

She's Been Shot...Cool!
Excerpt from Bricks:
The Ideology of a Simple Mind

...Arrival at the scene brought anxiety to both of us. Law enforcement officers were on the scene with their guns drawn. They had set up a perimeter around the building. Nobody gets in, nobody gets out. Except us. We hurried through the door of the Indian Restaurant that was drenched with the smell of garlic, ginger and other unknown spices mixed with the unforgettable smell of blood. The room was not well lit. The lights above each table gave off a red glow. When I look back, all I picture is the blood shade lighting in the room. There were two family members inside. One older lady (I suspect about 60) was hysterical. She was running up and down the aisles of the restaurant with her arms flailing about, screaming words in a language other than American as I know it. The other was a young gentleman. He stood quietly next to the body crying. The look I saw when he turned toward me was one of great despair. Without a word he said to me "Please help, she is my mother. She is the one that has guided me through my life. She is the one that helped me create my God." ...