

# Time and Place

a cultural quarterly



We are all of a particular time and place. The space we occupy influences who we are, what we think, how we act, re-act, and what we create. **Time and Place** is about capturing the creativity of a particular moment of the artist's life.

If you wish to contribute a piece to **TIME AND PLACE**:

There are no restrictions as to subject matter or content (the right not to accept a contribution is reserved, mind you.) Each contribution must have an accompanying paragraph detailing the significance of the time and place you were in when the piece was inspired, created, formed, birthed, or otherwise captured, along with a brief biography.

Copyright remains with the artist or writer.

Please send your submissions to:

[ninthfloorpress@gmail.com](mailto:ninthfloorpress@gmail.com)

Please submit only one item for consideration. Multiple submissions will not be considered.

Contribution guidelines:

Writing: Words of any type (prose, poetry, fiction, non-fiction,) no more than 700.

Art: Acceptable formats are PC compatible (.tif, hi-res .jpg, .pdf., 300 dpi.)

Photography: Colour, Black and White (.tif, hi-res .jpg, .pdf., 300 dpi.)

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*Layout/Design: Nancy Benoy*

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# **TIME AND PLACE**

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*Elva Raymond*

## **Patrick Stewart**

Patrick Stewart is everywhere - He is you know, I saw him there

On the TV.

When I least expect it, he appears to me.

Melodious English from a Captain's chair

Patrick Stewart is everywhere.

Patrick Stewart is everywhere - That voice it follows me, I swear

From computer to the radio

To the movie screen.

It doesn't matter what he wears

Patrick Stewart is everywhere.

It doesn't matter - he's seen everything

It doesn't matter - he's seen it all.

Patrick Stewart is everywhere - He's a Knight of the Realm

And he has chest hair - believe it.

Women swoon for him when he takes command.

He's a media icon and so debonair

Patrick Stewart is everywhere.

In 1994, it seemed as if British actor Patrick Stewart was everywhere. I wrote a little song about it and performed it here and there at open mike nights. Recently, I dug it back out, changed some of the lyrics to reflect changes in Sir Patrick's life and decided to play it again.

*Elva Raymond is a somewhat hermit-y person. She loves music, art and words.*

*Brian Hovsepian*

# King and Dundurn



Metal rubber glass squelch race honk “Hey!” Fist Middle  
Finger Wave

Prefabricated steel fibreglass plastic window glass rivers  
dammed by red impatiently wait on Green

Rumble idle steer chase open right up

Tearin’ up these streets devil be damned I’ve got your  
complete streets at the mercy of my RPMS and my MPGs

Strolling south Dundurn, heat dome umbrella, humidity  
soaking all of these single synthetic and natural fibres,  
drenching every imperfect hair

This really is the most perfect time to walk to Locke St  
library and most definitely stop off at Dundurn LCBO

Sweatily staggering past Tom Florence Lochearne Baker  
Sunset Head

Rip in quick after snapshotting Staircase events, “Hey, how  
much for the Fringe button? OK,  
see you tonight! I can’t wait to see the CockWhisperer!”

Observing rundown dwelling from across the concrete  
creek, red X warns “Bums keep out”

No one sleeping outside today, gaze up the corner no  
solicitations happening

Wagons circle around the corner to Tim Horton’s, numbers  
in low teens,

Why are Canadians so reflexively sold on fifth-tier coffee

Why is there no campaign to charge Tim Horton’s for all the  
litter that it generates by way of Lazy consumer?

HSR and GO arrive simultaneously. SoBi rack full

Solitary senior shuffles with singular steps, support steadies,  
braving the crossing zebra while vehicle signals intent to  
make the left

Maverick engineers deny simplicity in that I wait for the light to cross as red hand beats down  
9...8...7...I wait for the next light  
From corner to corner to corner to corner requires 145 seconds instead of the natural 35

Hustling traffic, mighty river  
Ruled by systematic green amber reds, consistent predictable, measurable, deviate only with recklessness bravado and a measure of luck except when the red light cameras reel one in

Metal rubber glass squelch race honk "Hey!" Fist Middle Finger Wave  
Prefabricated steel fibreglass plastic window glass rivers dammed by red impatiently wait on Green  
Rumble idle steer chase open right up  
Tearin' up these streets devil be damned I've got your complete streets at the mercy of my RPMS and my MPGs

Can't catch us, they scream, splitting left and right, east and west, indeterminably fast  
Some poor dog driving out from the dog park will bite it  
Some walking shopper will lose their shoes jumping away from the texting speeder bound to Pull up to the Macklin speed trap before they get their 50KMH warning

