

## Green Beer

by Lynne C.

**Rating:** PG-13

**Disclaimer:** It's all Joss' – I worship at the altar of his genius, and acknowledge that he owns all these folks and everything that they do and say.

**Setting/Spoilers:** post-*Storyteller* (BtVS 7.16)

**Summary:** Holiday ficlet (drabble-and-a-half) ~ Spike and Xander hoisting one on St. Patrick's Day.

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"What'll it be?"

"Pint of Taddy Porter."

"What? Not partaking of the green beer in the spirit of the holiday?"

"Harris, out o'th' goodness of my undead heart, I rescued you from that girl-invested house. I think I'm sufferin' enough, already."

"Well, since you don't have any cash, and I'm buying, I figure the least you can do is get in the spirit."

"I'm as spirited as I need t'be...no need to drink emerald cat piss t'prove it!"

"I knew there was a reason I hated you, Spike."

"Well, 's long as it's a good reason.... Eh, Harris, how is American beer like havin' sex in a canoe?"

Xander shrugged and swallowed down the first half-glass of the evening.

"They're both fucking close to water." And he smirked as he took a long pull from his pint.

~ *The End* ~

*Yeah, this little ficlet is mostly a vehicle for the joke. But it was inspired by conjecture on the [WeBoB YahooGroup](#) as to if, and how, Spike might observe St. Patrick's Day. Personally, I think he'd be pretty unlikely to get excited about an Irish holiday, partly out of his own heritage, but also as one more opportunity to slam Angel, however indirectly. Notice, he ordered an English stout! If you're at all interested in reading about types of beer, check [here](#) or [here](#) or [here](#), or if you'd like to know about the Old Brewery at Tadcaster (built 1758 and the oldest surviving brewery in Yorkshire, and one of the oldest in all of England), check [here](#).*