

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Once again, tonight I walked my arse to my local favorite for some beer. As usual, what you read will not be proofed, so deal with any scaaaarew ups you may read.

I lock the door behind me and since I despise carrying anything on my person, I stick my keys in their typical hiding place and head off to belly up to the bar.

It's kind of cold outside, but nothing too bad. However, as I approach the high school, I find my hands feel much more comfortable inside my sweatshirt pockets. Also, I find myself somewhat annoyed with the mass of cars clogging up my shortcut: the high school parking lot. How dare they hold an event that hinders my quest for ale!

An uneventful six minutes pass and I enter the pub and find it kind of slow. On the other hand, the back room is noisy with an obvious private party.

Sitting at one of the pub tables is a familiar face with a great sounding drunken voice. He's kind of a loud mouth, but I have no reason to think anything ill of him. Surprisingly, he's sitting with an extraordinary looking woman. After she gets up and walks to the women's room, a few older ladies walk into the place and play about \$500 dollars worth of lottery tickets then walk over to drunken loud mouth. He hugs the women and asks them to treat his "lady" nice. The women strike an odd look and respond in the affirmative. The extraordinary woman returns and, indeed, the two older ladies treat her nicely. There has to be more to this story and I want to know it all, now!

I see yucky football on the tv and ask the 'keep to put on the Boston Bruins, which she does. It's good having pull.

It's 8 PM and there is no sign of a band, which is great because I tend to hate the bands that play here. Also, whoever is pumping the juke with cash is playing every Johnny Cash song known to mankind, with a spatter of Bon Jovi. While I could do without the Jovi, I'll take it if it as long as the Johnny comes.

The guy seated next to me, who was here before me, has been on his cell the entire time. Thankfully, he is talking very quietly so even if I wanted to listen in, I couldn't. This fact is but one positive of his cell chatter; the other being his not talking to me because I am one anti-social prick.

The loud mouth and his extraordinary women pay their tab and the mouth runs off someplace. The extraordinary woman saunters over to me and asks me how I'm doing. After I respond, she walks to the smokes machine and opens one of the zines (Askew Reviews 13) I left there. For maybe three minutes, her eyes fail to leave the pages until the mouth returns and they both walk out of the pub. Curious, I walk over to the zine to see what she was reading; The Rakish Cad Advice column.

The zine reminds me of a guy, a Myspace friend, who always seems comment on these types of blog posts-which this will be. He enjoys them and writes about buying my book but not being able to at the time. I think he has a child and maybe things are too tight money wise to buy a no name book. This makes me think. I am very well off in all aspects of life, sans penis size, and shipping him a free book wouldn't hurt. Maybe I will if he comments on this story.

The barkeep and owner are now discussing a miscommunication that the barkeep takes blame...concerning the band playing tonight. Crap! Just as they discuss the mix up, two men walk in carrying band junk. They quickly set up and begin to play: one guy on bass and vocal, the other on guitar...and programmed percussions. I guess these two won't be taking requests this evening. This is going to suck.

Of course, the band opens with a Buffet song. Suck, suck, suck.

Tonight seems to be a rather busy one, lottery wise. People upon people are feeding the barkeep with paper slips and money. This has me wondering: whose job is it to take care of those little lottery pencils? I mean, are they checked for dullness and resharpened or are they simply chucked and restocked? If the previous, I would chalk that up to a monstrous waste. Really, how often do you see a lottery pencil that isn't sharp and ready to fill in those lil' squares and/or ovals?

Though I have been in this place several thousand times, I am sitting in a barstool location that I've never sat and notice, for the first time, a painting of an obvious Irish dude with a fiddle in one hand and a pint in the other. That would be cool.

While admiring the painting, a fella has tapped me on the shoulder and asked, "Hey buddy, what kind of beer is that?" I respond, "Smithwicks." He then turned to his woman and says, "See, I told you." I can't help but think it must suck being with him.

Down the bar from me are two guys and a girl who came in together. They've been hitting it hard with beer and shots. The girl is now succumbing to the alcohol.

A fly I noticed earlier but didn't write about, has disappeared.

The low talkin' cell phone guy was joined by a guy wearing a pentagram pennant and now they are both quietly talking to each other. Kind of weird. Maybe it's a quiet talkers club, or something.

Next to me is a self service machine that'll check your lottery tickets, but the scrolling "signed off" LED notice points to it being out of order. However, people continue to stuff their tickets into the barcode reading red light to no avail. Each and every one of them then stomp their feet with disappointment. I find this tremendously entertaining for some reason. Even better is how the same people retry the thing trip after trip. Great stuff!

This band sucks.

The barkeep hands a woman a drink and says, "If this is too strong, let me know." Ya right!