River lurches, metal and fibreglass belching and idling as the canal locks close to the amber to the red, eyes close on the Green when feet slam hard on the accelerator

Hamilton, Summer, 2016

Embiggenened by the likes of Walt Whitman, Alan Ginsberg, and Gary Snyder, Brian has been a resident of this great city since 2001. He is an educator, runner, martial artist, guitarist, wanna-be visual artists, and a brewer. He aspires to have backyard bees, and backyard chickens. He is also looking for the never-ending Grateful Dead summer tour. He lives with his partner Adele, son Tarrin, sometimes-home-but-currently-in Japan daughter Kayleigh, and their three canines.

## **Letter to a Dead Woman**

Today, I wrote a letter to a dead woman. I did not know her, had never met her, did not know she had passed away. Oddly, I feel her absence from time to time. My mind drifts there, to the space that was her and, in those moments, I find myself distractedly wondering about her life.

She reached across that empty space between strangers and put her hand out to me. She told me little of herself but I sensed she was alone. There was something quite astounding in the kindness and generosity she offered. It resonated, the echo bouncing back and forth, back and forth, lifting me briefly. I couldn't act on it at the time; so caught up in keeping myself alive.

Her name sat there, staring at me from the In Box, as if suspended in time and place, hovering, waiting. It was a year before I could reply. I skimmed over my response before hitting send, casually wondering if she would reply. Knowing somewhere that I was already too late.

Afterwards, standing in the kitchen I waited for the water to boil and looked out at November's grey sky.

Hamilton, 2014

*Ravinder Ruprai lives and works in Hamilton, Ontario*

*Ivan Jurakic*

## **Croatian for Beginners, No. 2**

Sometime during the holidays of 1979, my family was returning from a visit with friends. We lived in the countryside about a 15-minute drive into town and it was an early winter. A light layer of snow covered the ground as flakes drifted down from a moonlit sky. My parents sat in the front, my father driving as always—my mother having proved herself a poor study during his impatient attempts to “teach” her to drive. My sister and I snuggled in the back seat of the Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. It’s likely that we were wearing seatbelts but in a car of that vintage it was also just as likely that we weren’t.

The radio was permanently tuned to CKOC, then a top 40 station. Its AM format offset by a fairly progressive commitment to new music, a memory appealing etched in my young psyche. Considering the date, it was just as likely that we were listening to the latest song by The Who or The Police over the trebly speakers.

We were accustomed to driving conditions on regional roads where there was very little light, country blocks stretched a few kilometers long so lights were few and far between. I recall the crunch of the radials as they reassuringly marked a steady path through the relatively virgin snowfall. There was very little to disturb the scene until my father suddenly swerved the wheel. The car fishtailed as we felt a solid thump on the side-panel. Mom grasped backwards towards my sister and I as dad brought the vehicle to a full stop in the middle of the road. He shifted the gear to park, muttering under his breath in his adopted pigeon-English and exited the cozy interior of the Olds.

Huddled in the back with my sister, I had no idea what had happened. Deer regularly crossed these lightly trafficked roads at night but this time I hadn't seen anything. In short order, dad opened the door, reached alongside the steering column and manually popped the trunk, went back out and dropped something inside then slammed it shut. He got into the driver's seat, shifted back into drive and proceeded homewards. He explained that we had hit a large rabbit running across the road, which begged the question, why was it in our trunk?

Almost as soon as the car started moving an unearthly din ensued. The sound was horrifying as the still very much-alive hare threw itself against the steel frame of the trunk searching for escape. Mercifully, it was a short drive home as the thumping and smashing continued as everyone, besides dad, started freaking out. My younger sister was in tears as the rabbit started slamming itself full-force into the backseat cushions. I swear I felt the seating pushing outwards.

As we pulled into the driveway, mom hustled my sister into the house while dad commandeered me to go to the basement to get his hunting knife. My dad's way of communicating was through sheer force of will. In retrospect, I should have been able to follow through with his request and be of use. But I had no idea where dad kept his hunting knife, and even if I did mom would have likely hidden it so that there was little chance that I would find it quickly. The pressure mounted. I rooted through dad's tool room looking for something, anything that resembled a knife. It never occurred to me to go upstairs and ask mom for one from the kitchen. As fraught seconds seemed to turn to minutes, my fear and panic coalesced.

