

*Yeah we sell half pints, but you have to order two.*

Lewis Teague Wright

Usually after peering into the bottom of a few pints, he'd pretend to casually re-tie a lace next to the bar. Instead he'd reach a hand to the brass foot post and wring it until it began to warm in his palm. He'd retake a vertical pose, finding an inconspicuous halfway point, like the casual gulp from a settling pint, before pressing his nose deep into the swallowing contours of his hand. The bitter smell of brass dirtied his teeth as he inhaled its stench. This confusing gesture guided him to adolescent memories of barrel polishers, acid dips and pickle baths; a thousand weighty curiosities, precious and base metals in different stages of process.