

CHAPTER 17

It was past seven forty-eight when I had finally made my great escape from that stuffy place- at a cat burglars' pace; cautiously scanning the lonely streets, on the lookout for any sign or trace of Victor's Hee-Haw chinned- ugly ass- jive face

The streets were empty save for the dogs that did wander- within the distant yonder; which turned out to be a good thing, because it gave me plenty of time to ponder

What would my first words to Keeba be, and following such a long leave of absence- would she readily come to embrace me; would she feel that I had done her horribly wrong, and thereafter proceed to ridicule and openly disrespect me

.....I prayed NOT!

Like so many children in the urban ghetto, I too had an absentee dad; and if he had popped up after eight years, I would have made him feel extremely bad

Two nerve calming cigarettes later- while taking a brief shortcut through my second alleyway, I can most shockingly say; that I had stumbled across such a queer foot stopping sight, by far- the oddest thing that I had witnessed to that very day

Battling with himself- was a tall slender negro dressed in Kungfu attire; he was one bird who'd lost his minds' balance upon life's high perched telephone wire

As if flying sky high off of cocaine- he fought himself near a tarp covered shopping cart in clothes saturated with rain; furiously punching and kicking at an invisible foe, appearing to have lost his debilitated membrane

From the distance of a stone's throw, I stood by silently watching his one man show; and with each passing second, my curiosity did exponentially grow

HI-YAH!TAKE THAT! ...GI-YAH!SO YOU JUST THOUGHT THAT I'D JUST LET YOU WIN SUCKA!YAH- YAH- YAH-YAH'HHH!", he did croon out and loudly shout; as he swiftly glid forward throwing multiple kicks and karate chops, stopping periodically to dance about

"HA- HA- HA- HA'AAAAA! ...I'M THE ONE THAT'S IN CONTROL HERE!IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DISAPPEAR!"; he spat out- just before a solo wrestling match, which did appear rather severe

Imaginary at first view- he appeared to be winning the struggle, until he was driven backwards upon one knee; while hoarsely choking out the words- **“NO-NO -NO- YOU- CA- CAN’T WIN ...THEODORE’EEE”**, just before his shocked eyeballs locked dead onto me

.....He immediately stopped- and stood up!

We eyed each other intensely, as a bolt streaked down in a formation Z; at which point he smiled, daring me to pass so he could kick the shit up out of me

My fear did quickly begin to sprout, when the tarp covering his shopping cart suddenly came to life and did thrash about; as if some vicious beast trapped within its metal belly had come to life, and was fighting to break itself the HELL- UP- OUT

Initially- it was just stubborn defiance that kept me there with a bold stare; but it was time to bid retreat, when a small beast broke up out with jet black cropped hair

.....I turned- and hauled ass!