

CHAPTER 33

No sooner than the cat itself did excuse, it was as if instantly those laws of superstition did render my dues; on two beach cruisers- I spotted three inebriated hobos riding right past, on a slow and steady alleyway cruise

I knew there'd be trouble, when their eyes locked onto me like the telescope Hubble; causing them to stop their bikes- barefoot, like the Flintstones character Barney Rubble

The hobo who drug along a long metal chain- mad eyeing, swiftly flew forward off the handlebar seat and went flying; painfully landing face first within a puddle of filthy trash water, where he just remained for a good moment- lying

The garage door to my right suddenly rose up- 'UR'RRHH', and out stepped two more bodies; a Thriller Jacket wearing hoar, and the tall hobo- whistling Loddie-Doddie

With a neck brace wrapped around his giraffe neck and handkerchief, he instantly locked his shocked eyes upon me with disbelief; while the other two hobo riders dropped their bikes to the floor, and raced in my direction as if we had some prior beef

Between my shock- and their foot speed, there was no way for me to successfully flee; so within a matter of seconds- those bastards had descended down upon me

One of those filthy bike riding hobos swiftly grabbed a hold of my left shoulder, while another grabbed hold of the other; forcefully holding my back against the garage, which filled me with dread and propelled me to call upon my deceased mother

Wearing hot pants and cheap pink fishnet stockings- the hooker did briefly look my way; flashing a smile- while holding out her hand toward the trick for her agreed upon pay

The three shit breathed hobos- who stood close up on my collar, repeatedly growled in my face and barked out with attack hollers; as the hooker walked away, after the tall negro had reached into his pocket and broke her off a couple of dollars

As she walked off to some other ill place, higher than a dead astronaut in space; she suddenly lost her balance and fell, landing hard upon her stomach and face

“Look- I’m Okay Pa’piLook- I’m Okay!”, she did moan- as she climbed back upon her wobbling legs- ready to continue on; at which point she fixed up her skimpy outfit and waive- waived back at us, blew a few seductive kisses- and then she was gone

Once the hoar we could no longer see, the men turned their attention right back to me; with the tall station negro approaching, who I’d later come to know as- Big Tree

.....He said

“I sho’ love surprises brutha- is that a present for me?Today must be my birthday or somethin’Look at it- EWE-WE’EEE!”; just before he forcefully pried the jewelry box from out of my fingers, then disrespectfully turned his back on me

“YOU BETTA’ GIVE THAT BACK- SUCKA! THAT BELONGS TO MY DAUGHTER!”, I barked- angrily; as he unwrapped it’s t-shirt covering- while his cronies did mock and mimic me

Without even turning himself back around, he dismissively dropped my white t-shirt down to the filthy alleyway ground; at which point he did silently marvel at my hand crafted masterpiece, before making an enchanted whistling sound

“Now this here’s somethin’ special!”, he chimed- while guiding those thieving eyes of his inside; causing me conflicting emotions, fury and rage- as well as artistic pride

“PLEASE- BLACK MAN- PLEASE!That box belongs to my sick daughter.....”, I did cry and grieve- in a sad tone that he would be sure to believe; **“She got- CANCER!An- An- she up at MemorialsThey got her hooked to one of those beepin’ machines- just so she can breathe”**

With these words he turned to face me, as if the situation had grown less tauter; then coldly replied- **“I don’t give a FUCK about you- or yo ball-headed- daughter”**

“Please- you gotta believe me when I sayI don’t know that fool in the Raiders jersey that ya’ll been chasin’ after all day.....;I got off the hound- and there he was barkin’ and clappin’ for a NewportSo I went on and just gave the man one- Okay.....

(.....)

.....Then I couldn’t get rid of him for shit.....”, I explained- with my hands in prayer fit; “.....So if you fellas could just extend me a passI’ll take my things- and I’ll just split.....

.....And I’ll owe y’all one”

The three Hobos holding me- looked back at the lead guy, who stood reflectively looking upwards toward the active and dark sky; appearing as if he were gazing up to the heavens above for divine guidance, in which way he would best deal with- I

“Jamaica! ...Can you please tell this stupid mutha-fucka- who we be”, tooted Tree;

“Da Ease- side- Hobo- Clau’n- Ya ‘ear me! No- bomba- clot passes- for annie bot’tee!”

The Hobos within my face did then closely assemble, barking and growling once again causing my body to tremble; while Big Tree ran his fingers across the fabric of my vest, scanning me up and down- appraising my clothing ensemble

.....He then began to whistle!