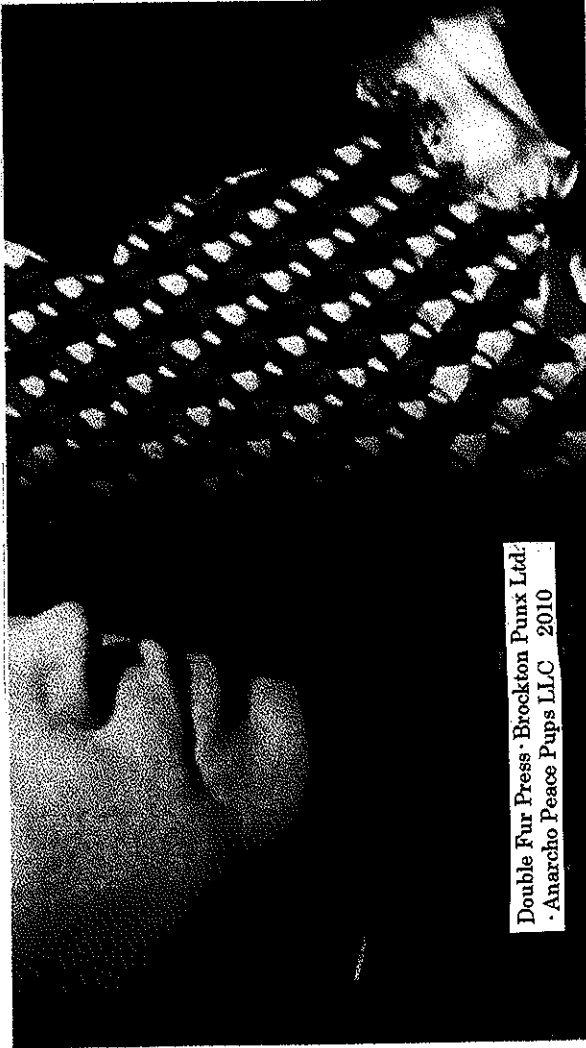


## Nonchalantism

A few hours later I'm awoken by what's-her-face giving Juan a blowjob under the sheets, and not doing a good job of being discreet about it. I look over at the rest of the crew, scattered, passed out and snoring, and those of us awake all thinking, what the fuck? Rubble rubble crinkle crinkle we all hear a package being opened, and what sounds like a condom being put on Juan's dick immediately turns into her riding him for 6 long minutes under the sheets. The awkwardness just becomes comical as we all begin to giggle a little, but at the same time not be obnoxious about it, because they're totally getting it on with 6 other people in the room not giving a fuck. Then, Miguel wakes up on the floor from his own snoring, chokes and gags, and coughs up a little beer and almost vomits from the snot coming out of his nose into his mouth, and slurs, "What the fuck is this shit?" Everyone laughs and tells him to shush. And Miguel's like, "Nah, I don't give a fuck," as crumbs of Fritos fall from his mustache and goatee. He drops the intensity, starts giggling with the rest of us, and continues to act disgruntled. But in all honesty, just jealous and drinkin' way too much Hatervade. What's-her-face eventually leaves before everyone wakes up and starts moving around. Everyone's like what the fuck, and Juan doesn't ever say a damn thing. They all try to use advanced incognito slang terminology that I'm supposedly not yet inclined to, as a way to communicate about the situation. 14 years later, I'm stoned thinking about this. What's the psychedillo?

DFF 3509



Double Fur Press · Brockton Punx Ltd.  
· Anarcho Peace Pups LLC 2010

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Story by Angry Sleeper  
Compiled by Eli R. U. Hokay

## Non·cha·lant·ism

adj.

1. showing cool lack of concern; casually indifferent.
2. the belief system of not giving a fuck

Also see: Raw Dog, or Martin Ploy

Okay, so here it goes. It's my first tour and my first night as a roadie for a band. We're in Vegas; the show went well, we got paid good, shit's raging, and everyone's stoked. Once everything's loaded in the van, we score a really cheap two bed hotel room. Everybody's headed to hit the casinos and get drinks at the Double Down, but I'm 9 years shy of being able to party anywhere. I'm thinking this shit sucks and my night's done. They're obviously gonna leave my ass behind because they're raw like that. So the five of them come up with the only logical alternative they can think of, which is to leave me two fat joints. The consensus of the group is, "Dude just smoke these and chill. Watch some TV and relax. We'll be back later." They all chuckle as the door shut behind them. I stare at the two joints on top of the TV set that Jeremy placed neatly there for me. After about 5 minutes I say fuck it. I grab one and light it up. I'm having a tough time smoking the whole thing because I haven't smoked much of anything before. It feels like an hour smoking this damn thing. The coughing and the burning sensation doesn't make it easier to smoke the second one. While watching some funny TV show, totally feeling the solitude of comfort and your mind going through space, and just experiencing smoking weed on a different level without really thinking about it for the first time. My mind explodes. I'm past hungry. I'm just fucking bored. BOOM! Juan stumbles through the door, super wasted with some groupie, and I immediately freeze. He asks, "Hey man, did you smoke those joints?" I reply, "Yeah." He giggles and quickly forgets about my existence, and starts making out with what's-her-face like I ain't even there. Clothes start coming off, and I pretend to fall asleep. Then they start fucking each others' brains out. What am I supposed to do? I'm stoned, got no where to go, no one else to talk to, and for some odd

fucking reason, I'm the one in the room who's embarrassed. Me, being frightened but at the same time curious, want to take a quick peek, but never do to avoid increasing the already intense awkwardness. After their fuckfest ends, they crash out. They're lying there snoring, and I'm thinking, what the fuck is going on. What have I gotten myself into. And as my brain's racing through a million premature paranoid anxious thoughts, I pass out hard.

Later I wake up to the door being broken down. Ian kicks the fucker through! He's pissed because I didn't answer the door. I must've slept through him banging at it. The door swings open and he's all sweaty with some real young dirty girl from the bar thinking that he's the first one to get to the room, but finds Juan half naked with what's-her-face, and me with super bloodshot eyes. Ian gets frustrated, throws a fit and lies down on the floor with the young dirty girl. They start making out and I close my eyes trying really hard to pass out before I have to witness any more stupid bullshit.

A few hours later, the rest of the crew, Roy, Miguel, and Jeremy return from their adventure. They find the door busted wide open and unable to close, and what seems to look like a scene straight out of CSI is Juan with what's-her-face on one bed, Ian crashed on the floor with dirty chick, and I'm on the other bed passed out. They wake me up and interrogate me. I don't know why, but I'm really embarrassed to tell the awful truth. (It really isn't a big deal but to this day I still haven't told anyone what really happened.)

Everyone's obviously wondering what the fuck was Juan thinking of, while fuckin' what's-her-face 5 feet away from me. But even more upset that Ian decided to break the door down when he had the fuckin' key in his pocket the whole goddamn time. So everything turns into a funny argument (by default) with Ian, and the group decides to withhold his allowances from the band fund until they add up to the damages. All the while, Juan and what's-her-face are acting like we're interrupting them from their sleep. After all of this, a few joints are passed, a few jokes are said, and everyone crashes out to the sunrise.