

You know how things just pop in your mind from time to time that just make you crack up ? You could be doing anything. Working. Working out. Talking to someone. Eating. When all of the sudden it hits you. Some moment from your past.

I don't know what triggered it, but all of the sudden I was remembering the last time I got into a fight. A fight where real punches were thrown. It was hysterical....

It probably was 15 years ago. I was in Dallas and we went down to the West End. A part of town that at the time had some fun bars and places to hang out.

It was about 4pm or so. I was with my buddies Ron and Scott and we were getting an early start on happy hour. We pulled up to what I remember as a bar with bar stools that looked out on the open court of the Mall area of the building. Me, Scott, Ron at the corner of the bar. I was sitting, they were standing.

Just off to the side where I guess the Mall part started, there was one of those old recording booths. You remember those booths they would have around malls where you could go in and basically do your own personal karaoke and they would record it and give you a tape of it ?

Well to our delight, there was a guy in one of the booths who decided he was going to sing and record Elvis tunes. Not only was he going to sing Elvis tunes, but he decided he needed to keep the door to the booth open so that a couple girls sitting by us could watch him sing.

As I remember it, he wasn't that bad. But he was playing to these girls in a big way. Which we had no problem with. In fact we thought it was hysterical. The more he sang and tried to impress these women with his Elvis voice and his Elvis facial contortions, the more we laughed. The longer he went , the more we couldn't stop laughing.

Then it happened.

No, he didnt run out and throw a punch. I remember it vividly. He turned his attention away from the girls and looked directly at me and sang to me: "I challenge you to a sing off, I challenge you to a sing off "

Yep, the guy singing Elvis in the cassette tape recording booth was looking me right in the eye, giving me the crooked lip and singing an Elvis singoff challenge to me. We couldn't help ourselves. We were laughing so hard we were near convulsions. Then it happened.

There was a guy sitting to my right that I hadn't really noticed. I guess I glanced over towards him to see if he was laughing as hard as we were. He wasn't. What he was doing was in the process of standing and throwing a punch (i couldnt tell if it were jab, roundhouse or ?). The dude sucker-punched me. While i was laughing my ass off. Right in the midst of an Elvis Singoff Challenge.

My buddy Ron saw it coming before I did and was up and pushed him back off balance just enough for me to stand and start throwing those wild bar fight type punches. All the while we are still laughing trying to figure out what was going on.

Im swinging. Im laughing. Ron and Scott are laughing. I remember landing a punch and him stumbling but not going down. He had to be pissed that some guy was laughing and hitting him at the same time

It probably wasnt 30 seconds into it that the Cops showed up and had pulled me away.. At which point having to explain to the cops what had just happened caused us all to start laughing again.

Turns out the guy who suckerpunched me was a buddy of the guy singing. I guess he took his Elvis far more seriously than we did.

At the suggestion of the Police Officers, who by that time were trying not to laugh, the 3 of us left via the back elevator...

And here i sit years later , with a big smile on my face, memorializing my last fist fight