



# **For Bill Hunter**



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**“You are  
now  
entering the  
world of  
insanity.”**

**- Bronson**

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the cultural context of the research. It highlights the need for researchers to be sensitive to the values and beliefs of the communities they are studying. This is particularly important in the field of education, where cultural differences can significantly impact learning outcomes. The paper then moves on to discuss the challenges of conducting research in culturally diverse settings. It notes that researchers often face difficulties in establishing rapport with participants and in interpreting their responses. To address these challenges, the paper suggests several strategies, including the use of local researchers and the development of culturally appropriate research instruments. The final part of the paper discusses the importance of ethical considerations in cross-cultural research. It emphasizes the need for researchers to obtain informed consent from participants and to ensure that the research is conducted in a way that respects the dignity and rights of all individuals.



## Better To Be Pissed Off... By Don Lafferty

"We need to pick up a six pack before we fuckin' do anything." Said Romines.

I trailed behind him and Parker, checking my coat for rips from the barbed wire, still freaked out that we'd scaled a fence to get off the air base instead of going out the front gate. But it saved us a solid half hour of walking in the frigid Denver night.

"Wait up." I said, quickening my pace, but they were already walking into a liquor store. The ring of the bell still hung in the air when I hustled in behind them.

The guy at the register stood expressionless, with his palms flat on the counter and eyeballed us in the empty store. Romines snagged a six of Coors out of the cooler

while Parker, the only one of legal age, stood thumbing through his bills at the checkout waiting for us.

The guy didn't ask for ID.

"Anything else?" he asked, slamming the register shut.

"You know where we might be able to score a little smoke?" Romines said, as a way of answering.

I almost swallowed my tongue.

Parker calmly tucked the bagged six pack under his arm and looked at the checkout guy as if this were a perfectly reasonable question.

"You guys wing nuts?" It was the first of thousands of times I'd be called a wing nut by a local, and if I hadn't been so wiggled the fuck out by the whole situation, my feelings might've been hurt, but all I could squeak out was, "Yes, sir."

The air in the store grew thick with quiet.

Parker spoke up first.

"We're looking for a half, but we'd take an oh-zee if we could get one. We're fresh outta boot, man, and hurtin' to catch a buzz."

The guy remained silent, sizing up Parker, then me, and then Romines.

We're not cops, dude." Romines said. "Fuck, I been smokin' weed since the sixth grade."

Romines smiled at me and then at Parker, nodding proudly, as if he deserved some kind of award. Parker just sorta snickered. Looking back to the checkout guy, I noticed two tear drop tattoos in the corner of his eye, and tried to remember the meaning behind them. In the back of my mind I was thinking it had something to do with murder.

"Don't worry about it, sir." I said. "We got everything we need. Let's go,

guys."

I moved toward the door but nobody budged. They stared silently at the murder clerk, and it made me want to sprint out of the fucking place.

"I might be able to help you." Said Teardrops.

I detected an Hispanic cadence in his simple declaration. So did Romines.

"Now you're fuck-in' talkin', amigo!" Romines offered his upturned forearm to the guy, inviting him to share the "hip guy's handshake". The handshake of bikers and musicians, of drug dealers. Of murders.

Parker snickered again while I stood paralyzed, waiting for the guy to plug Romines for playing fast and loose with his Mexican heritage. He took Romines' outstretched hand and cracked a train wreck of a smile. The liquor store didn't offer a dental plan.

"You come back in

an hour, after I close up. There's a garage behind the store. Meet me back there and I'll have what you want." He said, still clasping Romines' hand firmly.

"Well alright, man! Back in an hour." Romines said.

"In an hour." Parker said. And the three of us walked out into the cold night.

\*\*\*

"Gimme one of those beers, dude." Romines reached toward the open bag while we walked. "That worked out fuckin' perfect, man. That guy was cool as shit."

He popped the top of the cold can and leaned forward to suck the white foam off the top.

"Did you see those tear drops tattooed next to his eye?" I asked.

"Yeah, everybody has that shit back home, man."

Romines said. He seemed unfazed.

"What the fuck does it mean?" I asked

"It means he's getting' us some fucking pot, you pussy." Romines answered, pushing me out into the empty street. "Yeah, mutha fucka!"

