

Title: bottled escapism

Author: riyo amaya

Prompt: something associated with Ireland/St Paddy's Day/etc. and inspired by the lyrics: *So give me the song/ and I'll sing it like I mean it/ So give me the words/ and I'll say them like I mean it// Cos you got my heart in a headlock/ You stopped the blood and made my head soft/ And god knows/ You've got me sewn*

by The Feeling: Sewn--- in 40 minutes.

Notes: Sin Dougherty is my boy who suffers from the afflictions I don't deal with (alcoholism in the bloodline, dead friend, procrastination, lack of focus). See him get lumped with it all at once. Written in about 15 minutes or so. 503 words. *Rated: PG13, cause there's no sense in talking about getting hammered with the kiddies.*

For all his heritage, for all the madness he puts up with when he's reminded that he's just another Mick, Sin never feels lucky. He never really feels as Irish as he knows he should be. Even when he was younger, he was too far off to be truly lucky. He's too tall to be a leprechaun, and has always had more length than was absolutely necessary to function. He still gets drunk at any chance, though holding liquor is so very far away from him he wonders how he could even stand straight after the last kegger he went to.

He shakes his head and looks back at the papers he's tried to write every day over the course of his break. The papers that should've been written two weeks ago, on dance theory and the history of Celtic dance. Two separate papers to be written during the course of the semester, gathering all the information he could on practical applications of dance theory and history that had probably been drummed into him during his lifetime. All he can do is stare at the blank page in front of him, the blank document window on his laptop, and sigh.

His head feels soft and he's flying in 7 different directions. He thinks of Pacie, of Pats, of St. Patrick's Day and the parties he promised to attend tonight. He thinks of drowning, of funerals, of rain showers, of endless beer to drown endless sorrows. He thinks of Finnegan's Wake and how he wishes he could just have beer tossed on him to make him feel alive again. His mind is everywhere and nowhere at once and he can't seem to focus beyond the sight of an empty Word document lying open on his screen.

He sighs, and puts his name in a header at the top of the page and stops. Would it hurt to drink? Just relax the evening away and sing at the top of his lungs old bawdy drinking songs about how he longs to see Ireland and being a child of the green. God knows he means it when he says he longs to be away.

He closes his eyes for a moment, and wishes himself anywhere but here. And, for a night, he is. He floats away on a tide of Guinness and Murphy's Stout and cider mixed with real Irish whiskey and vodka named for long dead kings and toasting all in attendance while he still has the voice for it:

*May your glass be ever full. May the roof over your head be always strong. And may you
be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead.*

May you live to be a hundred years, with one extra year to repent.

May you live as long as you want, And never want as long as you live.

*Here's to me, and here's to you, And here's to love and laughter- I'll be true as long as
you, And not one moment after.*