

# CHAPTER 23

After convincing him to wash his filthy hands- that boozer, I rode upon the handlebars of the stolen beach cruiser; in route to his crash pad- slash mother's garage, in order to catch ourselves a much needed late night non R-E-M snoozer

With change swishing about his pockets like a musical score, we took a detour; riding far in the opposite direction, to cope dope from his dealer's back door

On PCH and Chestnut- we hooked a right arc and entered into an alley that was quiet and nightmarishly dark; we pulled up to the rear of a two-story apartment complex, where he stopped the bike beneath a dim lamp post and did park

**“It's a bit out the way- but worth the veer ..... Cause they always got the good shit right here”**; he declared-while screwing a pinky deep into his wax coated Billy goat's ear

**“Look .....Just hurry the HELL up jerk- and do whatever it is that you came here ta do .....And do it really slick- and quickly.....; .....Cause I got a really bad feeling that my P-O is lurkin' around here somewhere .....And the feelin' is awful sickly”**

**“Shakin’ fast is on the docket.....”,** he said- while pulling handfuls of change from pockets; then walked toward the complex saying, **“.....You- just don’t jet off on me like Spacely Sprocket.....**

***.....Ya digg!”***

**“HA- HA- HA- HE .....Funny jive cat”,** I tooted as he walked straight- disappearing into the apartment complex’s rear gate; at which moment I did quickly check my calculator watch, realizing that the time had grown exceptionally late

A Newport- I did light, while standing beneath the lamp like a deer in a headlight; when I got the ill feeling that shadows where creeping, to my left- and to my right

I could have sworn that I saw the shadows sweep, or experienced optical illusions on account of my lack of sleep; yet when I briefly turned my head to watch one, another within my peripheral view would come to life and slowly creep

*.....Giving me the chills!*

---

It took all of ten dragging minutes for Guttaman to exit the place, wearing a Kool-Aid smile on his hype crack fiend face; holding whatever he had coped balled within his right fist, as he strutted back out of the complex at a gingerly pace

**“It was worth the sacrifice”,** he chimed- while shaking the dope within his hand like dice; **“.....Can you believe those negros don’t trust me .....They counted every GOT-DAMN penny .....TWICE!”**

**“Why is the streets going crazy for that rock high? .....Come hither and let me peep that product that they be sellin’ you- my guy.....; .....I heard a whole lot of crazy things about the shit up in the penn .....But- I ain’t neva seen it with my very own eye”**

Guttaman stopped to the left of me, and outwardly extended his right gloved hand; curtly obliging to my Inquisitive and overly curious demand

**“Brutha- this right here will make ya dance like Zapp-N-Roger .....She’ll Massage yo cock- and completely blow off yo wig and yo socks”;** he introduced- as I reflectively gazed down into his gloved palm, at two tiny off-white and yellowish cocaine rocks

The media had described the drug as cost effective, and highly selective; denounced by Ronald Reagan, in political jargon that was quite invective

The emerging crack cocaine epidemic, had left many sectors across our nation- in serious devastation; leading to sky rocketing violent crime rates, mass incarceration and an innocent crack baby generation

What shock- realizing just how much trouble could be cause by such a tiny rock; and it was rumored that ole Uncle Sam, had opened this plague filled Pandora's box

.....They truly were- DEVILS!

**“All I wanna know is .....WHY?”**, I had begun to ask, when I spotted movement from out of the far corner of my left eye; just before a raggedy sneaker booted the bottom of Guttaman's palm, causing both rocks to jump upwards toward the sky

.....*Startled- I jumped back!*