

CHAPTER 26

I stuck closely glued to Guttaman's fleeing breakaway, staying no less than five to six strides behind within his relay; simultaneously fighting to maintain control of Keeba's jewelry box, as I did fearfully chant out and pray

Hood track athlete, I trailed him through a complex-out the back gate- and across the street; as the crazy hobos stayed glued to our ass, with their bouncing shags and shoe-less feet

When Guttaman had managed to get five to six more strides ahead of me, while still clutching his malt liquor can of Old-E; I knew that an immediate mobile wardrobe change was in order- or they would soon catch me- as far as I could see

Guttaman was on a jet of first class, that was increasingly picking up gas; and with the posse closing in fast, my moment to make my move did come to pass

When Guttaman hooked a sharp left at the end of the block and flew through, I followed right behind and hooked the same left turn too; at which point- I abruptly stopped within the middle of the street, to swiftly untie and kick off both my right and left shoe

The shoe-less hobos turned the corner, and damn near got a jar- from a passing car; giving me the window to ditch my shoes, and sprint off faster than a relay star

Two of those barefoot creep raced around the El Camino, opened the driver's door and punched the horn beeping man right to sleep; they then quickly took control of the vehicle, leaving the poor driver in the middle of the street in a balled up heap

.....I then heard tires burn rubber- 'SKIR'RRRTTT!

With my newfound acceleration, I had gained a full block of separation; running for my life- knowing that if caught- they'd murder me without hesitation

A few more blocks did pass before I found the El Camino driving just to the left of me- throttling loudly with gas; with the driver fighting to hold the ride steady, while his tall comrade in the cab attempted to pitchfork harpoon my ass

Before the pitchfork could make contact, misfortune did stop their malicious attack; when the driver crashed, sending his comrade flying overhead like a trapeze act

I made a right into a near alleyway, where I stashed Keeba's jewelry box within a pile of rags and garbage bags; then climbed atop a large screen-less television and hopped over a wooden fence- in an attempt to ditch those dirty fags

The other hobos raced into the alley- stopping opposite the fence from me; where they probed into my whereabouts, as I watched through a hole- down on bended knee

“Where’d that- Pinche Puto- go?I don’t see him Poncho- where in da HELL did that fucker go?”, questioned the Hispanic hobo; to the negro with the boxing glove, who scanned the perimeter- while replying

“How in the- FUCK- am I suppose ta know!”

“He’s hidingWhat au- BITCH!”, piped the Asian hobo- while scratching hard at his jock itch;

“You can bet yo sweet- Kung- Pow cheeks on that”, said Poncho- following a brief time stitch

“VAGO- you take yo Chimichanga Menudo-faced ass and go block off the far end of the alleyKeep yo sights glued tight.....;I’ll search to the left side over thereand Twitch- you take yo dumb me so hungry noodle slurpin’ ass over there- to the right”

With these words ref’d, Vago jogged off- while the other two searched to the right side and left; and with Poncho headed in my locale, I knew right then and there that I was F’d

That fat shag-headed buffoon, while making his trek over towards the fence began to whistle out an eerie nerve wrenching tune; that caused chills to race down my spine in knowing that I would have to bolt and therein give away my location very soon

He scaled the tube like a chimpanzee, and placed his tips on the fence- just above me; he slowly scanned the backyard from side-to-side, causing my stomach grow bubbly

.....As he began to look- DOWN!