

17. This guy I was working with, Jack, he was such a character, I mean, he was *really* disgusting. He was a 50-year-old ex-navy, chain-smoking hard drinker with fading tattoos, cussing and swearing, "Fucking cocksuckers" all the time, especially when it came to slurring blacks and Jews and foreigners. One day, Mark came by to give me a ride or something, and Jack was talking to these little girls, like 15 years old, and then he turns his big, beefy head around to us and grins, "Yeah, I could probably fuck that!" He's one of these guys who stand there, you know, and while they're having a conversation with you, they're picking at their crotch, going like this. They never break a stride. It's like, "You know, I really wish you wouldn't do that when I'm standing here in front of you. Why don't you go to the bathroom or something!" He never had any awareness of his own idiotic self. Once, we were putting gravel on a parking lot and had to go up this steep, pointy road, about five miles, to this quarry. We pull in and Jack loads *way* too much on the dump truck. It was a small truck and the load is like sticking out, horizontally. I'm thinking, "Oh shit, now I have to ride back down the mountain in this truck with this fucking moron." Well, fortunately, before we even get out of there, the front end of the truck lifts up off the ground and I'm like, "Thank you god, thank you god." We had to off-load quite a bit before being able to leave. Later, Jack asked me to pick up some additional loads and says, "Don't get too much on there again." Like I had something to do with it when he's the one in charge of the truck! I just told him, "Don't worry about it, I'm not gonna drive this truck down a mountain without the front wheels touching the ground."