

Love, Death, and Whisky



The Last Wee Dram

by Rick Tuber

Diagnosed with a terminal illness, Rob Turner leaves his family behind and embarks on a bucket list-adventure in Scotland. There, he meets a wise old man whose wildly impossible predictions propel him home with the possibility of hope.

Love, Death, and Whisky: The Last Wee Dram

By Rick Tuber

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Also by Rick Tuber

Well, I'll Be Damned

Just My F*ing Luck**

Should Have Seen It Coming

Shanghai Cuts

A Hollywood Film Editor's Misadventures in China

CHAPTER 1:

The Worst Day Ever

It started out like every other day of Rob Turner's newly retired life. A feeling that he should shave, jump in the shower, and endure the 90-minute commute to Santa Monica where he had worked in an advertising agency trying to convince people to buy a product that they may or may not have needed, wanted, or even knew existed. His entire career had embodied a tribute to capitalism, salesmanship and useless creature comforts, like the *Larry Lounge Chair*, the sales campaign that had pretty much marked Rob's success. He had never considered his occupation as particularly rewarding, but his job as a creative director paid for a nice home and college educations for his two sons. Only now, he was retired and there was no work, no traffic, no kids to raise, and no need for a smooth face.

Rob was in decent shape for a 65-year-old man. Sure, he had put on a few pounds and needed reading glasses, but he still had a full head of dark, albeit slightly graying hair, and a youthful face if one didn't look too closely. He could still whack a baseball, though making it to first base had become a bit 'iffy' in recent years. Still, somewhere in that grizzled countenance you could still see the boy he had once been, if one cared to look close enough.

Rob rubbed the four-day growth on his chin, tried to remember what day it was, and accepted the fact that he couldn't, and didn't need to. He turned to Susan, who was still sleeping, her back towards him. He knew she wouldn't wake up for another twenty minutes; her schedule hadn't varied in years. Her head of short brunette hair, with just a hint of gray thanks to an expensive stylist, was centered on a

luxurious oversized bamboo pillow. After 40 years of marriage, the thought of her svelte figure hidden beneath the covers still made him smile.

Susan was a few years younger than Rob and not quite ready for the scrap heap called retirement, though she'd recently mused about joining him in the post-work world of life. Now that both sons had married and moved out, Rob knew Susan had mixed feelings about being an empty nester. After a lifetime of crunching numbers for a fast-food franchise, the perk of free hamburgers just didn't hold the same sway as it used to, and she claimed to look forward to spending more time with Rob. But retirement for her would signal an end to a long and important phase of her adult life. And what was next? Medicare? A walker? Blue hair? Susan was getting a sneak peek of her own future in Rob's retirement; a different kind of rut that included watching old movies and sitting on the deck with a drink and staring into space, across the broad sweep of the north San Fernando Valley. Despite her musings, Rob knew that she wasn't ready to go there—yet.

Rob went to the kitchen and started brewing the Vietnamese coffee that he had become addicted to. His habit of two cups in the morning was one of the few things that hadn't changed. He had discovered the chocolatey brew while on a tour of Vietnam and China with his friend Doug. That had been five years ago and the trip had enabled Rob to cross several items off his bucket list. They had cruised the other worldly Ha Long Bay, explored the ancient Angkor Wat temple and had even walked the Great Wall of China. Susan wasn't interested in exotic locales and had passed on the invitation.

Rob took a whiff of the aromatic coffee before walking to the nearby den where he turned on the 65-inch Samsung screen that nearly covered the wall of his den. In years past he enjoyed watching

the news in the morning but lately world events had become too depressing, forcing him to search for an alternative. He found it in the old classic films playing around the clock on TCM. Today's movie was 1950s *Harvey*, one of his favorites. He sat on the black leather couch and watched James Stewart and an invisible six-foot rabbit enjoying a cocktail in a neighborhood bar. Susan joined him half an hour later just as Elwood P. Dowd and Harvey were walking off into the sunset.

"Watching *Harvey* again?"

"It never gets old."

"So, what are your plans for today?"

"Oh, I don't know. Watch some TV then go sit on the deck. If I'm feeling ambitious, I'll take a nap."

"That's what you do every day."

"You're right. Maybe I'll mix things up a bit, try another channel."

Susan rolled her eyes. This new routine of his did not seem healthy. "You're retired, not dead. You should go out and do something. Take a walk. Maybe go have lunch with friends?"

