

Shootin' the Breeze



by Bummer

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Sometimes when I think about Pappy's stories [for you newbies I've been writing about this guy for some time], I'm struck by the fact that although most people have led similarly interesting lives, they've never had the chance to tell others about them. Sure, there's some that have led quiet, almost boring existances: People who have never really went anywhere or done anything worth telling anyone else about. But MOST of us have done things and gone places that others WOULD find interesting. I know that I've been tempted to write my own auto-biography [like I'm sure most of us have] but then I'm reminded of the fact that I really don't want everyone to know everything about my sordid past [or, for that matter, my sordid present]. And if I edit out the juicy stuff, the result wouldn't be as exciting nor would it be honest.

It seems that as I approach MY twilight years, everytime I start thinking that my life is sorta mellowing out, something happens that throws me back into the whirlwind. I get busted for something stupid, I meet someone who runs my life through the ringer, or I do something so utterly alien to anything I've done before that I wonder who or what's steering my OWN personal handlebars. A case in point is the simple fact that I've ended up interviewing a lonely old man in a rest home only to find out he was a genuine war hero, a personal mechanic for Elvis Presley, a cowboy of sorts and one of the COOLEST old coots I've ever met. I've actually had people write me telling me that they want to meet him and go out partying with him! And some of these prospective suitors have turned out to be major babes!!

Hell, I know one hot, classy chick who constantly asks me how Pappy is, what he's been doing and literally BEGGING to meet him. I'm afraid to hook 'em up 'cause I got a feeling that if they ever DO meet she's gonna hurt the old man! She MIGHT even kill the old bastard! Who knows? The book I'm writing about him is a work in progress and that might just be how it ends!

In fact I picked him up the other night and we went to a fundraising party for ABATE. A good band provided great music and all kinds of food was provided. Over a plate full of hot sausage, cold shrimp and pasta salad Pappy looked at me and asked, "Ya seem to know most of the people here Bummer. Why don't ya hook me up with a squeeze?"

I looked around and the place was packed. We were lucky to have found an empty booth to sit in. I told him that I didn't see anyone who'd wanna waste time on a wrinkled up old prune like him and just as I said that a babe I know sat down beside him and asked, "Is this Pappy Bummer?"

"Pappy, this is Karen. Karen, Pappy." and the old man smiled so big I thought his dentures were gonna fall out.

The band started playing 'Gimme Three Steps' by Skynard as Karen and Pappy slid out of the booth and headed for the dance floor. Pretty soon everyone in the place was circled around them and laughing as Pappy started dipping Karen and makin' moves that woulda made John Travolta look like an amateur! I was worried the old fool was gonna have a heart attack, but after the song was over he wasn't even winded. Then he surprised the Hell outta me by goin' outside with Karen and gettin' in her car! I don't know what ploy he used to get her out there, but I looked out a while later and couldn't see their heads! And I'm talkin' about a dude who's over 80 years old!!! That just ain't right!!

Later as the party finished and the band was playin' their last song he came strolling back in and casually said that Karen had left. To my credit I didn't ask what went on or even make any smartass remarks. I just drove him home while he slept and I tried not to think about it.

The next day Karen called and asked for his phone number! AAAHHHHH!!!! Now she wants to take him to the June Jam!!!

Well, I don't know if the old so and so is gonna make it to the Jam, but for once I can't see anything coming up to prevent ME from going this year. I haven't been to one in too many years, so if ya go [and I know ya'll will], look me up. If yer female and wanna meet Pappy, just remember that I might be fatter than that skinny old bastard, but at least I'm warmer to cuddle with and I still got most of my teeth!

Bummer