

Larry and Tommy Meet Bobbi Brite
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10:30pm

After the Black Hawks overtime loss to the Red Wings, Larry and Tommy stopped at the Center Ice Pub to wash away their frustrations. Larry rubbed his hands, blowing on them as he surveyed the smoke-filled room for an open seat. He followed Tommy's pointing finger to the bar and saw an opening. They wove their way through the lamenting fans and Larry wedged himself sideways between a burly chap and a young girl with jet black hair pulled back into a ponytail - a real pony tail, one that perked up and curved down, with the tips of her hair flipping outward.

Larry waved at the bartender who sidled down the bar. "What'll you have?" He asked, as he wiped down the bar top in front of Larry.

Larry held up two fingers. "Two Buds in bottles."

Bam. Larry glanced at the young lady beside him after she slammed an empty shot glass on the bar. He watched her pick up a mug of draft beer and drink it down in one draw. He shook his head and smiled when she licked the foam from her upper lip and belched closed mouthed, cheeks puffing out.

"Tough game tonight, eh." He said.

She looked over at him. "They're bums. Tonya Harding hits harder than those clowns."

"Yeah, yeah, they're a bunch of door mats, all right." Larry handed Tommy his beer and took a swig from his. "You're a big fan, huh?" He stared at her ear ring, a large diamond with a tear drop shaped diamond dangling below it.

She gave the bartender a one more round, finger. "Not really. I just like the jersey."

Larry turned his head to see what she was looking at when she said that and saw two jet black pools staring at him in the mirror behind the bar. "I'm Larry." He said to her reflection. "That's Tommy." He hitched his thumb behind him at Tommy. After the bartender set her round down, Larry watched her toss the shot down, slam the glass on bar top and swill down another mug of beer. He gave a slight chuckle as she ran her tongue over her upper lip and belched softly. "What's your name?"

She sat unmoved for a moment, starring at Larry's reflection in the mirror, as if analyzing whether he was worthy of an answer. "Buy me a drink and I might tell ya." She finally said.

"What are you drinking?" Larry said.

"Royal Crown and a draft of Killians." She continued watching him in the mirror.

Larry held up three fingers. "Barkeep, give us three of what she's having."

The bartender looked at the girl and winked.

The couple, sitting on the other side of her, left. Tommy climbed on the stool beside her and nodded at her face in the mirror. She flashed a mocking smile at him.

When their drinks arrived, Larry raised his shot glass. "To new friends." He gulped the Royal Crown shot down, grimaced and slammed the glass on the bar. The girl and Tommy followed his lead.

"Bobbi, with an I." She said, then drank down the mug of beer, licked her upper lip and belched.

"What?" Larry asked, his mug of beer raised halfway to his mouth.

"My name is Bobbi. It's spelled with an I. Bobbi Brite."

Larry and Tommy chugged their beers down, licked their lips and belched. "Glad to meet you Bobbi Brite." Said Larry.

Tommy nodded and said, "Hey."

"You guys wanna hear a funny story" Bobbi looked up at Larry.

"Sure." Both men replied.

"Buy us another round. I have to go pee." She said.

The young men watched Bobbi, in her tight blue jeans, sashay her way through the crowd to the back of the bar. Larry slapped Tommy's shoulder with the back of his hand. "Man, is she hot or what?"

“Oh, yeah, and she is going to get slammed drinking this crap.” Tommy shook his head and wrenched his mouth into a scowl as he looked over at Larry and saw him wobble his eyebrows up and down, wearing a goofy grin.

When she returned, Bobbi sucked down the shot, slammed the glass and drank the mug of beer down, licked the foam from her lip and belched. When Larry and Tommy finished their drinks, she spun out a bawdy tale that had both of them, and four or five others within earshot, doubled over in stitches.

“Man that was funny.” Larry gasped for a breath.

Her delivery was impeccable.

1:35am

Only five post game revelers remained in the pub and they all sat at the bar with Bobbi and the boys. Bobbi said. “Order us another round and I'll tell you another story.”

Larry's knees buckled, then snapped reflexively back into place. He squinted to bring the two Bobbi's he was seeing back into one. “Ok.” He waved a floppy hand at the bartender.

“What about him?” The bartender lifted the rag he was holding in the direction of Tommy. He lay motionless, his face planted on the bar top.

