

Big Boys do Cry

It was another of those hot & humid July days that made me decide to cruise by the 210 Tavern to see if any of the guys were there having a cold one. Seems like either the weather is getting hotter, or I'm just getting thirstier, but there are more summer days when stopping by the old 210 just seems like a good idea.

As I pulled into the parking lot, I noticed most of the guys were there: DQ, Quick Vic, Digger, Pete the Postmaster. As I walked in I was greeted with a muffled "Hi Wade" from Digger. Quite unusual, because most times I'm greeted with a boisterous "Hey Wade!" from the whole gang. Not today though. Not only that was strange, but I noticed a distinct 'sobbing' noise coming from around the bar and Sweet Amy was no where around.

I cheerfully inquired, "Hey guys, what happened? Sweet Amy die?"

"No, worse than that." Digger sobbed.

"Wow, this could be serious", I thought.

I sat down between Digger and DQ. One source of the sobbing was coming from DQ. I asked, "What's going on DQ? Lose your dog or your wife?" Then I quickly said, laughingly, "no, musta been your dog, otherwise you wouldn't be cryin"

"Nope", said he, soberly "Amy got a new truck", he sobbed again.

"I don't understand, Amy got a new truck and your're sobbing? Are you shedding tears of happiness?" I responded.

Pete chimed in, "No Wade, you don't understand. AMY got a NEW truck!"

Then it hit me and I immediately sat down. "You mean Spike is history"

"Yes" everyone chimed in.

(Authors note: when Amy trades in a husband, she also trades in her truck or maybe its the other way around, when Amy trades in her truck, she also trades in her husband. I can't remember what happens first.)

"Oh, that's too bad, but, lets face it, what's bad for Amy's husbands is good for GM", I responded, hoping to get a chuckle out of everyone. My attempts at humor obviously failed as the sobbing only got louder.

So waxing philosophically I said, "Well, that's too bad. I really liked Spike and I had hoped that the 6th marriage would have been the charm". But we've been through this

before and we'll probably like the next guy just as much as Spike." I continued, "I guess you guys must have liked Spike more than I did to be taking it this hard".

"That's not why were crying", sobbed Quick Vic.

Then it hit me, "Oh, now I get it, you all lost the 'How long will Spike be around' pool. Hey, maybe I won! What was the winning Year, Month, Day & Time?" I asked as I reached into my wallet to pull out my tickets.

Pete the Postmaster, the only one smiling, piped up, "You didn't win Wade. I did. I got the year and the month. Shoulda bought a lotto ticket too. Anyway, they're not crying because they lost the pool, they're crying because Amy sold the Ol' 210"

I was stunned.

"Look around", sobbed DQ.

For the first time in years I slowly glanced around the 210. It had become so familiar that one just walked in and never noticed subtle changes over the years.

I hadn't cried before, but I was about to break down. First off, the waitress behind the bar was unfamiliar & wearing a uniform. There in the Moose Corner instead of the moose was a huge green Plant; in the Bear corner was a huge green Fern. Curtains were on the windows, table cloths covered the tables & the place had been painted. Then suddenly I realized what had happened. My worst fears had been realized. I broke down completely and I put my head in my hands. "My God, My God", I cried, "the 210 Tavern is now a fern bar! Who the heck bought this place, Martha Stewart."

As I sobbed, I asked casually, "Why did Amy dump Spike? Did he miss one too many turkeys?"

For the first time since my entrance, the guys stopped sobbing long enough to shout in unison, "Who cares, the 210 is now a fern bar!!"

As Digger so eloquently put it, "Spike can be replaced, the 210 can't"

"And no more free beer for me", I silently thought.

Two months later, just relating this story has caused me to start sobbing again so I can't go on.

Till next time
Wade

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