



A Farewell Drink

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A woman has one last drink with her friend.

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The glow of the neon sign lit her face as she walked into the bar with a Gibson Les Paul guitar strapped across her back and carrying an urn in her hands. She set the urn in an empty stool and sat next to it, hanging the guitar on the back of hers.

“Two dirty martinis please!” she called out.

The bartender mixed the drinks and placed them both in front of her. She slid one over to the urn and sipped her drink, wincing as she did. “Something wrong?” the bartender asked.

“Probably not,” she said. “I’ve never had a martini before, dirty or not.”

The bartender looked surprised. “Why did you order two then?”

“It was my best friend’s favorite drink and I’m having one in her memory.”

“She died?”

“Sadly yes. She was trying to take a picture of a dancing penguin with her Exakta 66 camera when she was stung by a bee.”

“She was allergic to bee stings?”

“No, she slipped on a potato the penguin wouldn’t eat and fell to her death. Of course, she broke the damn camera, but her final pictures were pretty wicked.”

She reached into her purse and pulled out some pictures. There was a picture of a penguin, then some blurry pictures of the sky, some rocks, and the penguin. The last picture was of a woman with part of a potato in her mouth and the penguin looking at her with a quizzical look on its face.

“Huh,” grunted the bartender, “those are pretty wicked.”

“She left me the broken camera and her entire Albert King collection, Born Under a Bad Sign and Blues for Elvis are my favorites.”

“How many albums did she have of his?”

“Four or five. None of his live albums though, but hey, I’m just happy she had enough sense to draft a will.”

“Yeah, that’s always a good thing,” said the bartender. “So, what’s with the guitar?”

“Oh that,” she said sipping the martini, “it’s mine. At least, that’s what the letter I had said. I just didn’t want her idiot brother to get it.”

“Well now, aren’t you vicious.”

She shrugged and sipped her drink. “Her funeral is today, so I came here to have a final drink with my friend.”

The bartender eyed the urn. “What’s that?”

“Her ashes. What time is it?”

He looked at his cellphone, “Um, 4:20 exactly. When’s the funeral?”

“Twenty minutes ago,” she said as she opened the urn and poured the drink inside it.