

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Tonight, I went to the pub for way more than enough and a few days ago my father died. Kind of f'ed up how he died days ago and where I am heading right now (the pub) is where I was plopped down on the pool table as an infant by my mother after my dad had disappeared for a drinking binge at this very same pub. Oh, he was playing pool at the time of me being plopped...and left there with him!

As usual with these Track Wreckards, what you read is unedited...or at least maybe unedited with this number six. I plan on typing crap here and if you are able to read it, then there you go. If you see numerous Xs, well, then I decided to go back and scratch it out.

I take my typical route to the pub and come across a fire engine with its lights flashing and firemen checking out the alarm box on the side of a local church. I see no fire, no smoke, and the firefighters' easy-peasy demeanor convince me a false alarm or malfunctioning alarm box are to blame.

Ya, so my dad dropped dead the other day, *I've replaced 240 words with these italics: I've decided to censor the text and include it as part of an...hmm...what's it called? A "conclusion" to a story, that is already written, for my next book. I know it begins with an "E." "They" always use to say it at the end of The Streets of San Francisco. Christ, I can not recall the word. Anywho, scaaaarew you unless you buy my next book, "Dives."*

I've reached the pub and though it is only 7:30, I hear a band playing. Christ, and all I wanted to do was drink, read a zine, and watch the Sox on the television. Now I must endure crappy music.

I find a seat at the bar and await the barkeep. While waiting, I recall rescuing a humming bird from my mother's garage earlier in the day. The lil' bugga was trying to fly away but simply stayed in place against the ceiling. His wings made wild humming noises as he, or she, made cute mouse like squeaking noises. Standing on a step ladder and using a towel retrieved from my mother's bathroom, I attempted to gently capture the creature, but missed as he dropped a little drop of poop on my arm. The duty was so small and cute, I barely noticed it. My second attempt brings success. I step down the ladder and peek at the tiny bird wrapped in the towel. It's so small and fragile and its beak looks like fabric instead of beak stuff. I stepped out of the garage and set the bird free. It flew away from me, but I swear the bugga' looked over his shoulder and gave me a wink.

Immediately after ordering a drink, I think to myself that if you can not enjoy a Three's Company marathon, then you're simply not human.

The barkeep approaches with my drink (they know what I like by now) in her left hand and with her right tries to separate two coasters to eventually toss one in front of me on which to place my pint. This seemingly simple task proves difficult as the coasters refuse to part ways instead remaining as one. The 'keep works her fingers as if trying to flick a booger (boooogah if yer Australian) off one of the tips finally spinning one square coaster in my direction. The coaster spins in place making Samuel Adams dizzy. Once settled, she places the foaming pint before me, which I quickly pour into a plastic cup so I can drink outside.

While the coaster adventures unraveled, a man next to decided to make me, without my permission, his talk buddy. Since I was more focused on coaster-gate, I did not notice his words, but I did notice his molasses like delivery that took him 75 minutes to

spit out a five word sentence. I notice a woman sitting on his other side and believe there's hope for me, yet. Then again, I'm going outside, anyway.

Once planted outside, three men walk out of the pub and strap on their helmets preparing to drive away on their motorcycles. While dressing up, two other bikes make a u-turn on the street and back into a parking spot next to the already parked bikes. The three standing bikers stare in amazement at the two freshly parked bikes. Turns out, as I overheard, the new arrivals are old Harley Davidson's: 1947 and 1958. I am not a motorcycle guy, but the bikes are kind of cool looking. The five-all look to be on the wrong side of 55- men hang out for about thirty minutes discussing various biker-head stuff before the first three drive away and the other two (47 and 58) enter the pub for beer.

As the bikers chatted, I noticed an older man, who visits this pub quite often, drive by. As he passed, he certainly wrenched his neck looking over his shoulder checking out the goings on.

The zine I am reading includes a lukewarm review of my book. Ah well, fuck 'em. Can't please everyone.

