

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Another trip to the local and another somewhat drunkin' unproofed Track Wreckard. If you have no idea what this is or means, go back and read the earlier TWs.

For the second to last day in February, it is fairly nice outside. However, I am in kind of a pissy mood. Now, my pissy mood is equal to most people's good moods, but I am feeling aggravated for no reason. Though I never look for trouble when I go out, should someone start the slightest bit-o-shit with me, I'm dropping the gloves.

After the usual ten minute walk, I approach the local and see the open front door which allows the sound of a poorly sounding singing voice escape. Damn.

I walk into the pub and find it pack with lots of people all sporting new faces and plenty of good looking ladies. They surely must be here for this singer/guitar player, who I've never seen play here. It's standing room only and I am fine with that because I'll drink my Smithwick's out on the porch in the hopes of distancing myself from the singer.

With pint in hand, I walk out the front door and onto the porch. It has started to lightly rain and the air now feels colder than it did only ten minutes ago. I walk to the end of the porch and pick my seat and plant it. I get rid of the smelly ashtray and look through the large window pressing against my left shoulder (the window is in the deli/bakery side of the pub) and notice a huge tank of lobsters. Rascally little cockroaches, they are.

The music from the pub really is hard to stomach, but the people inside seem to enjoy it.

I look down the street and start to think about the cover for my next book. I had a few ideas, but the scenery before me has piqued my interest. I'll have to bring my camera to this exact location and snap a few shots and see how it looks. I think what I see right now will work fucking splendidly. This view also works due to it being in a story I recently wrote (and was accepted for publication in an upcoming Chiron Review) and may be in the book.

A red ambulance that had earlier raced down the street, now idles its diesel fumes at the intersection waiting for the green light that will allow it to return to the fire station down the street. Its knocking engine lends sound to the scent.

The singer just took requests from the crowd, but instead of singing the songs, he's playing them over the PA. Must be how he takes his break.

I head back in for another pint, but my return to the porch is interrupted by a woman who has had five too many. She stops me and speaks in such a way if I could see the words coming from her mouth, they would've been blurry. I simply smile and walk around her.

I return to my seat on the porch and can really feel the temperature dropping. The rain is still floating to the ground.

A hot blond is sitting at the other end of the porch and talking on her cell phone. Suddenly, she leaps up and bolts down the sidewalk waving her arms and screaming at a passing car.

While sitting and enjoying my pint, I gaze through the window into the lobster tank. Some of the lobsters are moving around while a bunch appear to be trying to scale out of the tank. Up the glass walls they try, but fail. A handful of sea roaches look like they're either napping or dead. These still exoskeletons lay on the tank's bottom while others walk on them like a late 70's Who concert. One lobster has gotten my attention with his nonstop activity. This little bastard is all over the place. While making one tank length pass in front of me, I notice all of his gross little tail feet, or whatever the heck they are, scurrying like mad. I get the feeling that if this mad dog's claws weren't held closed by a thick yellow rubber band, he would pinch the fuck out of anything he could get a hold of. As my man tramples yet another lobster, I notice how the tank's bottom is ridged. Since I have never been this up close and personal with a lobster tank, I wonder if this is the case with all lobster tank bottoms.

Christ, the temperature is noticeably colder and now the wind is picking up.

The blonde who took off running passes me by on the sidewalk, with a friend, and together they walk into the pub.

I get up from my chair and turn the corner to avoid the wind (the pub's porch is shaped like an L) and walk head first into the wonderful scent of pub food. Taking in the smells, I notice a fancy pants vent that must run into the kitchen. I now feel hungry.

I sit down, again, and see two or three guys walk out of the pub. They are all smoking and one is talking on his cell phone. The phone dude says, "My boy Timmy" at least seven thousand times. After he hangs up (or whatever you do with a cell phone when done using it), the guy talks to the other two and repeats "my boy Timmy" another forty two hundred times.

An old couple walks into the pub.

I walk into the pub to use the facilities and as I pass the digital jukebox (how boring), I notice on its screen the words "Top Played: Nickleback, Photograph." I've my arse no idea about Nickleback, but I wonder if the song is an original or a cover of the Def Leppard hit from eons ago.

I walk back to my porch.

God, this singer is bad. He can play the guitar, but his voice is awful. So awful, I begin to think his must be sick or suffering some throat condition tonight. There is no way someone who sings this poorly would ever sing or get paid to sing. Aside from my mother, I am the worst singer in the world and feel ok goofing on this guy.

