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First things first, is this a bed. Yes. Is it my bed? ... Yes, yes it is. Is this my room? Thank god. Now what could possibly have happened last night.

My arm has so many stamps it looks like the tattoo sleeve of a chick who's really into photography. I can make out Joe's Apartment & Republic.

Ok. Do I still have my check? Rolled in a ball in my left pocket. Good. Exactly where I left it. Any tips left? ... thirty four cents. Thought I'd have less. ID also in left wallet. Sleeping on phone. And one headphone in ear. Might have a brain hemorrhage.

OK, sorry, let's get on track here; this is all coming back in a flurry-like, really shitty cathartic cacophony of recollections and memory drips. If you don't know what tips are. Tips is like this.

It's money that you make, that they give to you immediately. No holds, no waits, no fraud checks. So it's like your fuck it and blow it money. Tips ain't somethin' you use to buy ya niece somethin' for her birthday. Tip money is for throwin' at hoes in strip clubs. Buyin' MDMA from a bunch of Asians whose number you got from your shadiest friend isn't check money. That ain't gross income. That's tip money. Believe it, I bought some dirty, bogus shit with my tip out. Self incriminating shit.

Gross, what is this in my back pock... Aw yeah! Donair Town! Yo, they got the ILLEST Gyros on the strip with fixings for epochs. Hellenistic. And only five bucks, SQUARE. And by the way, why's that other dude down the road allowed to have that "Falafel Town" title? What streets you runnin' b? What village you got locked down? Yo, anyone goin' to war for Falafel Town: we got words. Letter to the editor type shit. State ya name and number when you write in. Matter fact, you might as well come see me. I stays at Helmken. Ask around. Spoons can vouch for me. I'll put you on front street like the Kingsway strip. Seriously, those places have to be drug fronts. Vacuum repairs? How the demand for vacuums that of such that an entire store must be dedicated to fixing them. How they makin' rent? But anyway why everyone clamoring about pizza at the end of the night when they got a god-damn SEASONED MEAT outlet just down thewalk... And you rockin' with pizza b? The opium of the plastered? Aiight, do you man. So shout out to Donair Town. Highly recommended. It's easy to steal drinks there too, nobody's ever paying attention. I probably shouldn't eat this still.

Ug. I'm pretty sure I was wondering where I was sleeping in my dream. So I could've at least rest assured. Damn. I was so hammered last night I think I was drunk IN my dream. Something about being in a grocery store with my old schoolbus driver. Or did that actually happen? K. Whatever you do. Don't check text messages. Or bank account history. Man, they gotta make an app that makes you take a breathalyzer before you be textin'. Actually, no they shouldn't don't steal that idea motherfuckers. That's mine. You saw it here first. Don't edit that idea out you bitch ass editor. Texting and drinking has caused far more tragedy and heartbreak than texting and driving. Not even close. Now where did these phantom bruises come from? Yo, shout out to phantom bruises. They're usually a good indicator of the amount of fun you had the night prior. Or impending battery charges.

Ok. Must remember. Would any of these phone numbers on my arm lead anywhere? ... probably to a broken life. So I can wager that I was at a club last night, equivocation' it up with some meretricious ass hoes. Right. Already established. Joe's Apartment.

How did I end up over there... I remember it having a dope upstairs region, pretty memorable in the sense it's the only thing I remembered. Now, I do remember them having a high cover...

And usually if it's over \$10 I walk off like a pitcher after a third out to end the inning and K.I.M. Some of us be livin' GST check to check. But they have pretty regular industry nights, and at least industry night is the one benefit of working in the industry. Shout out to no cover. And to those of you already reading not in the industry, let me explain. Thank yourself. Thank your god. Hug your children and kiss your wife. Breathe the beautiful fresh dewy air of freedom. Live your life to the fullest you dear, dear ignorant fuck.

Now I remember before that somewhat ditching the hell out of my girlfriend. To be fair though, she was being a total bitch, being all laconic in verbiage and shit and just generally bringing the night down, to which the entire group agreed. And we might not have waited for her when the cabs came. But it's not like she was alone or anything. I left her with that annoying little simp kid that'll do anything for her. He'd do anything to mash potatoes.

