

riyo amaya

Character: Sin.

Irishmen Shouldn't Drink

*"It's not really you, Trick. Really. Mom just.... Well, Sin.... Couldn't you just get a small haircut? Just for prom?"*

*"But, I thought you liked my hair."*

*"It was cute... for a while. But, I mean, there are places for it. But it's time for you to... grow up."*

*"Grow up?"*

*"I don't think we're gonna work out."*

What she said rang in his head louder than he could remember anything having done before. It wasn't Lila's fault he wasn't 'up to snuff,' though it would've been nice if it was. He was a good boy, though.

Lila's parents just didn't approve of a prom date with long hair and a motorcycle, even if he was well-dressed.

Sin grumbled, taking a swig from his bottle and chucking a rock across the lake. He never met anyone's expectations, he thought morosely, loosening his bow tie. He'd eventually have to go to prom. Waste of 50 dollars if he didn't. The whiskey was beginning to affect him, though, and there wasn't a chance of making it to the place in one piece. He giggled at the thought of arriving to prom legs separated from torso. *A flippin' freak show*, he grinned. At least he could try to dance with two girls at once.

This was why he shouldn't drink, his conscience reminded him. *Aww, shut up*, he thought again to himself, laughing harder at talking to his conscience. He flung the bottle towards the center of the lake, just barely missing a small flock of ducks. They squawked and dispersed, flung apart with the wild force of the throw. Sin yelled out at them, the very epitome of the drunk Irish teenager.

There was a reason his mother told him not to drink. There is always a shred of truth in stereotypes. Not all Irishmen are drunks. But the affinity with liquor is something no Mick could run away from. Alcoholism ran too close in his blood for him to pick up drinking now. And it would be harder to give up when it came to it. *But that wouldn't be until later*, he smirked, wishing he hadn't thrown the bottle away.

He started walking back up to his house, empty of all life. *Another fine night in the Dougherty house*, he slurred in his mind, his accent showing through when he most needed to forget it. Lila loved his accent.

He slammed into the kitchen, dragging his feet on the tiled floor. If he had sense, he'd go directly to bed, sleep off the hangover that was destined to come. No one ever accused Sin of having sense. He began rummaging through the cabinets, looking for something else to drink. Unhappily, there was nothing.

*Bloody parents*, he thought, finally dragging himself up to his room and passing out on his bed.