I quickly down my first pint and head back in for another. While inside, I sit down and to watch a little bit of the Sox game and see a NY Mets batter pick up the mask for the Red Sox catcher, who had scurried off to try and catch a foul ball. This annoys me. The players are on the battlefield and this kind gesture if counter-productive. Back in the day when I played ball (yeah, .484 my junior year-'scuse me while I adjust my pants and recall the glory daze), I remember stepping on the catchers mask hoping to grind dirt into it making it sandy and uncomfortable to wear. Now that's competitive sportsmanship.

During my Al Bundy like daydream, the action was briefly interrupted by the sound of a glass shattering on the floor behind me. I do not turn my head, but an apparently hammered guy on my right does and it takes him what seems 23 seconds to react to the smashing glass. This amuses me.

On my left, a couple has received their dinner. The woman, who is fat and ugly quickly returns her dinner because it tastes "like a twinge in the gravy." The man appears to have no issues and continues to eat his plate.

Back on my right, the slow talker and slow head turner have started a conversation (a match made in heaven, if you ask me) about how baseball players are over rated. The slow head turner has basically labeled every single major league ball player as over rated and the slow talker has called Mo Vaughn the most over rated player...Mo Vaughn. OK, he played for the Sox 10 years ago and hasn't been in the big leagues for years. Such an intelligent conversation.

I return to the solitude of the outside and walk to my usual seat at the end of the bar. What's this? A chick fight! My local fav and Dunkin' Donuts share a parking lot and the DD side is hosting a pretty good chick fight between what seems to be a hot blonde and a chunky brunette. However, within seconds, several police cruisers and one cop motorcycle appear and squash the festivities. I find it amazing how quickly they arrived, but I am certain I missed a lot before wondering into this God given spectacle of entertainment.

Hey, that old bastard has driven by again and once again wrenched his neck looking over his shoulder at the pub as he passes.

With too much commotion due to the chick fight and enough flashing lights to bring on an epileptic fit, I decide to venture back into the confines of the pub to watch a bit more of my

beloved Sox, and refill my pint.

It's rather slow for a Saturday night and find a place at the bar. From the kitchen, the two owners walk out all decked out and looking like they're out on the town. The wife/female/woman owner stands in front of me as says, "Smithwicks?" I answer in the positive, she pours the pint, and places it before me.

"This one's on me," she says.

At first I graciously decline, but after she insists, I offer a heart filled thank you to her. In my mind, I think to myself that she appreciates my business and has decided to show a little bit of gratitude. I've finally arrived. Then, I see both owners pouring pints and handing them out to everyone. They're buying a round for the entire place. After handing out the drinks, the female owner takes the mic from the band and thanks everyone for making the award possible. Turns out my local fav pub won an award from the South Shore Chamber of Commerce for Business of the Year due to all the fund raisers they host. I raise my pint to them, though feeling less venerated as a regular.

After releasing the mic, the lead singer of the band, an older woman whose voice sounds all baby talk, announces a guest singer for the next song. I ignore the singer and band as the song plays on for the Sox, but after hearing the guest singer's voice and how good it sounds, I look up and nearly die when I see an exact look-alike for Bubbles from *The Trailer Park Boys*. It is uncanny!

I venture into the men's room and release what feels like 27 gallons of fluid from my bladder. I feel like I can float on air. As I turn from the urinal, I spy out of the small window and notice for the first time, I think, how the window faces the side of an apartment building with its windows facing the pub's men's room window. It must not be fun to peek out of your window and into a bathroom window displaying the backside of peeing drunk men. As I walk out of the can, I hear a strange noise and smell a very unmen's room like smell. Well, looks like the owners invested in one of those automatic Airwick blasters. Nice.

Back at the bar, I await the barkeep for a pint, but see the male owner of the place try to make himself a rum and coke, but fail when he realizes the rum bottle is bone dry. He shakes his head and opts for a Captain and Coke, instead. He then squawks to the 'keep about the empty rum bottle-which is now, I guess, just a bottle.

