

# CHAPTER 4

Not too fast- I spun around expecting it to be a disgruntled negro- or amigro, that I had swindled of past; whom had waited ever so patiently throughout the years, finally stumbling upon that crook of a hustler at last

But to my instant relief- and utter surprise, I could not believe my shocked eyes; 'twas Richard- a-k-a The Guttaman, one of my closest and dearest allies

**“GUTTAMAN!”**, I did smile- as I took a step back and gave him a thorough scan in order to update my facial profile; while he stood idle upon a beach cruiser- rather joyously, flashing black gums over a one front-toothed goofball'ish smile

The skinny negro did stand with a can of Eight Ball clutched within his left gloved hand; **“ALLEYCAT JOE-MY MAN!.....”**, he did toot- with lips drier than that paper made of sand

(.....)

**.....GLORY HALLELUJAH- SHALOM! .....Our merciful lord dun blew'eth his mighty trumpet and brought'eth my jerk right on back home.....; ....GLORY HALLELUJAH! ....Da merciful lord on high dun straightened everything out with his great and omnipotent- HOT COMB!"**

He laid the bike down in its place and pulled me into a spontaneous embrace; right into a brew of odors, that singed the nose hairs right from off my got-damn face

He smelt of day old raw fish-innards minced with diced onions, cured within a full goblet of hot and pungent Grizzly bear piss; along with a vat of sun-dried chitlin bits seasoned in garlic powder, all mixed into one horrible smelling French kiss

Though it was only a brief time spat, in which he had hugged and gave me a back pat; to my olfactory it felt like forever, and my lungs would attest to that

**"MAN- O- MAN- it sho' is good ta see you again jerk!.....", he sang out- as he eyed me up and down with an inquisitive scan; "And look at you- still try'n ta keep the seventies alive ...I guess some negros really can't let a good thang go .....MY- MAN'NNN!"**

The man within my view was nothing reminiscent of the playa I'd once knew; **"GUTTA!....."**, I tooted with disbelief- **".....Brutha! .....What in the world dun happened ta you?"**

The Guttaman that I knew was most eccentrically unique, known to get his perm whipped up- no less than twice in one week; he wore exclusive tailor made suits fit to his body frame physique, with crocodile footwear- straight from out of Mozambique

He dipped in a plush new Cadillac and carried dough in a fat rubberband stack; wore more jewels than Mister-T, and had more bitches than Wilt Chamberlain .....REAL MAC!

Those stylish Croc imports were now inexpensive flojos, that exposed a whole bunch of hard corn-riddled and deformed black toes; and the delicately pampered body that was once covered in three-piece suits, was now covered in extremely worn-out clothes

A Raiders jersey fresh from a battle scene, along with shorts made of cut blue jean; a fly with no zipper, exposing filthy underwear which were FAR- FAR- from clean

Upon his hands he wore finger-less weightlifters gloves, and dangling from his left ear was a metallic crucifix cross; and sometime between the span of seventy-seven- and eighty-five, a few of my jerks white teeth had at some point been loss

No more radiant Nubian skin, nor sharply trimmed hair across his cheeks and chin; and he needed a bath as much as his team needed another Superbowl win

**“What happened to- ME’EEE! .....Negro- I’m not the one standin’ here lookin’ like a seventies Soul Train free-lancer!”**, he did answer; as he slightly lowered his dark shades and gazed upon me intensely, like some divergent conversational tap dancer

**“But- but- but- brutha! ....I mean- I mean- You-you! .... AW NUTHIN- just forget it!”**- I did so utter and reluctantly stutter; as he slid a Newport into his mouth- and sang, **“Baby I’m hotter than- Billy Dee .....In a hot skillet- FULL- of butter”**

He offered me a cigarette, which in effect caused me to do a pocket check; before I snatched my pack back- barking **“Do it again- and I’ll BREAK YO- GOT- DAMN- NECK!”**

**“Come now - jerk .....You know damn well you ain’t- NEV’A- no fighter!”**, he laughed- as he fired up the Newport with my Playboy lighter; and as much as I did not wish to admit to myself- most sadly, the man’s words could not have been anymore more righter

*.....I was NOT a fighter!*