The old couple leaves the pub. I kind of feel bad for them as they probably just wanted a nice night out, but either couldn't enjoy this place due to the music or the

crowd. Now they are walking back to their car in the cold rain after not even getting a chance to warm up a bit after walking into the place.

The wind blows over my cup spilling the remaining quarter or so of my pint.

I walk into the pub for another pint and for what seems to be the tenth time, the singer announces his Myspace page address, then starts in with another song. I stand at the bar waiting for the barkeep and here someone near me loudly says, "This guy's a goof!" I look at him and see him staring towards the front of the pub, where the singer is, and smiling. I look in the same direction and see the singer with his guitar standing outside on the porch looking through the front window bopping along playing his guitar and singing into an obvious wireless headset. At that moment, any amount of pissiness I had in me poured out of my body in the form of laughter. For whatever reason, I found this porch singing bit to be absolutely hilarious. I was laughing so hard, I tried to hold in, but my bouncing shoulders betrayed me.

I wait for the singer to return inside and walk back out to my sanctuary. I walk to my chair, but stand and look out over the street and into the window of the take out Chinese joint across the street. I see an Asian dude mopping the floor with the world largest handled mop. The handle is red and it looks as if he could mop the entire place standing in one spot. I also see him stop from time to time to look at what I guess is a tv that is out of my view.

I hear the singer-why is that door still open-talk into the mic as if he's fielding requests from the crowd. He seems to carry on a discussion about playing "Sweet Caroline," but at first balks at playing it so early in the night. After more vapid back and forth, he agrees to play it. However, when he reaches the crowd participation part, no one offers. Not a single soul. Now, why would people, or at least someone, request this song if they weren't going to join in when called for?

I notice out of the corner of my eye a drunken guy stagger out of the pub. He's talking, more like mumbling, to himself, but stops when he noticed me. He sits down hard, kind of that half sit half fall drunk thing on to the bench about five feet from me. I continue watching the street and he sits there motionless, until he blast a fairly loud and quick fart. I stand my ground. Minutes later, the drunk lady, who had vomited her blurry words at me earlier in the night, walks out of the pub and goes cowgirl on Mr. Farty Pants. After a few words, she says to him, "Let's go home, baby."

I continue my street watching and witness someone feverishly pull into the Chinese place, but instead of using the usual parking lot entrance, this guy decided to jump the curb resulting in one God awful wrecking noise. That had to hurt. I see a skinny male run in and out of the place. When he starts the car, the engine makes a sickly loud whining noise. He certainly did something to that vehicle.

I go back inside to wee, then grab another pint. While waiting, an older woman standing next to me asks, "Are you wearing Polo cologne?"

I turn to her and say, "Hell no! Do I look like I'm in high school?"

"Oh, I can smell it. Someone here is wearing it and put on too much. Are you from around here?"

I answer in the affirmative.

"Would you like to have a few drinks with me and see where it goes?" she asks.

Instead of rejecting her to her face I lie, "I'm gay" and walk away.

Back out on the porch, I drink my pint and listen to the singer start the opening whistling part to G-n-R's "Patience." Holy, I guess this guy ate a handful of crackers before this whistling attempt.

Feeling the cold, I decide to finish my pint as I walk home. No, I did not steal the pint glass. In order to drink outside, you must transfer the booze to a plastic cup, first.

You're Drunk...and you've finally figured it all out, but too bad you won't remember it when you sober up.

You're Drunk...and you want to live in a neighborhood where the house address is painted on the sidewalk gutter

You're Drunk...and she's trying to do stuff to you fit only for the doctor's office or local bath house, but you're not stopping her.

You're Drunk...and he's not stopping you from doing stuff to him fit only for the doctor's office or local bath house.

You're Drunk...and you have suddenly remembered how your brother-in-law once filed down his fingernails because he thought they were too thick and afterwards suffered years of torture as the nails continuously and painfully split and fell apart.

You're Drunk...and your obsessive compulsive side takes hold causing you to heavily ponder just how you'd keep your eyes moisturized should your blinking muscles ever become lodged in the "open" position.

You're Drunk...and wonder why when people see a sign reading "Help Wanted" everyone assumes it's because someone wants to hire help instead of actually requesting help right at that moment (ok, so I stole this one from my daughter).

You're Drunk...and the bag of snacks you've been snacking on is done plum all out of snacks. Damn.

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