

Prompt 159 (3 AM Epiphany): The Seduction of Analogies

"I got 50 on the Pats", my grandfather crowed from the rusting barber chair in the middle of the near-empty shop. His eyes were fixed on the TV, which was old enough to have an AV input and a VCR slot.

"Granddad, we only have two days before the landlord makes us leave. Come on!"

"Hush up boy, they not gone make us leave before the game end".

"The Falcons not even playing, Granddad".

"They playing in the new stadium, now go on over there and put them combs and clippers in a box".

I sighed loud enough for him to hear me from the other side of the shop, but he seemed to be too entranced with the game to acknowledge me. As I packed away the combs, clippers, and whatever miscellaneous knick knacks Granddad kept around his chair, I couldn't help but to notice how desolate the shop looked without Jim braiding in the corner, or Curtis cutting Uncle Joe's hair weekly, guffawing at his story about Aunt Gladys throwing him out for the fifteen millionth time over cheating accusations, or the candy lady that came in selling bootlegs and--

"SCORRRRRE PATRIOTS!! Bout damn time, we already in the second quarter. Imma get some money tonight".

"From who, Granddad? Everybody on this street gone. And nobody has money to bet. Do you not remember that they tearing down everybody's store in East Atlanta Village to put up some coffee shops and dog parks?"

"OOOOoooouuu, INTERCEPTION".

"Clearly I'm talking to myself" I said under my breath. "Forty years in this shop and all you worried about is this *damn* game".

"Boy, did you just cuss? Just wait until I tell your mama".

I rolled my eyes and continued to fill the boxes with bottles of aftershave. After a while, I glanced over at the game. It seemed like it was going nowhere, as the Rams and Patriots didn't score. I've never really been intrigued by either team, but it made me kind of sad that the Rams had been trying their hardest to win, and probably spent years of training and practice and hard work just to lose to a rigged game, to known cheaters. Even if they tried their hardest during the game, their failure was predestined before they even walked on the turf.

“This game is garbage, I hope it gets better”.

“Probably not”, I said, “but at least you’ll win your bet”.