I still don’t clearly remember how I got my tattoo, but I’ll never forget why. It all started when I went to dinner with my good friends J.R.R. Tolkien and Jimi Hendrix. There was some debate over where to go for dinner as Tolkien wanted to go to Buffalo Wild Wings, and Jimi, being the upper societal man that he is, wanted to go to Michelle’s. We decided to split the difference, Michelle’s for dinner and Wild Wings for desert later on at night. Since Jimi knew the cooks, he kindly offered to go back and cook his signature dish, soupe de champignons, or mushroom soup for those of us not educated at Oxford. Well there must have been a mix up with the type of mushroom ordered, because instead of truffles, we received the highly hallucinogenic Psilocybin mushroom. Jimi however forgot to double check his ingredients and cooked with the infamous drug. While all this was going on Tolkien was showing me the latest riff he was working on for his band. He even began demonstrating his latest technique of playing with his teeth, which was quite extraordinary. He said he when he got back to London he was going to start a band called the J.R.R. Tolkien Experience. I urged him to reconsider, the name just wasn’t catchy enough, but he was adamant about it. Jimi arrived with the soup and we began to eat. At first nothing seemed out of the ordinary, yet soon we noticed something rather unusual. The colors in the room started to change and shapes started to shift. Things appeared before us that were not really there, but at the time we couldn’t know any better. Tolkien swore he saw a gigantic eye on fire staring at him from the corner and grim reaper like figures that were attacking him. He tried to fight back and in the course of the brawl broke his fingering hand. He would never play the guitar again. Jimi testified that all he witnessed were swirling colors and beautiful chords radiating from the walls. And I would forever tell the talk of the impossibly pale, anorexic bald man who was working up the nerve to propose to his girlfriend by rubbing the ring and muttering her name “Precious”. Somehow we ended up walking down the street. A man with dwarfism recognized the condition we were in and tried to help us. However we were far to inebriated to realize he wasn’t trying to rob us. Jimi punched him in the face and shouted “Run! It’s an Orca!” Later we learned he believed the man to be a killer whale or something. When we sobered up we found the man, who was named Fred ‘Fredo’ Hobbin, and apologized. After our night of hallucinations we awoke in a local motel. Jimi found he still had the beautiful chords stuck in his head and decided to learn how to express them via music. Tolkien, sporting his freshly broken hand, chose to go back to England and finally finish college. Last I heard he was looking for a way to immortalize our experiences somehow, maybe a short story. And me? Well I woke up with a laceration on my arm, or that could just be a puncture wound from the bar fight. I’m not really sure either way.