

## FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

by: Chester Brost

Butch couldn't believe that they left him out here like this. He knew that it wasn't a life or death situation, but he was still pretty pissed off. No boots and only a bear bottle full of piss warm water. Butch had been walking through fields and woods for nearly four hours and hadn't seen so much as a road let alone another human being.

Butch had been hangin' around the Club for about a year, but it wasn't until last night that his bro Clyde offered to sponsor him for membership. Being how things are, the gathering turned out to be a pretty big party. The last thing that Butch remembers is knocking back a long pull from the whiskey bottle. Well, being how things are, he woke up alone, face down in the dirt next to a smoldering fire pit. Butch was shoe less and covered with sweat. The flies had taken a fancy to his flavor and were using his face and opened mouth as a waterin' hole and outhouse all in one.

Bug bitten and hung over, Butch had long ago finished off the bottle of what he hoped was water and had a mighty thirst. He sat on a fallen trunk massaging his stockinged feet when he thought that he'd heard a whisper of music off in the distance. Straining, Butch heard it again. "Yes, it is music." he thought. A ray of relief ran through Butch as he tried to determine from which direction the music was coming. Butch headed East.

"Black Sabbath!" he said, as the music became discernable. Butch pushed forward limping in pain, but increased the pace as the music became louder. All he could think about was getting a ride back to the club house and busting some ass; and then, there it was: a road. It was really more of a path than anything, but at this point he'd settle. It was the first sign of civilization he had see all day. Butch began to wonder if the music was an hallucination. God only knows what he'd drank earlier. Butch had seen the brothers pull far worse pranks on far better people.

Hobbling up the path, butch began to realize a gateway peeking out from around the bending tree line. Butch quickly stopped, stepped back, and leaned in for a peek. It wasn't the gate that gave him pause it was the motorcycles and private property postings that fueled his reserve. Butch was in no shape for any sort of trouble, and even though he was stranded he knew that crashing a Club party on private property could be dangerous. Butch decided to leave the path and venture back into the woods for a look at what was happening.

Climbing one of the hills that encased the pathway, Butch reached the top and then tripped; skidding on his sore dogs all the way to the bottom of the hollow. He landed softly in a bed of dried leaves, exhaled vexatiously through his nose and laid there. Looking above for movement of any kind, Butch assessed his situation. Certain that the music was no hallucination, he now heard the sound of young women laughing and having fun. He smelled smoke. Someone was definitely cooking, it smelled like...like..Italian food?

Butch climbed to his feet and scurried up the other side of the ravine, eased over to the ledge, and to his amazement he found himself over looking a small lake with people dancing to a live band on the beach. "Wait a minute!" Butch thought, blinking his eyes bewildered. Butch could see that these were not just people dancing to some band;



these were just women dancing to the band Black Sabbath. Butch quickly pulled back out of view trying to comprehend what he had just seen. Wondering how much money it would take to get Sabbath to play a private party, Butch slowly peeked back over the bluff and saw a huge estate on the side of the lake. With a knowing grin creeping across Butch's face, and no immediate threat in sight, he decided he was going down the hill and just see what happens. He figured that if there were a problem he would use the truth as an excuse and possibly get a ride to the club house.

Butch's feet had become so tender from walking through the woods in just his socks that when he tried to ease down the embankment he began falling and tumbled, feet in the air, taking one smashing shoulder blow after another into the soft dirt and moss until coming to a crashing stop at the bottom of the hill; bringing the undivided attention of everyone there to himself, including Ozzy and the fellas in the band. An eerily awkward moment of silence fell over the valley. Butch's face glowed with embarrassment, he took a deep breath, sat up, raised both hands in the air and said, "I'm alright." There was a sudden burst of laughter and then there was music.

Four women, dressed only in bathing suits, rushed over to Butch's aid. Butch could barely contain himself as he put his weight on two of the women and pathetically limped to an empty lawn chair by the lake.

The sand was soft on his feet. Butch peeled off his tattered socks and dug his feet into the cool wet sand. The deeper he dug his feet in the wetter it became. Squishing the cool wet sand between his toes it soothed his distressed stompers.

Butch again smelled food being smoked. One of the women was being very attentive stroking his ear and neck as he watched the band belt out some of his favorite tunes. Just when he thought it couldn't get any better another woman approached him carrying a very large mug of frosty beer. Butch reached out for the frosted suds while the attentive one purred into his ear: Butch, baby..., Butch baby..., Butch..., BUTCH...BUTCH!!! DAMN IT BUTCH! TURN DOWN THAT MUSIC!! WHAT ARE YOU BURNING???! Butch jumped out of his slumber knocking the cat from his chest. Dazed, he looked from the smoke bellowing oven to the four bikini bottoms washing the neighbors motorcycle just under his window, then to his yelling ol' lady. "I leave for thirty minutes and you try and burn down the house with a pizza! And what the hell are you doing with your feet in the kitty litter box?!?"

This is just FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH.

Ride safe.

Chuck

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