

The Drink Tank Issue Eighty-Four: Fun and Frolic!



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Letter-Graded Mail

sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my loyal Readers

Let's start with an old

friend...Lloyd Penney!!!

Dear Chris:

This is a bad habit on my part...here's a loc on four Drink Tanks, again. Either you're speeding up or I'm slowing down, and I think we know the answer to that one. I have issues 80 to 83 here, and here goes...

Yep, I'm speeding up! Gotta keep myself on my toes!

80...Hi, Judith. Chris, you have some real friends who will sit down, cover for you, and write about you. If this were the 70s, you'd all be living on a commune, and all be one big married group. But, this is the 00s (the oughts?), and we're all living in the malaise of neo-Puritanism, so give them all a hug, regularly.

Yeah, we watch each other's backs, especially Judith. That girl is the Mothering type. M, who just came back from Helsinki a little early, has invited Judith out to help her with the first few months.

I really hate the word half-breed...it smacks of illegitimacy. I

guess we're all of mixed descent. I am half-Scottish, and half-Canadian. (My dad traces his descent as far back as the records go...we figure that on his side, we probably came from somewhere in the Scandinavian countries.)

I have friends who hate the word, but others who prefer it to Mulatto (which means Mule, if I remember correctly).

Hi, M...in a more enlightened Europe, sex is for pleasure and social contact. In America, it's for revenge? Geez, give me Europe any day. American culture has made sex so filthy, no wonder the Western birth rate continues to decline. Sex could be a sport, if only most men would play fair.

Let's not get overly down on the filthy, Lloyd. I'm sure Earl Kemp would agree with me...or at least not overly disagree with me.

Frank, I'm finding one of the hardest things to do is network as a voice actor. Meetup has a voice actor group for the Toronto area, but everyone wants to meet, but no one wants to set it up. Perhaps I will as soon as I have gotten past all my convention commitments up to Labour Day. Keep in mind that if The Cartoon Network doesn't pick up Guidolon, there are other places...there are many

kids' channels in Europe, and here in Toronto is the office for our own cartoon network, called Teletoon.

As a voice actor myself (and I have been for several years now) I've found that there are lots of voice people, but they're almost all regular actors who get into voice acting. There are few specialists (like Billy West or Jess Hartnell) but the ones that are rule.

81...Guidolon is your vision, Frank, and if you can't share that vision with others, not only show them clearly what the vision is, but also make them share the enthusiasm for that vision, you will manage and not lead. It's all a learning experience. Perhaps you're thinking too much about the distant future, which might be preferable to thinking about the near future, with all the marketing hassles yet to come.

Yeah, Frank! Remember that!

Not living in America, I will make an observation not all may agree with, but...it seems America's perceptions of the world, should they ever come to America's attention, are based on assumptions and stereotypes. You've probably heard about the terrorist ring broken up in Toronto a few days ago... after the effusive praise for catching the thugs from the White House, there came the usual assumptions about terror breeding in Canada, and many

of the 9/11 terrorists came from Canada, yadda, yadda...all nonsense, and disproved, but that doesn't stop idiot senators and congressmen from spouting the same garbage. Our embassy in Washington seems on permanent damage control status. (Some comments on Canada I see in print in fanzines are really insulting, but no one seems to see them as such. Are they just ignorant, or have I a thin skin?) How uneducated are America's leaders? Has the truth become unfashionable, or has the media and entertainment industries taught Americans that truth is boring, and innuendo and made-up crap is exciting and trendy? Probably from the same people who told us all that reality television is exciting and fun...it's all doublespeak. Shit is shinola, people...

What's weird is that some of the most reactionary Senators are being voices of reason on this one. I just don't get that. The worst aren't the elected folks, but anyone who was appointed by the Bush Cartel jumps all over things, anything, and makes it bigger. By the way, you can make fun of the administration all you want, but there is GOOD reality TV out there (So You Think You Can Dance and Tough Enough as examples)

I'd like to get one of those Goth Hawaiian shirts, just to freak people

out who are used to seeing me with shirts so bright, it hurts their eyes.

