

# CHAPTER 47

When I rounded that corner- what did I see, two snotty-nosed boys drinking from a bottle of bleach- yards from out of my reach; **“NO STOP- DON’T DRINK THAT!”**, I loudly yelled- causing them to drop it and run, but not with-out taking a sip from the bottle each

Looking around that alley, a tear did drop my eye- while asking the question- *WHY; WHY*- did children suffer the most, and *WHY* did the innocent always seemed to die  
*.....WHY?*

The Ghetto had always been a dangerous place for the youth, but now there were shards of glass all around- littering the ground; jagged tin can lids- chemicals- sharp wooden stakes- and infected hypodermic needles, all accessible to be found

The sanitation fight, was a senseless power struggle for budgetary right; and between the trash- and the crack epidemic, my city was a dreadful sight

*.....I had to do something!*

I hiked my way over to where the bottle did sit, and quickly checked - to see if there was still any bleach inside of it; of which I poured all the remaining contents down to the ground, making sure to drain every last drop of the toxic bullshit

*.....When- SUDDENLY!*

I heard 'CLAPP'ing hands- within my left and right ear- causing me to spin to the rear; where I spotted Ghetto Bob Marley rejoicing, which was a sight to me most queer

**“CHAMPION! .....What ja dun dun now, make me wan shed a tear .....Ya dun dun a really good ting- real champion work now ya ‘ear”**; he did gleefully croon out, making it most obvious and clear- that he had witnessed me stop the children and interfere

**“BUT- WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM!”**, I passionately wailed- with a face covered with grim;

**“Champion- It was not a ting for me .....It was just a ting for you .....And for dem....”**

He then raised his right hand high to the sky like a gun, and said- **“.....Ya dun blessed those litt'al seeds wit' cha lovin' interven'chun.....; .....Can ya feel it now- wit' in da spear'ut .....Champion- Zion is callin' pon ya .....Time ta prove ya worthy for redemp'chun”**

**“Brutha- how in the world would you know what I need”**, I did rhetorically ask;

**“Ya really wan chat now boy .....When ya be followin' dem ruffians- dat dun pass”**

I did follow his lowered gun hand to see, those two barefooted bastards hiking toward the opposite end of the alley; at which point I tooted out- **“Thanks!”**, but as I turned back around to face him- he had once again disappeared upon me

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I tailed- and trailed them some more, from a strong-arm robbery- to two silver satin purchases from a local liquor store; right into another strong-arm robbery, to taking turns in a filthy alleyway- with an even filthier whore

As the sun did set within the sky, after hours of playing Magnum P-I; they entered into a derelict warehouse, where other hobos closely stood by

Surrounding the entire hobo squatters stash, were pounds upon pounds- and mounds upon heaping mounds- of gut sickening trash; legions of flies- squadrons of rats- and old rusted vehicles, completely striped of all parts holding any value in cash

Just the sight of the place, was more than enough to cause a person mental teeter; with its graffiti covered walls, it looked like the fortress of a baby eater

The windows were all boarded up around the place, and there was not one door connected to any intact entry way space; and there were a dozen or so beach cruisers, all lined up curbside- as if they were being displayed in some street bike showcase

It was something out of Mad Max and the Thunder Dome, something that did not belong; like a club house for unruly bikers, that had at some point gone horribly wrong

That suicidal determination that I had earlier possessed- GONE, and the Rooster's heart- that too had long since flown; which was the main reason that I had no intentions in walking my black ass into that Monkey Zoo House- all on my lone

*.....NO- NO- NO- NO- NO- NO-NO!*