

BROTHERS BOND

A young SE Louisiana oilfield worker, T-Paul (TP), was transferred by his company to one of their Texas facilities.

At the end of his first work day in Texas, he was asked by co-workers to join them at their local hang out. The regular crew members were served up their usual by Marie. She asked newbie – TP – his pleasure. TP asked for three draft Coors. She drew one and set it down.

TP: No, no mon Cher – all t’ree same time.

Marie: They’ll get warm – go flat – finish that one & I’ll bring you another cold mug real fast.

TP: Please understand – got two older brothers – we very close – do everything together. Pa-Pa die in a grain elevator explosion- took care of Ma-Ma best we could. She took sick – made us promise we stay close. She pass several year ago and we swear, in her memory, end of workday, we meet and have a beer together. We did – til our work separate us. Still, we each have these three beers- together –at the end of our work day – connected – time and place difference no matter.

TP took a huge slug from the first mug and moved to the second, then third ...one, two, three... one, two, three... til done.

TP & crew – same order – every day – for several months.

Returning to work after a long layoff, Marie seeing TP come in, pulled 3 icy mugs.

TP: Not today, Marie – only 2 . The bar went silent.

Marie: Oh no – you lost a brother!

TP: No, no,... I married a beautiful Southern Baptist lady and had to quit drinking.