I really need to get a couple for myself again. They were so rad.

My part of the Bastards of Kirk project is finally done! I put off going into to work to go to the studio (just five minutes away from the office on foot), and spent several hours going through the script and giving it my best Scottish brogue. Turns out that you won't see me at all, but you will definitely hear me. The producer is notoriously difficult to please, but I seemed to please him with my punctuality and ability to get into character and stay there. Check out bastardsofkirk.com, and you'll get all the info, including stuff on the site's blog.

Can't wait to see the finished project. It's a great concept, so you can't go wrong.

I would beware of the Wiki model of online encyclopedia. The whole concept is meant to get all currently knowledge into one page of the Net, and make it as complete as any group of people can make it. However, as with any part of the Internet, any Wiki page can be just as full of opinion and bullshit as it is full of knowledge and fact.

The biggest advantage of a Wiki

is that any expert can make the changes. .The biggest problem with a Wiki is that any schmo can make the changes.

82...Mighod, look at the leprechaun on the first page! Faith and begorra, he's as green as can be, but I'm sure the only pot around that leprechaun might be in the pipe he's smoking... I recently saw a few episodes of Harvey Birdman, Attorney-at-Law...man, someone at Hanna-Barbera is ingesting some serious drug. I guess you've got to use all those characters in order to keep the copyright on them, but it is strange to see Fred Flintstone in a courtroom.

That's one of the funniest episodes too. Actually, I wasn't smoking the pipe at the time, so there should be no implied endorsement of pipe smoking from the cover.

24 ribbons on your badge? Guess you could tell which way the wind was blowing. I still remember seeing folks like Bruce Pelz with a badge that held every ribbon the Worldcon had to offer, and the sheet of ribbons would sometimes touch the ground. Bruce was about 5'9", and the ribbons would form a widening triangle from the badge itself. I am sure Chaz Boston-Baden is getting mucho ribbons made up for Worldcon. (My Torcon badge has ribbons that say Space Cadet, Fan Gallery, Tuckerized,

Straight but Not Narrow, Friend of Kim and SLOF (Secret Librarian of Fandom.) The Toast reminds me of a relaxicon Yvonne and I guested at...Larry Stewart was the toastmaster, I was the toast, and Yvonne was the crouton (the committee said it was because she's small and crusty). (Man, if she sees that, I am in deep doodoo!)

I wanna be the Secret Librarian of Fandom!

83...you're right, this must have been the hardest issue to write, mostly because it is the hardest to read. Looks like you and the Morels have also been your own support group, and even though these events have been horrible to endure, have probably made you closer and stronger.

Stronger than SaBean and Judith? No human could be. I didn't meet them until a couple of years after their Dad died, but we've been with each other for a good long time. Yeah, we're a sort of support group...one that mocks its members.

My immediate family of aunts and uncles all live in Toronto and other places in southern Ontario, some live a short bus ride away, and I have not seen them for close to 15 years now. I just do not want to deal with that part of my dad's family. All of my

mum's family is in Scotland. Dealing with the inlaws is about all I want to handle.

One of the best things about not being married is no In-Laws, though Gen's family still loves me and invites me over frequently.

Time to fold them, and cash in my remaining chips. Besides, I want to get this to you before you get going with another issue. Take it easy, have a great weekend, and I'm looking forward to LAcon.

We're all looking forward to another WorldCon, especially me with my fiendish schemes!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



My Meager Announcement

It's official, I'm not going to have a second year as N3F President. While I think I'm on the right track, I've decided that there are a couple of other things that I'm going to be doing that'll make it pretty much impossible for me to go on as Pres. Stay tuned for what I'll be doing...



Me for Mayor Comes to its End

On Tuesday, the vote happened, and sadly, the people were short-sighted enough to not see that we needed a lighttower. Damn them!!! They'll pay, don't think they won't pay.

