

happy hour

by Jerry Ratch

I remember seeing five young losers standing outside this bar, smoking cigarettes in their baggy shorts and flip-flops, giving the occasional high-fives. They weren't even eating their calzone, and I was getting upset about it. (I hadn't eaten the whole day.)

I became real focused on that damned calzone, while I was smoking a cigarette nearby. I remember tapping my foot real loud, in my laced-up boots and mini-skirt. I was wearing a halter-top, with my navel showing. (One of my best features!)

I remember thinking, half out loud, while trying my best to keep it to myself: *"I'm going to descend on that calzone like a pigeon, on the next high-five! I'll give you happy hour!"*

