

CHAPTER 25

Following Richard talking me out of six dollars- so that he could restock, with another tall can and a nickel rock; we set off on foot for our destination, after safely tucking the remainder of my gate money within my sock

Spirits drained- we took PCH down to Atlantic grateful that it did not rain; feeling paranoid- due to Guttaman's possession of illegal rock cocaine

It would have been to my bitter regret- to have my faggot ass parole officer make good on his Sunrise Surprise threat; so I kept both eyes nervously glued to every passing car, to the point where me and its driver's pupils had closely met

We took our passageways, through several dark and trash infested back alleyways; chopping it up about Jerkiziods, that we both ran with back in the good old days

.....The Seventies!

"Now I know you remember- Karen"

"KarenKarenKaren"

"Well what about- Patty?I know that you remember- Patty;

"Pattythe name does ring a bell"

"PATTY!Stephen Red's little sisterThe middle one- with the big ole Flo Joe like fatty!"

“OH’HHH FATTY!Why didn’t you just say that knuckleheadWhat’s the word- with my jerk- Red”;

**“Red got life back in eighty-two
Shot Eddie Moe- DEAD!Caught
him with his wife- in- BED!
.....*Can you believe it!*”**

“DAMN!Now that’s really a deep freeze”

**“Tell me about itRed shot more holes
in that cat than a package of imported
Swiss cheese!”;**

“So- Red went on and married the snow bunny?”

**“Yeah- and broke the golden playa
ruleNeva turn a hoe into yo
main squeeze.....**

(.....)

**.....And right after Stephen Red went in the can
.....The stupid white bitch started fuckin’ wit’ none
other than my man- Pimp Man Dan.....;And
you know DanBEEP-BEEP-BEEP- had her
slutty pale ass on the highway sellin’ coconut pie
faster than a bar-code scan.....**

.....*Joe- the game is real!*”

**“That’s sad to hear- no lieWomen weren’t meant
to be treated like that”,** was my reply; which caused Gutta-
man to toss his funky arm over my shoulder and deeply sigh

“Alleycat- Alleycat- Alleycat’tttWe gotta get you a shot of cherry fast- cause you just ain’t yo playa self these days”;

“Gutta- I’m a changed manNo jive”

“That’s silly Square-Biz talk JoeYour just going through what’s called a post-institutional faze”

As we approached the end of our third alley, bad hands had been dealt us back-to-back; when we came upon five armed hobos, including the two from the station attack

They were turning into the very same alleyway- just about the same time that we were steps from making our exit out; and the odds of us ending up skewered on the ends of a pitchfork, were well beyond the shadow of reasonable doubt

With my jerk’s arm holding me stern, he ushered me around in a boomerang turn; as if they had not seen our faces, within those seconds that they had to discern

“GUTTAMAN- YOU BLACK JUDIST!.....DON’T YOU RUN FROM US YOU- NO GOOD- COCK MUCHIN’- BIKE STEALIN’- PIECE OF SHIT!”, I heard a deep voice yell; which instantly caused Guttaman to swiftly pick up the speed of his feet, from a gingerly cruise- to a full-masted sail

.....“ALLEYCAT- RUN’NNNNNN!”