Flintlock( above door of murder place)

I as my eyes cracked open and light poured in, my head jerked back and my arms flung over my face. An annoyed grumble emerged from my lips followed by a couple nondescript profanities. As my eyes became adapted to the light of the room I stumbled off the couch that I was sleeping on and looked around.   
 “Where the hell am I?”

I stated in an inaudible moan. As I looked around to figure out the answer to my quarrel I was met with the usual household amenities, T.V, couch, tables nothing much out of the ordinary. I figured I managed to get drunk or high or something and meandered over to a friend’s house to crash which in all honesty isn’t all the unusual for me. So I started walking calmly from my current position near the couch over to the front door, I tripped over what looked like a large pile of blankets but this particular pile yelped when I kicked it.   
 “OW! You asshole what are you doing?”

As I examined the speaking pile of linens I realized that within that pile was a familiar face. The face belonged to my buddy Frank. Frank was your run of the mil slacker. No job, no money and no place to stay. I found myself always running into Frank whenever I ended up in situations like I am in right now. Not knowing where I am or how I got there, Frank is usually in the exact predicament.

“ Oh yo, Flint how you doing, can I bum a cig?”

Frank pleaded. I of course agreed because in all honesty that’s why I tripped over him in the first place, I was heading outside to have a quick smoke. And to be honest I liked the company, I hate it when I smoke alone. As I handed him the cigarette out of my pack I saw the celebration in his eyes. As we headed outside I pulled out my pack of matches to light up my cig, and as always I was met with skepticism.

“Dude why do you always have matches wouldn’t it be easier just to have a lighter?”

I ignored Franks feeble attempt to convert me from my usual nicotine ritual. You see I have never used lighters, it’s always been matches, I don’t know why I just like them better. That’s how I got my nickname “Flint” one of my moron friends thought matches had flint in them and called me it just to be funny I thought it was a stupid name, but I guess something was cool about it, because it stuck and now I respond to it like it’s my real name. I only have two people who call me by my real name any more and I hate talking about them. Logan what a crappy name I hated it, that’s probably why I took to flint so fast because of my utter disgust with my real name. As we got outside I took out my pack and struck my first match across the rough sand paper. The sound of crackling filled the empty ally way we had made our way into I pulled the match up to my mouth. I felt the heat of the match head against my cheeks. My lungs fill with the sweet, sweet sensation of nicotine and cyanide. As I exhale, and hand my matches to frank who does the same. We sit and talk shooting the shit for about 5 minutes then we hear a crash

“guys!!”

A voice from around the corner shouts

Frank and I look at each other in sheer confusion.  
 “guys!!”

The voice yelled again seconds later the voice took form. The form the voice took was that of my friend Eddy.

“dude, john got jumped”

I tossed my cig and got closer to eddy.   
“Was he dealing again?”

“yeah that’s why he got jumped, he had an “O” on him and I guess someone found out or something but now they have the O and John is in the hospital.

“Great just great I guess we should go see him and find out how the moron is doing”

I motioned frank to follow as I walked down the street down towards my car. The hospital was a good fifteen minutes away by car you can make it in ten if you know what you doing.

Page break

After arriving at the hospital we found our way up to john room with the help of some hot ass nurse who frank would not stop hitting on. Who eventual made him leave due to “harassment reasons” but anyway John was in his bed looking out the window all bruised and broken he seemed so out of place here John is not the type of person to be kept in one place for a longe period of time.  
“Flint, how you doing?”

John stated in a weak voice, as I walked over to the bed   
“Alright what about you, you seem a little screwed up?”  
“eh its nothing just a few bruises ill be alright in no time.”

I looked him up and down and realized it was far worse then just a few bruises

“who did this to you, you know we are gonna have to get them back right?”

I said to John in a calm voice.

“No dude its cool I brought this on myself”

“Even so, I’m not letting my buddy get jumped and do nothing about it, now tell me who did it.”

I grabbed him by shirt and screamed my question at him again.

“Who did this to you?!”

I shook him violently until words fell out of his mouth

“Ross pine”

I stopped instantly and stared into the middle distance, as if to look over my mental rolodex. Yet once the trance broke, my question was still unanswered.

“Who is Ross pine?”

John stood solemn with no expression on his face as if already dead. I called in a nurse and she quickly called in two others yelling medical fodder into the air, I quickly left the room so I was not to get in the way. As I left the hospital I pondered over the name “Ross Pine” what kind of crappy name was what? He sounds like a punk, not someone who could take out John. I mean I know John wasn’t the strongest kid in the world, but he could defiantly hold his own in a fair fight. God this is gonna take more than just me to figure this out. But who could help me in a situation like this? As I continued my way out of the hospital, I took out my pack of matches and my cigarettes. I felt kinda funny lighting up near a hospital but what did I care its not like it mattered to me. Once outside of the hospital I struck my match and lit my cigarette with in seconds of my first puff Frank popped is weasely little head into my peripherals   
“Can I bum another?”

“dude, I don’t care, here”

I handed him both of my tools and continued to mull over the situation.

“what’s going on with Jack?” Frank asked

“”he aint telling me who did it.”

“why?”

“who knows”

As the those words left my lips I knew who would know

“Jeff” I a abruptly yelped

“Jeff?” Frank responded

“Yeah he is an old buddy of mine, he knows almost everyone in town. John and I met him a few months back”

“You think he will know who Ross Pine is?”

“Lets hope, if we leave now, we can get to his with in the house”