

Henry looked at Jessica, who was still hiding behind her mother to avoid her verbal geyser. "You realize those things hurt like hell and take a lot of time and attention to heal up properly, right?" the father said.

"I know, Dad," Jessica replied.

"And they're permanent, not like when you got your navel pierced." Lydia rolled her eyes upon hearing this. She hadn't been crazy about that idea either.

"I know."

"Do you know what you're getting done and where you want it put?"

"I narrowed it down to a few designs, and I want it on my lower back."

"They call that a tramp stamp, you know," Lydia muttered.

"Do you have the money for it?" Henry asked, choosing to ignore his wife's statement.

"Yeah, I saved it up from my birthday," Jessica said.

"And this is getting done at a real tattoo shop, not just a garage owned by some guy's cousin?"

"Uh yeah, Dad. It was on Discovery Channel and everything," the daughter said with a surprising dash of sass.

Henry looked back at Lydia, whose arms were crossed and eyes were arched with a look of angry puzzlement. After few seconds of contemplation, he looked back at his daughter.

"Okay, I'll drive," he said.

"Do you know what Alcatraz means in Spanish?" Henry asked as he handed the jogger, seated at table nine, a glass of water. This was the third time he had visited for lunch in the last month or so.

In the San Francisco of the late seventies, Alcatraz had two meanings. There was the island prison where they sent the tourists, and there was also the masked mystery man whom Henry had seen the year before. He had far more interest in the latter.

The jogger quickly drank half the glass of water. "It means something like big rock, right?" he replied before downing the rest of the glass.

"It means pelican!" the boy chirped. He pointed to the jogger's leg and added, "just like the one you've got there."

The jogger smiled. "Oh, that thing. Yeah, I got that in the Navy. Seems kinda silly now, plus those things hurt like heck when you get them."

"Do you think Alcatraz has any tattoos?" the boy asked, referring to the man, not the tourist attraction.

"A tough guy like him? He's probably got so many tattoos that he looks like a Samoan pirate under that suit."