Finally, I found something I thought would work, grabbed it and hurried back up the stairs and out the front door, where my dad waited impatiently. Crouched over glistening snow on the front yard he held long ears in his right fist as he kneeled over the struggling hare. He barked out for the knife. I handed him the utility blade. It was the same one he used to score sheetrock, and rather dull at that. The look he gave me.

Late fall always makes me more thoughtful. I'm more apt to be reflective of the past; my family and childhood in particular. I can't say exactly why this story came to me as powerfully as it did but it clearly needed to be written. It is a strangely satisfying vignette.

*Ivan Jurakic is an artist, writer, and principle of the TH&B collective. He is also the Director/Curator of the University of Waterloo Art Gallery. He likes canoes, camping, and moonlit walks. He lives in Hamilton, Ontario.*

*Jeff Griffiths*

## **Part of a Year**

Tuesday November 18 2014

I stand at the doors to the massive glass room at the Hamilton Art Gallery. Its 12:30 pm. Sophia had told me to wear something bright so I'm wearing my yellow short sleeve shirt. People begin to come. For three and a half hours I stay in this exact spot shaking hands, smiling, answering the same questions. I feel happy. People bring me coffee and water and sweets.

An old girlfriend appears, she tells me she read about it in the paper and knew she had to come. It was like a movie. We hug and it feels familiar. I had heard she was married so I asked about kids. Yes, two, boy and girl just a little younger than mine. As she walks away I feel loss.

I hadn't thought much about who would come to this but I am surprised over and over. It's like everyone I wouldn't have thought of came. The past is here. I feel so good seeing everyone and momentarily confused by their morose expressions. Maybe my smile is helping the visitors, maybe I'm consoling them.

An hour later at home, I think this is the beginning of it all again, me, two kids, two dogs, and a soft shell turtle that watches us from the aquarium. The turtle could outlive me.

Wednesday Nov 19

Before the kids went to bed last night I said they could take more days off school. I don't want to work and don't want them to leave. Both of them surprise me, and also teach me, when they want to go to school, back to something regular.

I put my tools in the trunk for the first time in 14 days. I drive down our street of bungalows that were built when I was a baby. Everything is exactly as it was a week ago.

I drop Sophia and Noel at their schools and resolve to go to my job. Terry is at the door when I arrive.

“Coffee?” he says half a question half a statement.

We talk, but I work too and accomplish more in the day than I have in months. He is a good friend. I figure I might just be okay.

I pack up at 2:45. Terry stands on his porch. I drive over to Noel's school for pick up time. I stay in the car with a book open against the steering wheel. I'm not reading but do not want to talk to anyone. Parents chat by the fence about the warm weather.

Thursday Nov 20

I have that high feeling of being busy. I know my real self is back there somewhere, reaching out to tap me on the shoulder to say, “Anytime you want to talk let me know.” I'll keep moving for now if you don't mind, I'm not ready.

Friday Nov 21

There is funny food in the basement freezer, all from people that want to do something for us. I lift out Fettuccini Alfredo in a foil tray. It's as heavy as a rock. I figure one day someone will say "Did you enjoy the fettuccini?" and I'll say yes thank you even though I hate cream sauce. I know for sure we won't eat it.

I haven't noticed the weather until now, its five pm and still warm for November but nearly dark.

Cooking scares me. I've always cleaned the house, did laundry, fixed anything, but never really cooked; grilled cheese was about my limit. Now I am dad and mom and I have to think of something. I order pizza and declare from here on in Fridays are pizza day. I'll worry about tomorrow tomorrow.

I bellow out "It's the weekend," though I don't know what to do about it.

Saturday Nov 22

I wake up and hear voices. Noel is on the couch watching a loud YouTube show on his I-Pod. I ask him to turn it down before his sister yells. The speakers on those things are amazing. Its 8:45, I can't believe I slept this long.

"Did you feed the dogs?" I scratch my stomach and think of my father doing exactly this.

"Yep," Noel says without looking at me. "They're outside."

The sun across the living room is comforting but I want to move the couch back to where it was. I want to make changes. Noel likes the couch where it is because he can run through the dining room and dive over it. Noel's physical energy unnerves me, its chaos I don't need. I feel like every other time I speak to him it's to say "Stop it." I swear I see hurt in his eyes but he always says, "It's okay dad." I rub his head like my father used to do to me. He holds my hand.

I check online for movie listings, I love going to the show. I call down to Sophia in her basement bedroom. "Do you want to see a movie today?" She drones a "yes" and "what time?" Noel is good to go for sure.