It's a race between Chuck Reed and Cindy Chavez, neither of whom I want to win.



A Series of Thoughts About Waitresses
By
Chris Garcia, M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan,
SaBean MoreL, Kath Swan, Mike
Swan, Judith Morel, Dan Cathos and
Manny Sanford

Chris Garcia

I'm a huge fan of the waitress. Young or old, fat or thin, sweet as Pumpkin Pie or sour as that look she'll give ya, waitresses are exceptional. I passed around an email almost two months ago asking folks for a few

words and these were what came back.

Warning: There is sex and violence and just plain weirdness, but it's The Drink Tank, you should expect that.

M Lloyd

I believe the name Kay may turn me on more than any other name, even more than Scarlett, which has been making me CRAZY ever since Miss Johansson came on the scene. It's all because of a waitress and I trip I made to Las Vegas.

There's a Bob's Big Boy on I-15 outside of Barstow. It's a reminder of the days when I used to go to Big Boy's all the time. I was driving from LA, well, actually from Riverside, and discovered the place right there, waiting for me. It was late. Real late. I pulled in and there were maybe two other tables seated and a person at the counter. That was all. I walked to the podium and a girl who looked like she could be fifteen but sounded like a forty year old two pack a day smoker took me to my seat.

I looked over the menu, not even caring what I found, just ready to relive the good old days. I had settled on a burger when the waitress came by.

She was beautiful; perhaps the most beautiful woman I had ever seen up

close. She had long brown hair that she wore in a braid. I can only describe her as being in the same league as those 1940s film stars who oozed sex through their eyes.

Her eyes were positively hypnotic. They were brown, but somehow they were rimmed with green, as if the common eyes were pasted on top of extraordinary emeralds. She smiled after I was staring at her for a second.

"Hi, I'm Kay. What can I get you, hun?"

I never expect a waitress of less than fifty to call me hun, but she did. She couldn't have been over thirty. She had the smile of a young woman, maybe a woman who had spent a few years raising a couple of kids until she could get a job as a waitress, but young none the less.



“Burger and coffee.” I said, still staring, though obviously slightly embarrassed.

She giggled. I kid you now, it was an honest to goodness giggle out of this creature.

“Don’t worry about it. People stare at my eyes all the time.” she said, smiling even broader.

As she walked away, I noticed that she was well-shaped, if slightly less ample than I like my women. She didn’t have much in the way of breasts, but she did have an ass that’d break your heart. The magnificence of that woman almost physically hurt me.

After a few minutes, she brought my food and wandered off again. I absent-mindedly ate and stared into the back where she was. She caught me at one point and smiled back. After a couple of minutes, she wandered back to my table.

“Everything thing alright?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s wonderful.” I said looking into my food so I wouldn’t get caught again.

Oddly, Kay pulled herself into the seat across from me.

“So, where you headed?” Kay asked. “I know you’re not a local. They don’t make ‘em like you around Barstow.”

“I’m goin’ to Vegas.” I looked up and she pulled me in again.

“You know, I’ve lived here nearly twenty years and I’ve never gone to

Vegas. Don’t care to gamble, so I guess it would be kind of pointless, no?”

I’d have thought she was flirting, but I could tell she was just friendly and bored. After a couple of minutes, someone new arrived and she went off to take care of them. I finished up, dropped a twenty on the table and left.

I stopped into that Big Boy on the way back, but she wasn’t there. At least I got to enjoy an Ice Cream Cake on that visit.

Jay Crasdan

I used to date a waitress. After M and I broke up for the third (or maybe the fourth) time, I met a girl named Kathy Longdale. Now, I’d gotten used to dating women of a certain station, but I’d gone back to live in Chicago and I wasn’t up for making that scene again unless I had a good guide like M, Judith and SaBean had always been. I started hanging out at a small bar called The Dyn-o-mite Tavern. The bartender was a great guy, a German

dude whose English was punctuated at times of stress with harsh ‘ch’s. We all called him Grieg, though I think his first name was Gunther. He used to give me a free refill on every drink, which made me love him even more.

