

Last Guys Finish Nice

"I want her man," said Athol.

Athol was standing under the awning of a dive bar. He was next to his friend Steenie. They both stood there, hunched somewhat close together. It was raining, not just for dramatic effect, but there was a nasty low-pressure system moving in from the Aleutians.

"They said we could see winds of forty to seventy miles an hour," said Steenie. "Dam low-pressure system..."

Athol watched as Steenie took the second to last drag of his cigarette, finished his thought, and pronounced the verbal articulation of it, all at the same time. He stared into Steenie, awaiting a response.

"What?" said Steenie.

"What do you mean 'what?'" replied Athol.

Steenie took a deep breath. Then, he took a silent pause. It seemed like he was conjuring wisdom from depths not known to such young adults.

"You want her, yes, I know you do..." said Steenie.

He quickly looked up towards the moon, "Man! ... forget about her! I mean... I get it, I get it..." said Steenie.

"You DO know it's solely infatuation right?"

"Wha..?" replied Athol, he gazed into Steenie confusedly.

"Infatuation. You are you totally just infatuated by her," said Steenie.

Athol continued to gawk perplexed.

Steenie classically rolled his eyes and laughed to himself. He turned around and peered into the bar through the window they were standing in front of. It was tinted and he could barely make out any of the faces in the bar. Yet, there she was. The one Athol was hooked on. He had made eye contact with her earlier in the night, from across the bar; the entire length of the room. The way the bar was situated, it placed her basically in one corner and Athol in the opposite one, and, they made eye contact from that distance, the furthest distance possible.

"She is very very beautiful..." said Steenie.

Athol's facial expression instantaneously reverted upwards in towards a smile.

"Uhh... yeah."

Steenie's face went semi-blank.

They stood there together for a moment or two.

"Alright, gotta' get back in there," said Athol as he padded Steenie on his somewhat puffy jacket shoulder. Steenie pulled out another cigarette and smoked it. As he was about to flick the butt toward the street corner and head back inside, Athol and his *Goal* walked out of the front door. Athol got laid that night. Steenie didn't.