

## CHAPTER 6

Within each sweaty black mitt, the junkie held a plastic grocery bag overflowing with all sorts of random bullshit; and wore a cheap clip-on tie over a wrinkled dress shirt, as if it actually made him appear all the more legit

**“Now it’s yal’z lucky day- ya see.....”,** he said- with his eyes solely focused upon me; **“Cause if ya buy one item today .....You’ll receive another like item- for- FREE’EEE!”**

**“Sorry my brutha.....”,** I did quickly reply- **“.....But I’m fresh out of the state hoosegow- and completely tapped out of funds right now”;**

**“MAN’NNNNN!.....”,** crooned out the junkie salesman with the clip-ontie, as he stepped back and suspiciously raised high one scraggly eyebrow  
(.....)

**.....Well check it out then Champ .....I’ll trade you a beta of Teen Wolf with Michael J Fox; .....a pair of All-Stars .....a Kangol hat .....and ten food-stamps .....for that tiny wooden box”**

**“DAMN- That’s definitely one hell of a deal Alleycat .....Man you dun WON! .....You needz ta gone and snatch that offer up and RUNZ!”;** advised Guttaman- as the junkie salesman whipped out a large bundle of food-stamps, all in the denomination of ones

Dancing- he unfolded his stamp stash, as if it were actually cold hard cash; **“IT’S NOT FOR SALE!”**, I replied in an offensive tone- that did come off rather rash

**“MAN’NNNNN!”**, crooned the junkie salesman- as he stopped his silly dancing, and did recoil with a queer insulted ashy-lipped sneer;

**“You heard the man now- NEGRO!....”**, quickly snapped Guttaman, **“.....Pick up all yo cheap bags of BULLSHIT! ....And get the FUCK up outta here!”**

**“Whatever .....Yal’z loss!”**, he did rebukingly wail- while letting his boney arms flail; he then spun back around and yanked a murph out of his ass, before proceeding to bail

The Greyhound bus that I had arrived upon earlier that day, revved up its powerful engine and slowly pulled away; polluting all the fresh oxygen about us, leaving behind thick toxic clouds of a smoggy carcinogenic gray

To my recollection- as the bus exited and entered the inter-Section; I instantly spotted two odd-looking negros, staring straight in our direction

*.....UN’DENIABLELY!*