Good luck, chump!

So I think the name of that place we left her was like LED or Caprice or something. Good place to dump somebody off at. Or dump something off in somebody. Lotta whores there is what I'm sayin'. I also do recall there being a black guy in the bathroom with ballin' colognes. I do hope he was fully licensed and hired by the club though. And not just some random lunatic hobo giving out hand soap and myiasis. Anyway, good flower- chicks there too. Those manipulative lechers feasting on the weaknesses of reprobates. Get your money wenches. Oh, shit, I totally bought myself a rose.

Before that was... I got a flier in my bed from The Cobalt. Oh shit, we went to The Cobalt. That's right! Great place. They

played "93 till Infinity" and sell cheap wine. Lots of ignorant shit bound to happen there. Real casual, anarchist vibe, being that you're in a cellar. It felt like we were in Hitler's bunker. Which I remember saying because I was calling my girlfriend Eva Braun and telling her to drink poison and shoot me. This is when she got all "ellipsis" on me (period-y, bromide!) and started up about being tired. But that's for another, more libelous column. I'll email it to you if you ask me. And pics.

Then I do vaguely remember drinking 40oz's in an alley down Helmken Street. Big ups to all my Helmken fam and peoples. All my ghouls and goblins. They got a nice couple of alleyways, safe for micturating, and generally safe from being strangled to death. I mean sure, there's some unscrupulous folks who hang around there, dubious fellows like Dunny the dust-slinger, but there's a little Dunny in all of us, really. Just trying' to get by and stack that paper. To blow on more dust. Or use to roll and sniff said dust. But who am I to judge. I bought two bags. Not entirely sure what it is but believe me, at 2am after the bars close out, you can sell anything to anyone.

I'm fairly certain they played Deadmau5 at every club I went to last night. I don't even care though. That "Strobe" shit is damn near fuckin' "Bolero" by Ravel. That's my jam right there.

Before that even, I remember... Roxy. Or Roxy Burger. I can't remember if I was clubbing with hamburgers or not... I vaguely remember bringing burgers into The Roxy. Service is great. They accept Dispensary Cards as second pieces of ID. My ex- roommate hooked us up and got us right in. I say "ex" because I'm pretty sure, now that it's all coming back to me, I got her fired for stealing hamburgers and look, rent's due on the first and that's all there is to say about that really. Lotta broke and sad chicks there. I mean this is comin' from a guy livin' on a couch in a friend's dining room, but I put on for my dining room. What you know about ceramic miniature vases?

My inoffensive ubiquitous picture-frames of oceans and rose gardens game is tight, yo. Fine China STAYS in my spot!

And, oh yeah, as it always does, the night started off at The Cambie. Is it just me or does the Cambie remind you of an Inn in an RPG? Ask for a Phoenix Down, get a shot, ask around for some Hi-Potion, get some coke. But that's just basic drug vernacular. We fought it out for a table with this group I swear to god I was going to go to war with. We had mad feelers making the rounds too. But that shit gets impassioned quick. I could hear mad clarion calls in the air. I was dead-ass ready to throw down with some chick at a table who "claimed" she was there already and "claimed" that she was "only drinking water" because she was "barely 3 months pregnant" and "there for a friend's birthday" when I tried to sell her MDMA. Look, this isn't Ecstasy we're talking about. This is safe! Besides, it's only 3 months. What damage could it do? I mean MP Potion. That's what it's called, right? Anyway, after finding a seat, I remembered that this is also affiliated with a hostel, which explained the air of indegyny. I swear on everything there was a vagrant in the corner playing spoons and another transient playing a leitmotif of derelict-harmonica blues to a bunch of fucked up itinerants. At least I think so. I'm not racist, but I can't tell the difference between a hobo and a hipster. I also remember picking up/finding a nice pair of horse shampoo and conditioner there. Which is perfect because I'd been using soap the past week and was running out of that too. And not too stoked on moving on to rocks either.

Now what were we doing before that? We had to have come from somewhere, and I'm out of stamps on my arms, and-

My engagement party.

Ah!At well least. I didn't get her a present anyway.

And for her birthday, I fucked her in the GIRL'S bathroom this time!

~ Andrew