

CHAPTER 13

“Negro- what in the hell do you think you’z about to do with that!”, he had sternly said- with a heavily wrinkled forehead;

“Wha- wha- wha- hu- huh?”, I did confusingly reply- with the flame still held up to my readied mouth, still strong and torching red

He quickly pointed to an in-set just above the dashboard’s -radio cassette; of a red circle with a line through it, super-imposed over a cigarette

“What in tar-nations is wrong wit’ cha dumb stupid black behin’Ya must’a lost ye’r got-damn- rabbit ass- cotton pickin’ mine;Ain’t no GOT-DAMN smoking in county vehicles dumb-assAre ya F’N retarded parolee- or just bat freekin’ blind!”

“OH- sorry!.....I- I- I just thought that”, I had spoke- with a nervous muttering choke; as drivers began to make detours around us, as if our vehicle had broke

“Just dumber than a pile of bricks- something upstairs is wrongYou ain’t gone last in these streets longer than a game of Donkey Kong”; he did mockingly declare- while shifting the gear back into the drive position and continuing to move right along

I quickly relinquished the flame without any further delay, then did quickly tuck my lighter and cigarettes away; right before he completely shocked me with the words he did say- **“So where are we droppin’ ya off at?..... Where ya plannin’ ta stay?”**

.....”Wait- WHAT!”