

# CHAPTER 18

Passed Twentieth- sprinting the last few blocks, while constantly looking back over my shoulders scared three-fourths to the brink of death; I ended up right across the street from Gloria Lynn's house, of where I finally stopped my feet and caught my gasping breath

The backstreets of the LB, had always been a somewhat bizarre place unto me; but the shit that I had just witnessed, was by far the strangest I ever did see

.....EVER!

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It was a small one-story two-bedroom house, that Gloria Lynn did at some point obtain from her deceased mother Loraine; located on the cross streets of Gaviota and Seventeenth, which was just a few blocks down the way from Jackrabbit Lane

I had habitated this very house since the year of nineteen seventy-three; and in the year of seventy-eight, the pigs stormed inside- cuffed- and arrested me

In front of the honeycomb- sat two nice cars parked within the driveway, a Saab turbo and an I-Roc - both sitting on chrome; and based upon the lights being on in the living room, It was a high probability that someone had to be home

There I stood- fixing myself up a bit under the circumstance as best I could; while taking in a few deep and calming breaths, until I felt well ready and good

Then with a dash of the pep- I quickly hustled across the empty street and climbed up the porch's first- second- and third step; with my poor over-worked heart pound- pound- pounding along the way, within a most abnormal arrhythmical hammering rep

I lifted my knuckles up just before, I gave two solid knocks to the front door; at which point I heard loud cursing, and feet stomp- stomp- stomping across the inside floor

The front door was then expeditiously unlocked, just before the doorknob was leftward twisted- and inwardly yank fisted; after which it swiftly opened up to some dark-skinned negro's frowning face, of whom I never even knew had existed

He was a man of muscular pedigree, and damn near stood the same height as me; rocking an oily curl upon a whopped bucket head, just below a goatee

There he stood before me annoyed and shirtless, and upon his burnt snake-skin textured feet he did not wear any socks or shoes; he reeked heavily of potent marijuana smoke, of which I could tell by his low red eyes- that he did recently use

With smirking lips- he eyed me from head to toe, before he chimed out **“What’s up- Negro!....; ....If you lookin’ for the Jackson family barbecue .....It ain’t in here- TITO!”**

**“Actually my brutha- I’m looking for my daughter Keeba .....By any chance would my chromosome happen to be home?”**; I calmly inquired- as I gazed right past him into the living room, allowing my curious eyes to freely roam

On the coffee table sat Newports , Zig-Zags and intoxicants of other sorts; near a picture of Gloria and the man- hugged up, whom stood before me in shorts

*.....He was her man!*

**“Well I’ll be damned- your- your- MOE! .....You’z that deadbeat loser in prison that Glo be always clownin’ .....OH- MY- GOD- OH SHIT- HELL NO!.....; .....She says that you’z a weak scary punk- that you’z softer than a tub of Cool Whip- and that you aint packin’ nada down below!”**

**“The name is Joe- my brutha .....Not- Moe! .....My name’s spelled with a- J .....An- O .....And an- E”**; I did correct that rodent, as he did smile- exposing a gold front cap to me

**“BIRD- WHO YOU RUNNIN’ YO DUMB ASS MOUTH TOO OUT THERE! .....YOU LETTIN’ ALL THE GOT-DAMN HEATED AIR OUT!”**, I heard Gloria Lynn shout; from the unseen distance somewhere deep within the house, though it did nothing to muffle her loud- ignorant-tuba-horned snout

**“IT’S MOE- KEEBA’S DAD! .....SAYS HE’S HERE TO SEE HER”**, he shouted in jeer- with a hard sneer; causing her to shout back- **“HELL’LLL NO! ...HE KNOWS KNOW BETTA THAN TO BRING HIS SORRY ASS HERE.....!”**

In this very moment- and on fore, I did hear loud sandaled feet scrapping heavily and dragging across the inside floor; before Gloria Lynn’s bi-polar carcass appeared, and shoved Bird’s jive goofball ass back far away from the open front door

***.....” .....NO- YO- DUMB- BLACK- ASS- DIDN’T!”***