



The Drink Tank Issue 79

Maximum Placeholding Power!



As Everybody Already knows...

This week, I'm taking care of Dad business, since we're pulling the plug tomorrow (and they really hate it at the hospital when you call it that) and he's not expected to make it through the weekend without the respirator. Sucks? Yes. But there are upsides and one of those upsides is making me a bit excited for Friday Morning.

Let me take you back. On Tuesday, the doctor called us in to tell the family what I had already heard, that Dad was severely brain damaged and that they wanted to 'make him comfortable and let him go'. I hate that speech, at least in those words. I'd much rather have had them say 'Well, he's gonna die and we wanna let him.'

After they gave us the speech and I told the family that was what we were going to do (so they had no illusions that they were making the decision since Dad specifically wanted me doing that) I went in and told my Dad that's what we were gonna do. He didn't hit me, so I think it was OK with him.

My whole family was there except for one cousin, Amber, who was

babysitting, and another who was close to Dad and just couldn't handle it. They should have known from the last name to give us a bigger conference room because we filled the thing.

I'm the oldest Grandkid and Reyna, my Aunt Naomi's third kid, is the youngest at 16. Reyna has a baby (see, told you we were Mexican) that's one. I decided that Reyna's kid, Diana, will



be the spoiled one of her generation. She's bringing her on Friday and I have so much to tell her about the family (where she probably already knows more about than I do) and about wrestling (another family tradition) and about how I'm gonna make sure she gets to be the #1 Great-Granddaughter (since Dad was the #1 son and I'm the #1 Grandson). I'm very excited and everyone is tired of hearing me talk about the Little Girl.

Other than that, the whole dying thing Pops is doin' is pretty tired. I've arranged for a cremation (and the prices for those are jumping due to rising fuel costs) and we broke into Dad's house and got photos and Bailey, my Sis, took Dad's videos like he promised her. I got a Bret Hart Autograph, a couple of wrestling tapes and books, a snoglobe (which I collect) and Dad's porn collection. This is the second time I've been the receiver of Dad's porn. After Mom threw him out, I got his old Greenleaf Classics and other paperbacks!

Issue 79 of the Drink Tank is one measley page and will certainly be the shortest Drink Tank of all time. I'll be back next week with a full issue, but Chris Garcia never misses a week. I'll do LoCs next issue, Dad's tributezine sometime in Mid-June, and an issue on Family in early July.