On Tuesday nights there was a pool league. The table at Dyn-o-mite was professional style and in beautiful shape. The rest of the place was run-down, but that table was immaculate. I took my seat at the bar closest to the Pinball and video golf game. I had an excellent view of the table and would often make the loud announcement “Fifty dollars on the guy with the bad hair!”. I’d often get takers and I’d seldom lose.

Until that night.

It was late October and I came back to the Dyn-o-mite around nine, just before the games started. I had left around 2 so I could home and proof the manual I’d contracted for. It was a mess, so I was late getting back. The team from the Dyn-o-mite was playing, and I’m not kidding, Larry’s Old-Time Tavern, almost the same name as the evil bar in Cheers. I was sitting in my usual seat and I saw that it was the first match between Mikey Hendrix (the guy with the bad hair) and his partner Lisa (I don’t remember her last name, but I always called her saddlebags) and a pair of chicks from Larry’s. When I saw the names on the board, Mikey and Lisa vs. Carla and Sarah, I pulled



a C-note from my wallet

“One hundred on the guy with the bad hair!” I called out, waving the money for all to see before slamming it onto the table.

“You serious?” Asked one of the cute girls chalking up her cue.

“A hundred bucks sounds pretty serious.” I said, noticing the twin arcs her shirt seemed to accentuate.

“Sarah, drop the cash,” she said “you got a taker.” Carla said.

Sarah walked over and dropped five twenties on the bar.

“Grieg, you mind holding it?”

“I’m here to serve, bossman”

Grieg answered.

The game was solid. Sarah broke, but couldn’t sink any. Mikey played smart, but a tough lie on the sixball meant that he couldn’t run the table. Carla finally walked to the table and took a weird position. I wasn’t quite sure but she made sure she was pointed right at me before she bent forward, putting on a show for me. Right as she was about to shoot, she looked up at me and smiled.

Then she comboed the nine and I was out a hundred bucks. Carla walked over and Grieg handed her the cash.

“You’re good.” I said.

“Yeah, I know.” She said giving me a fuck me glance “you want a drink? It’s on me.”

I lifted my glass to Grieg.

“Another, big man, and she’s paying.”

Grieg nodded and brought me another Johnny Walker Red on the Rocks. He slid a shot of tequila in front of Carla.

“To your win.” I offered as a toast.

She didn’t say anything, but she

clinked my glass and tossed it down while I sipped my whiskey.

“You wanna make a bet on the next game?” she asked.

“Absolutely.” I said, standing again and removing another hundred. “One hundred on the chick with the rack over here.”

I didn’t get any takers for that one, which sucks since she cleaned house that night.

I stuck around, games usually last until about one-thirty and then there’s after-hours drinking. Carla took a seat next to me and we got to know each other just enough to know that we should be having sex, and around three AM that night we did.

She worked the breakfast shift at a little place where they served giant pancakes. I started stopping by every day she was working. I’d get an order of pancakes and on her break, we’d take a trip outside for a little pleasure. I think we did that for about six months.

Watching her waitress was a joy. She was light on her feet, one of those waitresses who could have a full tray in her hand and still make fast turns to avoid unlooking customers. I never saw her drop anything. She was weightless when she was working.

We broke up when I discovered that I wasn’t the only guy who’d picked her up during the pool tournaments. She would go and play every



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Tuesday night and she'd come home Wednesday afternoon from whatever trucker she'd picked up at the bar they were playing at. Maybe I should have been going with her.

SaBean MoreL

Waiting tables is the shittiest job a person can take. I've only done it for a brief period, but it still sucked. It wasn't even getting stiffed on tips, getting hit on by men with one tooth or the way my feet would feel when I got off an eight hour shift. No, all that was OK compared to the manager.

