

Experience in a tattoo parlor



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

In the course of the time, I had visited various types of establishments and shops. More often than not, different establishments have its unique individual aura and persona which makes it interesting. However, there is one establishment which I dread and despise. This establishment is the tattoo parlor which I had visited. I had gone with a friend to check various designs as well as the price for the skin artwork. But then, upon being within such environment I was able to develop a hatred and disgust for such place. As me and my friend entered the tattoo shop, I immediately saw a wall filled with different photos.

The photos were all scattered and looked filthy. Some of the photos are those of the individuals who already have done their skin artwork. Some were smiling while some are showing of the blood dripping of their skin. On the other side of the tattoo parlor, there was a dark area which was only lit by a fluorescent light. The bulb is locked into a lamp shade that bends like a bamboo hence, helping the tattoo artist to be more precise with his artwork. The tables on the same side of the room were filled with different cloths. There were cloths that seem to be like aprons with mashed colors. The colors were mostly brown and black.

The colors did not look artistic or visually entertaining. As I look at the lumps of cloth, I remember the hills of mountains shown on various independent films. It was horrific. Viewing it was as if looking at a big pile of trash which was left to rotten. Although that was the situation, I continued to follow my friend and wait for him to finish his queries to the owner. As I sat quietly on a red sloppy and sticky couch there was a blasting resonance of a band with a

growling style of singing. The metal band was hardcore for the drum beat was making the walls pump while the guitar is killing my eardrum.

I noticed that the couch was filled with various types of dirt. Some were sponge like materials which most probably from the material of the couch. More so, I did not want to touch the couch with my hands. I was too afraid of what I could see or get. Thus, I just skimmed through the room. After a while, I started to smell something unsatisfying to my senses. There was a pungent smell. At first I thought it was simply ink. As my sense of smell explored the type of smell present in the room and later on, I realized that the smell was a mixture of ink, sweat, and insects like rats and cockroaches.

To my horror, I even saw one big cockroach passing underneath the tables filled with cloth. After that, I saw another one playing within the cloths piled on the table. The more I stayed on such area, the more I identified the classification of the tattoo parlor. While figuring out the smell I suddenly tasted a rotten cheese building up small insects and flies. Thus, the place has a tangy flavor of cheese which is being feasted by different worms. Through my continuous inhalation of the smell, I realized that the taste continues to linger within my mouth.

Different explosion of gruesome smell became a bomb through my brain. Again, another form of taste came into my mouth. A crawling taste of bitter, salty yet musky flavor came into my mouth. Through such taste I do imagine the immense work done by different artists. Also, the lingering smell provided a ghastly feeling. I wanted to take a candy into my mouth yet I left my jar of candy in the car. I stayed for around fifteen minutes checking out

the whole place. I could not contain myself, and left the establishment when I was already feeling woozy.

I wanted to support my friend yet the disgusting taste and feel of the whole tattoo shop stopped me from doing so. Hence, I simply stayed in the nearest coffee shop until my friend was finished with all the queries he had. After which, I convinced him to search for a much hygienic tattoo parlor. He later on stated that he was able to notice the all the things that I sensed. My friend agreed and mentioned that he only took the chance to inquire for his future outtakes in tattoo. Furthermore, I ended up being traumatized by tattoo parlors until this very day.