## Channel 49 The Word

© 2011 Channel 49



Ch49

media should play with Acrobat 9 +

## Rest and Relaxation

In the center of the club away from the stage and it's dancers, a character sat at the head of a large table peopled by mid-level NCOs and a few troops. Claiming to be a retired British Major he was buying drinks and telling stories. Wearing an old caramel-colored suit he was an obsessive, explosive, tic-laden over-the-top, man of 50 or so. He had everyone in stitches with his claim of being a "serial c------t." --What languages?-- Cain asked jovially. Without pausing even for condescension 'the Major' blithered on about his insatiable needs and fears of cervical-cancer to his palate or tongue. "Do women like it? -- Of course not. Maybe for a moment... --but ultimately they despise you!"

Segueing from the encouraging laughter to some oddball sociological commentary he philosophized: "Years ago troubled times made for lots of floozies! Now with all this easy money they get married to some stupid slob who sits in front of the television devouring meatball sandwiches and cheeseburger-ice-cream washed down with pricey crap-beers that taste like pee with alcohol..." Looking around at the red-faced laughter of his intoxicated audience. "It's true, tarts are too fussy these days; you've got to pay big money..." The men grew quiet thinking it might be valid.

Gilhooley looked over at Cain and they both shrugged, they were starting a contract on the morrow and faced dangerous uncertainties.

© 2011 Channel49