I was working at a mid-sized chain restaurant called Bennigan's. If you've seen that movie Office Space, yeah, that's pretty much what it's like. I would show up and start my shift and the whole time, the manager would be staring at me, watching every

move I made and obviously staring at my tits. He never said anything, but it was obvious that he was into me.

Oh yeah, he'd fuck with my schedule so that I worked every shift he was on.

I'd make maybe a hundred bucks in tips a night, and as per the rules, I'd toss it into the kitty and we'd divy it up between us. The manager would toss the money to us based on performance. I'd always get a little extra.

I know, I shouldn't be complain- ing since it all worked in my favor, but still, the guy's eyes were feeling me up every day. The funny thing is he was hittin' it with another waitress who almost always worked different shifts. They broke up right before I quit and I had a shift with her one night.

"You know that Gary's always staring at me?"

"Yeah, he would make me pre- tend to be you when he fucked me."

I didn't believe her, but she said that he'd been hooked on me since I started, that he liked punk girls and since Cathleen was a goody-girl, he made her play the role of SaBean.

I think I gave my two week that night.

Kath Swan

I worked at an hotel for more than a decade, which meant that I never had to be a waitress. There was an IHoP attached to the hotel and I

would go over there after my shifts. We had this fellowship going on with the employees that meant that we ate free and we gave them little things in re- turn.

What do I mean? well, there was the obvious stuff like the bellboys get- ting an extra dimebag for the busboys to share or us letting one of the empty rooms serve as a love hovels. That was the arrangement.

There was a waitress that I really liked. She was one of the oldest women



I'd ever seen. She was probably in her seventies, but she looked so much older. I can remember reading about PT Barnum showing off an old lady and claiming she was George Washington's nanny and claiming she was a hundred and fifty. It turned out that she was maybe eighty, but she looked older. This lady could have claimed to be two hundred and I would have been asking her what it was like before the Louisiana Purchase.

Even though Martha looked old, she still served and took orders by memory. I once brought in about fifteen people and she remembered all their orders in her head, complete with substitutions. She was a machine. When I'd get a long break in the middle of the night, I'd go over and get some waffles. She worked the counter most nights, and I'd take a seat and she'd put the order in before she even came to talk to me. Then she'd bring coffee and two creams. She'd set it in front of me.

"How's hotel business?" Martha would ask every night.

"It's slow this time of night." I'd always answer.

"Well, that's the better for you. I'm expecting a rush any minute now." she'd laugh.

She'd pop by and bring up whatever the latest political travesty was. Marion Berry, the LA Cops, Whitewater, Vince Foster's murder all the way

up until Monica Lewinsky and the 2000 election. She'd never go very deep, just say something like 'you hear about...' and then end it with 'You think people would learn.'

I went back there about two years ago and she was still there, still serving folks at the counter. I sat down and she recognised me pretty quick.

"Good to see ya again, Kath." she smiled, looking even more gummy than it had five years before.

"Good to be back."

"You thought that I was dead, didn't ya?" she laughed. "Well, I'm ninety next year and Death ain't caught me yet!" she said.

That's the type of waitress I can respect.

Mike Swan

How do they do it? I mean seriously, how do people on the waitstaff manage to make it not only through their individual shifts but through the years and years they work at those dens of soul-sucking?

Case in point: Melissa Ashe.



Mel went to school with me and graduated with honors. She was in all the AP classes, she had won the school science faire and was a fair talent at field hockey. She was also a gorgeous woman with a nice set of sweater puppies and a talent in the bedroom, if lockerroom gossip was to be believed.

When we were both Juniors, she

started waiting tables at a steakhouse and she quickly became the star employee. It never hurts to be a cute girl at a meat palace.

We graduated and she still worked there while all of us went off to college. I used to come back on vacations and see her. She'd always sit me in the window seat so I could ogle the passing girls on their way to the clubs down the street. When I graduated, I came back to see her and she was obviously starting to feel the effects of several years as a waitress. When she saw me, Melissa lit up.

