

# CHAPTER 8

They stopped right in front of me- those two shoe-less clowns, staring at me like vultures with hard mean mugs and intimidating frowns; silently eyeballing me with a dark malicious intensity, several rounds on ups- and several rounds back downs

Up close they were much uglier, and wore handkerchiefs around their necks slung- that hung; they reeked of wet dog and underarms, mingled with skunk ass- and a hint of pig dung

In an effort to deter any further advance, I stood tall with my chest poked out in a defensive rooster-like stance; silently projecting a clear message, that if it need be- I was more than ready to accept their rumbling war dance

*.....But- I was scared!*

The dark one clutching the booze, who's eyes rolled downward and locked upon my platform shoes; did quickly elbow his comrade, as he pointed towards them with a look of pure muse

While 'CLAP'-'CLAP'ping both their hands together like tambourines, they broke out laughing hard enough to bust open their inner spleen; pointing their index fingers stiffly at me, as if I were by far the silliest thing that they had ever before seen

Momentarily they stopped the laughing, but then- they started right back up again; and the dark one started to stomp his feet, while turning in a full three-sixty spin

.....*SUDDENLY!*

All the fear and anxiety present within, got buried beneath boulders of rage like some emotive mine shaft cave-in; which caused me to impulsively explode on those muthafuckaz, like a sawed-off shotgun with a pulled back firing pin

I carefully sat down the box- and my sac, and pulled my right fist way to the back; swiftly releasing a John Wayne styled punch, that broke the dark one's jaw upon impact-

.....*'CRACK'KKK*

Before his filthy body could go down, I had already spun around in order to face the other barefooted clown; who instantly stopped all his cracker-jack cackling, and aimed the prongs of the pitchfork he held upwards- centered toward my crown

One-on-one- the tall one attempted to fork me, but my rage would not be out done; I swiftly caught and bent the fork prongs back, causing him to drop his weapon and run

.....*Leaving his comrade behind!*

---

.....*SUDDENLY!*

The tall negro stopped his laughing and quickly slapped his comrade on the shoulder, as he pointed past my right ear- toward the rear; causing the other negroid to take a look in that direction, at which point he too stopped laughing- and wiped away a tear

Saying not one single word, they brushed on right past me- without due apology; stepping upon my laundry sac, 'CRUNCH'ing my shit most brazen- and disrespectfully

I instinctively turned around to visually track those lout, In order to see what their sudden rush was all about; as they did swiftly make their way over to the phone booth area, on a nonstop rapacious straightaway bee-lined route

I was fully aware, that their was soon to be trouble brewing within the air; for they moved like two black wolves on the prowl, a blood thirsty pac- a ravenous pair

Inside of a near tel-e-phone stall, an auburn-headed white man stood engaged within an animated tel-e-phone call; waive- waiving his pale hand around within the air, smiling and laughing- having himself a grand ole merry tel-e-phone ball

They stopped just outside of the phone shack, and guzzled down the remainder of their yak; while the man enjoyed his call, oblivious to the threat standing behind his back

Pushing a hard line, the dark one wrapped his knuckles against the booth's glass in order to summon the man inside its confine; yet the man just held up a dismissive finger, giving that universal- '*HOLD-UP- JUST-ONE-GOT-DAMN-MINUTE*'- sign

OH- the face the dark one displayed was as if he did not have the capacity; to competently understand the cracker's, dismissive brass and audacity

The last swig from the bottle- he did rapidly kill, then wiped the back of his boxing glove across his exposed buck-toothed grill; before letting a loud disgusting belch come forth from out of his burnt sausage link lips, and then beyond this point ....*SHIT* .....*GOT* .....*REAL!*

**.....*SHIT* .....*GOT* .....*REAL!***