“He’s got coffee for us,” the guitarist told Johnny.

“Groovy!” It seemed the thing to say.

JJ already had his good tasting cup of Hills Brothers. Like a New York street vendor, sugar cubes went in without asking.

“Thank you,” said Johnny. He liked it sweet.

“I’m Doctor Leary from Harvard.” A hushed tone. “Have you heard of me?”

“I…uh…” Johnny stepped back. “No kidding?”

“The Moody Blues were wrong. I’m not dead.”

Your old favorite group musically influenced a big future star.” Channeling his Jack Black thing, Johnny pointed dramatically. “That would be you. That would be cool.”

“You do make that sound cool.” She scratched her head. “Spun.”

“Legend says that when Clapton met Hendrix, he got sick. Decades later when Van Halen met Clapton, he puked. That’s an urban music legend.”

“I see.”

“It’s significant rock and roll genealogy. You know, the Hall of Fame, up-chuck chain.”

“The up-chuck chain!” Chica shook her head. “Johnnie, you…”

The clerk returned.

“1970?” Chica groaned. “I come from 1966.”

“I don’t know. Maybe I read it wrong.”

“You read it right. I would remember such an ugly car!”

“It’s an AMC Gremlin. People think they look cool.”

“Not cool people, I can tell you that.”

 He stopped. “Pepsi or Coke?”

“Oh…”

“Ice cold.” He held the dripping bottles closer.

“I’m not...”

“1970. Real sugar.”

“Okay. This one.”

“Good choice.” Johnny opened it for her with a lighter. “No twist tops in 1970.” He thumb-prieded his own bottle.

“Can I see that, Johnny? Mr. 1970.”

“Sure.” He chuckled. “Have at it.”

Chica tossed it under a passing truck. “No throw-away lighters in 1970!” When the traffic slowed, she kicked the pieces into the sewer. “Matches are free.”

**Dunce**

**Cat**