At 3:15 we are in Silver City cinemas in Ancaster. I realize I had stopped complaining about chaotic lobbies years ago. Interstellar is the movie. The previews were intriguing but I will see most any movie as long as I'm in a theatre. At home I'm far more discerning.

The admission cost and popcorn are painful but screw it. The movie actually takes me away completely for two hours and my body feels relaxed. I am surprised and happy that Interstellar takes risks with its time and space theories, stuff my dad and I once talked about at the kitchen table. I'm three years older than Dad was when he died.

You never know what may happen. I used to think I knew.  
Now I only am partly sure of what has happened.

*Jeff Griffiths lives in Hamilton, which is a good choice.*

## The Gun shop, Part Two

In the quiet very early hours of morning, well after ending my shift at the bar where I work, the bus drops me at the corner and I choose the side of the walk that has the high wall bordering the apartment complex where I am living—the wall gives me peace of mind and security. In the leafy northwest part of the city, the streets are dark, but deserted, and I am alone. This is good because, from the bus stop to my front door, alone is safe. Like any girl out at night, I think I am paying attention.

I've got my Walkman for company and a cynical Greg Keelor is lamenting some woman's insistence on loving him. And then, like a movie (*a bad one* I think), a guy jumps off the wall—the one protecting me—and onto the sidewalk in front of me. Like goddamn Spiderman. But not Spiderman. This one is holding a knife. At least it's not a gun. I think he might be the same age as me but it's so dark, *he's* so dark. I see the whites of his eyes and I can tell he is scared but determined to be tough and I have an impulse to smile at him because the whole thing is a bit ridiculous. And so not like in the movies. I didn't realize how embarrassing getting robbed would be. Just the two of us facing each other, close enough to touch. It's almost like getting caught, like the time I made out with auburn-haired Mike in the barn by his place and his dad walked in on us. And in the light from the door, the way he looked at *me*, not the boy.

It's brief, but it in my memory it feels like we stand there facing each other for a long time. He speaks to me but my headphones are covering my ears so I can't hear what he says.

I too am scared but determined to be tough, so I make a show of pulling off my headphones but the fact that I'm listening to frigging Blue Rodeo when I should be listening to rap or hip hop or something he would like so then maybe he wouldn't rob me or kill me, makes me wish I had a rock to crawl under. And because maybe I'm a little bit drunk, I ask him to repeat himself, but I think I know he wants my money. I'm just stalling probably while I think of something better. I shove my Walkman under my arm and fumble in the darkness with the buckles on my oversize army surplus bag-stupid things I hate them! but because it's taking too long, he rips the whole thing from my hands and the cord for the headphones get tangled up and the everything ends up falling and he drags it along the sidewalk for a bit before it comes apart and he disappears around the side and back into the night. My tampons have spilled onto the ground. It's stupid but I'm glad I bought the Sports Walkman since I knew I would eventually drop it and I couldn't afford to buy another one. My hands must be cold because they are shaking as I bend to pick everything up.

Somehow, I make it home, but that part I can't recall. I think the police think I am making it all up probably because of the after-work drinks and probably because I give too many details of the Walkman getting tangled up and almost none of the guy who took my stuff. I barely remember the knife and there is no way I saw what he was wearing. Still, they do their jobs and take down the report. Some kids find my wallet-emptied of my tips and Metro pass- in a garbage can at the high school just a few days later. I am 19 and although I don't know it yet, it won't be the last time I am robbed or attacked. I start taking cabs just to be safe.

Martingrove and Eglinton, Summer of 1988

This is the second installment of a memory series that has been inspired by the gun shop which sits across the street from my business. In this series I have been recovering memories of brushes with violence and exploring the impact it has made on my own life, sometimes just for curiosity, but often in order to explore for myself the feelings forgotten rather than the memories of the acts.

*Christine McLeod is the owner of Revolution Kids on Locke Street South in Hamilton, ON.*

*Thompson Wilson*

## **Without You**

Take the money I never left you and spend it on a perfect dream.

Whatever helps you get through your hours of restless sleep.

And maybe tomorrow I'll wake up where you are.

For loneliness is the hardest part by far.

Without you.

Look out Saint Louis there's an empty man who walks your streets.

He's restless and helpless.

With an empty heart that lost its beat.

And maybe tomorrow I'll wake up where you are.

For loneliness is the hardest part by far.

Without you.

Take me home to Ontario

where my sweetest love has always been.

