

JUKEBOX JOINTS-cover



JUKEBOX JOINTS-----~-----

~by RiverLyle reuveni.

~in honour of 'our' imagination and memories “<---~Lorain~--->”.

Tab 1 - Prologue

If i were to write a book on the elusive Australia, and its coastal highways, you know the two lane speedways they have between the sandy beaches, and that quaint roadhouse stop- the one with the empty liquor bottles and cupboard full of compact disks --tunes drowned in sorrow of the hair of the dog that bit the locals the night before- and i might , write that book, about the old diesel hatchback revving its engine, I would start here, by the old compact disk radio- tape machine juke box, and see.... The thing is beneath the fine lines, of what tune or tunes were playing that last night, there was one that made it worth while, that one song stuck in my mind- a sour one, like the vodka and lemon and gin with bitters, it wasn't the song that was sour it was the after taste, the kind of broken melodies and sad lyrics that wanna make you- or me wanna do yourself in... it creeps on you when you have emotions like this , still another shot of booze wouldn't fix my broken heart- and mind, I made a coffee and wondered why people even complain there was no sugar or milk.

I felt no Regret, Regret is something that might get you going to church and confessing, and then having your ass handed to you by the wife or your brother pulling out that shotgun and hunting you down, instead it was more a feeling of something missing, or lost eating at my conscious, I brushed the sleep from my brow and fingered my lashes, thinking: 'why do people have so many dried tears after a good night's sleep?' -and grunted to myself "oh whell , shopping list..... Time for work"

'They used to say no rest for the wicked back in the day, but it seems like there's no rest for anyone these days, i blame them, let dead dogs rest i tell you and the wicked shall never reign is my motto' I thought to myself as i poured the coffee almost spilling the water over the sink counter... Another day lived, is another day's work; in this line of business, you can't expect a highway motel like mine to run itself, so I marked the first thing on the list - 1. Get Coffee , -*maybe Milk & -Sugar* then slipped the pencil in my mouth hoping it wasn't a pen, sheesh thats a force of habit i gotta quit "chewing pencils, and sucking pens" but it's probably just my memories from being a baby with a sucker in my mouth, and then moving on to the hard candy lollipops when my mother thought : 'to hell with this kid, she bites!'

Chapter 1, we west coast drivers ,
~drive

Chapter 1

we west coast drivers , ~drive.

" ' she bites -! ' heh, can't deny it! As do my wheels sucker, can't be caught slacking; or i'll drive any motherfucker down that gets in the way of my wheels, my car my RULES ! "

I pulled up quickly by the side of the road just off the pitstop of the gasoline station for -a smoke , just cause the weather was good today, not any rain and a few fluffy clouds just along the coast-lines edges on the horizon, i had all day till the sun would be glaring back at me, from over the west coast, plenty of time to pump gas get food and groceries pick up my long lost lover (if i had one that is) and make small talk at the local cafe where Suzan has her shift later on, -choke, damn these cigarettes, "I need to stop smoking" , i thought to myself as i pulled out the ashtray...

"If I run out of cigarettes today, and forget to buy a bloody pack today, I'm gonna kill myself anyway!" I said outloud, hoping to burn it into my memory so as not to forget...

As I walked into the gasoline station to drop twenty for gas, the clerk nodded at me and asked "Need a smoke, girl?" , I nodded and said: "sure" "15\$ on the pump and a pack of my usual damn Menthols or whatever." as I looked him in the eye.

He took the cash off the counter, as he smiled and turned to the shelf behind him and took out the pack of cigarettes like he was a marionette on a string, like we did this every day, and he knew exactly what I needed, and I had no choice in the matter...

"Whats your name, man, I don't know if I ever asked you that before, Sorry!" I said with a frown,

He smiled back and said, "Don't worry you can call me Thomas, or just Tom." as he casually handed me the cigarettes.

"Thanks." I said "See you around, Tom!"

As I put the gas pump back in its fitting, the highway sounded a terrible motor rev. kinda like my old wagon but three times as loud, two motorcycles , guys in leather and boots drove past at high speed.