"I would if I had any. The close ones are all dead and the newer ones are still working. I need a Harvey in my life."

"Harvey almost had his friend institutionalized. Do I have to worry about you?"

"Probably."

"Seriously Rob, *Cosmopolitan* says that 65 is the new 47. Maybe you should have kept working. You're not too old to look for a new job."

"Maybe I should scrutinize your reading material." Before Rob could continue, his cell phone started singing Jackson Browne's, *Doctor My Eyes*. "Hello"?

"This is Merrie from Doctor Syeed's office. Is this Rob Turner?"

"It is."

“The doctor would like you to come in today to go over your test results. Is that possible?”

“I suppose so. What time?”

“Does 3:00 pm work for you?”

Rob had seen the good doctor three days earlier after experiencing occasional dizziness, some balance issues, and numbness and pain in his left arm. He had survived the claustrophobic coffin-like experience of an MRI. Now he rolled his eyes. “Is it important?”

“The doctor would not ask to see you if it weren’t important.”

“Let me check my busy schedule,” he joked. “Yeah, I think I can work you in.” Then, “Three o’clock. Got it. I’ll see you then.”

He hung up the phone and turned to Susan. “Doctor wants to go over the test results.”

“Three o’clock will put you right in the middle of afternoon rush hour. Couldn’t he tell you over the phone, or use the medical portal?”

“He probably could, but then he wouldn’t be able to charge me for an office visit. Porsches are expensive, not to mention the price of gas.”

Susan gave him that look that was becoming more frequent. Sometimes his attempts at humor misfired with her.

“He probably just wants to change the dosage of my medication.” Rob took cholesterol, blood pressure, and prostate meds and the side effects included dizziness, although that didn’t explain the occasional blackouts or numbness and pain in his arm that seemed to be getting worse lately, a fact he tried to conceal from his wife.

“Well, let me know what he says. I’ve got to get going. Oh, and wear a jacket. Looks like rain today.” She pecked his cheek out of habit and started getting ready for work.

At 1:30 pm Rob checked his watch, combed his hair, and started up his once sporty 2002 Ford Thunderbird. The car, like its owner, had seen better days. It guzzled petrol like a thirsty alcoholic, but it was comfortable and still kind of fun to drive. More importantly, the loan had been paid off. At this stage of his life getting new transportation seemed extravagant.

Dr. Syeed's practice was located in Santa Monica—close to the advertising agency where Rob had spent his final years of gainful employment. Back in those days the proximity to his office had been a main draw in his selection of doctors, though he seldom sought a doctor's attention. Now, making the long drive as a retiree bothered him. And why shouldn't it? Traffic was always bad around Los Angeles, especially on the west side, and inclement weather made it worse. He made a mental note to find a physician closer to home.

As Rob turned onto the 405 freeway and began the crawl southward, the first drops of rain landed on his windshield like bugs from the heavens. Cold air and droplets of water drifted in from a tear in his canvas roof and he realized that he had forgotten Susan's advice to wear a jacket. He turned on his windshield wipers, then remembered that they needed to be replaced. The windshield was smeared like a butter knife after making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

"Shit!"

He pushed the button on his CD player only to get an error message. Somewhere behind him a horn honked. Rob stuck up a middle finger out of habit, not knowing if the horn was directed at him or some other commuter.

I don't miss this one bit, he thought to himself.

He pulled into the six-story parking structure at ten minutes to three and drove in circles looking for a parking space. This was not his day. He eventually found a space at the far end of the structure, hiked to the elevator and pushed the button to Dr. Syeed's fifth floor office. He waited. And waited some more. No sound, no motion. The elevator doors remained open, as if mocking him. A building custodian in green overalls eventually walked over and taped up a piece of paper with the words '**Out of Order**' printed in a barely legible black marker. He then walked off without a word.

I should have known. Rob shook his head and headed to the stairwell. He was out of breath when he finally reached the doctor's office. Merrie, the doctor's young receptionist greeted him as he entered. "Hi, Mr. Turner. How are you today?" Merrie was always perky, even when the situation did not warrant it.

Rob was tempted to say, *I'm at a doctor's office. How do you think I am?* His shitty day was now turning into diarrhea. He was cold, wet, tired, and cranky.

"I'm fine, how are you?" He put on the phony smile that had worked so well for him in his career.

"Couldn't be better."

Rob appreciated her youthful outlook. If something was bothering her, it was better not to share it with patients seeking medical attention.

