

II

STRANGE

REALITY



CHAPTER 15

After watching Bill Victors naw away on a three-piece chicken meal with a side of gravied mash potatoes and coleslaw; he then dropped me off just outside of the local mission doors, where he proceeded to lay down the rest of his holy law

“Listen to what I sayI want you checked into this place by seven everyday;Not seven- ten Not seven- and five seconds..... SEVEN!That’s numero siete.....

(.....)

.....Because if I do decide to pop in and check on youAnd if by seven- yo stupid black ass ain’t in there anywhere.....; I’ma be on yo worthless ass faster than a juiced up racehorse- fresh out of the Kentucky Derby gatesBuddy- I swear!”

Following his threats- I did slide out and pound a few steps upon the mission’s ground; when he shouted out- **“MISTER JACKSON!”**, causing me to stop- and spin right back around

Upon turning to his verbal command- I spotted a Polaroid camera, of which he held up within his left hand; that he instantaneously used to flash off a picture of me, which he then pulled out and systematically fanned

....."This here- is your before picture"

Within the downpour- Victors car sat idled at the curb as he monitored me make my way into the mission's front door; along with a herd of other sanctuary seekers, before he sped off like a bullet- with his pedal to the floor

Inside there was a nun to greet, who found me a cot upon which to take a seat; where I took a break from the weather, and allowed the heat to warm up my cold feet

My plan was to chill inside for a bit, just encase that ball of slime had decided to spin the block a couple of times; in an attempt to catch me flying the bird coup, so that he could violate me on several parole related crimes

I sat amongst a chattering sea, check- check- checking my watch most impatiently; it was seven-twelve at present, but the plan was to bounce at seven thirty-three

“I heard little Michael Jackson dun sold twenty-five zillion copies of ThrillerMy man- dat right there’s a white man’s nummer!”;

“GIRL’LLLLL- did you hear that Luther Vandross is GAY!They say that all his life he’s been a certified- undercover- butt plumber!”

“They say that Bill Cosby don’t even like Puddin’ Pops- or muthafuckin’ Jello!.....;But got no problem pushin’ that swine tainted shit to the people”

“SELL-OUT!”

“HELLO’OOO!”

“I seen O.J. on TV last night with his snow bunny NicoleOr is it- Beth?.....;The Juice says that he’s truly in love, and that he just loves that white coochie- TA DEATH!”;

**“GIRL’LLLLLLLLLLLLL- I heard that bitch Whitney Houston got halitosis
....And she be poppin Chiclets- just ta
Cover up her dragon’s breath!”**

“I’m bettin’ all my scratch on a back-to-back Raiders Superbowl- ya hear me Walt”;

“IT’S- THETIGER’RRRRR”, crooned a television commercial-”.....OLD- ENGLISH- EIGHT- HUNDREDMALT’TTTTT”

.....“HEY THERE BRUTHA!”