She said kiss me somewhere dirty

so I took her to Hamilton.

And maybe tomorrow I'll wake up where you are for  
loneliness is the hardest part by far.

Without you.

I wrote this song in Penticton B.C. after a show. It was in the second week of a three-week tour.

*Thompson Wilson is a singer/songwriter whose lyrics evoke stories of true sorrowing passion, flickering visions of the night, and love's endless highway. He proudly lives in Hamilton, Ontario with his love Gracie.*

## **Tuna Salad**

Last week I was home making tuna sandwiches and then I started thinking about what I was doing, and I couldn't tell if what I was doing was a good thing. I made four observations.

**1. No one has a good memory of a tuna sandwich.** The only reason we have tuna sandwiches is that someone a long time ago made a sandwich from some crappy bits of tuna left over from another thing. Back then you could take crappy bits of anything and hold them together with mayonnaise and pellets of celery and no one would ever complain. Indeed, that's what sandwiches were; two pieces of bread bookending crappy bits of yesterday's stuff held together by mayonnaise; you could therefore dispose of those crappy bits efficiently and painlessly. Today we call it green boxing; years ago it was called sandwiches. And don't get me started on mayonnaise, because if we actually called that particular substance by an appropriate un-French name, it would be called 'tart lard' or 'sourfat' or 'corpulence spread' and it wouldn't have been nearly as popular.

What I'm saying is that everyone has a memory of the tuna sandwich, cut diagonally, two halves stacked on each other, wrapped in cellophane. Now, close your eyes and picture it. Has the tuna juiced leaked through the cellophane and compromised your cookie? Yes it has. Do you look along the bisected edge of the sandwich and then squeeze it slightly with your fingers to watch the tuna pulp press its weeping face against the cellophane? Of course you do. Do you even want to unwrap this thing? No, absolutely not. But you will. You will.

**2. No one wants to make a tuna sandwich.** Admit it, even if you are comfortable with the fact that you will eat the sandwich, you sure as hell don't want to make it; and luckily you don't know how. It is likely that only women over the age of 80 really know how to make it, and I think they make a lot of them, because clearly there are more of them around than we really need. And yes, you could probably boutiquefy a tuna sandwich in some maddeningly artisanal way, but why? You could sourdough and arugula and chipotle aioli the shit out of that sandwich and it still won't be as memorable as you eating tuna raw or just off a grill. Plus it would be a \$34 dollar fricking sandwich! I cannot count the ways of wrong that that sandwich would be! So keep your hipster paws off it.

**3. No one can defend a tuna sandwich.** You want to defend the tuna sandwich? Why? Because you are comfortable being a murderer of the sea? Because you love how every sandwich is a dagger plunging into Neptune's fragile heart? "Here Ocean, you give me one of your most streamlined and majestic sea creatures...no, not the dolphin, 'cos it's smiling at me. Not the shark, well, because I see too much of myself in the shark. No, give me that one, with the homely face and that stunned look in its eyes that you sometimes see from athletic boys after they run track. Here, I will trade you this fish for these pretty plastic microbeads and a whack of my old plastic water bottles, you can use them for that island of despair you're building in the Pacific. Oh, and did I mention that I'll be using this fish so I can make a damp sandwich with it, one that I can't even bring myself to admit I like, and might not eat anyway. And ew, what happened to my cookie?"

4. And this takes courage for me to admit. **I make tuna sandwiches.** Sometimes I take a small onion, and chop it super fine, like obsessively fine, and I put it in a pan and fry it barely. Then I open a can of tuna and use the lid to squeeze out the tuna water onto the onions, and let that sauté until all the liquid is gone. I mix the tuna, the onions, a dollop of yogurt, a plug of mustard, salt, pepper, lemon juice, maybe a dash of oil, so that it's just wet enough to clump together. I put it on toasted, slightly buttered rye bread. I make this sandwich when I have to eat alone, I make it when it's swim night for the kids and I'm angry at them, and there's no time.

When I bite into it, for a brief moment I am lifted from my guilty feelings and divorced from the umpteen bad associations I have towards the tuna sandwich. My sandwich is muscular and simple like a punch in the face. I eat it and fleetingly feel mature, comfortable with my masculinity, as if I was a 1940's private eye, or a 1972 peewee hockey coach.

Sometimes I am so satisfied with my sandwich that I feel chosen—that maybe I'm the one who will redeem and shepherd the tuna sandwich into a bold new future. But then I start thinking about that and can't decide if it's a good or bad thing.

