

So, I got drunk on Friday night...

I was at Pitchman's, which I have become convinced is the new JJ's. It's weird because I used to frequency Pitchman's when they were non-smoking and the only people that went there were other people in their mid-twenties trying to escape the nauseating haze of tar and tobacco in just about every other place. And I'm kinda tall, so I get the full brunt of it. I think I vaguely remember being at the Palace too -- never a good sign.

Anyway, after we leave the Palace, I'm walking up Bell road towards Quinpool, past the horse place. There's about a foot of mud and horse shit covering the sidewalk so I opt to walk on the road. Mind you, I'm still close to the curb -- I'm drunk, but I'm not stupid.

To my chagrin, a passing car still manages to HIT ME WITH THE FUCKING SIDE-VIEW MIRROR. Bunch of savages in this town. If only I had the presence of mind to get the licence number, but it was too dark...yeah, that's it...dark.

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