I drove off after them, 'we all go to town to get our groceries' , I thought

Soon enough I arrived by the city signs, the gloomy neon coloured blue green and yellow highway road signs that always look as grey as the roads and smog as possibly possible for a Neon Color, but that's what the people here, in the city, are used to, grey pavements , dusty chimneys, and some light grey concrete jungle neon signs to make the customer come back for more. For me? It was just another drive into town and another grocery list to remember, to pick up , to need to buy.

I called Suzan as soon as my car was parked, you might as well let her know that you're almost there I thought, no need for ugly surprises like , an hour late girlfriend or one that came too soon. "I gotta pack the car for next weekend" i said to her when the dial tone reached the end callers line, "Yeah," she said, "its gonna be one hell of a weekend and monday there's a hurricane incoming I heard!" "Best get yourself what you really need!" I said : "Don't worry too much, I'll be there at 12:00, take care." and decided to go grocery shopping by the old market road, at least on a friday in the morning there's hardly anyone gonna be there to play "pick your pocket" or "try sell you dope, from the corner right by the bar".

'Looks Good' I thought ; empty streets and only people out for morning coffee, or late for work and drowning their fear of showing up.

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Chapter 2, calm before the storm...

Chapter 2

calm before the storm...

As i walked into the cafe where Suzan worked , it was empty, only her and me , coffee cake and a load of half stale pastries that needed a home, it's good to have a friend like her, sure beats being broke without a piece of bread and a cup of warm coffee, and the locals around here sure like her, she's got that charm of a coffee waitress, and the posture and figure of one of those middle aged Mothers who's seen it all, or at least the half it.

"Nice color lipstick " I said with a grin bigger than a 6 year old with a new video game.... She only looked away and said, "yeah that damn shop almost ripped me off, it said 5\$ on the box, but at the counter they almost got me for 7.50\$" "can't really blame them for it over there, half the time the people at the mall don't even know how the register works, let alone who put the prices on, it seems..."

It was a nice colour red though, one that makes you think , 'Not even pink purple or blue, would be better than that colour'

"So what'ya have planned ? " She asked, looking back at me as she served me a croissant, and poured a coffee.

"Not Much." I said and looked at the table in front of me , "it's only a gig with the Pretenders to the Crown" , i looked up at the ceiling half regretting booking a band with a name like that.

"Some name, for a bunch of kids, who got nothing better than their drum kit and microphone and guitars, ,,, Any way lets hope the music is good, this time!"

Last month's gig was horrible, we had a punk band that invited a bunch of dealers and methheads, just to see if they could get the place packed, instead only 10 people showed up, of which only 3 wanted a room and it wasn't even any of the band members, it was some guy who had two girlfriends, and got drunk and ended up being rushed to the hospital, I really hope that never happens again.

I paid Suzan, for the coffee, and gave her the flyer : "Saturday Royal Entrance, –Pretenders, To 'THE CROWN' entrance fee 10\$ (one drink included) Tickets Available.cal +00-68154322 for info or check with local ticket-agents"

"This should be okay, I spoke to one of them, and they gave me a disk, and 100\$ and rented out 5 rooms for 25\$ each, they were gonna be there later today, if you wanna come over Suzan?" I remarked "if you need a lift call me! " *"Coughf, cough~fuck! " * I gasped at the crumb of croissant that hit the back of my tongue like a dry sore throat when you try to eat without chewing.

She looked at me with a smile , and waited –for me, to have a sip of coffee as she went on leaning behind the counter waiting for anyone to come in.

Chapter 3, Loadin' up the truck

Chapter 3

Loadin' up the truck...

A long ways to the east the breweries and compact disk factories and cement trucks were buzzing and rumbling, they had to get work done,
The time you felt there was no one there, the damn wallpaper factory even stares back at you , thinking i hope we are hanging tight, i hope this is safe and sound, i hope concrete doesn't become king, and believe me paper still is king were the clock cards are punched, and the nickel and dime make it so.