"It's so nice to finally have a non-asshole to serve." she told me as we started a conversation where she stayed on her feet. I had plenty of time



to survey the damage that night. She was stooping slightly, she had giant bags under each eye. That's right BAGS on each, as if she'd been deprived of sleep for years on end. She still looked like the girl I had known in high school, still had the figure, but she had started to show signs of her defeat by the job.

I came back a couple of years later and it was sad. She had gained maybe twenty pounds, making her assets less impressive. She had started to fall into the classic trap of the fading beauty. She wore far more make-up than she needed. She was excited to see me, and when she recognized me the face I remembered showed through all the make-up and exhaustion.

"You eating on the house tonight," she preiewed "as long as you stick around to chat after we close."

I'm not one to turn down a free meal, so I ate like a King and stuck around the table. She came by my table after the last customer left.

"I'll be back in about ten minutes." she said before running off to the back. When she came back, she had cleaned up and wasn't slouching nearly as much. She looked a heavy, but not nearly as bad as she had when I first saw her.

"So, what you been up to?" she asked, not even having sat down when she asked.

I told her the story, how I had bounced around, about SaBean (who she had always hated) and about the job bouncing. About being thrown out of more apartments than I'd ever thought possible. She laughed at every misadventure like I was a freakin' circus clown. She was actually hot again with the way she was laughing.

"Mike, you've had the worst shit thrown on you, boy." She said. "But it still ain't nearly as bad as what I've seen."

And she told me her stories about waitressing, about having a kid and keeping it, then having another and giving it away. She said she'd bought a house by saving tip money in a box for nearly eight years and that she'd managed to still have a dating life even though she had a six year old at home. She said that life was tough, but there was one thing she could always

count on: that she could wiggle her ass and show that top-most portion of tit-flesh and get thirty percent from horny businessmen up for a conference, even with the extra she'd been carrying around. She's said she'd cleared twenty-three grand in pay last year and almost fifty in tips.

That stunned me. I'd never made fifty grand a year in anything, but here she was pulling that down in that



much in tips.

“I got a new box started. It’s so I can quit this shit hole and maybe do something like gardening. I’m not busting it open until there’s five hundred thou in it. I’m getting closer, maybe five more years.” She said.

She wasn’t there the last time I went by. Here’s hopin’.

Judith Morel

I had never been there before and every eye in the place looked at me like I was intruding on their personal Hells. I knew the place, I had been by it every day for more than a year and had only stopped this time because I had a date with Kyle and he loved nothing more than greasy spoon grub and talking baseball. I enjoyed both so we were a good fit.

That evening we walked in to JC’s BBQ and discovered that we were the only ones who weren’t regulars. There was a barren certainty to these men, all huddled over their beers and plates of half-finished ribs. I was so unnerved I stopped walking the instant I looked out over the men sitting at the counter.

Kyle must have known because he hooked his arm in mine and took me to a Seat Yourself table. This view was no more settling. You could see that these people were communicating through glances and nods, bobbing their heads and making minute ges-



tures of acceptance and criticism. I’ve seen horror films that used these sorts of places to strong effect, but this was like the Blair Witch Project; you weren’t sure if it was real and they sure as hell weren’t telling.

The waitress came, a Jamaican woman with almost no hair.

“Welcome. What can I get you now?” she said with an accent that was almost enough to make me forget that I was surrounded by the eating dead.

“Five ribs dinner and a beer.” Kyle enthused.

“And you, lady? What you want?” she asked.

“Three ribs and a Coke.”

“Sorry, girlie, but no Coke. We got beer and we got water and we got grape soda.” she said writing on her tablet.

“Grape soda.”

That may have been the only thing that set me at ease. There was grape soda and I love grape soda. It wasn’t just that they had grape soda, but if you didn’t want water or beer, you had to drink grape soda. That was a nice touch.

