

## Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Here we are at perhaps the hardest yet of the Track Wreckards; you know, the unedited sloshed writings of a man after a night of boozing. Well Track Wreckardees, tonight's nonsense is not only alcohol "fueled," but for the first time sex has crept its way between the pub and my typing. So, not only am I feeling the sweet sweet tenderness of booze, I am feeling the fuzziness of post sexual eye droopiness.

Alright, I am off to the local fav, but tonight's visit is an odd one because I never go out on Friday nights. Tonight, however, I made arrangements and will venture out to the pub to specifically see a band who is playing. You see, I hate the bands that play the local, but tonight's band is different and it's their first time playing the place. I am rather excited and hope disappointment stays clear.

I step outside and even though it's fairly early, it is pitch black out here and kind of cold. Stupid Fall season. Sadly, this is nothing and will only get worse before the love of Spring arrives. Anywho, the sky is clear and the stars are twinkling spotlights. The big and little dipper are easily spotted.

I turn the corner and see an SUV emptying. The occupants are new to the area (and seem like scum bags) and I hear their infant burp from inside the automobile. The adults laugh. A bit up the road, I pass one of the school parking lots as a car pulls in just missing me. One or two more steps into the entrance and the car's wheels would've crushed my toes and instead of writing this crap, I'd be picking up my toe nails off the floor.

An uneventful eight minutes pass and I plant my arse at the bar next to the owner's wife and her friend. There is some sort of raffle happening and the woman next to me has won a basket full of booze and bar tools.

A new employee, right off the boat from Ireland, is serving alcohol. This is the first I've seen him perform this task.

Down at the end of the bar is the good looking woman who (whom?) I've written about in past Track Wreckards. I used an adjective to describe her back then, but I forget which. For now, I'll refer to her as the "Remarkable Woman." I recently ran into her at the supermarket and saw her dressed down and frumpy and void of any make up. She still looked good. Ya, I know you know which Screeching Weasel song I had stuck in my head for the rest of that day.

"Oh my God," says the barkeep returning behind the bar from the tables. "That woman requested mushrooms on her nachos! I've never heard of that!"

The woman next to me looks like a boy.

The band I long to hear is taking forever to set up and play. Bands here usually start at 8:30. It is now just after 9. Who do these guys think they are, Axel Rose?

The "Remarkable Woman" is drinking her beer and she drinks from the bottle in an odd manner. She looks like she's kissing the bottle like you'd kiss your Grandmother's cheek. It's funny.

The Celtics game is on the tv and a Verizon Fios commercial comes on. Just once, I'd love to see that redheaded/bearded cable guy haul off and kick the snot out of shorty cakes Verizon guy. Just once.

Someone has burned something in the kitchen.

I see a rack of small bags of potato chips hanging on the wall. They make me want my world famous tuna casserole, because I cover my TC with 'tato chips.

The band's drummer looks like a Lou Gramm of Foreigner.

The band is tuning up and not only do the two geet-tar-ists have more pedals than the bike show up town, they are way loud for this small place. I must be getting old.

They have ceased tuning up and the "leader," I suppose, is now talking with the barkeep about free booze. She says the booze is covered, but food must be monied up.

The kitchen door swings open and I see the girl who looks like a bo back there.

The band sit near me at the bar and watch as a man with a guitar opens for them. He's playing solo. He opens with that Led Zep song, "Baby, Baby, baby..." Kind of a high pitched song to tackle, but

he brings it down.

Celtics are on the tv and the roving reporter is interviewing the Red Sox David Ortiz. The reporter, a guy named Dickerson, is goofy looking. Years ago, my cousin attended a charity event Dickerson hosted, and my cousin said he was a dink. I believe my cousin, because during the Ortiz interview, Dickerson did all the talking barely allowing David to utter a word.

The solo dude is now doing a Robert Johnson song. He's ok, but I really hope the band is a nit more livelier.

The barkeep attempted to place the phone onto its base hidden behind an MP3 docking station, but failed because the phone was upside down. It was funny.

I am bored and decide to repeatedly encircle the number "9" on the zine I have with me. I've got a lead note.

The band has started and opened with an amazing instrumental befitting of the Titty Twister in Tarentino's From Dusk 'Til Dawn. Amazing.

I just pulled a small piece of skin off my finger just above my fingernail. I know there's a name for this thing, but I forget it. It hurt a bit, but I am a man and survived. But damn, amazing how such a small piece of skin pulled off your body can hurt.

Three songs deep into the set and I am loving life: raucous spaghetti western themed nuttiness. These guys are awesome!

The band stops and Boy Girl next to me heckles them, "Play something we all know!" I want to punch her but do not want to get ugly on my fist. Is it misogamy if the female looks like a male?

Ya! Ball and Chain! Singer is a bit off with the words, but hell ya!

"Play something we all know," Boy Girl yells again. I hate her. Great. Boy Girl to the right of me, now boohogs to the left. I am simply too amazing looking to deserve this.

There is a Russian dude here trying to strike up a conversation with anyone who'll listen, including one of the guitarists-in the middle of a song.

Kitchen is closed, but the hogs next to me are hungry. They buy two bags of chips. Really? Who does that? This reminds me of years ago when I saw the Ramones at The Living Room (the original) in RI with one of my best buds and his ex. We were standing next to the bar with some rough looking biker dudes when Dave's ex requested he buy her some Peanut M&Ms that hung from a rack behind the bar. It was damn funny.

Being maybe my first Friday night here, I am not sure if this crowd is the norm or if the band has pulled these people in. Lots of new faces. Packed

The band has returned from a break and started a second set. So far, they've fallen into a Southern rock rut. Crap. Please don't.

The barkeep just pressed a button on the wall. The button has turned red. I've never noticed this button. I wonder what the hell it is!

The owner is awfully cheery tonight, and he just gave the hogs a free Greek desert. They noth hugged him in return. He fought it at first, but jst gave in.

A Brazilian looking guy out back is playing his pool cue like a guitar.

Ah, a text. Girlie coming to have a drink with me.

Yes, it is now definite. The band is in the Southern Rock rut. Damn, and that first set was one for the archives. Ah well, I know they must play the crowd and not me. Otherwise they'd be broke and sitting at home dusting off the instruments.

On tv, I see Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger (damn, how do you spell his last name?) and recall how a few weeks ago my brother met him and said Arnie was really cool and down to earth. You see, the company my bro and I work for held this huge event in San Fran and Arnold was there. Aerosmith played, too, which was weird because they haven't played together-other than this show-for months due to injuries and possibly breaking up. My company must've paid them a lot-o-cash...and I haven't got a raise in two years.

Ah, girlie here.