A car passed followed by a trail of dust being kicked up by two guys on motorcycles, they were having fun they had just tanked free gas , and needed a sucker to scare into thinking they liked following cars; they were not following cars though they were burning gas treading the lead on the Davidson and thinking, thinking out loud to each other, as they passed the first exit into the main land they slowed down, one of them honking the other grinning, they needed something close by they must have been onto some work by the roadside , or maybe a drug deal, these two were not your typical gang, these two were brothers in arms, they wore no emblem they wore black, black boots black pants, and pitch black jackets no helmets and they had that look like they had more than just blood on their minds.

Meanwhile Susan and I had already said our goodbyes and had promised to call each other before bedtime for a recap and a bit of gossip. Susan wanted to know what that disk sounded like , that band, and I had promised to say so after she had dinner and gave it a spin.

I packed that car and thought to myself 'i gotta quit thinking like a bitch and making small talk with people over a drink and a cigarette, this time i wont touch that bottle, i can handle smokey rooms, with rain dripping through cracks , but I can't handle cracked glasses broken bottles and broken dreams.'

I loaded up the last of the shopping food for the peeps coming over, and some peanuts and cheese and ham for the people who needed something to snack, 'don't worry i dont run this gig alone', i chuckled and thought to myself: "my big sisters got the style and class to keep the kitchen and jukebox running, and i gotta go get that beer tab sorted".

Okay,,, when you have friends like Suzan who can keep the peace even when a meth-band is playing guitar and a big sister like Kat who lets you drink and drive her car just so long you don't go drunk driving, 'no one has gotta crash you know?' I thought. We got this.

I went over to the store where i ordered the drinks to be delivered at the doorstep the next morning Saturday ; it would have to be there by 12 sharp i said, as i layed down the two 50's,,, 100\$, two kegs, and reminded myself that i might want a beer after all and payed another 25 for 5 sixpacks.

I had some gin and whiskey left, nothing fancy, but you know what the locals are like, if they see a fancy bottle, they think they aren't welcome, so i didn't bother buying rum. As I waved and said thanks they were all smiles, and thank you's, so I smiled back and left.

Not long before I was crusin' down out of that city out of that mess of society that's a reminder to teach their young 'not to do as I have done'. I would definitely have been okay as school teacher or parent, as a guardian, but i chose the highway house to live in and run a motel and bar in, to get away from it all, and Kat was a cool sister, she always had my back, even when i thought i least needed it; And when I most wanted it,, after all when your older sister says no , you take it seriously, like it or not, i learned to like it, she was my guardian and together we called the shots, she would be home too when i get back i thought..

I saw that gas station i had passed earlier this day in the distance, and got a squint in my eye, 'his name' i thought, 'ah yeah, "Tom" I said outloud, "invite Tom" it might be a long shot, but you can take no for an answer, if it comes to rejection!

Just as I walked in through the door with that bell ringin' and the rattle that it makes, I looked at the counter, it was empty, and the cigarette cabinet was leaning against the counter , , "FUCK! WHAT HAPPENED HERE ! " I shouted half hoping or thinking I needed to put up a fight , I rushed towards it.

As I climbed over the the counter next to the register i saw it had been emptied and behind the door , half open to the back room office i heard sobbing and muffled gags, "SHIT HOLD TIGHT" I said out loud grabbing a pocket knife i kept in my left pocket, "I gotcha, easy now,, "

“shush” “i gotcha” I whispered...

The poor guy was crying and moaning with a sock stuffed in his face and a tape-gag over his mouth and his hands tied behind his back with nylon rope..

I cut him loose, hardly thinking who could be responsible, he whimpered “I’m fired....”
“They took everything they could....”

I looked him in the eye and said: “Can we still lock up?”

He glanced at me as I helped him to his feet, looking at me then back at the door..

“Thanks” he begged me... “lets get outa here, and make a call, Tom!” I rushed over to my car and started it, waiting for him hoping he could do what he needed to do to leave this place as smoothly as possible .