He raised his beer can to Parker's and dragged the sleeve of his jacket across his wet mouth.

"Let's finish these up and kill the hour in a warm bar." Parker said. "It's fucking freezing out here."

\*\*\*

We sat in a three-two bar sucking whippets with a couple of local girls, while a cover band did their best Rush and Blue Oyster Cult. The sticky floor under our table was littered with spent silver cartridges.

Each time the nitrous filled my brain I took the

opportunity to visit home for a few fleeting seconds. Bubbles cascaded down my arms and drizzled out the tips of my fingers, and the smell of my mother's meatballs filled my nostrils. The TV droned in the parlor downstairs.

I wanted to do homework. To take the dog for a walk. To take out the trash and hang up my clothes. I wanted to help out around the house, and sit with my dad while he dozed in his chair, beaten to a pulp from two decades of long days at the plant.

The music crept in first, then the smell of stale beer and cigarettes. The last of the bubbles slipped out through my fingertips, and I returned to reality with a tight snap and a thud. I was in the fucking Air Force, in fucking Denver, and it looked nothing like the Rocky Mountain high I signed up for.

"So what are you in for?" the girl asked me.

*Isn't that the kind of question you ask an inmate?* I thought.

"I'm a 316." I answered. "An instrumentation tech."

"Wow. Sounds cool." She rubbed up against me, shoulder to shoulder, and the cherry of her cigarette waved so close to my cheek I could feel its heat.

The three-two beer was a waste of time, but the girls were twenty-one and slipped us Jack and Coke as fast as we could suck them down.

"Gimme that thing." I said, taking the cracker from Romines' limp hand. A lit Marlboro dangled, stuck to the bottom of his parted lips, his eyes closed as he rode the anesthetic wave of the nitrous. I fished around in the box on the table for a fresh whippet when in the shadows next to the stage I thought I caught a glimpse of the checkout guy from the package store.

"I love smart guys." The girl said, directly into my left ear. "My dad was a smart guy. He was in the Air Force too. He's retired now, but he lives in Scottsdale. My mom and him divorced when I was twelve."

*What was that guy doing here? Did he follow us?* I scoped out Parker in a far corner of the room just about the time I realized my Chuck Taylors were sticking to the floor. Parker appeared to be in a deeply important conversation with the bartender and some lady that looked like she was my mom's age. At twenty-five, he was older than Romines and me, and I found myself admiring his calm under these unfamiliar circumstances.

I tightened down the cracker and drew the cold nitrous into my lungs. The bubbles returned, lifted me from my chair and carried me the two thousand miles back

to Philly. Back to my bedroom. Back to the meatballs, and the nightly news, and my mother's grating voice yelling that dinner was ready, and I wondered why I ever thought anything could be better than that.

When the bubbles and the meatballs cleared out of my head, the first thing that came into focus was the girl's puzzled face. She wasn't bad looking. Not my type, but pretty in a washed out sort of way that I hadn't come to recognize yet as the look of somebody sprinting toward all the wrong things; somebody smoking too much and drinking too much, and avoiding the daylight accidentally on purpose. But I wasn't twenty yet and still looked at people the way I did in high school, where everybody was college bound, and nobody was old enough to go to bars yet. I hadn't seen the damage the hard life could do.



"Why are you doing those things?" She was clearly annoyed at me for checking out on the nitrous. "Am I boring you?" she asked.

"No, no." I said, pulling myself up in the rickety wooden chair. I rubbed my eyes and took a long swig of the sweet liquor when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Parker.

"Showtime, lover boys."

\*\*\*

The temperature was close to freezing by the time we got back to the garage behind the liquor store. We found the door wide open and two bad-ass looking hombres pissing all over a topless chick who was rubbing the golden shower all over her tits, and jockeying to catch one of the streams in her mouth. I stopped so fast, I almost fell the fuck over.

"Hola, amigos." It was

Teardrops.

"Qué pasa?" Answered Romines, doing the whole hand-shake thing again.

"Cómo te llamas, amigo?"

"Me llamo, Romines. Mi amigos, Parker and Lupica." Romines jerked a thumb in our direction while the two bad-ass hombres stayed focused on the girl. Teardrops didn't introduce them.

"Call me Felix." he said, waving us into the garage. "Grab some beers and I'll get your package." He motioned toward an old fridge against the wall and walked through a door at the back of the garage.

