

Not So Much of A Boy Scout

Written by Dave Howard

But I get there and I can't decide on what to have... when you are low blood stops pumping into your brain and therefore it is hard to make ANY decision let alone good ones. And your brain isn't working well enough to REMEMBER that you can't make good decisions. Unable to decide and thinking a big fat piece of chocolate mouse truffle is too much. We walk out thinking there will be a cafe in library...

WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING??? I have been to a lot of libraries in a lot of towns and NOT ONE OF THEM HAS A GODDAMN CAFE IN IT!!! We hunt for it anyway. Well while we are at the base of the LIBRARY building we can't find the library.

We turn back to Coffee Bean.. which closes in the 45 seconds we were gone..

Coffee Bean closes at 3:00 downtown.. Los Angeles's downtown is a failure...

So we hoof it even further for another couple of blocks when I make another bad decision... They are shooting a movie and the goddamn Kraft services truck is right there. I could just walk up and say "Hey I am diabetic and I am having a problem.. may I have a coke?" Maybe I just don't want to look like a retard in front of CPG.

That easy. But I don't want to tell these people I am A) Diabetic and B) Having a problem I can't control. The shakes are starting.. The sweats are starting and I can't tell these people I need help.. I can Handle it. We walk another block.. each new block is dropping the blood sugar...

We find some Che-Che hotel bar.

Just gimme a Coke.
I need a Coke...
gimme a fuckin Coke.

But the bartender is nowhere to be found...

I'm dropping and the bartender is nowhere to be found. I see someone who looks like a bartender but he is entertaining some Japanese Business who are oblivious to the 200,000 people protesting immigrants rights down the street. They are rich and have no desire to live here. CPG finds a bellhop who gets the bartender on the stick. He gives me a coke... a gulp it one sip. He brings over some nuts (fat sustains the sugar count in your body.. nuts have fat...which I find remarkable funny at the moment)

Okay back up... feeling human.... brain working..Brain working mean no smashy. No smashy good.

I should probably have a meal right about now.. the tourney's on and a burger sounds good. But I am in che-che hotel lobby and not the mood to spend \$17.50 on a burger. So we walk two blocks back uphill and go up these steps modeled after the famous ones in Italy and one block east and two blocks back. At this point I decide to be the woman and ask for instructions... we stop at McCormack and Schmidts and contemplate watching the tourney and have a \$6 bowl of

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corn and clam chowder.... but I need to get my girl to the art exhibit that's what we are here for for chrissakes...

We get instructions, we under the big "W" and go there. I still think I need something before we go into the exhibit and library. I need something to eat.

And everything is closed. Except the expensive places... and I won't eat there unplanned, unplanned.

Shit I burned the Coke and the Nuts, also very funny to me at this point.

I'm crashing again. We see signs for an underground mall that have McDonalds... \$.69 cheeseburgers sounds awesome.

"You know that's stuff is poison" I hear her say.

Fortunately, that fight was muted as the FUCKING MCDONALD'S is closed too!

THERE IS NOTHING FUCKING OPEN THAT DOESN'T COST AND ARM AND A LEG DOWNTOWN ON FUCKING SUNDAY. I yell at the DAILY GRILL and threaten to sue them becaus DAILY means SUNDAY TOO!!! It's in the TITLE!!!

Not even a HOT DOG stand.. NOTHING!!!

I don't want to test. I have two strips left and we have to meet people for dinner later.

Im low, I know I'm low, I don't need to test. I need a fucking burrito.

She's holding my hand and I am staggering worse than a broke drunk. I can't feel my fingers. I'm lead... i'm feeling dirty...The city looks beautiful. There are protesting people with drums and Columbian flags and a gal with a "Hondouras" belt talking to her friends.

And I see it.

A neon cactus... neon cactus means food. Carb heavy Mexican food.

"CPG.. CACTUS.. GO TO THE CACTUS...."

We have walked another 12 blocks by this time... A cross between New York and San Francisco blocks... steeper than they should be"

The Cactus is open. The Cactus is open...

It's open..

All I can think is "Is this our only option?"

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I pause on the street and start looking around... there is a Burger King... and open McDonalds'..cactus place and RITE AID..

They have fun stuff at RITE AID... Do they have burgers at Rite Aid?

Drums.. Drums.. Drums.. I love drums.

Do they have Burgers at Rite Aid?

CPG says "Well what do you need?"

There are two too many options... okay there was one too many options.. too much to think about...

"I can't think...pick something... I want a breakfast burrito"

CPG gets into line... I start rattling everything off of the breakfast menu like Rain Man...

Look they have "NASA TV" here...

She tells me to sit down and I do.. shaking my head down on to the table... sweating a puddle on to the table....

She arrives with a coke and chicken burrito, because it's 4:00 and they don't have breakfast burritos anymore..

A logic I cannot understand... breakfast burritos should be available anytime... that would be good.

I eat a chicken and rice and beans...

Thank god... ten minutes later I am a human being again.

God I love that girl.

The exhibit was fascinating.. and I haven't been to the downtown library before... it's quite a treasure.