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## Time for Work

The afternoon light came in strongly through the bedroom window.

“Hey, Stevie! It’s 2:30. Better get up. You’ve got to be at work in just over an hour!”

Steve Zarate turned over in bed and looked towards where the voice was coming from. His eyes slowly opened to see his roommate Arnie standing over him and pulling on his arm.

“Leave me alone,” said the shape lying on the bed, though not very clearly.



“Let’s go, Stevie. You’ve got to get up. I’m leaving now. My **shift** starts at 3:00.”

“Right. I’m getting up,” Steve said, doing his best to come to life.

“Last call, man. I’m leaving. Don’t go back to sleep.”

With that, the young man heard the front door close as his roommate left for work. He reached over and picked up his phone and checked the time. Arnie was right. He needed to get up and get ready for work. But all he wanted to do was sleep.

He remained there lying on the bed for a few more minutes, trying to remember details from the night before. He, Arnie, and some friends had stayed in Fahey’s—the restaurant where he and Arnie both worked—until the early hours of the morning, drinking, telling stories and talking sports. He couldn’t remember too much, but he was sure it had been fun. It always was.

Now, though, it was a new day and time to prepare for a new shift. He worked the 4:00 to 12:00 shift as a **busboy** and **dishwasher**. Arnie had a better job—**prep cook**—and made better money, but Steve was happy with his position. He was 19 years old—almost 20—and right now didn’t care too much about his future. He just wanted to enjoy his life. The future would take care of itself.

He cleaned himself up and made a cup of coffee. He always ate once he got to work. That was one of the **perks** of working in a restaurant: free meals. As he drank his coffee, he sat down and looked over the sports section of the Cleveland newspaper. Good news—the Cleveland Indians had won once again and remained in first place. He had great hope for their future, but was always prepared for the worst. Years of experience had prepared him.

It was now early May and the team was winning, but by August and September they would be losing, just like they did every year.

He checked the time once again and decided he'd better get going. He pulled on his blue Fahey's T-shirt that served as his **uniform** and headed out the front door. Once on the street, he turned to his left and made his way towards Fahey's, just a 10-minute walk away.

His and Arnie's apartment was in a section of town known as The Flats. There were two parts of The Flats, one on either side of the Cuyahoga River. The area where he lived was older, poorer and less developed. Working class was how many would describe it. This was where Steve was walking now, past many closed shops that would never open again and past many parked cars that hadn't been driven in years. He had grown up in an area like this and felt at home here. In the future, he figured, he would buy a home in an area similar to this as well.



Now he was crossing the river to the other side of The Flats. This section was full of nice restaurants—like Fahey’s—and newer, more expensive office buildings, apartment buildings, and music clubs. Everything seemed cleaner here; the air almost seemed fresher. This area was closer to downtown, so many lawyers, **accountants**, and office workers would walk down for lunch or stop by for a drink after work. It was a popular place and with good reason. People had fun in The Flats.

After another minute or two, Steve saw the big green Fahey’s sign before him at the end of the street. He had always liked the look of the place and was happy to be working there. As he approached the front door, he noticed the outdoor section of the restaurant had quite a few customers enjoying the spring afternoon and the river views. This was also where he and his friends had enjoyed themselves the night before. In fact, it was where he had enjoyed most of his after-work evenings since coming to Fahey’s. “See you at midnight,” he said to himself as he entered the front door of the restaurant.

