



## Brewhaha #7: Sebago Brewing Company, Portland ME

The walk was not long. A tad unsteady, I admit, but not long. Portland is not like Boston or even (puke) Miami; you can walk from one side of “downtown” to another without taking a whole lot of time or effort.

Sebago was a nice bonus – the one that got away, but then DIDN'T get away. It was a brand new place, more modern than your typical brewhaha. And the Sox were still on. Close game, late innings. A young and drunnnk Sox fan sat a couple of stools down. He was funny as hell: totally focused on the game, unlesssss basically *anything* else caught his attention, then he'd float into lala land and smile stupidly over his beer. I'd say to him, with exaggerated urgency, “Tying run at the plate!” and he would zoom in and be loudly and vehemently pro-Sox. Then, a couple of foul balls later, and he'd be trying to make flying things with the cocktail napkins.

Frye's Leap IPA was the beverage of choice at this stop, and it was outstanding. I had a tenuous connection to the name. Frye Island sits in the middle of Sebago Lake. Malt (the dad) used to have a house and boat on that lake, and we used to buzz around Frye Island on summer visits. Frye's Leap is a sheer 60-foot high cliff that drops into 110 feet of water. According to legend, some Captain Frye dude, way back when, sprinted off this cliff and escaped hostile injuns.

But just having the letters “IPA” in the name woulda been good enough. Having the other link made it seem like destiny or some dumbass shit like that.

Some halfway respectable, grad school type plopped onto the stool next to me with a been-a-long-night kind of *woofff*. He was to meet his scavenger hunt teammates here. He seemed like he needed a drink before he could talk about it.

A tall, dark-haired, exuberant woman and a short woman with no description arrived before my neighbor could even get his beverage. They ordered over his head and gushed on about their finds. One thing that she had not gotten was a photo of someone mooning her. Keeping chivalry alive, I offered my assistance.

While that was going on, my bar neighbor had paid for the round and had settled back to enjoy. They had fun telling me about the things that they had to find, and who they were hell-bent on beating. I don't remember details, which makes sense.

I drained my beer, realizing that I still had one more watering hole to find before calling off the hounds. I surveyed the bar, methodically placed camera, Notbook, and wallet into my bag, and made ready to depart.

Once on my feet, the women started telling me about some other find of theirs, so I lingered to listen. Just as they finished their short tale, I heard the dude saying, “Where did I put my wallet?”

We all looked on the floor around and under his chair, as he checked his pockets again. I got a weird feeling, put my bag down, and opened it. I pulled out my wallet, opened it, and discovered that it was HIS wallet. Shit, that makes me look real good.

Embarassed, I laid it on the bar, but then immediately put mine on the bar beside it. They were identical, down to the stains. I'm pretty sure they all recognized it as stupor rather than stealth, or at least they had a convincing sounding laugh about it.

I bowed out sheepishly, and hastened off to see the Sea Dog.



The streets had filled up well with revelers. Gritty's was jamming as I walked by on the way to the garage, and mirth abounded in all directions. Portland was looking like a dang enjoyable place.