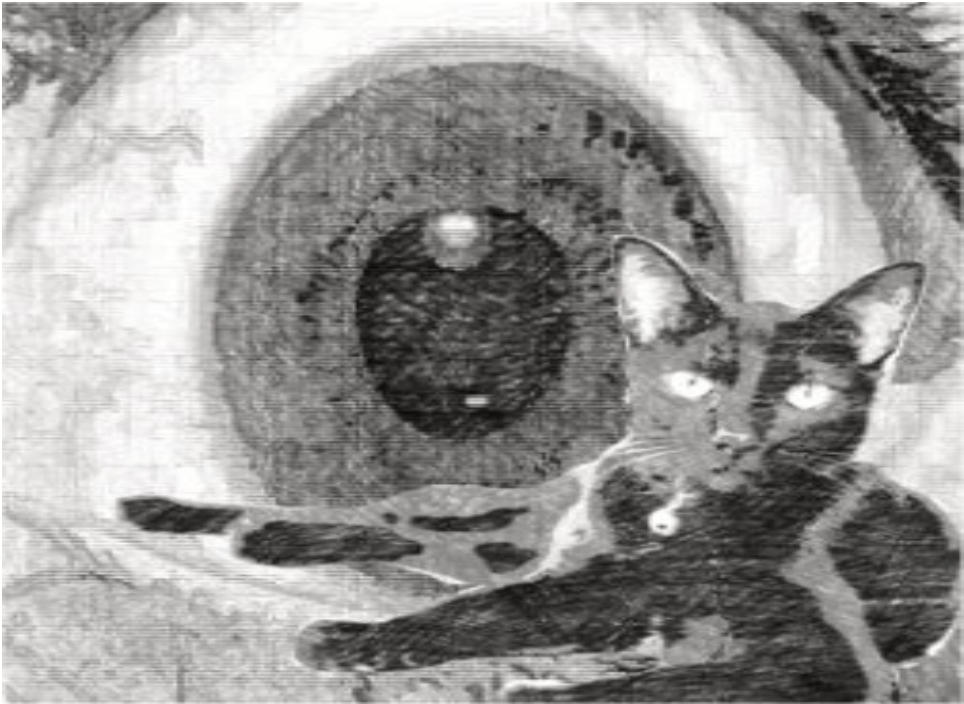


*IV*

*DARK*

*ENERGY*



## CHAPTER 30

On our high guard- my jerk and me, we stepped from out of the trash littered alley very- very- very over cautiously; scoping out the late night streets toward the four corners of the earth, on the lookout for our barefooted shag-headed enemy

**“HOLD UP!”**, Guttaman suddenly wailed with great alarm- holding me back with one arm; startling me to hastily check around for any threats of imminent harm

**“...LOOK AT THAT EVIL BASTARD!”**, he chimed out- while pointing at the black cat, that had him in such an emotional frenzied clutch; **“..... Don't 'eva stare a black cat in it's eyes .....Cause it will walk up to you- and steal away yo good luck .....with one furry ass touch.....”**

Guttaman- who considered himself Christian, also believed in superstitions; as well as- Voodoo Hexes- and other mystical universal conditions

**“Act like you don't see it and just quickly cross the street .....And whatever you do- don't dare look at it cause it will follow you!”**;

**“WHAT! .....You really believe in that- BULLSHIT! .....Now you can cross the street if you want too- but as for me..... I'm walking right on through”**

**“Don’t say that I didn’t warn ya Chuck- once you get hit by a Sparklets Water truck!”;**

**“WATCH ME!”**, I tooted- as I stepped forward toward the cat, that sat on the sidewalk stuck

With my third full step- the cat stopped lickin’, and stared me square in the eye- which unexpectantly caused my heart-rate to quicken; and with the fourth step, that hairy black bastard stood up and headed straight for me- as if playing a game of sidewalk chicken

Experiencing dilemma with my beliefs- I did abruptly stop my feet; **“GO- ON! .....Your doin’ good- SUPAFLY!”**, chimed Guttaman- from safely across the street

The closer the cat drew- the more I felt like a sitting Duck, waiting on a black dragon to blow forth its flames of bad luck; and in this moment- I received the dark vision of my daughter’s box being splintered beneath the wheels of a water truck

Though I did not believe in Hoodoo, I still could not chance the odds that it was true; so when the cat did advance further, I backed away and across the street- I flew

*.....And that janky Muthafucka- FOLLOWED!*