

You didn't want it to come to this but there is no other choice in your mind. You grip the neck of your whiskey bottle, walk up to a skinhead in an Earth Crisis shirt, and smash him in the face. The glass shatters and he falls to his knees. His hands go up to his wounds. Blood flows between his fingers and quickly pools on the dirty bar floor.

You turn around and everyone in the bar is staring at you.

"All right," you yell while scanning the crowd, trying to look as tough as possible, "someone want to tell me what the fuck is going on!?!"

All the tattooed and spiked freaks stare at you. No one makes a sound or makes a move. This is really starting to freak you out.

The juke box makes a loud grinding sound as it starts back up. Black Flag's cover of "Louie Louie" kicks on.

Everyone starts yelling at once and the crowd leaps upon itself. People beat each other with bottles and chairs. The cute bartender leaps over the bar and charges the drunken twelve-year-old. The kid pulls out a switchblade and the bartender is cute no more.

Despite all the chaos, no one bothers you. You watch the people mangle and beat each other senseless. You see a full bottle of Superdog on the bar next to you, so you grab it and chug it.

You spit on the ground and leave. You're not going to get any answers here.