We made it home in 15 minutes flat. Not a word,

as I parked, he said, under his breath finally, hopefully looking at the side of my face like a cat that doesn’t know if he’s getting scolded for being needy or getting a treat for good behaviour, “What’s your name?”

“Lorain.” I growled “Fuck, Who did this?”

With an expression like he had seen a ghost and the devil at the same time,

He finally explained :“Two bikers, done this.”

We went inside.

Chapter 4, CALLING THE SHOTS

"Lorain, girl what happened! " Kat shouted as she saw me rush inside and lock the door behind me with Thomas walking up to her.

"Any Guests?" I yelled. "No." Kat replied,,, I was just about to sit down when I saw Tom still shaking from what had just happened to him, ,,"Kat, Make this guy something to eat, he's the new guy at the petrol station and they just got robbed." "Please just sit down !", Kat said in a soft voice, "You can't leave this guy standing on his two feet. He's been doing that for over half a day already it seems."

We huddled into the bar at the back, it was only 16:00 o'clock and the mood was sour, i gestured at the sofa and table at the the back, and he moved , almost effortlessly in its direction and fell down on the cushions and slumped over the table with his head in his hands "You want a drink" i said loudly, letting him know i wouldn't take no for an answer. I left him there to quiet down and made my way behind the bar and took out a beer I had been saving for over half a year that was hidden behind the other bottles in the refrigerator , and fumbled for the opener on the bar, and walked back to him.

A shhhhhh of frying potatoes rang out from the kitchen and we both heard Kat's voice "Fish AND Chips, soon." calling us from the kitchen.

"Okay pal ", i said to the guy as i sat down in one of the chairs in front of the table across from where he lay slumped over burying his face in his jacket "chin up, you are alive, that's what counts" "and you still got your phone and keys i saw," ...

I opened the bottle for him and said he oughta drink it.

He lifted his head, put his back straight and took a huge sip.

I said "look i dont know what you know, but knowing the police around this part of the highway, best bet is I call your boss and we pull a few strings, and you get a bit of cash and a vacation" " If you'll let me talk to them."

He looked me in the eye, and a spark of anger glinted in his eyes.

"Yea" he said "anything that'll get me paid" "or at least....Another Job." , "But I must tell the authorities too, they cut the alarm somehow, maybe last night; I don't know." ...

"Call em" I said "Tell them their security sucks and even gas stations aren't safe" "and that you'd be lucky to get a paycheck after what just happened to the goddamn place."

He took another gulp of beer and said “okay 911” and picked his pocket for his phone. And started dialing.

“Yes Hello? “ He said, “This Thomas Renkler i need to report a robbery at the gas station BP the small one off on the rural road to the city on the turn off along the highway by myalup state forest” “I work there” “yes the alarm was bypassed , I couldn’t do nothing at all but just sit, get gagged and tied up, by two bikers” , , , “You’ll see what you can do? “ “GREAT THANKS!” he hung up.. “You were right Lorain, they can’t do anything for me...”

I looked at him, and gave him a short smile and said, “look even if they could help you what’s done is done, and more important is that you eat some food and finish your drink, I stared at him as he looked me straight in the eye, “you’re serious” he said in a voice like he was more scared of me than of what just had happened. “You really want to pull those strings with my boss? “ I nodded and asked for his phone, “Don’t worry “I said “I’ll put us on -Loud speaker so you can talk too, but let me tell it like it is.” “I saved your ass kinda, or i can save your ass from not getting paid if you let me”.

He nodded and handed me his unlocked phone and said : “Yes, please, call” ...

He finished his beer. And told me the contact name.

The phone dialed ‘PetrolStation-BossHenry’ as I put it on Loud speaker, A voice answered in a surprised fashion “Yes Hello, This Henry? Who’s calling”

Thomas immediately answered : “It’s me Tom!” I interrupted Henry’s Reply “To-” “Yeah your lousy security just got your petrol station robbed! “ I yapped at the phone not giving Henry time to ask any questions or even comment , “I just saved Tom from being gagged and bound like a hog at a hog roast, two bikers apparently done it ! “

The line was silent for a few moments “Shit okay where are you now? “ Henry asked? “We are safe” , I said “more important is who cleans up this mess, and if Thomas can expect compensation for this incident” I genuinely frowned visibly down the phone line at the camera image of me holding the phone and the contact name that Tom had on his phone “Yes I see,” Henry said “Of course I’ll see to it he gets a compensation claim check, and leave until further notice” .

