

Fear & Loathing: In Valley Station

By Jeremy Howell

A sudden realization of what needs to be. Sitting reading one of our times most influential writers, HST, I understood that each of us must go out and live the freedoms inherited by us proud few called Americans. So often is it the practice in these foul days to complain silently, like some drunken wretch slumped over a dirty glass, mumbling under his breath over the days pounding from society. The time has come to live beyond the laws that are so rapidly closing in on us. To stand in the face of the worms and live our lives free.

Once arriving home from my ridiculous day at work, where I watched my filthy swine of a boss grovel for his job after being accused of embezzling money, which of course was true. Anyone making a solid "G" for a 32 hour week at "Rat Burger's 'R' Us", which itself losing about \$3000/month, is definitely sticking their hands in the cookie jar. I decided this night called for more than an honest bong hit for relaxation, I needed strong drink.

I had sat in the same Louisville, KY for all of my life wondering what purpose I was meant to serve, way hadn't the great magnet pulled me in a direction by now. But, perhaps I missed the idea, I have been pulled through this strange, seemingly meaningless serious of life struggles, and prevailed through most all of them. All these random events have led me to this spot right here. Where now I feel I may have a shot at putting my name out there with pride for my accomplishments. A living dictation of what happens in this country to someone lacking the powerful personal aides to accomplish living free in a Nazi police state. A tough ticket, yet one I have been living regardless, but only at the home front... it's time to take this experience to the street.

I grabbed my bag of weed off the table and bolted towards the door, a strange fear crawling up my spine made my question taking my illegal companion. "Fuck this", I muttered to myself. "Only one real way to take the ride", and off we went.

I rolled out of the driveway in my 1965 Ford Falcon, aimlessly letting the road direct me to an unknown destination. Perhaps St. Andrews Pub, a place now run by the Grim Reaper motorcycle gang. Once a nice and rowdy, yet friendly place for the cream of Louisville's degenerates to meet. Now is a place you only go in search of the most intensely awful experiences. Not the vibe I'm in need of on this night... I drive down Dixie Hwy., northbound from Valley Station towards Longheads, another place for the rotting souls to feast on unsuspecting prey. With no more than 200 yards to go I can see the red and blue dancing beams of light that signify that this bar has already exceeded it capacity for raving lunatics for the night. I pull a one-eighty about ¼ mile down the road and pass back by the chaos looking for friendly faces pressed against the pigs cars.

Wick's Pizza, my former hell for about two and a half years, looks like tonight's winner. I pull in the parking lot and notice tonight is the UFC pay-per-view broadcast. Great, nothing better than drunk, aggressive, adrenaline pumping monsters to sooth you after a long day, I thought. I confidently walked up to the door man whom I recognized.

"Let him in he works here," I heard come from this burly man sitting very resentfully at the door. The worst of all guard posts if you ask this security team, no action.

I waved my unlit cigarette at him and walked into the electric ballet of 36 flat screen TVs all playing the same mid-evil gladiators on screen. As I waited for this piece of shit to come get me a drink, I was swarmed by a bunch of coked-up, maniacs. All whooping and hollering, badgering me with questions, the basic 5-w's. I immediately informed them of recent events in an auctioneer styling, so as to suppress the dumb beasts.

After a couple of drinks I couldn't resist the urge to go outside and smoke. An odd feeling to me, this being the first night I've ventured out since Louisville's Right- Raping smoking ban took effect this week. I ask the doorman if I may kill myself outside without too much of a fuss being raised, he nods with a grin.

While thinking of escape from the vultures that followed me outside, a very recognizable feeling rushes over me like a wave. I'm being watched. But, who, where? Then I spot the filthy animal circling around me. But why, I haven't broken any rules, yet. I am just peacefully inhaling small amounts of poison. No harm to anyone else. Why would the brute being after me? Jabbering in a low tone on his radio and eyeballing me. Suddenly a woman I knew rushed up, right in my face, nearly scaring me to death.

"Dear Jesus," I exclaimed. The panic from the pig had gotten me jumpy.

"Shut up," she replied as she reached out and stuffed my bag of marijuana back into my pocket. Everything came together in my mind with a crash like the jailhouse doors slamming on my freedom.

"Here, here...take this," I said quietly as I handed my alcohol over to the woman and calmly walked out to the parking lot. The whole time hearing the swine squealing on his radio, drowned out by the sounds of these fools asking me where I'm going. Run, I thought...but I must get a grip. No need to arouse more suspicion by the authorities. Just calmly get in you car, start the machine, then drive at top speed like some kind of speed-freak manic out of control down the highway.

Hide in the shadows of the maniacs. Dive head first into the carnage and they'll never find me. These thoughts kept me safe once again.