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# Chapter 22 *Last Day at Alice*

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## *Contrition*

*A person who has not been wrong*

*Never, never, no not once-*

*He's missin' out on rightness.*

*He doesn't know ow he went wrong,*

*He doesn't know, not a bit*

*About that thing contriteness-*

*Cause he doesn't know, not a bit*

*How in the world he went wrong!*

*• Noblet Barry •*



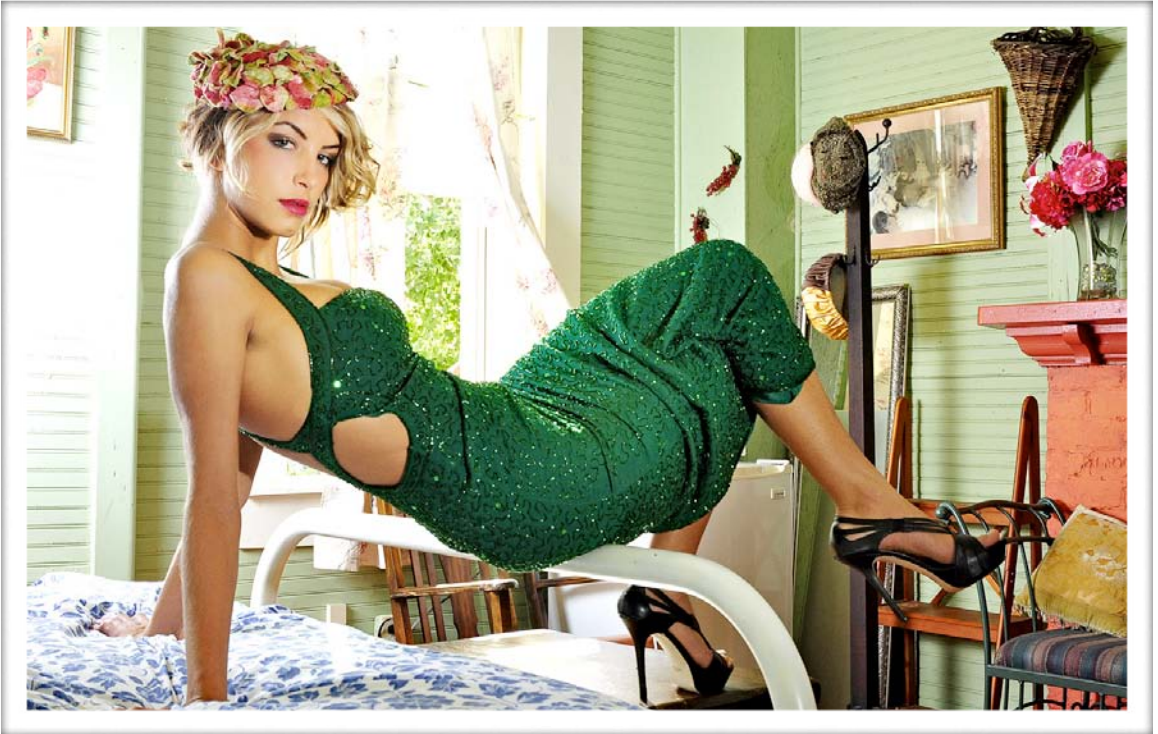
*Shelby ripped and tore apart the wedding gown we had gotten at the Salvation Army Store.*



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# *Our Last Day at Alice-***EXCERPT!**

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*Shelby in the hat room on our last day at Hotel Alice. All the rooms in the hotel were all different and fit particular themes. The hat Shelby was wearing for this photo was found in this room.*

*November 8, 2010*

*Lifted from the book not too far from the end of the chapter 22..*

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The sun finally set. We cleaned up our mess, put the leaves away, packed up our stuff, and brought it all back to the sleaze

room. We were finished with Hotel Alice. We would spend the night there, our last one, and the next day we would make the drive to Baton Rouge.

Neither of us was hungry but we did have some snacks. We had returned to our room, and I began processing the photos we shot. Shelby went and changed her clothes and put on her blue teal shirt-dress. She asked me if we could go to the store. She wanted rolling papers. She had tired of her cute little pipe and both of us wanted more drinks, not wine or anything, just some of those electrolyte drinks that come in many colors and are made by every company that makes soft drinks. We got in the car and drove over to the convenience store. Shelby picked out the drinks and stuff she wanted, brought it to the counter, and I asked for the rolling papers. I have not rolled anything in a long time, so I got the double-wide kind. I paid the bill and we went outside to the car.