“Yeah, yeah, get him one.” Larry reached across Bobbi and shook Tommy. “Man up, big guy. Nother round comin.”

Tommy muttered something unintelligible.

Bobbi picked up the refilled shot glass, downed it and slammed it on the bar. After she finished her beer and belched loudly she began. “There was this man.....

And that's where Larry's memory blinked off.

6:50am

The sound waves given off by the loud click of a door shutting, then the pit pat of bare feet walking on tile banged against the tympanic membrane of Larry's ears sending a

neural poke to his brain causing his eyes to open to a slit. For a moment, he stared up at a pinkish glow. This added stimulant stirred the neural cauldron, forming a single thought. *What the hell?*

The flush of a distant toilet, like a reset button, began unjumbling the cranial mess and the fog began to peel away. When Larry heard the pit pat of bare feet again, he craned his head in the direction of the sound and saw this tall slender apparition, in a mid-thigh length Black Hawk jersey, glide behind the wall of a large archway.

Rolling onto his side, Larry pushed himself up to a sitting position. He looked down and saw a sheet covering his legs. To his right he saw a form covered by a pink sheet with yellow and blue flowers. Larry pinched the edge of the sheet between his finger and thumb and peeled it back. "Jesus, Tommy, wake up."

Larry pulled the sheet off Tommy and saw that he wore only his briefs. "Wake up, Tommy, wake up." He shook him until he received a painful groan. As he panned around what seemed to be an unfamiliar living room he said. "Where da hell are we, Tommy?"

Tommy raised his head and turned it toward the voice calling out his name.

Now on his knees, Larry winced when Tommy blinked his eyes open. "Jesus, Tommy, look at your eyes." He was sure they would immediately begin dripping blood.

Tommy pushed up onto his knees and hands. His head bobbed and his torso lurched to and fro to remain upright.

"Where are your clothes, Tommy?" Larry saw no clothing anywhere in the room.

The apparition reappeared, carrying a bowl and glass of orange juice, humming a cheerful tune. Then, it stopped and turned toward Larry and began laughing. Shaking her head, she disappeared beyond the archway.

"Hey." Larry stood up on wobbly legs. "Hey, don't walk away. Tommy, that's the chick from the bar."

"I heard that." He heard calling back from the hallway. "Names Bobbi, with an I."

"Yeah, yeah, Bobbi. Where are we? How'd we get here?" Larry struggled to stop the palsy shivering throughout his body.

Bobbi walked back into the archway holding the bowl. She pointed the spoon at Larry. "The sheet, please."

Larry threw his arms upward. “What?”

She pointed the spoon again. He looked down and saw that he didn't have a stitch of clothing on from the waist down. “Ahhh, what da hell.” He scrambled and snatched the canary yellow sheet off the floor. Holding it in front of him, he asked. “Where are my clothes?”

Pointing the spoon, she said. “In the laundry room down the hall, just beyond the kitchen.”

Larry threw his right hand out, palm up, grasping for an answer, his mouth soundlessly repeating. “What, what?”

She smiled at him. “After you pissed your pants and your boy, Tommy there, barfed all down the front of himself this morning, I thought you might be too drunk to drive. So, I drove you and your car to my place, cleaned you up and tucked you in bed.”

Larry squinted at her as he tried to process what she had just said. Tommy moaned, still on his hands and knees, his head bowed and wobbling.

“There’s natural yogurt and orange juice in the fridge if you’re hungry.” Bobbi scooped a table spoon of yogurt from the bowl and shoved it in her mouth, then licked her lip.

“Yack!” Larry turned his head away and bent over. “Yack!” He held up his palm to fend off the vision, dry heaving again and again.

“You throw up, you clean it up.” Bobbi said. “You guys get dressed and head out. I have to go to work in forty-five minutes.”

7:45am

Bobbi put on her helmet, straddled her bike and punched the door opener. She pushed off with her toes and the bike glided out of the garage, stopping in front of Larry's car. She hit the door opener again and waited for the door to close. Two lifeless faces, eyes wide open, stared blankly out the wind shield. She waved her hand to get their attention, but neither seemed to notice her. Bobbi gave a slight push and locked in her riding shoes. As she rolled by the car she slapped the roof hard and rode off.

Larry ducked. “What da hell.”

To be continued,maybe.