She ran off and Kyle started babbling about how the place was so much better than he had even imagined.

“I mean, look at this place! It’s barely human what these people go through to eat here!” He was grinning like a sabertoothed cat.

“And that makes a good restau-



beans in her hand already. She set them down in front of my and the other in front of Kyle.

Chris would have said these were the greatest things that human kind had ever invented. I won't go that far, but I do think I reached a higher state of being from eating them. They were spicy and the beans weren't overly soft and the broth was dense and smelled like a Caribbean marketplace. By the time I finished the bowl, I was sure that I could easily become one of those men seated at the counter.

"ere's your ribs" she said, setting down the plates in front of the two of us. The ribs were huge and swimming in sauce. I didn't know how to approach them, but Kyle took a napkin off the table, doubled it up and wrapped it around the exposed bone. I followed suit and took a bite. The meat was stringy and tough to chew, but the sauce might have been the blood of Christ. It absolutely turned me into a believer. As good as the beans had been, the sauce was twice that. Kyle plowed through his and ate one of mine. I finished two and got a second bowl of beans.

As we handed the money to the waitress, she looked at me.

"You know I wouldn't tink you be the kind what likes dem ribs." she said.

"Yeah, but there's no doubting the sauce." I said.

She laughed.

"There's no lie in dat, girlie. No lie in dat at all."

Manny Sanford

A waitress can make a restaurant or break it just as easily. Kinsey was one of those girls who could make a restaurant.

Kinsey worked at the Coco's in Santa Clara when I was a freshman in college. I used to go after I finished class and I'd sit in a booth and drink a cup of coffee and eat a piece of pie for two or three hours at a time. Usually Chris or Josh or someone would show up and join me, leading to a great many filthy jokes and jabs at one another. Kinsey would see me walk in and take me to her section and she'd bring me everything and never bug me to get going. She'd purposely hold off on giving me my check so her manager could never rush me out.

She wasn't a great looker, long blonde hair that was stringy, far too tall for her own good, washed out face, but still, she had charms. When I'd come in, she'd make her voice very soft.

"Come on in, Manny." She'd say.

When we went to her table, she'd always make sure I got coffee every couple of minutes and she'd catch me up on the restaurant gossip. There were always great stories about people getting fired for dating or cooks get-

rant?"

"Well think about it? You're surrounded by squalor and gunky silverware and you eat and it's worth it and you come back! That's quality."

I couldn't much argue, but a few moments later the waitress came back.

"Baby-girl, I'm sorry, but we're out dem salads. You want beans?"

I nodded, which was the right answer since she had the bowl of

ting in fights with the dish washers. It took me ages to realise that I wasn't go there for the food, though it did help that it gave me a place to study, but I was there because Kinsey was my waitress. I figured this out when I first went and she wasn't there. I took a seat, got my coffee and pie, paid my bill and went home.

One night, after a grueling final in some class that I almost certainly failed, I took a seat and Kinsey seated me very quickly before scurrying off to other tables. She brought me my stuff and would instantly go on other business. They weren't any more busy than usual, but she wasn't sticking around. After I'd finished up and was about to ask for my check, she took a seat across from me.

"This is my last night, Manny." she said with tears in her eyes.

"What?" I asked, stung.

