

# CHAPTER 27

I prepared my legs for a quick triple crown, as Poncho's trio of braided chin hairs began to slowly bank down-down- down; but I canceled these plans- when I spotted bright flashing red and blue lights, and heard that unmistakable 'BLURP'- 'BLURP'- 'BLURP'ing sound

**"BITCH!"**, he wailed out- as he abandoned his search and leapt back down to the alley ground; before he and his Asian comrade- kicked rocks, following a quick neck spin around

I continued to watch as a speeding cruiser with its spotlight beaming, flew down the alleyway route- in hot pursuit; 'SWOOSH'ing right past the fence, as I heard Sergeant Beard's racist voice shout out over the bullhorn- **"STOP CRIMINALS .....OR- WE- WILL- SHOOT!....."**

**"EAT A DICK PIG!"**, I heard Poncho yell- on the lam, before I heard two shots- 'BAM'- 'BAM'; dogs did bark loud in the distance- as Sergeant Beard hollered **".....I ALMOST GOT ONE .....DAMN!"**

**"That was some mighty fine shooting there- emptied a full mag .....And look Sir- you shot off a piece of the suspects jerry-curled shag!"**;

**"Almost ain't good enough Jackson .....Now go and see if they left behind a sunflower seed trail- or an empty pickle bag....."**

(.....)

**.....Trust me- people like that don't go anywhere without a bag of sunflower seed...; ....You stick with me- Jackson, and you'll learn much about these local indigenous breed”**

I soon began to breath at an easier pace, knowing that Keeba's box was protected by the divinity of grace; but decided that it would be best to wait out the pigs, before I was to emerge from the safety of my hiding space

My worried mind was skiing, worrying about Guttaman and his well being; for visions of him skewered like a shrimp, was the image that I kept on seeing

Each time I got the vision of him hanging from the ends of a bloody pitchfork, I fought hard to rebuke the mental thought; reassuring myself that Richard was a survivor, a bulletproof cockroach- who'd never allow himself to be caught

*.....When- SUDDENLY!*

I began to feel a warm breathe puff- puff- puffing against the nape of my stiff neck; paralyzing me to the point, where I could not just turn myself around- and check

*.....I was scared SHIT-LESS!*