...who knows.

Ya, the acoustics are different here, but Tim Matthews still sucks. Hate that guy!

Killing time in Siberia, I enjoy my pint and read Ed Galing. Mr. Galing is an elderly man of approx 90 years of age who has been wroting poetry for some time. I am not a fan of poetry, but Mr. Galing captures me. This chapbook I am reading concerns Ed's view on aging and being old and how society treats the elderly. It's sad. It's true. My birthday was but a few days ago and I feel old. These poems only make it worse and I decide to put the book away.

On the wall next to me is a reprint of The Boston Globe's front page from Oct. 2, 1967: the day the Red Sox won the pennant. In one of the stories, the reporter refers to winning pitcher Jim Lonborg as "handsome."

The band has started their set and since my seat offers no view what so ever, I stand and lean against an unused pool table for a better view. Ya, I look cool with my pint in hand. Watching the band, I notice a woman sitting at the bar and her hanging pocketbook. Odd, but her pocketbook is not hanging from one of the affixed hangers on the underside of the bar (classy place this is). Instead, it's hanging from her very own hanger thing! It looks as if it uses its own leverage to hang! Brilliant!

From this angle, I can see the barkeep as she does cash register stuff. Typically, as I am usually seated at the bar, I can not see the keeps' faces when at the register. However, I can see hers right now and I notice she makes a funny face with her lips as she concentrates on the machine and cash.

As if orchestrated, a table is cleared of it refuse and four or five people at the fornt of the bar abandon their seats for the oasis. Yes! I quickly find my way to one of the newly opened seats at the bar with an up close and personal view of the band...and wouldn't you know it, just as I move on up to the big time, the band busts into Social Distortion's "Bad Luck."

Awesome.

A man who also moved up into one of the newly opened bar stools, who earlier challenged me to a bout of

billiards (which I declined and neglected to speak of earlier because it meant nothing until now, I guess) has offered the band \$20 to play an Almonds Brothers song. Please do not accept!

Potty time, and hey! New sink and backplash for the Men's room!

Back at my seat, I am way up front and a support beam(floor to ceiling) blocks most of my view to the rest of the pub, so, as if you haven't already noticed, my relating of those around me is next to zero.

Real time: Damn! When is she going to get here?

I order a pint and the barkeep complies. As she pours, a gentleman on the other side of the beam says to me, "That's awful. Look at that sloppy pint she's pouring for you."

I look, and well, agree with him.

He continues, "They've been real busy in here tonight. Lots of food coming out of the kitchen. I think the pressure has taken over."

The barkeep places the pint in front of me on a coaster. The pint glass is soaked with Smitty foam. It descends down the glass, saturates the coaster, and pools a bit on the bar top.

The band is between songs and one of the barkeeps (who is actually not working, but lending a hand as it's busy) has ventured into the walk in freezer thing. He's partially hauled out a keg and signals the owner, whose pretty much deaf, for some help. The strappin' barkeep is having trouble due to band's wires and gee-tar pedals. The owner stands across from the keg aimlessly staring into air. The female keep (poor pourer funny making lips) tries to get the owner's attention by shrieking his name. First attempt failed. Second try equals success.

The owner jaunts across the pub and helps the off duty keep haul the keg behind the bar. As they approach the keg fridge, the owner looks at the female barkeep and mimics her calling him. Though it's kind of funny sounding, I feel it's also kind of a dick move. She was just trying to do her job and he mimics her.

Between songs, the singer of the band calls me out and says something about my zine, Askew Reviews. Though I am humbled that he knows me and the zine, I floogin' hate it when stuff like this happens (whenever I see my friend's band, the singer always -ALWAYS- tries to auction me off. It sucks because I hate it, and there are never any bids! Great for the self esteem). I am simply just too much of a shy pussy to have any sort of spotlight. I goofily gesture to the band and quickly plant my face into my pint glass praying to any God like creature nobody has noticed.

While red faced in my pub, I see the barkeep come through the kitchen door carrying two massive plates of food. One Plate is awkwardly stacked on a few smaller empty plates. As she walk, the plate of food shifts and is about to crash to the floor, but somehow somehow,

she recovers and saves the food. We look at each other in amazement and say in unison, "Whoa!" We then laugh and she says something I can not hear.

The band plays and I can hear people bitching how loud they are. They are pretty loud for such a small place, but I love it. On the other hand, I am alone and not trying to talk with someone else.

The band breaks and the lead singer approaches me. We spend the break trading stories, but he takes up most of the time telling me about an interview he conducted years ago with a guy (I forget his name...damn) who produced much of Elvis Presley's music. The stories are riveting and interesting as hell. I would pass them along, but I may be using some of the interview in an upcoming zine. So scaaaaaarew you...for now.

Well, time has passed and even though the owner told the band to stop playing at midnight, the boys continue to play well past the deadline; at least ten minutes!

I get up and walk out.

It's cold out here and I am improperly dressed. I walk down the main drag and the lone car that passes me by beeps his/her horn at me. Not a blaring beep, but an almost friendly beep. I wonder if the person driving knows me. Or, if the car is loaded with hot women who desire this stunning body o'mine. In any case, the car's headlights turn into brake lights as it drives away from me.

I arrive home and pause for a brief second when I do not see my car in its parking spot. Oh ya.

I walk into my house and put in the CD. I pause for a minute and debate buying an iPod thing. I would, but someone would have to load it with music because I lack the patience for such a task. I love my CDs.

I sit down and type what you've just read.

I am pondering the fate of these Track Wreckards. I am torn because writing them is a blast (and reading them the next morning is even blastier), but too much of a good thing often becomes a bad thing, or at least boring. If I decide to include these things on my next book, they'll die with it.

However, my tornmanship will have to wait because she just walked through my door...and she's brought Chinese food.

I have the greatest life.

Yer Drunk...and you feel the sudden urge to tell anyone who'll listen about the dream you had last night because it was so real and so vivid and nobody but you has these type of dreams

Yer Drunk...and you're about five seconds away from tearing into that bag of snack mix like a monkey on a banana cream pie.

Yer Drunk...and you hope that nasty arse burp you just did isn't a precursor of things to come.

Yer Drunk...ya you did and now you must live with it.