

Me and Brian. We wasn't bad kids, just two typical teenagers, just two typical all-American boys. Just two kids happy with a smoke and a brew and a joint if we was lucky, riding the open road like they say. Happy to skip school, tool around, listen to tunes, maybe pick up a couple of chicks and have some fun. Good times, especially on Saturdays, tooling around together.

We both got jobs at Sambrowski's gas station that summer. We'd pump gas, change oil, dick around; whatever Old Man Sambrowski wanted us to do, we done it and that, I have to say, was some of the best times we ever had. It lasted two great months until we got busted with a couple of beers. Hell, we wasn't wasted or nothing—*it was just two fucking beers*—but there was Mr. Sambrowski, all serious-like, saying how disappointed he was in us and he had no choice but to 'let us go'—why didn't he just say what he meant: *I'm gonna can your asses*—and then he says he had no choice? That was bullshit and we all knew it; he had a choice *Christ here it comes sucker punch to the gut*—

*We had a choice.*

Me and Brian had a choice that day and we made the wrong fucking one and I knew it then—hell, even before it happened, I think I knew it—and I sure as shit know it now, *especially* now with my own little girl looking up at me so trusty-like and jumping into my arms like a little monkey.