Hamilton, November, 2016

*Tor Lukasik-Foss is a performer, visual artist and writer based in Hamilton ON.*

*Ryan Price*

# Lake Faerie



Cleaning up the yard on a Sunday morning, I came upon a Faerie that had failed to weather the storm which had caused such havoc on my gardens. Her body laid lifeless in the pool of water, and as I brushed the detritus away from her still body, mosquito larvae danced beneath her in the depths of the pool, almost as though they had choreographed their gyrations as tribute to her passing. As the sun broke from behind the clouds, her stillness struck me. The tranquility of the scene left me staring at this poor forgotten nymph, wondering if anyone knew she had drowned.

*Ryan Price lives in Hamilton, Ontario*

## **Scenes from the Wrong Side of the Bar, #9**

A Man walks into the pub, strides across the room and nods to the well-dressed, well-polished group of people sitting at the table along the back wall. He is himself well-dressed and well-polished, if a tweed jacket with suede elbow patches counts as such. A few minutes later he takes his place at the head of the table.

The group with your Man at the head of the table are from the theatre next door. They may or may not be famous, depending upon how many pints have been consumed, and by whom. The war veterans, as they would have you believe to get a free pint – “Small price to pay for your freedom son, if you don’t mind my saying so” - are convinced of the latter. Hopeful of another free pint, no doubt.

The Man finishes his pint and, in a practised manner, moves about the room. A few minutes later he settles back into his seat, pint in hand. A satisfied smile on his face.

Another man at the bar, a regular who keeps watch, puts his empty pint down. You have already begun to pull a fresh one for him.

“Same again?”

”I never could resist a blond in a black dress”

He takes a long sip of the fresh pint and wipes the Guinness off his upper lip.

“Your Man there, the one with the theatre? Two nights on the trot, I noticed he always has a pint but never goes to the bar. Are the others buying the rounds?”

“No, they’ve been on bottles of pinot grigio.”

“He always seems to have a pint though, no?”

The penny drops like the winnings from the ubiquitous fruit machines in the background. The Man is a mine-sweeper. He walks through the pub and collects pints, finished or otherwise, off tables, vacated temporarily or otherwise.

Options for recourse: throw the bastard out by the scruff of his neck. Always enjoyable but, given the potential status of the group, wise? Stitch the bastard up with a bad pint? Less obvious action and more devious: we have a winner.

What makes a bad pint? Maybe the slops from the drip trays mixed with something else. It wouldn’t look dodgy that way. A dirty glass from the washer, a half-pint of the stale, sour, warm, concoction of spillage from the drip trays and what filler?

The man at the bar, watching, spits out his beer in disbelief: “Jesus, the detergent for the washer? You’ll fucking kill him!”

“Bollocks! He would die too ... bastard.”

Pour the lethal beverage down the drain. It is all fun and games until someone loses their life. Malt Vinegar will be the filler. Great taste, less killing.

Place the pint out in the open and wait. It doesn't take long for the Man to begin his next round. Sure enough, he sweeps the unguarded glass up and returns to his table.

Walk over to the table to casually clear empty glasses as the Man takes a sip. A cringe of disgust and revulsion sweeps across his face.

"Something wrong with your pint?"

"It ... it, it tastes like vinegar"

"Ahh, yes. We put vinegar in it to mask the smell."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You see, you've been mine-sweeping, so we put out a pint we all had a go in."

"A 'go in'?"

"We all pissed in it! Now FUCK OFF out the pub! You're barred from here you bastard."

The man is red in the face and near tears: "I... I... but ... I'm with the theatre ... "

"Yes, you are."

You look at the well-dressed and well-polished group of people:

"All of you can fuck off as well. You are all barred too!"

Theatre or no theatre, he will think twice before mine-sweeping again.

My wife and I went to England to help friends manage their pub, which lead to managing our own pub. I took notes. The names have been changed to protect the innocent and guilty alike.

*Ed Shaw likes to write. He has published two volumes of poetry. He is slowly working on a compilation of stories about his time behind the bar of an English pub.*

*[fortyteenyearold.wordpress.com](http://fortyteenyearold.wordpress.com)*







*Contributors:*

*Elva Raymond*

*Brian Hovsepian*

*Ravinder Ruprai*

*Ivan Jurakic*

*Jeff Griffiths*

*Christine MacLeod*

*Thompson Wilson*

*Tor Lukasik-Foss*

*Ryan Price*

*Ed Shaw*

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