"Come on, Lupica." Parker shot a crooked smile at me, shocked and still frozen in my tracks outside the door. "Romines, grab us some beers."

The biggest of the pissing hombres shook off and barked something to us in Spanish.

"He wants to know if any of us want to piss on Holly." Romines explained as he fished three cans of Coors out of the ice box.

Parker was all over it.

"Yeah, man, I have to piss. Fuck it." He stepped over as the second guy was buttoning his fly and without a moment's hesitation, sent a thick, strong stream into her chin and laughed with a cigarette still pinched between his lips. Steam rose from the ninety-eight degree piss the moment it hit the cold degree air.

I was unable to move, still standing right where I stopped, wondering what the hell I was doing so far from the barracks. Wondering what I was doing out of college. Wondering if this was really the life I signed up for.

I wasn't digging what I'd seen so far, when the whole scene was lit up by the bright lights of a pickup

truck roaring up the driveway. Parker was still laughing and Romines was sunk into a ratty ass couch flipping through a Hustler.

The pickup bore down on the garage quickly, helping me unfreeze my feet with a quick sidestep as the truck squealed to a stop partway inside the door.

"You mutha fuckin' whore!" I heard a twangy voice say from inside the pickup, followed by the oiled, metal on metal clack of a slide being racked.

"Wo! Wo! Wo, amigo!" It was Teardrops. "No, no, Lando. No guns. Not here."

The pickup blocked my view, and while all my instincts screamed "Run!" there was no way I could bail on my boys.

"Who in the fuck are you, motherfucker?" It was Mr. Pickup again.

"I'm - I'm nobody man. Nobody." answered Parker.

"You like pissing on girls, Nobody?"

"Hey, man, she wanted it."

I shook my head at Parker's self defense strategy and dropped to the ground to scope out the scene from under the truck.

"Let's all stay calm and put the guns up." I was surprised to find myself agreeing with Felix's advice.

"Dude, we have nothing to do with any of this." Romines chimed in from the couch. We're just here to score a little smoke."

I could see three pairs of biker boots facing one pair of pointy cowboy boots. I figured Romines hadn't moved, and Parker stood with his shriveling dick in his hand over by the girl, who threw her head back and laughed.

"Oh, Oscar." The disdain in her voice was palpable. "Will you please get over yourself? Just get back

in that Cowboy Cadillac of yours and go the hell home."

I could see her sitting cross legged on the floor when Oscar uncorked a load of buckshot that ripped a softball-sized hole between her bare breasts and sent her splayed corpse skidding backwards across the floor. Oscar racked the slide and squeezed again, dropping one of the hombres with a meaty slap face-first on the cold cement where he lay still. His remaining open eye stared in my direction.

Oscar went on the move and I lost sight of his boots when the pop-pop-pop of pistol fire rang loud and echoed in the cement and cinder block garage.

Another rack. Another shotgun blast, and two more quick pistol pops.

"Lupica. Are you okay out there?" It was Romines.

"Yeah, man. I'm okay." I stayed low, looking for more floor level action.

"Holy shit. Ho-ly shit!" Felix said. "Are you guys hit?"

It sounded like the shooting was over.

I jumped into the bed of the pickup and ducked my head into the garage to see Parker, still standing there with his dick in his hand. The hombres were down. So was Oscar. Holly was as dead as Abraham Lincoln.

Romines bent over the twisted up cowboy, carefully untangling the shotgun from his death grip. On the table behind Romines was a green plastic trash bag brimming weed, and for the first time I smelled the skunk in the room.

"Parker." Said Romines. "Dude, are you okay?"

I wedged into the garage and dropped to the floor from the hood of the pickup, narrowly avoiding the spreading slick of Oscar's blood. Smoke hung thick in the room,

mixing with the steam rising from the puddles of warm blood and urine.

Teardrops bent over one of his buddies.

"These guys are gone." He said. "How's your man?"

Our man wasn't good. Blood pooled around Parker's feet, dripping from a hit I couldn't see.

"Parker." I said. "Man, can you hear me?"

He didn't bat an eye.

"Okay, here's what we're going to do." Started Felix.

