

# CHAPTER 12

Several minutes into the drive- the light pelting raindrop reservoir had transformed into a heavy storming downpour; accompanied by lightning bolts and thunderous- 'BOOM's, taking the scene from singing in the rain- to a Key Largo hardcore

Without retreat- many souls did still aimlessly walk the cold and wet city street; some of them just wandered, while others patiently waited for a toasty bus seat

**“I don't cut you dirt bags no slack- you must realize .....I even got a full proof method that I call my Sun- Rise- Surprise .....; .....A little thing where I follow a dumb ass parolee around all night, and pull up on 'em with a piss test .....At Sunrise.....  
.....Gets 'em everytime!.....”**

**.....Think I'm lying- think it's just all Gobbledygook  
.....Here- have yourself a good ole look”**; he chimed- before reaching into the backseat and retrieving a thick photo book

He then tossed the heavy brown photo album upon my lap and quickly proceeded to give the cover a double 'SLAP'; beckoning for me to take a good look, to which I did immediately oblige- by opening up the cover flap

Inside of the album where various flicks of parolees caught marred- and off guard; doubtlessly proving that Victors' Sunrise claim, was not just some misleading canard

Following a brief moment of silence, the gas pedal did Stanch at the corner of a Farmers and Merchants banking branch; and this was the very point in time, when he twisted his jive face in my direction and blurted out- **"I own my own ranch"**

***"HUH?"***

**"I own a ranch back in Texas .....Across from El Paso- no more than a stones' toss.....; ..... Got Hogs- Chickens- Cows- Horses- Goats- Steer and Lamb ....The whole got-damn enchilada sauce!"**

Victors' constant overly pretentious bragging- and bragging, and unrelenting bitch-made irritant droning- and nagging; had sooner than expected gifted me a throbbing migraine headache, all on account of the endless mental fagging

**".....I sell milk- eggs- steak- chicken- and pecans .....All under my Victors Family brand.....; .....You outta see those jealous redmnecks .....Seeing a negro that owns ten times their land....."**

**(.....)**

**.....On my property- I'm the head honcho in command .....I'm the H.I.N.C- that's given out all the orders and demands.....; .....I got all kinds of different races working under me .....A few illegal wet backs- and six pale-faced pink-lipped ranch hands.....**

**(.....)**

**.....Just last month- I up'd and fired one of the wood just because I knew that I could.....; .....And even though he was a reliable worker- it still felt pretty damn good.....**

***.....Damn Good!"***

I did quickly contort, a hand down into my pockets in order to remove my Playboy lighter and a fresh Newport; for I was in desperate need of a calming smoke after enduring him boast of his filthy- jive- animal resort

Yet- before the pack I could flip, and slip out a menthol filtered cigarette tip; he snatched them from out of my grasp, faster than I could even think to lick my lip

Victors pushed in the dashboard lighter, removed a cigarette from my pack and slid it into the cheek of his yapping beak; and though I anxiously wanted to check the man, I knew much better than to open up my mouth and dare to fuckin' speak

When the lighter popped out with a- 'CLACK', he lit the smoke up and tossed the pack right back; and though I hadn't known him long, I already wanted to give him a good smack

In that moment- I grabbed him by the collar and proceeded to punch him in the face until he did plead out and holler; before I then reached over and pushed his door ajar, and swiftly booted his Monkey Ass right up out of the rolling car

*.....Then- I lit up!!*

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**“I don't even need this job.....”, he said to me-  
”.....Don't care none 'bout job security.....; .....  
Don't care 'bout no benefits neither .....S'pose  
I'm just addicted to authority.....**

**(.....)**

**.....As far as dirt-bags like you are concerned .....I  
might as well be a demigod.....”, he declared with a self  
approving head nod; “.....This metal government shield is  
my adorned holy crown ....And this here thirty-eight snub  
nose is my all mighty scepter rod!”**

A smoke I did remove from the pack and grip, that I placed in between my two lip; sparked up and held the flame of the lighter up to the brink of the cigarette tip

*.....When- SUDDENLY!*

'SCURT'TTTTTT- Victors abruptly slammed down hard upon the brakes, bringing the vehicle to an instant halt upon the street asphalt; then threw the gear into park and swiftly turned to face me, as if stopping in the middle of the road was somehow my fault

*.....And stopping ALL traffic!*