

My First Time At Dicks Den.

Cora Lynn Hernandez - 11/18/2025 - Columbus, Ohio

Dick's Den at 12:48am on a Tuesday. My twenty-second birthday is tomorrow technically (feels more like 2 days away). I wandered in here after driving around wondering where I should make my to-do list for tomorrow. I got here maybe at around 11:30pm. I walked in with my stuff and awkwardly looked around at the seats. I have never been here before? I squeeze my way in at the bar and grab a Tecate from the bartender. \$3. I pay with a 5 dollar bill and leave him the change. I grab a seat at the end of the bar. I open my backpack and grab my notebook. This is when I realized I didn't have a pen (which is new for me the past few days, I always have so many? And the past few days every time I needed one I didn't have one). I finish my Tecate and head back out to my car to grab a pen. I take all of my belongings with me because I'm scared to leave them alone? (i should have known it would be fine) Shortly after this I'm back with my pen. It feels like some people are surprised to see me walk back in. I somehow grab the same seat I was sitting in before and begin my to-do list.

The bartender just came up to me at 12:50am and said, "People got mental health problems, man, I can't help with that". I've never been here before. I'm drinking PBR after 2 Tecates. I can only pay in cash because I lost my credit card last night. I'm thinking about it all. I'm thinking about the neon window lights that say "WHY NOT?" and how they match the break lights in the parking lot across the street. I'm thinking about the people wandering in and what they're doing here at 12:57am on a Tuesday? The man sitting next to me compliments my typing skills. He's drinking a Budweiser and a shot of something and I can't really tell what it is.

Oh my god bro a saxophone player has joined the band. I've been dreaming of being able to play the saxophone since high school jazz band. There was a set of twins who played music together in our band. One played the tuba, trombone, bass, drums? And some other stuff. The saxophone twin, however, played the saxophone like nobodies fucking business. I swear on my life he's a Coltrane reincarnate. He shredded on that thang. Something I had never seen before at 14. Still plays in columbus sometimes i think.....

We played the classics in jazz band. "Take the A Train", "Sing, Sing, Sing" "Caravan", "Tangerine" (a personal favorite of mine, I'm pretty sure we played a latin iteration and I fell in love with it), and of course, "Autumn Leaves". We even had a transcription assignment where our teacher, Mr. Bridges, who people compared to the chef from Ratatouille, made us transcribe a song of our choosing. I chose "So What", a Miles Davis Classic. I transcribed the song on piano because I wasn't able to transcribe

on the drums. I remember there was one guy in our class who WAS talented enough for that. He's a crazy good drummer. He plays music in New Orleans now, after attending Loyola University and joining music projects there. (always been jealous of you).

There's a girl who's singing with the band playing. She has a sweet voice I think my friend Irene would like. I can't tell if I'm drunk enough to tell if she sounds like Amy Winehouse or not. I wonder how late the music will go because I never want it to end. There's still quite a few people here so I'm hopeful. I wonder if I've been going out too much or staying out too late or anything like that? Is it normal to text people about business matters at 1:22am? I don't know and don't know if I care.

I can't remember the last time (or if I've ever) sat down and wrote something like this. It feels so good. The woman singing with the band asks if she can do one more. I wonder what her name is. I don't want her to stop singing. The man who complimented my typing skills bought me a drink. Another PBR. I'm thankful for him. Thanksgiving is next Thursday. I'm going home and I don't know how to feel about it. The older man who sits 4 seats away from me at the bar reminds me of my father. Mr. Typing Skills told me the man is a musician that plays here sometimes. He sits a bit hunched over in his barstool, which hints at his older age. Reminds me of my father.

(The drummer playing in the band just played part of his drum solo on the wall)

The man who bought me a PBR showed me a picture of the older man that reminds me of my father. This picture of the old man reminds me more of my father. He (the old man) (who is in the picture being shown to me) sits and plays an archtop guitar.

I wonder if I'm having enough fun. The saxophonist wanders off the stage and I fear the band is done for the night. They announce their program is done for the night. Tony... a member in the band.... Apparently lives four hours away?

"We're gonna play one more song, Tim," says the guitarist. I later found out "Tim" is one of the owners who looks like a normal guy and works at the bar. A woman, (god bless her, but I don't remember her name) tells me this. I hope the music never stops. And I want a cigarette. I have a pack of Menthol Camel Crushes (squished to death and it has maybe a cig and a half in it. I got it in Chicago on Fall Break with the Buds [Caroline and Irene]) and I have almost a full pack of Marlboro Golds (shorts.) I have to pee and I don't know where the bathroom is. Okay but maybe if I ask where the bathroom is I can also ask where the patio is. Do they have a patio? I have no fucking clue) Maybe I can figure it out. Is it safe to leave my laptop out or should I put it in my backpack? The man who reminds me of my father watches intently at the band still

playing their “encore”. The song ends as I type the period to the last sentence. Out of PBR ;(. And I need to pee and have a cigarette. Closing my laptop to figure this out now.

Hey ya’ll. Checking back in on Tuesday November 18th at 4:10am. I have some shit to tell you. I’m not sure if I should just write down the notes I took for the rest of my night or if I should try to tell them in a story format. Sooooooooo I’m gonna do a combo of both.

People at Dicks Den are really nice.

If this is Dicks Den on a Monday then I’ll be back every night.

Dicks Den sells all my favorite beers.

- Modelo
- Corona
 - and coronitas
- Tecate

I never did end up smoking a cigarette

Tonight was so good that in my mind I drove into the country and didn’t stop, except for at the gas station off of the highway to grab Smartwater and a 16oz Redbull (original flavor) and keep driving away from the city. At the gas station I took a piss and looked at myself in the mirror. Sighed and washed my hands. Drive until the sun comes up again even though I saw it rise yesterday morning. In my head during the drive I’d laugh about the weird guys that hit on me. Not sure why they’re doing that but I’m also not sure if I hate it. It feels good to be called smart by a man when he’s blackout drunk at the bar on a Tuesday at 2am. Especially after he asks your zodiac sign and then says that’s what makes you “bipolar”. I’m giggling to myself like I never have before. This place is fucking great. #everythingconnectedeverywhereallatonce