

Shiver, 43

by Anthony Van Hart

Shiver, 43, was a terrible drunk and got his name on account of the fact that he would shiver his entire shift at the lumberyard. Weather wasn't a factor. Winter, spring, summer, or fall — that smiley lush would shake rattle and quiver the day long no matter the temperature.

Short timer, though. Fired for running into a kid with a forklift the same week he miraculously stopped shivering. Must've been his Old Crow empties under the stairs.

