

In 1999 Paul from Ireland went to the USA to see a music concert. This concert he was interested in had Vinnie Colaiuta as a drummer, Paul –being the huge Vinnie fan he is- couldn't pass the chance to see his hero play live.

The trip to the United States went as planned, he arrived with no problems at all. During the package inspection he watched as someone was arrested for carrying the body parts of a dead animal in their briefcase. This reminded him of a news report from two years ago, which talked about a Chinese man who had mutilated a cat in a video chatroom while other people watched and laughed at it. Despite the bad memories though, he kept on going.

First thing he did after leaving the airport was take a cab, the taxi car driver asked him where he wanted to go, to this he replied "*Yo homes, to Maple Street.*"

Once he arrived he told the cab to stop in front of the *Rosenes* Hotel. He paid the cab and proceeded to enter the hotel.

Inside he went up to the front desk and explained who he was, after hearing his name the employee's hands started shaking as he handed him his room key. Paul forcefully took them from the employee's hand and took the elevator to the floor where his room was. This is where trouble began for him.

Upon arriving to his room he found everything in it was a mess; the paintings were titled, the bed sheets were untidy and a broken flower pot was laying on the balcony with the flowers spread around it.

The scene sent him back many years ago when he still lived with his girlfriend, Sophia, in the United Kingdom.

They got along very well until she started drinking hard and stopped talking to him, he always wanted to find out what her problem was, but she never told him. This depressed him quite a bit, to the point where he lost his job and decided to disband his music group. With the money he had left he traveled to Ireland, where he got a job at a music store and joined an independent rock band, from where he got quite a bit of money from playing at gigs. One day in a coffee shop while he was reading on the internet about the recent war between Uruguay and the UK a woman called Sylvia came along, she was a few years younger than him and asked if they could talk. She appreciated him as a musician and they both kept talking, a few months later they were a couple. However, this didn't last long as Sylvia eventually got a job in a company located on California, in the USA.

A sudden sound startled Paul, making his thoughts shatter. It was one of the titled paintings, it had finally fallen on the ground and shattered the frame around it. He decided to call the hotel service and ask about the condition of the room, they told him that the last guest had to leave in a hurry because they had forgotten he was arriving today. The rational thing would have been to complain, but he was tired and just wanted to rest, the concert was tomorrow at 9PM. He hung up and went to bed.

The next day at 9PM he was watching Vinnie play drums at the concert during the song "*Attack of the 9 foot long Pizza.*"

Vinnie's playing always impressed Paul, when he was young he wanted to be just like him. He had spent years in college learning how to play the drums and attending to hundreds of music classes, but these days whenever he thought of drumming he was reminded of Sophia and couldn't find the will to do it anymore, so he just stuck to vocals and song writing.

Suddenly, a man in the crowd jumped out of his seat, then he pulled out a bomb and proceeded to scream gibberish and flail his arms around while running towards Vinnie. Paul instinctively reached his jacket, pulled out the old 9mm Beretta his mother had given him and shot the man in the stomach. The unidentified man dropped the bomb on the ground and tried to hold his guts in, but he quickly fell on the ground and started bleeding all over the floor. Paul quickly jumped over his seat and ran towards the exit, barely managing to escape security. The place where the concert was held was dark enough that it would have been hard to see the face of the shooter. The next day Paul was at the airport again, his hotel room had been a waste of money and so had been the concert tickets. He boarded the plane back to Ireland, all while contemplating what an abattoir his life had turned into.