

Full circle

So, Josh and I are out there having a smoke, staring at the craziest looking moon I've ever seen, I'm not kidding, you know how that bar sits up on top of that hill, well you just looked straight out man, and it looked like it was about to swallow the rest of town. Never seen nothing like that before. Anyway, so this guy walks up, and we make eye contact, and he asks me "how's the pussy look tonight?" Dude's pushing fifty, and he's asking me? I had no idea what the hell to say man, so I said something like not great, but it's early. How do you answer that? Plus, I wasn't looking for any strange anyway, Jess and I have been pretty good lately, and ever since her brother got released and busted up, been spending a lot of time over there. So Josh and I go back in, and wouldn't you know it, this dude's setup right beside me. I knew it was going to be some kind of night. Josh and I are talking about heading up to the lake next weekend, and this guy just starts saying how he used to have a cabin up there, or some shit. And I'm like, yeah man, that's cool, good time up there. So Josh gets up to take a piss, and I've got my head up at the tv, and he introduces himself. At this point I say screw it, let's see what this guy's all about, right? So he starts on about how back in the day he was in the union, and how great things were. Met some chick and got married, had two kids, all good shit, right? Here, I'm thinking this could be a connect, and then he goes on about getting a couple DUI's, and it being the beginning of some kind of spiral or something. At this point I'm losing interest, but he buys me a beer, so I keep listening. Then he starts asking about me, and the whole time he's just staring, I mean real creepy shit. I tell him about the shop, and having a girl and everything, and he starts smiling. I'm no mind reader or nothing, but he looked at me like I was an old friend he hadn't seen in years. At this point Josh needs to roll out, his dad needs the truck back, so I decide to stay for another beer until Jess gets off work. I start feeling bad for the dude, so I return the favor, and buy him a beer. You know I'm cheap as shit, but this guy might kill himself. He goes on about his wife leaving him after he lost another job he had, and taking his kids away, that's when he bought the cabin. It was cheap, and he could be left alone. Here I am thinking to myself, this is all your fault. Why are you at a bar right now talking to someone thirty years younger than you about all the ways you failed? It's fucked up, but I'm here thinking that, yeah, maybe you should just blow your brains out, and quit depressing everyone with your shit. Then he starts talking about his kids, and how he got clean, and his wife started letting them see him. I swear he was about to cry man. He just stopped talking, and just stared straight ahead for like five minutes. It gets even weirder; he asks me if I party. What do I know what that means to this guy? You know? Shit, way he was talking, we would go back and torture some animals. Anyway, he asks me if I want a bump. Jess still hasn't texted me yet, so I say fuck it. We go back to the pisser, and blow a couple lines, and damn man, the shit wasn't as good as what Mark gets, but really wasn't bad. After we leave, he walks up to the counter, downs the rest of his beer, and just walks out. But seriously man, that fucking moon.