

My Apologies

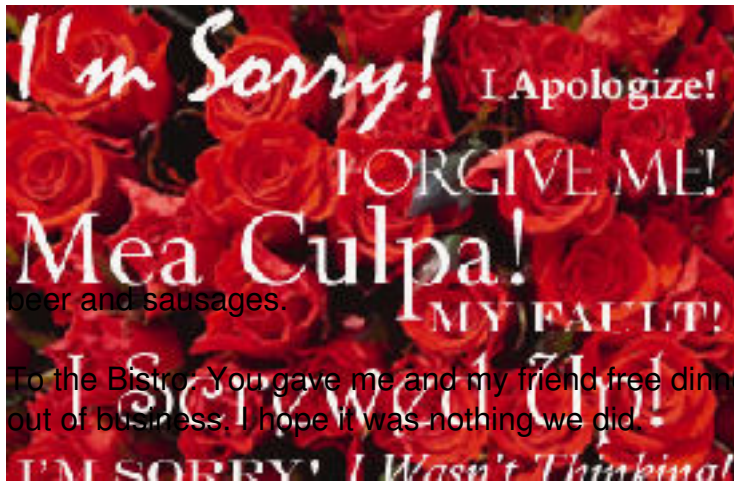
Written by Greg Mills

To my Japanese host family: Sorry I took the beer.

To various shoe clerks: Sorry about my feet. They smell. I know.

To the woman with the crutches: Should have given you my seat. I was a dick. Sorry.

To that priest in Colorado that I led on: Hey, man... sorry. I was trying to avoid conflict with my Mom. Not that much of God guy. Good luck with the parish, gangsta.



To my ex-roommate Mark: sorry I took your beer and sausages.

To the Bistro: You gave me and my friend free dinner, then we stole a case of beer. You went out of business. I hope it was nothing we did.

To the Jazz Butcher: I enjoyed the show, but I was drunk, and didn't realize Max had left the band. Sorry.

To the beer garden in Tokyo: Sorry we took your beer. We were young. We didn't know.

To the Williams brothers: I said some uncool things for a laugh that made your status as the only black family at my High School that much less smooth. You carried yourselves with dignity, but I was a goof. Sorry.

To the man that used to stare at me on BART: Sorry if I stared back with too much of scowl. Although I have to ask what prompted you to stare at me in the first place.

To Warehouse Records: Sorry about shoplifting cassettes back in the day. To be fair, I stuck to stuff that no one else would have bought.

To Lonely Planet Publications (more specifically the long suffering general manager, Eric): Sorry for being a useless, whiney troublemaking shithead. I'm better now.

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To my wife: Sorry for being a baby all too often.

To the people of St. John's, Newfoundland: I was loud, I know. It was my first big business trip and I spazzed out.

To John Zorn: Sorry I heckled you. I had had a long day and my wife and her friend were not digging the show, and I was drunk, and Mike Patton is irritating.

To various people: My humor can get too dark, too fast when meeting people for the first time. Sorry. Self-defense or some such crap.

To Greg Q.: Sorry for spazzing out on you when you came to visit me in First Grade. My brother spurred me on for his own evil purposes.

To Mike J.: Sorry for being pathetic with you in our early twenties. God we sucked. Same for Mike H. I expect full apologies from both of you now.

To Larry: I'm sorry about your brain. But dude, imagine having someone like you as a *boss*. Not good for the ego.

To the City of Walnut Creek: Sorry for being stoned at work.

To the City of Walnut Creek: Sorry for using various infrastructure points as hide-outs to get stoned in.

To the crossing guard: Sorry I flipped you off. What can I say? I was ten.

To an unnamed family in Walnut Creek: Sorry about all the mailboxes ending up in the creek over several years in the early 80's. Your son was an asshole, so it had to be done.

To Gemini and Tanner: Sorry I ignored you, guys. Irish setters need attention, I know.

To Seymour: Cats should never be forced to interface with hi-lighter pens. Sorry.

To the Irish nation: I affected some dumbass fakie Brendan Behan charming Poet Drunk bullshit in my early twenties, and that sucks. You are so much more than that. Sorry.

To humanity: My plaid pants fixation is over. It was horrible while it lasted. I'm sorry.

To various waitstaff: My children are horrid. I apologize. (Though largeness of the tips should have let gratitude be felt.)

To the patrons of the men's toilet at the Mad Dog in the Fog one night, about ten years ago: I had stomach flu. I should have stayed home. Sorry.

To my wife: We should have gone to city hall. A full Orthodox mass *is* a little much. I see that

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now. Sorry.

To the Universe: Sorry. You know why. [\('Comment'\);](#) | [\('Permalink'\);](#)