

8-1 Elvis
February 11, 2006

English 113
Character Sketch

One of the other people in the car was a BARTENDER by name of Joe. He took the subway every day on his way home to his wife and two children. Joe was a rather short man, though strong, with dark hair and grey eyes. He sat with his head leaned back against the seat, trying to ignore the migraine that was beginning to set in, as it did at the end of nearly every day.

On the long trip home, Joe sometimes wondered how he had gotten where he was. He had hoped to become a psychologist, but had been forced to drop of college to support his mother and younger brother when his father died. Joe fell back on the bartending course he had taken for fun with his friends and continued in the work when he married in order to take care of his own family. He regretted his lost aspirations, making up for it in some small way by talking to the different patrons who came into the bar- listening to their stories, giving advice and comfort when he could. Joe knew that he was much better off than some that he could see sitting around him, better off than most of those who came into his bar each day.