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A guy came down to the lobby after he had called and complained about not having any towels in his room. I told him to come to the front desk and grab the towels. Keep in mind, guests aren't allowed to cuss (yeah I wrote cuss so shut the fuck up) at Brink Hotel employees. We give them one warning to chill the fuck out before we are allowed to kick them out. I heard the elevator bell ding and the scene began:

BUTT MUNCH: There's no towels in my room!

ME: You told me.

BM: Wanna tell me how in the fuck that happened?

ME: Mistakes happen.

BM: Well what in the fuck are you gunna do about it?

ME: Sir, if you use profanity again, I am going to be forced to kick you out. Now here's some towels, okay.

BM: This fucking hotel sucks dick.

ME (pointing towards elevator): Sir, go to your room.

He stared at me in disbelief.

ME (still pointing): You heard me. **GO TO YOUR ROOM.**

This 50-year-old jaded motherfucker started walking to the elevator with his head down like a pouty little kid.

ME: Go to you room and stay there.

The elevator doors started to close.

ME: If I see you in the lobby again tonight, I'm kicking you out!

I don't know where the authoritative parent sprung from. All I know is that I freaked myself out.

LEMONADE

“DRIVE A LITTLE FUCKIN SLOWER NEXT

TIME!!!” hollered the cherry-faced pilot of a sleek red Dodge Viper as he jutted his middle finger over the convertible’s windshield. His gesture was directed at an elderly woman putzing along in a mint-green late-model Olds.

Agitated, he revved the deep and throaty engine. His car rumbled like an approaching thunderstorm as he pulled into a gas station. Bill Baskin’s mouth was as loud as the V-12 under the hood. He briskly tooted the horn four times to hasten the attendant, who sauntered through the sticky midday sun toward the shining red monument of man. Bill stared over his shoulder at him with hate in his eyes, despising the clerk’s every slow step.

“Don’t have a heart attack,” the attendant muttered in the loudmouth’s direction.

The worker, John James, made \$6 per hour, which afforded him meager accommodations in the outside world, a world about as predictable as an untethered helium balloon. He still wasn’t sure whether he liked freedom better than the 12 years he spent in the hole. At least there he knew what to expect.

“Three meals a day and no bills to pay!!!!” was something many of his cellmates would chant, something he only really began to understand after two months on the outside.

At least the crazies in prison were surrounded by guards. On the outside, they floated free like untethered helium balloons. Today one of those balloons floated into his world. Normally he was a fast and courteous worker, but Bill Baskin wasn’t courteous to the old lady he flipped-off so John James didn’t plan on being courteous with him.

“Filler’ up?” John asked in a faux Southern-accent that was as thick as motor oil.

“Premium. None of that cheap shit. Well don’t stand around looking so stupid, *hop to it!”*

“Yessum,” John replied as his nostrils flared and his head twitched. John pulled the Dodgers cap a little lower over his nap

of black hair and walked back to the pump. He wanted to agitate the man just a little more so he continued, "Didyuh askfer premium sir?"

"Where do these places find you fucking monkeys!?! Premium is what I said.

Preeeeemeeeeeuum! Got that!?!"

"Yessireeee." John pressed the selection button and heard that familiar beeping as the gas pressure jerked the rubber-reinforced hose to life with a great muffled hiss. "Mustuh suckeduh helluvalotta dick to buy this ride."

"Not quite as much as your mom used to." The megalomaniac laughed, pleased with his response.

The petroleum was racing like the thoughts in John's head. His face twitched with tormented thought. Gasoline roared into the red beast's innards as his grip tightened more and more on the pump handle, almost like he was trying to bend the metal. He stared at the sun's heat reflected off the pavement and transforming the air into a million squirming waves. He inhaled deeply. The smell of gas seared his throat as a bead of sweat rolled down the side of his face and settled salty on the corner of his lip.

John wiped his forehead, closed his eyes, and remembered: solitary confinement; prison riots, bloody slayings; and the first icy-cold ***BrinkBeer*** he drank at a bar on the outside. He remembered the droplets of condensation that slipped into streams and ran down the bottle onto the bartop. That might have been the closest he had ever been to Zen. From there it was one torturous ongoing acclimation.

He just wanted peace of mind, body and spirit. John heard his counselor's warning about the outside world not being an easy place to live. He knew it was going to take some time and some patience. Then he chuckled to himself, thought about an absurd poster from elementary school that had never left his mind, essentially his credo for the 12 years he spent in prison. It read, "***WHEN YOU HAVE LEMONS, MAKE LEMONADE!***"

It was silly, but life offered plenty of lemons and lemonade was sweet and good. The pump shut off with three high-pitched

beeps. John pulled the metal nozzle from the tank and turned to put it back when it scraped along the side of the Viper, causing a thin white scratch and an even more ghastly sound.

”JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!!!” yelled

Bill as he pounded his hands on the steering wheel. Full of rage, he pressed off the steering wheel and jumped over the car’s door, his emerald green tie slapping him in the face. The veins in his neck blasted to the surface as he screamed and pointed at

the scratch, ***”YOU FUCKING NEANDERTHAL!***

LOOK WHAT YOU FUCKING

DID!!!! THIS PAINT JOB, THE THIRTY-TWO

COATS OF BURNING BUSH RED COMBINED

WITH THE SIXTY CLEAR COATS AND THE

SUPER-GLOSS SHELL COST MORE THAN YOU

WILL MAKE IN YOUR LIFETIME!!!! HOW

FUCKING STUPID ARE YOU?!?!?!”

For the first half of the barrage John stared at the oil and gasoline stains on the cement below his work boots. Then he looked up into the barking man’s face, staring mostly at his jagged lower teeth and the spittle flying from his lips.

“Sorry.”

“YOU’RE RIGHT YOU’RE SORRY!!! YOU’RE

A DIM-WITTED PUNK WHO CAN’T EVEN

PUMP GAS! PATHETIC TRASH LIKE YOU

SHOULD BE EUTHANIZED OR AT LEAST

FIRED!!!! WHERE’S YOUR FUCKING

MANAGER!!?! HUH!???? YOU DEAF AND

DUMB!!?!?”

John’s strong hand blasted up to the back of Bill’s head as his pump hand shot up toward the maniac’s enraged face. His

head was forced down as the pump was forced up, the nozzle smashing in Bill's front teeth. John rammed it deep into his throat and squeezed the trigger. He pumped 3.62 gallons into Bill, who convulsed like a snared crocodile. Blood, bile and liquefied organs poured from his mouth and pant legs. John let go of the back of the man's head and his body crumpled to the ground, the nozzle still jammed in his mouth. Bill's torso and head didn't move, but for some reason his feet were scrapping along the ground like he was trying to run. John grabbed the blue rag jutting from his back pocket and wiped his hands. He pulled the wallet from the twitching man's pants pocket, jumped in the sports car, and drove off like he might be heading to church. It was a good day to make lemonade, and lemonade had never tasted soooo sweet.