The band kicks into "Eight Days a Week" by The Beatles which prompts me to think although I respect The Beatles and what they did, I'm really am not a fan. However, there is one song I absolutely love by The Fab Four, but I can not for the life of me remember it.

Back outside, the cops have left and all is quiet. I plant my arse back down on the seat and watch traffic go by. Suddenly, I hear a gaggle of screams come from around the corner. Thinking the best (another chick fight?), I check out the action and see five teenyboppers (15-16) trying to jump the old and unused railroad tracks that run between the pub and DD. They are holding hands and trying and retrying to jump those silly tracks with all sorts of screaming and laughter. While they goofed off, I noticed a teenage boy peddle his bike across the street (or over the road if in the UK) wearing dark sunglasses-even though it is now dark outside. After several attempts, they grow bored and walk by the pub, and me.

Got-dang it! Here comes the slow talker! Thankfully, instead of approaching me for mindless and annoying talk, he simply lights up a smoke and spats a wad of spit on the porch deck. Loser. Over the course of his smoke, he does this five or six times. F'ing loser. Sorry, but spitting is one of maybe three things (gum chew-

ing, spitting, child abuse) in life I can not handle.

The Chinese food (as read in previous *Track Wreckards*) place across the street has been busy all night long. It's mainly a take out joint and the cars have been piling in and out all night. I am now debating getting some for when I eventually walk home... emmmm...crab rangoon, chicken lo mein....

Inside the pub, I hear the baby talk singer announce that the next song is for the owners and the new award. After some weak applause, only because the place is quarter full, the band busts into "Play that Funky Music White Boy" (or whatever the song title is). What? Does this band have any clue who the owners are?

An uneventful fifteen or so minutes later, I see and hear the handful of teenyboppers run by me screaming. The screams are not the "I'm getting chased and possibly raped" screams, but instead "A boy threw a frog at me" scream. A bunch bolt past, but several minutes later a lone tennie struts by while calmly texting and sipping a fat arse cup of Coca-Cola (note: the fat arse cup read Coca-Cola and I am not 100% on its actual content).

The old dude who drove by the pub twice, wrenching his neck, is now inside the pub. It called and he answered.

Alllllll right, I've had me enough of the pub. It's time to go home and continue this nonsense in my, um, home.

Walking down the town's main drag, I pass a church and hear singing coming from it, and notice a chock full of cars parking lot. What a difference between me and them, eh?

About a minute later, I see two fire engines and an ambulance stop in front of an apartment building I wrote of in an earlier *Track Wreckard* (hint- mass murderer). I see no flames or smoke and wonder what the problem is as I walk into a convenience store to fetch my arse a bottle of Pepsi and conveniently fergitting the emergency vehicles.

I leave the store and head down the sidewalk passing by two kids I barely know; I use to see them running around the track I run around. Well, the girl would run while the guy slumbered. Sadly, that was a few summers ago and now both of them, I'm guessing they're around 17-18, have both become rather humongous. The guy had always been large, but the girl was always kind of cute in a cute kind of way. Not anymore. Sucks to see people let themselves go, especially at such a young age.

I turn the corner and walk down the street approach the parking lot for the local high school. I hear an odd noise and wonder what it is.

Out of nowhere, I see and hear a woman get out of her car parked on the side of the road. I have seen her before and she's pretty hot, though much older than I...and married. I think about goofing around and asking her if she "wants to party." However, I chicken out because I refuse to use "party" as a verb.

Damn, that weird noise will not cease. Steps later, I discover what that noise is: a man playing Frisbee with his dog, only instead of slinging the disc through the air, the guy is skimming it along the asphalt. The dog appears to be having the time of its life.

I walk past the parking lot, away from its lights, and into darkness. I begin to recall how my daughter, a few days ago, was a party pooper during her Spring concert at school and had no problem showing everyone in attendance just so. Without boring you with details on her, ehem, performance, I hysterically laugh to myself and turn the final corner onto my street. Laughing hard to myself, I did not notice the oncoming woman. She must've thought me a mental case.

Crap, I forgot about the Chinese food!