Sitting in the Beer Garden at Taaffe’s in Galway, Ireland

Mary Bremer

Across the street, pre-pubescent boys in tailored pants and navy blue V-neck sweaters pour out of Mario's, the best chipper in town. The vinegar and grease soak through the brown paper bags they’re holding and they wipe their hands on their khaki pants. Their mothers will not be happy.

Cal comes back with two pints of Harp and laughs at the Nigerian man standing outside the flower shop on his red milk crate, telling people the dangers of pre-marital sex, alcohol, smoking, and drugs. It is lost on him that the only people listening have a drink in front of them.