

CHAPTER 29

After retrieving Keeba's case- I continued on solo down an adjacent alley- in route for Richard's mamma's place; readily assuming that if he'd fled anywhere, that most likely he'd be back inside her garage- which was his home base

Stepping down a Cerritos alleyway- I paused at a spot where I use to hang; where there now was gold graffiti- marking the territory of a local gang

Idly- I stood right there getting sucked within my own reveries fast, conjuring up old ghosts- from the graves of distant past; intensely ruminating on the ironies of life in general, like how most good thing just never did seem to last

“Psss't- Psss't ...Hey- Joe!...”, a voice had whispered out- startling me good and quickly tearing away my brains focused attention span; causing me to swiftly spin around, where I began to search about the alleyway with a focused laser beam eye scan

I eyed a gutted-out station wagon, that sat upon four thick weight bearing bricks; before looking at a giant cardboard box to its right, no more than a few clicks

“...**Over here!**...”, I had heard the voice speak again, causing me to glance left past the wagon- toward an overflowing garbage bin; where I did spot his warped hammerhead pop up from behind the only intact car door, of the wreck that he was hiding in

.....”*Is it safe?*”