From this virgin seat of mine, I notice one of those grabber things (stick with little hands on one end and contracting handles at the other that operates the grabber thing) and wonder its purpose. There's nothing around the bar that's out of reach. Odd.

The band finishes a butchered version of Johnny Cash's Folsom Prison Blues infused with Walk the Line and Ring of Fire (must be Johnny Cash night). One man claps for the band, but the band blows it by recognizing the guy by name and asking him how he's doing. The man responds with tomorrow's work schedule; 10-7. Yikes.

I glance up at the tv and see a college football player kick a field goal. This reminds me of a few weeks ago when my daugh-

ter and I played football, or something like football. Being the man I am, I set up the tee and tried my hand, or foot, at field goals. Let me tell you, it's pretty damn hard and I didn't have 8000 pounds of meat rushing me. However, (fuck, that little MS paperclip thing just popped up), I did sink kicks from the 5, 10, and 15 yard lines. My daughter was not impressed, but you just flarging know I emailed my brother about my achievements.

The two quiet talkers are now audibly discussing their distaste for the band. Right on!

Someone down the bar as said a naughty swear word and those around him react with yells of stuff a dollar into the swear jar. This happened during between songs and was very loud. As if rehearsed, the pub's owner, a fairly husky fellow, comes out from the kitchen with an enormous cleaver saying, "What's going on out here?" It was truly funny.

I look up at the tv again and see sportscaster Brent Mustburger (whatever his last name is) and mistake him for Marv Albert. This reminds me of a story my cousin told me about when he was having sex with a woman and for no reason, bit her back. Allegedly, Marv did this, too.

The tv sits high on a shelf and I can see papers resting next to the set. I really want to know what those papers are.

Exiting the bar, I look down the street and see fire engines, cops, and ambulances. I turn and walk in the other direction. A few moments later, I see a group of teenage males playfully chasing another male. They are all laughing and goofing around.

As I pass the local gas station and its flying American flag (which should be indoors), my brain turns serious (it does happen from time to time) and I think about deployed military personal and how some are learning a lot and building amazing character that'll lead them through life. On the other hand, there are those who will only find themselves screwed up, mentally and physically, for life. It's a shame those people get paid so little. My mind then shifts to president elect Obama and how even though he has yet to make an executive decision-something he has yet to do, ever-I am pleasantly surprised with his cabinet picks and shallow outline of rebuilding America's infrastructure. This is good and will make a difference, if the unions don't fuck it up (see The Big Dig), but what this country needs to do is produce more exportable goods. That's were the real money is. This country had turned into a service goods economy and that can only sustain for so long.

I pass by a convenience store and wonder if I have enough Pepsi to continue on with my beloved Jameson Irish Whisky. I think I have a two liter-why do we only use metric for soda?- and I know there's plenty of beer....so I am good. I think.

Walking through the now nearly empty high school parking lot, I see several carnations on the ground. Perhaps there was a dance tonight?

Off in the distance I hear a train blow its horn. This train runs along side of a small bar I want to buy, even though I have no experience running such an establishment. One day I will. One day I will.

I see my house in the distance and remember the half pizza and jar of Tex-Mex trail mix that await my arrival. Oh,

what I plan on doing to those two is probably illegal in some countries.

Back home, I retrieve my keys, let myself into my house, and hear the Dead Boys' "Sonic Reducer" playing on the radio. It is followed by "Alternative Ulster" by Stiff Little Fingers. Ah, home sweet home.

You're Drunk...and you just stubbed the bejesus out of your baby toe

You're Drunk...and every pizza in America is calling your name

You're Drunk...and though you do not recall everything that happened, you enjoyed that tryst in the unisex bathroom stall earlier tonight

You're Drunk...and just realized you've never created anything that didn't splash into a toilet.

You're Drunk...and you're regretting smashing your best childhood friend's piggy bank because you were jealous that it wasn't yours, but you'd do it again in a heart beat; fyck 'em

You're Drunk...and you think you've figured out the meaning of Lost

You're Drunk...and you are unaware of that wad of chewing gum stuck in your pubes and will have to think quick in the morning when your significant other sees it

You're Drunk...You got paid today and you've already spent all of your "fun" money for the week...

You're Drunk...You just had sex with that ugly person in the other room and you can't figure out how to kick 'em out...

You're Drunk...You sit on your computer reading this crap fighting the urge to call that person you know you can't call, but you miss them and really want to call...

You're Drunk...You feel a blister forming on your lip and you wonder if it's from the hot coffee you had an hour ago or from the stranger you mugged it up with in the ally next to the bar...

You're Drunk...You're all dried sweaty from slamming it in the pit, or stepping it in the disco-tech, and you can't figure out if that musty smell is your feet or your butt...

You're Drunk...And last but not least, you feel like a loser because you had to call mommy to drive your drunken arse home...

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

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