

CHAPTER 44

Hyperventilating- my vision did distort and spread, as Mc'Cooterthing's ill words bounced around like Pong within my head; and while attempting to move forward on wobbly legs, I ended up stumbling and falling down upon the floor instead

I sprung back up like a soccer goalie, and did stomp forward rather scornfully; while pointing and barking out- **“BACK THE HELL UP MEDUSATHAT BOX BELONGS TO ME!”**

Just as I neared the display counter, Mc'Cooterthing backed her skeletal breach- several steps safely from out of my reach; while hugging her purse and checkbook tightly against her person, and belting out a low ear-splitting white woman warning screech

....."IE'EEEEEEKKKKKK!"

“THAT’S MY BOX IN YOUR HAND- AND I WANT IT BACKNOW!”, was my belligerent demand; **“..... THAT JEWELRY BOX BELONGS TO MY DAUGHTERTHAT’S HER NAME ON THAT FIVE LETTER BRAND”**

Miss Mc'Cooterthing had heard everything that needed to be heard, and she had seen everything that had needed to be seen; when she swiftly raced for the exit, as the pawn man raised a pleading hand toward her back and shouted out- **“NO'OOOOOOO! COME BACK- IRENE'EEEE!”**

My eyes darted toward the shoe box, as if the gates had been left open at Fort Knox; yet with a seconds' hesitation, he wrapped his hands around it- like a roadblock

“YOU GET YOUR CRAZY ASS UP OUTTA HERE- RIGHT NOWBEFORE- I..”, he began- with more anger than a grand wizard of the Klan; as if I were some mischievous black boy, who'd found a whole heap of trouble- rather than a crazy militant black man

It was by no means for his protection, when he reached down into the gun section; pulled out a chrome six-shooter, *'CLICK'*ed the trigger back and laid it in my direction

“Look partner- we can do this the easy wayOr we can do this the hard way”, with a deep frown- he did most dauntingly say; as if he readily expected for me to stand down like a coward, but to the bitter and smoking end- I would stay

It wasn't that I wasn't afraid to die, as I silently stared him- eye-to-eye; but since it involved Keeba's jewelry box, I could not bring myself to comply

“If you really plannin’ on using that on me JackThen I suggest that you gone ahead- and pull that trigger release back.....;I ain’t leavin’ here without my box- you got thatAnd I ain’t playin’ wit’ yo jive ass- I’m serious as a heart attack”

There we both stubbornly stood- second to second, with eye pupil- to- eye pupil; in a standoff- a showdown- lacking all remnant of compromising scruple

“This is your last chance to leave- ASSHOLE”, threatened the fat prick

“Suck on- THIS’SSS!”, I spat back- while groping my genitals and my dick; which had there- after propelled him to pull back the trigger release, causing the six-shooter to sound off with a heart dropping-

.....’CLICK’!