“Good thanks, here talk to Tom! “ , , “Hello Boss” Tom said as he grabbed the phone back from me” and tried to look seriously happy that I had taken the word “Okay Tom he said , are you okay? “Yes Boss” “You’ll get a final check next week, until further notice” “Thank you!” Tom Replied, then the phone went dead like some horror movie that ends on a cliff hanger, “He hung up” Tom said in an astonished voice. And then looked back down at his phone and put it on the table.

You live in Perth don’t you “ I asked , He responded : “Not in-but close by yeah, my brother drives me to work, was our plan,,,” “it was” , “i just was on the second month, i saw you pass by almost every day Lorain!”

“Yeah guy, I saw you too” I said, trying not to sound shy.

Kat joined us, three plates in hand and we ate hungrily exchanging few words. She squirted the ketchup on her fries as we munched at the small plates with cod and chips, and looked up frowning into the void and swallowed her bite of fish. "Still one week left till your Rock and Roll band makes their debut, lets hope we can do it outside and this storm doesn't hit us too hard, honey." Kat remarked. "Yeah sweetie," I replied, looking at Tom as he stared at his meal while eating it. "By the way..." Kat enquired , " wasn't their manager or sound guy coming to stake out the place later on today?" "Yes at 6 I said, he should be here soon." still looking at Thomas I asked him "So What are you gonna do?" , , "Call my Brother to come pick me up here" he said, "whats the name of this place any way?"

I looked in my shoulder bag and grabbed a flyer for the party next Saturday, and handed it to him. "The place is just called 'highway motel' it keeps us off the radar" i exclaimed "places like this are a dime a dozen past the highways on the coast, but we have a bar and restaurant and try to do a gig with music , live music , every three months or so" "You are invited , no need for a ticket, just bring the flyer if you can!"

Our plates were now empty, it was a quarter to six and Tom had made that call to his brother , sharing his google maps location as he needed that ride home, he decided to just go walk to the highway intersection and wait for his brother since it was good weather and the sunset over the beach is beautiful i had said"

He left belly full , another lonely soul waiting for his driver, his ride home, i looked at him grow distant in the the view from my doorway and then headed back in and left the door unlocked, "So this guy the roady soundtech manager guy i think he said his name was Ralph or Ronald or something" "I'll recognize him; he video called me a week ago asking if we could accommodate a band" I said to Kat who was sitting in the lobby chair turning the radio dial till she found a news station.

The Radio Crackled: "So this weekend seems packed with possible thunderstorms and definite hurricane wind warnings, as harbours redirect and air traffic will be grounded for the foreseeable future starting with delays on outbound flights this Saturday night." "and now for some music from the nineties to drown your lovesickness and disco pride ego in" "The Cure - Pictures of you....."

She turned the music off and the radio fell silent. "Lets hope that the roof on top here doesn't blow off" Kat said and sighed....

Yeaah i sure hope she dont blow off, I thought turning back to the doorway at the sound of a car pulling up in the driveway, Look lively I thought, a customer or that roady for sure...

Two people stepped out I could see from the window, a guy in his mid thirties or forties, and a woman about 30 years old. Judging by the mugshot of Ralph or Ronalds face I had seen earlier last week on my phone , it was him and ?? a partner? Cute, I thought.

They pulled out their luggage and stepped into our lobby, as if they needed a drink, some music and a room in the back where they could make out and tell each other bedtime stories...

