

# 77 Words - Barfly(s)

*by Anthony Van Hart*

## **77 Words About Last Night - Barfly**

No one got hurt. It was meaninglessly minor. She grabbed my throat, spit on the heavy set dude with the big shirt and insulted that Christian Bale look alike. We split and spilt beers with her outside. She borrowed your lighter; won you over with her crooked smile and crow's feet. You said the beer tasted like coconut and cigarettes.

Then she fled.

Said she had a midnight tee time. We had a nowhere to be time.

## **77 Words About Last Night - 11-11-11**

Don't worry, dude. I'm on acid.

Crowds had started to piss Johnny off to the point where he blindly threatened to smash the face of anyone that crooked eyed him or questioned the placement of his empties.

Even dudes with friendly looking beards that had an empty bar tab from sipping on glasses of water since the start of "sappy" hour were fair game.

But shit was funny.

I did always wanna mangle that fella from Thirtysomething.

