

# The Grand Inn

by Kyle Scot Martinez

I saw blood.

The walls of the bar were completely covered in red shag carpeting. Had I been thrown back in time to the Seventies? It felt as if I had entered Hell itself. No, this was not Hell. This was the Aryan-Brotherhood's version of the movie Shaft.

I proceeded to blow my last hundred dollars in about an 8 hour period of time, and made my usual 8 hour friends. These 8 hour friends were White Aryans who wore silver Swastika rings and had names such as Animal and Torque. Apparently, as Animal stated to me, he was one of the last inmates to leave Alcatraz Prison before it closed. Animal was 70 years old. He was evil, childish, and fascinating. Animal asked me right off the bat if I was a cop. I have been asked this question many times before, and always answered it very directly while being very indirect.

"Do I look like a cop?" I said playfully.

"Yes you do." Animal said.

"Why? You scared of cops?" I teased.

Animal laughed back and became immediately comfortable with me. He showed me his silver Nazi rings with Fatherly pride, and I pretended to give a shit.

I met two girls there, one an absolute lunatic with blond hair, a nice body, tattoos everywhere accompanied with a nasty attitude that changed every 15 minutes. When I first met her, she called me "sunshine" a couple of times. Then, I beat her at pool, and she started calling me "loser." Before she left, about an hour later, she called me "precious."

After the game of pool, Animal approached me from behind. I was leaning forward against the bar. He slapped me on the left shoulder. "You wanna meet my Mother? She's waiting outside to talk to you."

I felt my gun and badge caress the back of my shirt.

I smiled at Animal and said, "No rush. Let's order another drink first."

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