Life On The Rocks Essay, Research Paper

Life On The Rocks

Yah, I?ll have a vodka on the rocks,

Who does she think she is, she can?t survive without me, what the \*censored\*?s the big deal anyway so I have a few drinks every night. Oh, well it?s her tough luck, I?m not going to stop coming here after work with my buddies every night so I can spend more ?quality? time with her and Alex. How old is he anyway, thirteen, fourteen, I should be bringing him here with me for goodness sake.

If she wants to kick me out well fine! An ugly bitch like her won?t find anyone knew anyway. Harry over here is a drunken bastard, Vanessa should see him each night rolling around in his own puke, but does his wife say anything? No, she wouldn?t dare. We?re men, it?s our choice and if we want to have just a little fun at night we should be bloody well able to. If our wives don?t like it they should just keep their mouth shut. But no Vanessa prefers to ramble on each night about some bull\*censored\* that Alex is afraid of me. I?m just trying to toughen him up like my father did for me and then she brings up our financial situation and how our money is going to waste blah blah blah. Women and money just don?t mix.

Ya I?ll have another one, same thing.

I can?t believe she wants me to go to AA meetings she knows how much I hated them when I was forced to go for getting caught driving slightly under the influence. Plus it?s not like I have a problem. Let alone one were I need to go to the basement of some church, to discuss my problems with some monotone psychology student who is just there to build up credits towards a degree. And I don?t particularly feel like being included in a circle of alcoholics and one kid who tries to understand us all at the same time. Like anyone would even come close to grasping what it?s like to have grown up in the poor house, with a real boozer for a father and to have had to struggle for an education, by working night shift at a cement plant.

Now with my stressful job a few drinks a night just loosens me up, I don?t think Vanessa would like it very much if I came home each night at 7:00 acting like an uptight ass hole. I think I might as well forget everything for now and let Vanessa come to her senses. I?m not the one with the problem now, she is. No job, no money, she?ll come running back to me. In the meantime I?ll just live with Marco, he drinks just as much as I do and has an extra room, it will be like university all over again. And if I did have a problem, I could stop drinking easily, I just don?t want to yet.

No, No don?t close my tab I?ll have another, actually make it a Jack Daniels this time and get one for my buddy Harry over there while you’re at it.