For whatever dumb reason, I opened the door, and the corner of the it hit me in the left eye. It hit me so hard above the eye that momentarily I saw black and the proverbial stars we used to see in the comic books when we were children. I was very close to passing out, and I could feel blood dripping all over the place. I grabbed a small white towel from the car and immediately pressed it to my head. Luckily, I had hit it right above the eye on my eyebrow. It hurt like crazy, and I was bent over double. At first, Shelby thought I was faking this. Then she saw the blood, and so did a woman outside in

the parking lot.

The woman must have been about twenty-five to thirty years old, and she immediately told us she was a nurse. She wanted me to go inside the store and get some paper towels. She said she wanted to clean it off for me. By this time, my eyebrow was spitting out blood like mad, and I was leaving a trail of it all over the store.

Everyone in the store could see I was bleeding profusely, and Shelby was almost in a kind of panic. She asked if we could get some paper towels to help stem the blood flow. From a distance of at least 20 feet, the idiot store person picked up a new roll of paper towel, and threw it towards me. It went up in an arc, end over end, the way a football does when the kicker tries a field goal or extra point. As it got closer to me I could no longer see it coming. I was not wearing my glasses, and the roll hit me on the top of my head, bounced, and fell to the ground. It must have hit near the cut on my forehead because the blow from the paper roll caused the blood to squirt out from the cut like you see when a person squirts a water gun.

Everyone in the store now was looking at us, and Shelby was screaming at them to get us some clean towels. The nurse lady was excited and agitated. It no longer hurt me but I sure did not like the blood all over the place. Shelby was handed a new towel roll, and she opened it and began wiping me off. I could not believe the amount of blood that had flowed. I was taking a blood thinner and I guess because my blood was thin it came out more easily and did

not want to clot and stop.

Our new friend, the nurse lady, kept telling us to follow her to her house and she would clean it up. She would see how bad it was and see if perhaps I might need to go to the emergency room.

We finally got out of the store. I could not drive, and Shelby did not have a driver's license. At least she said she could drive. So, for the first time on the trip, Shelby was at the wheel of the car. Ellisville was not big, but we did not want to go driving far. I could already tell that the bleeding, though once pouring out of me, had slowed.

The nurse lady did not live very far away, and Shelby did a safe job driving. She parked her car in her driveway, and Shelby parked on the side of the road so she would not have to back up for us to leave. The lady had the door open to her house, and we both walked in.

As soon as we got into the house, we met her husband, a man seemingly younger than our nurse was, and he was either stoned or drunk. By his side was a young boy, their son, who was maybe three years old. The boy was hugging his daddy's leg and asking all sorts of questions. To make it more complex, they had a chihuahua dog, a real yipper, that was adding to the already noisy house. As soon as I moved towards the sink, the yipper set his teeth onto my leg and I felt me dragging him along as he clung to my pants. I began shaking my leg back and forth, and this action caused the blood to begin to spurt again. This whole thing was seeming like something

that could only happen in a bad movie.

I finally managed to get the dog off of my leg, and their son held him so he would not attack me again. Shelby was talking to the nurse's husband, and I made it to their sink. My nurse had gotten a clean towel, wet it, and cleaned off my forehead and eyebrow. Both she and Shelby could see that my cut was deep, and they talked about whether or not I would need to go to the emergency room to have stitches. I had no interest in this, and I knew that back at the room we had a first aid kit that contained everything I needed, including small butterfly bandages. At this stage of my life, I could care less about whether or not it scarred. I had long gotten past vanity when it came to my looks. The two women fussed over me, and they talked with her husband. The boy was still hanging around on his father's leg and holding the yipper. Finally my nurse had me cleaned up, had put Neosporin on my wound, and had stuck a big bandage onto my head. We thanked them profusely and left.

Shelby was having no difficulty at all driving, and I was not nervous anymore. We were less than half a mile from Hotel Alice, and we were back quickly. I could tell I was still bleeding. When we got into the room, Shelby took some photos of all this. We wanted this story for our book. I was feeling badly, but no matter, we wanted the story and we both were laughing after a while. The whole thing was absurd. I pulled my bandage off, Shelby shot some more photos, and then she cleaned me off and bandaged me properly.

We both were amazed that a total stranger, a woman, had helped us and even had brought us to her house. We had both thought that where we lived, Shelby in Daytona and I in Baton Rouge, not a person in either place would have helped us. We later determined that our nurse must have been an LPN, not a registered nurse. It did not matter. Over the next few weeks, the injury healed up fine. I still had the bloody eyebrow when Shelby left, but within a week or two after that, it left only a small scar.

[\*Link to full size images from Chapter 22\*](#)