"Doctor's running a little late. Have a seat." She nodded to the waiting area where several patients were already seated.

Rob attempted a smile. "Just my luck," he muttered to himself, as he turned from the desk and looked around for a seat, preferably one as far away as possible from the infectious old farts scattered around the small room. He sat down in one of the few vacant chairs and glanced at the people nearby waiting to be healed from whatever

it was that ailed them. A woman in her eighties had a patch over her left eye and hair the color of faded blue sweatpants. A thin man with a bald head and age spots that dotted his skin like an albino leopard kept coughing. Sometimes he covered his mouth with a handkerchief and sometimes he missed his mark or seemed to forget entirely. With Covid still an issue in Los Angeles, Rob didn't think this was a particularly good idea. He also didn't want to cause a scene by scolding the old guy. He quietly changed seats to avoid direct contact with the ancient man's breath and whatever germs they may have contained. Everyone around him looked so old. And here he was sitting among them as if they all belonged to the same club. The truth was they were all members in good standing in the old fogie stage of life.

Rob looked at the magazines on the stand next to his chair. His choices were limited. *Spirituality & Health Magazine*, *Guide to Joyful Living*, a four-month-old *Readers Digest Large Print*, and *Good Old Days*. "Shit." He chose the Readers Digest because he forgot his reading glasses. He took a seat and was halfway through his third article, this one detailing how to remain STD free in nursing homes, before he looked at his watch and saw that it was 3:55. *Jesus Christ, almost an hour already*. Now he'd really be caught in traffic on his way home. He grew ever more impatient as he looked at Merrie sitting at the reception desk peering through files and answering phones, seemingly without a care in the world. The spotted man continued to cough—a phlegmy, wet sound that was cringeworthy. Finally, Rob heard his name called out. "Mr. Turner, the doctor can see you now." He followed a middle-aged woman wearing blue scrubs and an insincere smile into a small room where he was weighed and then had his blood pressure taken. The nurse noted the

results on a form but gave no indication as to whether or not the results were good.

“Did I pass the first test?” Rob joked.

“This isn’t a test, but you’ve gained 12 pounds over the last year and a half,” the nurse said in a *fuck you* tone of voice. “Doctor will be in soon,” she said on her way out the door.

It was 4:15 when Dr. Syeed finally strode through the door in his pressed white smock. His long dark hair was fashioned in a ponytail, and he looked about the same age as Rob’s sons.

“Hello, Mr. Turner. How are you feeling today?”

“Annoyed.”

Dr. Syeed attempted a smile. “Fair enough. Have you experienced any other dizziness since the MRI?”

“Only once and it wasn’t that bad.”

“Did you black out or fall?”

“Not this time. A change in my medication should do the trick, right?”

Doctor Syeed paused, shook his head, a decidedly grim look clouding his usual bland countenance. “I’m afraid it’s not that simple.” He pulled a pair of photographic plates out of a manila folder and hung them on a lighted white board in front of Rob. “See this mass here?” He ran his finger in a circular motion along the x-ray. To Rob it looked like a smoky cloud fogging one part of the film. “You have what’s called a cerebral hemorrhage.”

Rob frowned. “That doesn’t sound good. What exactly does it mean?”

Dr. Syeed took off his glasses and placed them on the counter. His expression changed to that of compassion, a look that was practiced for discussions like this.

“A cerebral hemorrhage is bleeding that occurs within or around the brain tissue. Small arteries bring blood to the brain. If these arteries rupture, blood is released into the brain tissue. A clot is formed that can grow and put pressure on the surrounding tissue.”

“So, are you saying I need brain surgery?”

“If we had caught this earlier, then perhaps. But from what I see here, the size of the hemorrhage and the amount of swelling in the brain renders it inoperable...and ultimately...fatal.” He paused a beat to allow this grim prognosis to sink in. Then, “I’m afraid there’s nothing we can do. I’m sorry.”

The diagnosis was not what Rob Turner had expected. He had envisioned nothing more than a little tinkering with his medication. Perhaps exercise or some kind of injection...but a cerebral freaking hemorrhage! Holy Shit! He was too young to die.

He sat there, digesting the doctor’s words:

Inoperable and fatal...Inoperable and fatal. Shitfuck! Was this some kind of a sick joke?