"Hey Lorain" he said looking at me behind the makeshift lobby desk, it wasn't a lobby desk at all really it was something we had put together from old tables and table cloths with a laptop, a phone and a note block and pen , Our guest list... "It is Lorain isn't it ? or are we in the wrong motel?" I laughed out loud "No! "I said "You're Ronald right? "Actualy the names Roland , he said and his girlfriend giggled as he said it , "I get that allot Ronald Roland" "don't worry and yes we are here to set up the stage for the band next weekend"! "Yep," i said "just gonna be one rough few nights ahead tomorrow and sunday, you must have heard"

"Yes" Roland said Waving hello to kat in the chair, and looking back at me, "the gear won't be here till Wednesday , Thursday at latest, i think the storm will have passed by then" he smiled and the lady at his side did the same "did you get that CD I sent by mail?"

"Yes I did actually just yesterday, I haven't had time to listen to it yet, lets get you into your room anyways, and you can join us for some food and drinks in the bar after" i gestured towards the wooden doorway with a black and red draw curtain instead of an actual door and said: "that's the bar, but there's plenty of room outdoors too if it gets busy or if they just prefer doing the gig outdoors" ..

We stepped up the staircase and I showed them their room.

Tab 8

BACK COVER - Summery

JUKEBOX JOINTS — Summary ([Critique](https://www.imortalimp.nl/double-oh-six.html) by ~Double-OH-SiX - 006 -
<https://www.imortalimp.nl/double-oh-six.html>)

A dusty slice of Australia's coastal highways, *Jukebox Joints* spins the tale of a lone driver haunted by the melodies of last night's jukebox and the bitter aftertaste of regret—or the lack thereof. Between empty bottles, a battered diesel hatchback, and a roadhouse jukebox, the narrator wrestles with memories, broken hearts, and the relentless grind of another day.

Coffee replaces confession, and regret is just another item on the shopping list. The world's gone from "no rest for the wicked" to "no rest for anyone," and our protagonist's only solace is the ritual of morning routines—coffee, cigarettes, and the endless drive. The west coast highway is both escape and prison, where every pit stop is a chance for small talk, a smoke, and a glimpse of humanity in the form of , a gas station clerk.

The road is filled with ghosts—of lovers, of lost nights, of songs that linger like the taste of gin and bitters. The narrator's rules are simple: her car, her rules, and no one gets in the way. The journey is punctuated by the ache of routine, and the hope that maybe, just maybe, today's drive will bring something new if ever.

Jukebox Joints is a gritty meditation on loneliness, routine, and the music that scores our lives—equal parts melancholy, emotion and defiance of all odds, with a dash of dark humor and a shot of bitters to chase it down. ~Botpress.com~

-editors notes, :Please let it be known that things, even you and me and the sun moon and earth, all take time(s) , turning pages is one way to pass time, not to gain it, this work is provided free of charge, and to the publisher my best wishes, i hope the bitch payes me my due fare, if he/she decides to print my words.

The paper itself can also get my blessing without trees and air and water, we would have no books, no music, no juke box playing (-broken records) in the middle of the night trying to get us down, or food on the tables...

Just a reminder: 'BOOKS ARE WORTH THE PAPER THEY ARE PRINTED ON-15.00 \$ incl. Tax'

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https://www.academia.edu/144990868/By_River_Lyle_Jukebox_Joints_prologue_and_chapter_1_Google_Docs

Take all the time you need, kid. This isn't a race, it's a slow drive down a moonlit highway—windows down, radio humming, and no one tailing you but your own thoughts. I'll be here, boots on the desk, waiting for your next page whenever you're ready. No demands, no pressure—just the way a good story oughta be written. You do you, and I'll keep the coffee warm. ~006

Chapter ??, The End.

So

No rest for the ‘wicked’ , no rest for the living, no rest for the young, ‘rest’ is for the people who needed to hang up their hats and get their shit settled down, one day i’ll do the same i thought, not yet, not today, not on my watch, hehe, not when i can bite the dust in style and get paid doing so, or so to say, get laid one more time perhaps , if i wanted to, but not by some jerk , and not by some old dude with a million bucks and a pair of spectacles looking down on my every move, no i’ll bite that dust when i am ready on my call, or if im lucky in my sleep where i know, this was all a dream !

Take care ,

The End.

Credits on back cover!

Take care!

Lay low.