

## CHAPTER 32

An hour past- I found myself sitting on the curb outside of Richard's momma's pad, waiting with concern for his return; fighting off the unyielding dark thoughts which did plague my noodle, while letting the Newport cigarettes continuously burn

For I'd known of cats whom had vanished behind simple arguments at a dice game; men who were found floating in the ocean, and others barbecued within a flame

Once again- I had those ominous and horrifying visions, that I would quickly reproach- from their upsetting approach; thereof convincing myself over-and-over, that Guttaman was a true ghetto survivor- a bulletproof cockroach

The man could jive his way out of Hell, slide right through the pearly gates on roller skates; dance through a fire in gasoline drawers, or alligator crawl through sewer grates

*.....He'd survive!*

If it weren't for another turn for the worst in the weather that night, I would have sat there waiting 'til the dawns' early light; but I had decided to head back for the shelter of the warm doughnut shop, in lieu of challenging the winds to a fight



Through another dark trash littered east side alleyway- I did steer, while holding cardboard above my head as rain blocking gear; when I suddenly got that unshakable ill gut-wrenching feeling , that danger was lurking uncomfortably near

With a thunderbolt- *'BANG'*, I took shelter beneath a nearby garage overhang; where while checking on Keeba's box, I suddenly heard a loud echoing *'CLANG'*- *'CLANG'*

It was the unmistakable waving sound of a heavy metallic object coming in contact with the concrete ground; yet when I searched about the seemingly dark and vacant alley, there was visually no other living soul around

Except for the *'PURR'*ing black cat, that did step from out of a nearby xerox box; which swiftly made me take two steps back, with my shocked eyes locked onto it like a fox

**“DAMN YOU CAT!”**, I wailed- as the feline stepped in my direction, crooning- as if it expected me to show it affection; causing me to quickly waive- waive- waive- my arms and hands, in an attempt to scare it away with hard my shoo'ing deflection

Guttaman's words where in my head stuck, explaining the cats' causation for bad luck; warning me not to stare it in its eyes, warning me of a catastrophic FUCK

I swiftly closed my eyes- and spun my head away from its whiny feline 'PURR' call; away from its ploy to hypnotize me- that janky misfortune bearing fuzzball

With both lids glued tight, I proceeded to use both feet to discouragingly sweep the cat away without affinity; and once I no longer heard its relentless whining, I assumed that it had given up and just left the vicinity

I opened both my lids and gazed downward beneath the height- of the moon's Boson light; instantly locking my horrified eyes, upon the most disheartening of sight

*.....THE GOT-DAMN CAT!*

Shockingly- It quietly sat to the left of my feet, staring its hypnotic hexing eyes upward at me- mockingly; and that's when that little black fleabag lifted up both of its paws, then sat them both down upon my foot fortune blocking me

**“GET THE HELL AWAY YOU STUPID FLEABAG!  
.....”, I barked out- giving the cat a good scare; “...I’M NOT  
PLAYIN’ WITH YOU .....!”LL BUST YO GOT-DAMN HEAD DOWN  
TO THE WHITE MEAT!.....CAT- I SWEAR!”**

Following my maniacal display, the feline finally got scared- and ran its bad juju carrying ass away; yet according to the dogmatic law- I was screwed, though I did not believe that shit could get any worse for me this day

*....How- wrong- I- was!*