Art

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Tijuana

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IN THE blackness of the sidestreet, a dimly lit sign danced over an open door. Skewing his eyes and cocking his head backwards, Billy could just make out the words in the bluish glow—The Blue Fox. Now, to him, that seemed a hilariously funny name and he let out a whoop of uncontrollable laughter as Al and Tom half-carried, half-dragged him inside.

“Shut-the-hell-up, Billy!” one of them hissed—he wasn’t sure which one, but he thought it was Al.

“Dammit, Al! What the hell’d we have to drag him along for?”

“Aw, com’ on, Tom! Hell, he’s never been down here before an’ he might get some kicks outta it. Besides, he’s doin’ all right an’ not causing any trouble.”

“Doin’ all right? Hell, look at him! A couple more beers an’ he’ll be out on his ass! If you think I’m gonna lug him back before I get to Cherry Hill, you can forget it!”

Billy was barely aware of what they were saying. Anyway, the way he felt right now, he didn’t much care. He was still chuckling to himself as Tom shoved him up against a