“Are...are you sure doctor? Maybe I should get a second opinion.” His mind was racing and the words in his head spilled out in stream of consciousness, spoiling for time. Maybe if the doctor gave it more thought, his opinion might change. Maybe if he pleaded. “I’m only 65. According to *Cosmo*, 65 is the new 47 and they wouldn’t lie about something like that. I just retired, for crying out loud. Now you’re going to rob me of my golden years!”

Dr. Syeed waited until Rob finished his rant. Then he placed an arm around his patient’s shoulder. “I know this is a lot to take in. That’s why I wanted you to come to the office. You’re welcome to get another opinion if you’d like.” He picked up the imaging of Rob’s brain. “But as Rod Stewart once said, “Every picture tells a story, don’t it?”

Great. I'm staring into the eyes of death, and he's quoting fifty-year-old song lyrics. "There must be *something* you can do Doc; maybe an experimental treatment? I mean, I keep reading that scientists are working on cures for everything. And I really don't mind how crazy it is. I tried some weird shit in Asia."

"You can't trust everything you read on the internet, or in *Cosmo*. I'm afraid there's no treatment, at least none that I'm aware of."

Rob's head was reeling. "How much time have I got?"

"It's hard to predict. You won't be in much pain, but your dizzy spells will likely increase, and you could pass out for longer periods of time. But, to answer your question. I'd say anywhere from a few weeks to a year."

"A few weeks to a year?" Rob was incredulous. "With decades of medical practice, and hundreds of years of medical research, that's the best you can come up with?"

"I'm very sorry. Perhaps your wife can—"

"No! My wife can't know about this—and you mustn't tell her. There's doctor-patient confidentiality here, isn't there?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"No, buts. Please doctor. This would destroy her."

"As you wish. Perhaps you could talk to a priest... or rabbi?"

"I've never been a religious person, and I'm not about to search for a higher power now. What should I do? What would *you* do?"

"I would talk to my husband, but that's just me. I would get my estate in order—wills, that sort of thing. I would make amends to those I have offended and say goodbye to those I cared for. And I would try to cross some things off my bucket list. Having something to look forward to will be good for you. Again, I am very sorry." Then, an afterthought: "One more thing: try to limit your driving. If you pass

out behind the wheel, you could take someone else with you.” He had a point there.

Dr. Syeed left the room and Rob tucked in his shirt and put on his shoes. *Holy shit*. He sighed, left the examination room, then stopped at the reception desk.

Merrie looked at the calendar on her computer screen. “Let’s see, Mr. Turner. It looks like the doctor doesn’t have you scheduled for any more visits.”

Of course not, thought Rob. *No point in seeing a dead man*. He handed Merrie his parking ticket.

“Oh, I’m sorry. We stopped validating parking last week.”

Rob gave a sardonic chuckle...insult to injury. “Of course, you did.”

CHAPTER 2:

A Bar Blackout

Rob drove towards home in an understandable funk. He was dying. His time on this earth was nearing its end. Like everything else on earth. Except plastic. That shit lasts forever. But for him, this was it. Kaput. Final. End of story. Even though his compact disc player wasn't working, he could hear the fat lady rehearsing her solo. The rain had abated, but the interior of his car was damp and smelled mildewy, a scent somewhere between wet cats and the socks he used to find at the bottom of his sons' gym bags.

Rob inched his way northbound on the 405. Los Angeles was known for having the most congested traffic in the world and the experts only expected it to get worse. Well, in a few weeks to a year, he'd never have to worry about traffic again. He eventually exited the freeway at Balboa Blvd, where it was just a three-minute drive up the hill to his house. The 22-mile trip home had taken just under two tiresome and tedious hours. He needed some time to digest the grim diagnosis from his doctor and come up with a plan to handle it. A drink wouldn't hurt, and his thirst suddenly intensified. Instead of making his usual left-hand turn towards home, he continued north on Balboa.

His old sports car pulled into the Knollwood mini-mall and stopped close to the Sugar Suite, Rob's local watering hole. It wasn't a bar he frequented but he appreciated that it was in stumbling distance of his home. As he exited his car, he saw there was a sliver of moonlight rising in the Eastern sky. Reflective neon glistened in the pools of rainwater that dotted the asphalt of the otherwise dark

parking lot. Rob stepped in a puddle and water seeped through his shoes to his socks. *Why not?* He thought. This was just his day.