"I quit a couple of weeks ago. I just didn't want to say any-



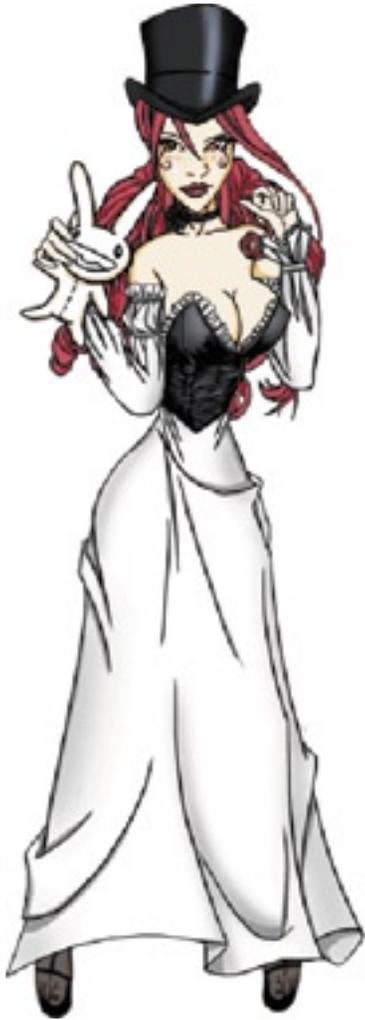
thing because I thought that would make me...well, I thought I'd start crying." and she did just that.

We exchanged numbers and I went to see her in a couple of plays over the next year, but really, I lost Coco's.

I stopped coming regularly, and except for when Chris would drag me, I would never even have thought of going. I found a new place, a new waitress and a better set of dishes to dine on. Still, Kinsey was still it, still the number one waitress I ever had. I never heard what she did after she left, but I'm hoping I'll walk into a restaurant and she'll be the one greeting me at the front podium and that she'll seat me and bring me my coffee and pie before giving me the update on all the rumors and strange behavior that took place in the joint.

Wait, that's a terrible thing to wish on a person, isn't it?

Art Credits for The Waitress Articles: Page 5- Waitress by Kaliedo and Waitress by Wolfgeist; Page 6- Cherry Waitress by Sosenka; Page 7- Waitress by SykoticScarecrow; Page 8- Robot Waitress by YouLoseASock and Waitress by Crysataline Coley; Page 9- Waitress by HitmanN; Page 10- Catastrophe Waitress by Shishah, La Gante Waitress by Mirrored Distortion; Page 11- Costume Study by LessRuth; Page 12- Future Waitress by Strawberry Bear and Page 13- Chinese Waitress by Chan Ying Yee.



A Powerful Statement of Gothitude by **Christopher J. Garcia**

I was once asked what made the perfect girl. I said take a standard beauty and give it a genre. Most folks need more definition than that, but the ones that get it really understand. There's always beauty, but when you transport it into a shell,

you heighten both the effect of each. If you take a girl who is naturally gorgeous and put her in an up-town raver outfit, you've made the Raver part look golden and the girl shines through even heavier than she would through jeans and a t-shirt. Cowboy garb on a good-looking girl is even hotter. Of course, Goth wear, being my favourite genre, is the height of perfection.

The Goth Girls I've had things

for over the years all proved this statement, but when I started writing my first novel, I used the concept to full effect.

Novel, you say? I didn't know Chris ever wrote a novel? Well, I've written two: one for NaNoWriMo last year and one just because when I was in college. I'd almost completely forgotten about it until I ran across while I was loading fanzines into new boxes. It was a fun story called Battle of Los Rudas.

The story was so simple, and mind you this was before the reality TV craze hit, a bunch of girls are chosen to compete for the heart of the richest man in the world. The breakdown of the girls is impressive, as there are six girls in competition for the televised section. There's a Goth Girl, a Model-type, a beautiful Cowgirl, a rich-bitch snobby girl, a Cheerleader and a skank. They battle each other in these stupid contests to try and convince the guy that he wants her, but the Goth girl steals his heart by refusing to play along. They get married and she ends up converting him into a Goth Guy and he gets in deep before she tires of the scene and leaves him

I never said it was a good concept, I just said it was simple, and having written it in 1995 and 96, I'm totally sure I could sue the producers of Flavor of Love because it was almost exactly like the show I came up with.



That's all for this week. Will there be another soon? Yes. Will it be worth reading? Who knows.

The Drink Tank is edited by Christopher J. Garcia. Art is by a tonne of people. Bill Burns puts it up on eFanzines.com. Dig him!