

Okay, I think I'm like... 8 years old and Augie, fuckin' Augie DiRossana, biggest Dego I know, invites me over to his place for a sleep-over. I guess my mom called his dad and worked it all out or sum shit like that but anyway, I end up at his house for the night. When my mom dropped me off it was fuckin' A-Okay. After like an hour though, his pops 'has finished off a bottle o' Jack—He's a lonely fucker I guess man, cause Augie's mom left him for some other guy about a year before. But you know, we just think he's being funny and shit. We're only 8 fuckin' years old. And then—Uh... and then his dad puts in a movie. He says it's Aladdin, but really it's fuckin' Goodfellas. And so— well... Well I guess maybe that's where I get my attitude from—Goodfellas—but the face; the face with my smartass smirk and these squintin' eyes; that I picked up from my dad. He was a funny guy, but you know Jersey guys— Jersey people are sarcastic as fuck, man! And he could hide it so well when I was younger— he was so serious that I would believe him. And since he didn't want me runnin' around believin' all this crazy shit he would smirk at me at the last second. I tried to get it down. Tried to copy him. I took a crack at learnin' sarcasm from him too, but he... he died a year after that. Fuckin' lung cancer, man. So I guess this look is just my half-assed attempt at trying to imitate him or somethin'.