

2007

At the time I was living in the lively town of Santa Cruz between San Francisco and the more boring town of Monterey, California. (I specify CA because there's a Monterrey, MX—double *r*, though.) People in those parts are slightly askew, especially in Santa Cruz. I knew this dude who lived in an RV for free in the woods illegally and read nothing but Thoreau, Ginsberg and survival guides. He was a self-described pacifist/hippie, though last I heard he'd joined the Marine Corps. (Ironically he used to jack liquor from what he called "Traitor Joe's" because they supposedly supported the war in Iraq.) Kooky vagrants, however, aren't the only ones who shop-lift booze in Santa Cruz: underage undergrads do too. My freshman roommate, a potbellied pothead who lived on nachos and Coors, had a fake ID that said he was a donor from Olowalu, Hawaii. Off topic: did you know the Hawaiian alphabet has just *thirteen* letters!? Anyway, my perpetually drunk quadruple-chinned roomie, who looked kind of like Ignatius J. Reilly from the book *A Confederacy of Dunces*, tried to buy kiwi strawberry vodka for a party but got caught like a prize fish, the ID having flopped. Long story short he resorted to stealing. Unfortunately I was making pretty shitty decisions myself, virtually all of them involving drugs. Although I never did like weed very much. I preferred pills and coke. Once I even snorted Xanax while on ecstasy. But enough about college at UCSC. You're probably sick of listening to the red bird of my mouth blab, zipping around my head. So as they say in Hawaii: aloha!