

CHAPTER 9

It was GO TIME.....The dark negro hobo swiftly slid open the booth's door jamb with a loud and imposing violent- 'SLAM'; interrupting the white man's private phone call, though the ugly heartless bastard did not even give the slightest of a damn

The flustered man swiftly spun around to chew out those black brutes with a word- or two; such stern rebuke, though it was the second wrong act that the white man would come to do

In an instant- that tubby sleazeball grabbed the man by his poke-a-dot tie and dog walked his white ass right from out of the stall; at which point the tall one snatched the receiver from out of his grasp, then slid inside- to take over the man's tel-e-phone call

Into the phone- he did unwind, unprovoked obscenities- of the vulgar kind; while 'BANG- BANG- BANG'ing the receiver down, as if he'd lost his cotton-pickin' mind

Seconds later- when the call had become a bore, he dropped the receiver and allowed it to dangle above the booth floor; he checked the empty coin slot for loose change then picked up the victim's briefcase and strutted right back out of the open booth door

With ill salinity, the man was escorted outside the booths' vicinity; where once released- he attempted to explain thereof his true white identity

He reached into his blazer pocket and pulled out a business card, which he extended outward and tried to show the hobo; who quickly snatched it from out of his pink fingers and examined it- before quickly flinging it away like a yo-yo

With no responsive word said, the dark one broke his yak bottle across the man's head; causing him to collapse down to his knees, leaking a steady stream of crimson red

That lowlife dirt-bag had then proceeded to raise the man's lolling head upwards- by way of his deeply clefted white butt chin; at which point he then began to 'SLAP'-'SLAP'-'SLAP' the dog shit right up out of his pale face, once- then twice- thrice- and then one moe 'gin

The tall one's foot stomped down upon the man's fallen glasses, with a 'SCRUNCH'- and a 'CRUNCH'; before he slammed the briefcase down upon his back, with one cringing bone 'CRACK'ing punch

The briefcase did burst wide open, somewhere around the blow count of eight- nine- or ten; flinging its documents everywhere within a tornado-like high whirling spin

When the man finally stopped moving we did tend to assume that his ass-whoopin' had there-in come to its merciful end; yet seconds later his hands began to reanimate and tremble, and his body did once again- attempt to ascend

With this resurrecting sight, those two negros began kicking him with their FULL might; they proceeded to viciously stomp him flat, 'til he no longer could move- nor fight

The poor mans' unfortunate circumstance, was it the work of the devil- or perhaps just the roulette wheel of cosmic chance; yet either way- the men took pleasure in their vileness, and the tall one even celebrated with a Biz Markie-style dance

.....They were- HEARTLESS!

Finally out of breath- the dark one looked back at me most uncomfortably; as if deciding whether to kick my ass- also, or just gone and let me be

.....When- SUDDENLY!

Wailing and screeching sirens in the oncoming distance, did warn them negros of approaching police patrol assistance; stopping them dead within their barefooted tracks, instantly deterring any further hobacious criminal persistence

Slowly- he placed one lizard finger over his fat soup coolers and 'SHUSH'ed me; warning me to keep my trap shut, that ugly buck-toothed mischievous chimpanzee

Methodically they stripped their victim of his watch-socks- and dress shoes, as well as whatever else they did so freely choose; then disappeared back the way they had come, not even remotely afraid of a run-in with the approaching city blues

No less than a second past their flight, their vanishment from all peripheral sights; two police units sped into the parking-lot, whipping hard tire 'SCREECH'ing rights

.....Nearly steamrolling me!