

CHAPTER 46

Locating that pawn receipt had become my life's mission, my reason for existence- my ultimate driving condition; the plan was for me to track down that shoe-less street thug coalition, and hopefully plead out my fatherly petition

Perhaps-the Hobo's would be impressed, with my persistence and honor the request; yet even for me, the scenario was a wee bit hard to fully digest

.....But- who was I kidding!

They were a jackal pack, whose lives had been dedicated to violence- cheap wine- and free-basing baking soda based crack; they were some illiterate degenerates, constantly on the lookout for innocent victims to assault and bushwhack

Therefore I became a scout, standing right across the street on a hobo stakeout; waiting for the bastards to appear and lead me straight to the receipts' whereabouts

Surprisingly it did not take very long, for two of those shoe-less degenerate assholes to fiendishly come along; carrying a heavy ass television down the street, to which neither of them I was most certain it did NOT belong

Into the shop with their score of the day, and right back out with their thievery pay; where they briefly stopped and traded low fives- and then did merrily go on their way

.....And I followed!

I trailed them further down Anaheim, where I watched them stop at a local rib joint- and get themselves a smothered treat to eat; then tailed them a few more blocks, until they disappeared into an apartment complex- on Eleventh and Cerritos Street

Here there were ghetto children playing, from the complex they did come running out from; which evoked a past scene, involving a game- a slammed door- and a boy's severed thumb

.....When- SUDDENLY!

I did spot Ghetto Bob Marley standing across the street, and that leaf- he did chief; staring at me with intensity, but not the look that projected any beef

With several quick waives of his weed burning right hand, he silently beckoned me over to that place in which he did stand; before leading me off to somewhere unknown, with me trailing behind like the second man in a two negro marching band

Where I was being lead, I could in no way have competently guessed which to say; but I followed- as he hooked a right and disappeared inside of an alleyway

Strangely though- I did not completely so understand, why I so freely did trust this mysterious dreadlocked Rasta man; but perhaps it was his peaceful and gentle spirit, or it could have simply been that he was a true Afro-Jamaican

I turned expeditiously- instantly shocked by the sight that I did come to see; and where Ghetto Bob Marley had gone, I couldn't figure out for the life of me

.....The man had vanished!