

III

STALEMATE



CHAPTER 20

At a slow rate- I crept past the window in which I spotted Bird, 'SMACK'ing a sandwich and chips that sat on a paper plate; I quietly unlatched the metal security handle, then slid through the opening of the slightly ajar back gate

I trespassed across Gloria Lynn's backyard land, with the jewelry box in hand; taking a scan around the scene, in order to avoid violent reprimand

I made a direct beeline route to Keeba's back window, inside which a bright television did flick- flick- flicker about; though it took a minute for me to realize that no one was inside, due to the hindrance of the lights being turned out

My eyes did explore, spotting a Cool-J poster on the back of her room door; the place was a hot mess, there were piles of clothes littered across the bed and the floor

No more crayons- or colorful ponies with wings, barbie doll accessories- nor her favorite blue twirly whirly thing; and in that moment the full reality of what my long absence did bring, did cause my poor heart to really ache- and sting

There were so so many mistakes made that I wished I could take a second crack at; but when life pitches curve-balls, all you can do is step back up to the plate and bat

.....*SUDDENLY!*

'WHAM'- the back door flew open lickety-split, before Gloria Lynn rushed out holding a pot of hot scalding breakfast grits; she raced down the back porch steps- blocking off my exit path, protecting both hands from its heat with a pair of thick oven mitts

“I just knew you’d come back- you lemon headed Chump!”, she barked- as I prepared to jump; : “.....I got yo black ass now- SUCKA!Time ta burn the skin off of that dumb yellow rump!”

I slowly backed away from that crazy pot holding bitch, as she stepped forward and attempted to pin me completely in; and I knew well that she wasn't just hurling insensible thunderbolts, she was fixin' to burn off all my GOT-DAMN skin

For I had once before been hit with a full pot of the same temperature grit; which in that moment did replay in a vivid and traumatic memory bit

It was GO TIME- I lowered my chin and clutched the jewelry box beneath my arm like an official NFL pigskin; before I juke the bitch from left to right, eventually sliding right past her with an evasive running back type spin

I did quickly pass- back through the gate with Gloria Lynn closely glued to my ass; and if not for the hindrance of my shoes, I could have really turned on the foot gas

I flew across the front lawn and driveway- swiftly bailing, then hoofed it down the sidewalk with the crazy ass bitch still tailing; expeditiously snatching up my previously stashed laundry sac in mid flight, while loudly and most frightfully yelling.....

“YOU’UUU- CRAZY’YYY- ASS’SSS-BITCH’HHHHHHHHH!”