

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Alright! Another trip to the local tonight and another rant of unproofed, not quite drunken observations and thoughts. However, this lil' bit of crap should be ok because I have yet to indulge in a single drop of my beloved. And why is that, you ask? Well, because I walked my arse to the local and found it jammed with people to the point of nowhere for me to plant my butt. Heckers, there were certainly a lot of people and actions to observe and write about, but I am simply not feeling all that social tonight. Therefore, I am going back home for a while and will head back later, and after that, more writing.

Yes. Time has passed and I've come and gone. Maybe two hours passed between my first trip and the above paragraph and my returning to the local. On my walk back to the pub, nothing happened other than my unintentional following of a slightly overweight woman walking around in apparent pajamas and large rubber boots typically worn by new England fishermen.

As I approach the pub, I notice fewer cars parked around the area and hope the place is less full than earlier. I walk in and find the place still pretty well jammed, but I spy a few empty seats at the bar and plant it, but not before having to squeeze between the playing band's bass player and cancer stick machine.

I take my seat next to a guy I recognize from a about a month ago who told me about all the medication he takes. The only meds I see him taking at the moment are in the form of five Bud bottles sitting in an ice bucket. He says not a word to me. Joy. Joy. Oh the joy.

Where the hell is the barkeep?

To my left are a man and woman really getting into the band. They are waving their arms and loudly singing along with the song. The woman dances while sitting and the man alternates between playing the keyboard on the bar and slamming his hands on the bar (or is he slamming the keyboards in his mind?). They are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Hey, here's the barkeep and he's new, and he's male. Male barkeeps suck. He passes me by four or five time doing busy work before asking me what I'd like. Hate him. Hate him, I do. He finally delivers my pint and grabs a plastic cup. He pours a little of Bud into the cup and drinks it. After finishing, he tosses the cup into the trash and starts dancing to the music while hootin' and hollerin' raising a ruckus.

Hoping to forget the new dancing male bartender, I pull from my back pocket a small zine I received in the mail to review: Urinal Gum #7. I've never heard of this zine, but at first glance it looks interesting. I dive into it and ignore all those around me.

Several pages later, my attention is diverted from the pages to a greasy looking suit wearing hand shaker. The guy is wormy and looks like he just rolled himself on a giant stick of butter; all shiny looking. I know this guy and everything for which he stands I disagree. He's the State Senator "representing" my county and others. I turn from him putting his image away and return to the zine.

For reasons unknown, I suddenly recall an incident from elementary school when I noticed a friend chewing something even though he had no food on hand. After inquiring, he responded, "I burped up some of the hot dog I ate for lunch." He was friggin re-eating it!

The man to my left, who's into the band in a major way, has just heavily slammed his hands down upon the bar causing my pint to move a bit. I look over at him and his female companion and see the woman power walking while sitting. Man, she is really groovin' as much as one can groove while seated.

The barkeep, you know, the male, takes away my empty pint glass and neglects asking if I'd like another. What the hell, man? That's basic Barkeep 101, charlie.

For whatever reason, it is at this very moment I have come to the conclusion that I am officially tired of Seth Rogan.

Just as a girl (nice surprise) I know sits next to me, the barkeep returns. Coincidence? I think not. I order a drink as does my friend. I put down the zine and talk to her for a bit, before moving to a table where we discuss pubic hair and how some people shave, wax, don't shave, etc, when I suddenly say "I want to see yours!" and drop to my knees, and scurry under the table crammin' my head between her legs, but not to the point of actually touching her "hey now."

She just sits there like in a state of shock. Not a movement. Sensing her unhappiness, I return to my seat to find her mad. Feeling bad, I apologize up and down.

However, she cuts me off with, "Let's go to your place."

As we walk to our cars, we stop to help a bank worker/ landscaper, who appears to be of Eastern European descent (not Mexican, though the stereotype would've been amusing), remove ice from the sidewalk. While helping him using snow shovels and ice scrapers, he tells us that he saw what I did in the bar and found it disgusting. Hearing him, she became angry and said she was going home. Again, I feverishly apologize and she agrees to follow me home.

In my car, I pull out of the parking lot and turn right. I look in my rearview mirror to make sure she is behind me, but instead see her turn left out of the parking lot.

She was gone, and then I got lost driving to my house.

No sir. That didn't happen. Chicks at bars don't talk to me.

However, the barkeep did finally bring me another pint and a bottle of Heineken for my friend. Oh, the friend part was true, but we never left our seats at bar or discussed pubic hair and she sure as shat never agreed to go home with me. Then again, I didn't ask and that's why she didn't agree, because if I had asked, she would've had no choice to accept for I am Mr. Wonderful and my sex appeal screams so loud, it's loud.

I notice an older guy, 60s, sitting at a table and I somehow know this fella', but I've me no idea how or why. He looks like Quint's (Jaws) helper guy.

Since I arrived at the local late and spent an hour or so talking with my friend until we went our separate ways, I have no other observations or thoughts to pass along making this the shortest Track Wreckard to date.

Now here I sit with a mad case of the hiccups at 4:26AM after a night of drinking while feeling disgust with the cliché of it all.

You're Drunk...and you just decided that you're going to start reciting lines from The Karate Kid during sex.

You're Drunk...and wonder whose side you would take should the toes on your left foot wage a verbal war with the toes on your right foot or if you would simply remain neutral and let your podiatric wiggles settle the beef on their own.