I was focused on Parker when the boom of the shotgun caused me to crouch and turn toward the blast in time to see Teardrops slam against the refrigerator. He slid to a sitting position on the ground, leaving a gory slick of blood and bone smeared across the door. Romines racked the slide, leveling the barrel on the clerk until it was clear he wasn't going to be trouble.

"What the fuck, Romines!"

He wiped the shotgun down with a tattered afghan, pressed it back into Oscar's dead hands and kicked the last spent shell over to the dead cowboy's right.

"You don't think that guy was letting us walk out of here with our little bag of weed, do you?" Romines asked.

Parker dropped hard to his knees and balanced there for a long second before falling face down into the puddle of piss and blood. He let out a rattling sigh and the smell of shit joined the party when his bowels let loose.

Romines crossed the room quickly, careful not to step in any of the blood splatter and checked Parker for a pulse.

"He's gone, dude. We gotta get the fuck out of here now."

"What about Parker?"

"How fucking long you known him, man? A week? Two? He's fucking dead and we ain't gonna bring him back by talking to no cops."

Romines had a point.

"Okay then, let's go." I said.

"Hold up, man." Romines turned to grab the weed, slinging the heavy bag over his shoulder like one of Santa's homicidal elves.

"Okay, man." He smiled from behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses and patted me on the shoulder as he walked toward the door. "You're a good shit for not going rabbit, Lupica. Let's score some wraps and catch a quick buzz before we have to jump that fucking fence again." ●

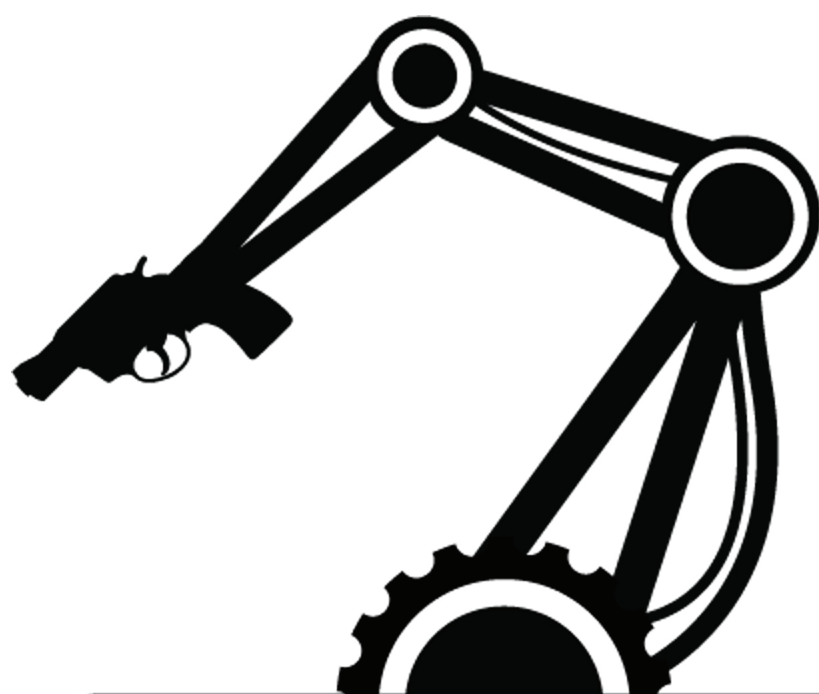
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**“Another  
day of another  
year,  
measured  
for those  
who walk  
in light and  
deal with  
the living.”**

**- Simon**

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the cultural context of the research. It highlights the need for researchers to be sensitive to the values and beliefs of the communities they are studying. This is particularly important in the field of education, where cultural differences can significantly impact learning outcomes. The paper then moves on to discuss the challenges of conducting research in culturally diverse settings. It notes that researchers often face difficulties in establishing rapport with participants and in interpreting their responses. To address these challenges, the paper suggests that researchers should adopt a flexible and open-minded approach to their research. They should be willing to learn from their participants and to adapt their methods as needed. The paper also emphasizes the importance of transparency in the research process. Researchers should clearly state their objectives and methods, and they should be open to criticism and feedback. Finally, the paper concludes by noting that research in culturally diverse settings is a complex and ongoing process. It requires a commitment to learning and a willingness to challenge one's own assumptions.





CRIME FACTORY

