

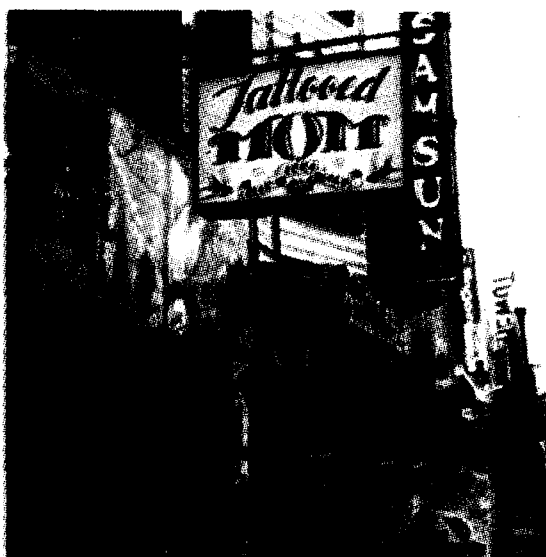
Above: From left to right, Justin, Marko's sister Velena, and Blank. Justin and Blank were the carpenters that Marko and Velena met at the Tattooed Mom on South Street. In a handful of hours, the four were able to solve most of the world's problems while only drinking moderately. All pictures on this page were taken by Marko Primorac.

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Mentally and physically exhausted from the stress of shopping, I suggested we go to the interestingly named watering hole next door to the "perfect jeans" boutique and replenish our energy with a Guinness (so much for New Year's resolutions).

"The Tattooed Mom" was dimly lit, and the music was a mix of rock, hard rock, and punk. I had found my new home away from home. Bob, the bartender, made sure the beer was flowing at all times, and the patrons were an eclectic mix: a married librarian, two carpenters (one with a whole lot of tattoos), a group of fellows with face rings and dyed hair, and my sister and I. In typical American fashion, with the aide of alcohol, cigarettes, and loud punk music, the carpenters Justin and Blank, along with my sister and I, managed to solve American foreign and domestic problems in a handful of hours. Unfortunately, halfway through the near dissertations of philosophical and political views, I had to pound water. After sobering up, I found I was dragging The Loud One (my sister) out of the bar: work and school-work on Friday makes Marko a very unhappy boy (though I doubt there will be any RedRum).

South Street is cool, as is most of Philly. Center City is great. I suggest taking the horse and buggy trip for about \$15, the guides usually have good knowledge of funny, pointless facts about early Philadelphia. The club scene, though not as wild as NYC, definitely is cool. Take a day off of work, weave a web of lies to a professor about being sick or a death in the family, and hop into, a car or onto a train and hit the biggest and best city in our state: Philadelphia. It's worth it.



Left: The outside entrance to the Tattooed Mom on South Street. Marko and Velena headed to this "dimly lit" drinking establishment to relax after walking around for most of the day. **Below:** Zipperhead is one of the many oddities you will find on South Street. Its inventive decoration often leaves a lasting impression on anyone who passes by. Zipperhead sells "punk-like" (for lack of a better word) clothing and accessories.

