

CHAPTER 43

Inside of Twenty-Four Seven Loan and Pawn, I would hereafter fall headfirst into my destiny's path- very anon; but within the first half hour- or so, Keeba's jewelry box- my lighter- and wristwatch- I had yet to stumble upon

I searched through everything, from the electronics- jewelry- to the sports rackets; guns and ammunition- and lastly a wide table piled high with Thriller Jackets

Kitsch and fashionably obscene, they were by far the ugliest fucking jackets that my eyes had ever before seen; there were metal zippers damn near everywhere, and funny looking pockets- with even more ugly zippers stitched in between

Whenever Alleycat Joe stepped onto a scene, I was dressed lit- like kerosene; burnt crisp from head to toe- to neck- to wrist; can you *'Digg It'*- can you feel what I mean

“You like the Thriller Jacket- am I right?It's a nice jacket- the kind that you can wear fashionably to a gang fight.....”; spoke the Euro-American pawn shop shop proprietor, as he stepped right into my direct line of visual sight

“Now Sir- you must understandThat the Thriller Jacket is in very- HIGH- demand!”; he broke into his sales spiel, while holding the ugly jacket up within his hand

“Actually.....”, I did chime- just before I was interrupted by a loud *‘DING-A-LING’*- entrance doorbell on a string- *‘RING’*; as an old snobbish-looking white goose strutted in the place, whom I would later come to know as Miss Irene Mc’Cooterthing

“HOWDY- there- Irene!Glad ya could make it!”, the pawn man tooted- as their eyes did meet;

“I don’t have time to waste- where is it?”, she replied- without a reciprocal greet

.....”Got ‘er in the back!”

He then abandoned me fast- without any molass, and trucked it straight for the backroom swiftly hauling his big fat white ass; while Miss Mc’Cooterthing expeditiously parked herself in front of a nearby section of the shop’s display counter glass

Irene Mc’Cooterthing- a woman of great wealth, wore a boulder-sized diamond ring; that did relentlessly reflect the sun-ray waves, with a sparkling bling- bling- bling

With an oblong face like a petting zoo donkey, she appeared to be the same age as a Galapagos turtle monkey; though you never could tell with Anglo women, because they prematurely aged- like a medieval opium junky

Her wrinkled skin was possum pale, and her weight would not put much pressure on a scale; and the perfume that she reeked of, smelt like cheap baloney and dead Beluga whale

.....With a dash of peppermint

In a cashmere scarf and matching green sweater, she reeked of white privileges and exorbitant amounts of aged white cheddar; and I had no doubt- whatsoever, that she lived in a section of town where the real estate ran for two mil- or better

One minute past or perhaps shorter, the man returned holding a shoe box mortar; that he held securely within his paws, like some fancy Crown Jewel transporter

“Sure hope that you appreciate thisWhen I saw it- you were the first person that I called from my A-list...”, he had butt kissed; with all his fat white fingertips lightly touching the shoe box lid, with more showmanship- than a Las Vegas ventriloquist

“Yes- naturally”, she sighed out- rather humorless and over mordaciously; appearing impatient- as if she had somewhere else that she had preferred to be

.....Like the- DENTIST!

“Irene- I just know that you’ll take to thislike that rare enchanting bird sought by the ever- so- patient-ornithologist”;

**“Can you- PLEASE- spare me the silly theatrics,
And just show me what’s in the GOSH-DARN
box!Pardon me- but now I must insist!”**

“VIOLA!”, he sang in a Houdini rendition, as he lifted the partition; allowing her eyes to feast, while holding the lid at his chest level position

Within the mirror’s reflection to his rear, I watched curiously- as Mc’Cooterthings pouting lips morphed into a sneer; which did then quickly curl further upwards into an enchanted smile, that damn near stretched the full length- from her left to right ear

It was as if it were the Holy Grail- or a coconut covered island snail; but whatever it was, it had caused her to exhale- with a most jubilant gale

Well- it was definitely clear to see, that the pawn shop proprietor had hooked himself a whale of a colossal scale; which caused him to grin within a triumphant spell, for another pawn retail sale that had gone smooth and successfully well

.....He had her by the tail!

The way the man so freely took advantage of her sex- race- and seniority, made me wonder if he'd charge the same price, to a male- or a poor minority

.....*Surely- NOT!*

'CHING-A-LING-A-LING', I could damn near hear the slot machines within the pawn shop proprietor's greedy eyes- 'RING'- 'RING'- 'RING'- 'RING'; right after Miss Mc'Cooterthing had posed the question of just how much he was asking for the mysterious shoe-boxed thing

“Well now Irene- you must understandThat this piece here is in very- HIGH- demand”;

“Would you just please spit it out already!”

“I can't let it go for less thanonegrand”

He was a negotiation matador, and I could tell that he wanted to score- a whole lot more from the old white hoar; but Mc'Cooterthing swiftly fired back with a stern counter-offer, **“Five hundred dollars- and not one single penny more”**

“You win again Irene- JESUS!I'll let it go for nine- sixty”, the pawn proprietor did chime- calm and rather shifty; to which Mc'Cooterthing did swiftly counter with-

“The offer was five hundred dollars But now- it's four hundred and fifty”

“DAMN IT IRENE- YOUR KILLIN’ ME!I’ll take no less than eight hundred- and that’s a steal”;

“Four twenty-five”, was her next offer, to which he then accepted with the word- **“DEAL!”**

“You’re seriously putting me out of business here Irene!”, claimed the crook- as he and Mc’Cooterthing’s hands politely shook; therein formalizing the agreement, right before she reached down into her designer purse and pulled out a thick checkbook

With a triumphant wolfish grin- the pawn man held out his hand at a full extend; anxiously waiting to snatch the check, before the wealthy dinosaur could rescind

She drafted the bank check with the hand that wore the giant ring, and quickly *‘RIPP’*ed it out while saying- **“Just-one- more- littleThing”;**

“Yes Irene- what is it?”, he replied with confusion

“What in the world does K-E-E-B-A mean?.....”
Mc’Cooterthing did sing-

.....Is it- Swahili?”