He opened the heavy wooden door of the Sugar Suite and took a step inside. It took a second for his eyes to adjust to the dimly lit room. The seats at the bar were filled with regulars from the nearby golf course bemoaning the fact that their games had been rained out. Behind the bar were two rows of neatly stacked bottles lit up with electric-blue neon. Rob found a seat at one of the cozy booths at the back of the room. A goth-looking server carrying an empty tray pounced on the new arrival as soon as his butt hit the Naugahyde.

“What’ll it be?”

“Scotch on the rocks. Make it a double.” Rob knew there was no sense in ordering a single malt at this establishment where the drinks of choice were beer, boxed wine, and watered-down margaritas. The waitress nodded and continued making her rounds. When his eyes adjusted, Rob looked around the room as if noticing his surroundings for the first time. A group of seniors seated at the bar were laughing and engaging in animated conversations. An attractive middle-aged woman sat alone at a booth with an untouched glass of blood-colored wine on her table. *A lonely soul with problems of her own, out for the evening*, he mused. He could get behind that.

A man who appeared to be in his mid-80s sipped beer from a glass tankard, a handful of peanut shells scattered on the counter in front of him. It crossed Rob’s mind that this old geezer had already outlived him by more than 20 years. Life wasn’t fair when you really thought about it, and Rob never really had until today. Today was different. Today he had been handed a death sentence and now things looked different, sounded different, and now that he thought about it, probably tasted different too.

The goth waitress returned with Rob's cocktail and placed it on a cardboard Sugar Suite coaster. She murmured, "Enjoy, hon," before disappearing into the darkness. Rob took a healthy swig of the blended beverage. The amber liquid slid down his throat like a child gliding down a slide. He savored the taste even if it was poured from an inferior brand of Scotch. It didn't matter; he downed his drink and attempted to signal the waitress for a refill. It took precious time to get her attention, a commodity he wasn't sure he had. He finally caught her eye and raised his glass—the universal signal for '*get me another and be quick about it*'.

Rob was in no hurry to get home. Susan was probably still stuck in traffic, and he needed time to think. He was sure that sharing the doctor's report with her was the wrong thing to do. She would worry and make a fuss, maybe quit her job to take care of him. But what was there to take care of? He felt fine, just had occasional dizzy spells and blackouts. Didn't most people his age? Apparently, that wouldn't really change, just get gradually worse, until one day when he simply would not wake up. In his mind he was still trying to make sense of the doctor's diagnosis. He looked at his empty glass. *I may need a few more of these.*

He assessed his financial situation and was grateful for his generous life insurance policy, one that he maintained even after his kids had become adults and moved on with their own lives. Their house on the hill was probably worth a couple of million dollars or more thanks to an out-of-control real estate market, and it was paid off. Susan wouldn't have to worry about a thing; at least financially. He didn't want to burden his boys either. He wanted to be remembered as the vibrant third baseman who played hardball until he was 55. A sudden passing would be best for all of them. Of course

it would be a shock, but better than the alternative of knowing what would happen and then playing a waiting game.

“A quarter for your thoughts?” A feminine voice snapped Rob from his trance.

“Excuse me?”

“Inflation has upped the ante. Nothing costs a penny anymore.” The voice belonged to the blonde who had been at the nearby table. She carried an empty wine glass in her left hand.

“Sorry, I guess I was daydreaming.”

“You look like you’ve lost your best friend.”

Rob considered the unconscious irony of her observation. “Something like that anyway.”

The woman smiled and stuck out her empty hand. “I’m Linda.”

Rob took her hand and gave it a gentle shake. “Rob.”

Linda lowered herself onto the faux red-leather seat next to him.

“I don’t usually sit down with strangers, but my date is late as usual, and you look like you could use a friend.” Linda’s smile lit up the dark room, or at least Rob’s corner of it. He thought she was perceptive—he hadn’t realized he was so easy to read.

“Can’t we all?”

Linda smiled again. “I don’t think I’ve seen you here before.”

“I come in every couple of years whether I need to or not. Usually with my sons. Today I needed it.”

“You don’t look old enough to have children of drinking age.”

“You may need cataract surgery, or it could be the alcohol or low lighting. It takes ten years off.”

Linda moved closer. “I’m a good listener.”

“I’m alright, thanks for asking. Just feeling a little melancholy.”

Rob studied his new companion. She looked to be in her mid-40s, but the lighting probably hid a few years on her as well. Her blonde

hair was a little too long for her age, and she was dressed in a blue pants suit featuring a cleavage-friendly blouse that left little to the imagination. A glance at her hands revealed smooth fingers, manicured nails, and no rings of any kind.

