Spotting the myriad of empty glasses decorating their table, I walk, no, slide over to them, courtesy of the alcohol-slick floors. With my customer-friendly smile slapped in place, I poise my pen and notepad to take what I can guess is an order consisting of beer, beer, and more beer. What can I get you?

Eight pairs of glassy eyes slide towards me, and I shift under the sudden onslaught of attention. Specifically, the male attention. Two of them are smiling politely, clearly the poster-children nice guys of the group. Another few are finding the v-shaped dip in my tank a hell of a lot more interesting than my face, and I am resisting the urge to snap my fingers and pull a my eyes are up here, buddy move. And one is... unnerving.