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5/08/96  
Final Final Draft

## The Big Hairy Ugly Ogre

I forgot that this was the last day of the 1995 Cherry Creek Arts Festival. Parking was horrendous.

I drove around and around. Five minutes passed. Then ten. By the twentieth minute my patience was running out. Yes! Someone is leaving. Perfect, the Ford Explorer ahead of me drove right past the people leaving. I stopped, put my blinker on, and waited for the car to pull out. Suddenly, the Explorer reversed, coming within a few feet of my car and almost hitting the other car. He was positioning himself to steal my spot. No way.

I inched forward so that he couldn't reverse any farther. Slamming on his brakes, he peered into his rear view mirror and scowled at me; ignoring him, I concentrated on the car leaving, all I could hear was the motors puttering, all I could see was the empty parking spot. I gunned the accelerator and made my tires screech. Barely missing the Explorer, I pulled into the empty spot. Smiling, I turned off the ignition when I heard a door slam. The driver stormed to my side. Great, a big Ogre is coming my way. I always wondered what I would do when confronted with conflict.

"You dirty fucking chink."

As I sat in my car he took a swing at me. I flinched, but the seatbelt restricted any movement; his swing connected, causing my head to jerk and my glasses flying to the back seat. I was blind, defenseless, frozen.

"Damn gook."

As he kicked my door and raged off, his guttural roar reverberated through the parking garage. He didn't hit me hard, but my left cheek was stinging. I sat dazed and didn't know what to do. Should I tell mall security? The police? Should I have fought back?

Where were my num chucks when I needed them?