Rob couldn't tell if she was coming onto him or if she was just an amateur psychologist looking for someone to practice on. He was the perfect subject. He briefly remembered the doctor talking about a bucket list. Could a tryst with another woman be somewhere on that list?

Rob drained his drink and stared into space, his mind racing like a souped-up Shelby GT Ford Mustang rounding a corner in the Daytona 500.

Linda noticed that his drink was empty. "How about I buy us another round? Nothing cures melancholy like a little alcoholic medicine."

Maybe she was a doctor after all. She called out to the waitress.

"Hey, Connie, another round here." Connie nodded and sashayed her way to the bar for the much-needed reinforcements.

Rob put his troubles on the back burner for the time being and engaged Linda in small talk. He learned that she was a divorced interior decorator currently between projects. She called it a 'hiatus.' Rob asked if she'd decorated any celebrities' homes.

"I did Charli D'Amelio's beachfront condo."

Rob drew a blank and shook his head. "Who's he?"

"She's a huge Tik Tok star."

"Tik Tok?"

"I guess you *are* old enough to have kids of drinking age." She mentioned a couple of other names that he'd never heard of. She then asked what he did for a living.

“I’m retired, but I worked in advertising. I came up with the slogan, ‘*Living the life*’ for the Larry Lounge Chair campaign.” It wasn’t much, but he was proud of it. It had even been nominated for a Clio award but lost out to a singing grapefruit pitching diet pills.

Apparently, Linda wasn’t impressed. “I don’t watch much television, and when I do, I fast forward through the commercials. But it sounds fascinating,” she added without conviction.

The new drinks arrived, and the minutes ticked away. When a tall man in an expensive suit walked through the door, Linda excused herself and went over to him. Her friend had finally arrived, and to be honest, Rob was relieved. He wasn’t much of a small talker or a pick-up artist and besides, he would rather be alone right now.

After another few minutes of feeling sorry for himself, he stood up to leave. His head started spinning like that teacup ride at Disneyland that used to make him nauseous as a kid. He started to collapse but had just enough time to sit back down and place his head on the table. No one seemed to notice.

A short time passed, and Rob slowly lifted his head. These blackouts never lasted long. He wasn’t sure if this latest spell was the result of his illness, or too much Scotch in too short a time, or maybe his blood pressure was acting up because he stood up too fast. Whatever the cause, he was okay now and didn’t feel inebriated at all. In fact, he was as sober as the Supreme Court denying a woman’s right to choose. *A few weeks to a year*, he thought to himself. And that was the doctor’s best guess.

What if he had even less time than that? It obviously wasn’t science. He could drop dead right here in the Sugar Suite in front of a group of alcoholic octogenarian golfers. Whatever he was going to do with the time he had remaining, he knew he had better get started.

Rick Tuber

He slapped a 50-dollar bill on the table, more than enough for the tab and a healthy tip. He took one last glance around the room and left the building.

ONE LAST THING

Some writers will go to extraordinary measures to promote their new novels, especially if it's titled *Love, Death, and Whisky*. As I was putting the finishing touches on this book that deals with mortality, I suffered a major heart attack. Having never experienced anything like it before, I waited a full day and a half before going to Urgent Care. One EKG later, I was rushed to the hospital. If it weren't for my wife Shirley and our close friend Randy Wiles, I may not have been alive to complete this postscript.

Last month, my friend and editor Cindy Lieberman read a draft of *Love, Death, and Whisky* and, knowing that my books are semi-autobiographical, became concerned that I might really be ill. I assured her that the health-aspect of the book was completely fictional. Now, not so much. You know the saying that "life imitates art"? In my case, it turned out to be true.

As I lay here in the ICU, I know I may not live long enough to see the publication of this book. The heart attack I suffered is called a "widow-maker" because it carries with it only a one-percent chance of survival. I don't mind playing the long shot; this book needs a sequel. As I like to say, life is predictably random.

Whatever happens, have a wee dram for me.

Rick Tuber
January 2, 2023

Rick passed away on January 7, 2023.

Love, Death, and Whisky



The Last Wee Dram

by Rick Tuber

Diagnosed with a terminal illness, Rob Turner leaves his family behind and embarks on a bucket list-adventure in Scotland. There, he meets a wise old man whose wildly impossible predictions propel him home with the possibility of hope.

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