

A Paltry Thing

by Jake Barnes

I love Hooters. Best cheese steak in town in my opinion. Good place to ogle girls, too, of course. Sometimes my wife and I go there for lunch. She watches me like a hawk. She looks the talent over, too.

Unfortunately they're closing the place. Another beer bar is going in there. Oh, well. That's life. I was quite taken with the little Asian with the big smile and sparking eyes. I will miss her. And then, as I said, there's the cheese steak.

Not all the girls are friendly, either. One time a waitress stood by as a bar girl served drinks at our table. She caught me eyeing her tits, and she didn't smile. I quickly looked away.

For some reason, the encounter made me feel small. I don't know why it should. Of course to a girl like that I was just a customer. An old man, too.

Yeats was right. *An aged man is but a paltry thing,/ A tattered coat upon a stick, unless/ Soul clap its hands and sing*

So goodbye hooters. I'll miss you, but there are other places where a fellow can get his lunch.

