

IN BETWEEN JOBS

ONE DAY

You are a fucking dick.

I thank you for that.

Your ignorance makes future conversations easier.

No need to pretend.

I drop by for a tippie. My friend Donna is there — she is here to escape the mundaneness of life for a moment or two. An annoying old man sits at the bar. He can't help but barge into every conversation — to educate — too stunned to realize he's annoying.

He educates. Educates. *Perseverates*. Ad nauseam.

I don't enjoy calling someone old and annoying. *That's a lie.*

Year after year of trying to find the good. Becoming a judgmental ass, myself, when I do. By thinking that calling someone lonely is better than honesty. When really, he's not lonely; he's just a fucking pretentious old cunt.

1

Harsh?

No.

It's, what's the saying? — just what it is?

Lindsay, when you and Jay and the girls went to Osoyoos, did you do a wine tasting?

Answer on the tip of my tongue.

Annoying old man barges in: *Let me tell you about wine tastings?*

Lindsay, when you and Jay and the girls went to Osoyoos, did you travel back through the North Cascades?

Answer on the tip of my tongue.

Annoying old man: Slams his phone screen in front of my face. *Did you see this mountain?*

What?

Annoying man, were you in the fucking car?

Donna and I chat. Chat. Chat. Laugh. Cry. Share.

The annoying old man looks for an opportunity to steal our conversation.

We shut him out.

Donna leaves.

Owen, the bartender, is from Ireland.

I joke.

This will be a hell of a St. Patrick's Day – with the pandemic ending (?) – the gutters are going to be flowing with vomit starting at 8 AM. I don't know the veracity of my words – I don't care – neither does Owen.

I will be in Seattle for St. Patrick's Day, Owen says.

QUEUE ANNOYING

I lived in Seattle (100 years ago).

It won't be like that there.

People are more civilized in Seattle.

I didn't care about my words—neither did Owen. But, for annoying, they meant competition.

2

Owen, are you going up the Space Needle? Asks Annoying.

Probably not; it's \$50.00 to ride up an elevator.

ME: *Why would you? Have you been on a plane before? Most iconic tall structures in cities are no longer the tallest. I never understood why people spend money to look out at things they don't know and say shit like, Oh my, you can see all the way to →*

Owen laughs.

Annoying gets annoyed. *It's iconic, he says.*

ME: *I don't get why people fly into a city and then go up an elevator to see what they've seen from the sky. It's like new stadiums; when fans say, The sightlines are excellent, you can see the action from every seat? What fucking year are we in, 1924?*

A vein pulses on Annoying's temple. *It's iconic, he barks.*

OWEN: I heard the Underground Tour is fantastic.

Annoying: It sucks.

ME: I did it, albeit in the 90s; it was fantastic. It's always cool learning about history.

Annoying: The Space Needle. Iconic.

OWEN: I'm not spending \$50.00 to go up an elevator.

Annoying: You should.

OWEN: The Underground sounds cool.

Owen exits, stage right, to make drinks.

Annoying: Mumble. Mumble. There used to be a drag bar at the end of the Underground Tour. Nostrils flaring. In 1972. Spitting. I was out then. What were you?

ME: 12 and living in Saskatoon.

Annoying: Storms out of the bar.

A NEWS STORY



3

The Vancouver Canucks Special Artistic Pregame Jersey (Gay) is Selling for Double the Price of Regular Pregame Jerseys (\$600.00) – Fans are in an Uproar.

First: You are likely a middle-aged man buying a Jersey with a young man's name on the back.

QUEUE THE UPROAR

This is ridiculous. You want inclusivity, and you charge these prices.

Second: An artist designed the jersey. Inclusivity? Buying a jersey? I'm confused.

MORE UPROAR

Blah. Blah. Fucking blah.

I want the jersey.

I like the jersey.

I want the jersey.

Finally: Why?

A SIMPLE SOLUTION

Three Questions asked by the Store Clerk

1. Did you ever bully someone when you were younger because you were a Neanderthal and thought they were gay?
2. Have you ever called someone a faggot or cocksucker?
3. Did you watch Sex Education with Gillian Anderson? And like it?

If you answered “YES” to 3 (both parts) – you qualify for a 10% discount.

4

BEING GAY COMES WITH A HEAVY PRICE — ASSHOLES

BACK TO THE START OF THE STORY WITH SOME BACKSTORY

(A portion of this portion has been redacted because of greedy assholes)

At the pandemic’s start, three **greedy assholes** ended my **lengthy career**. I’m turning 62 soon. These fuckers think it is okay to destroy lives because they are greedy assholes.

Everyone in my orbit understands the emotional toll this has taken on me.

Depression is always just a breath away.

I’m surviving.

But it is challenging.

There is a resolution on the horizon. Unfortunately, GA(s), for short. Think it’s good business to be the marginal garbage that only they can be, because → they are who they are. I feel sorry for their families.

Anyway, two people who know about my struggles enter the bar. One of them speaks of early rising. He turns to me, says, I (me), know what that is like because of my ~~career~~, and

then asks what time I get up for ~~work~~? *I'm sure he knows my situation.*

I tell him, well; I got **lanned** at the pandemic's start; my hours have changed.

QUEUE THE FUCKING DICKISHNESS

Are you in between jobs?

A NOTE: Regardless of any person's situation, the question is fucking rude.

ME: (Tell him to go fuck himself – after all, he and his partner are retired civil servants beyond the pale of boring). My blood curdles. I manage to say, *There are no in-between jobs at my age (our) (say fucker), and besides, I'm a writer.* Stated proudly.

Fucking Asshole.

I know and I read your book, he says. Sure, you did.

I think the fucker is being sarcastic.

I hope he reads this.

TIME TO GO

5

You are a fucking dick (kept inside my head).

Thanks for letting me know who you are!

BY THE WAY

I. AM. A. WRITER! SOON. TO. BE. ICONIC. ALMOST. 6' TALL.

I CAN SEE ALL THE WAY TO →



In Between Jobs