

CHAPTER 49

First I checked outside of Hason's Market, but unfortunately- his filthy derriere was no longer posted out there; next I searched about a few local homeless encampments- parks and liquor stores, but I couldn't locate the man anywhere

It wasn't until I ran across one of my old jerks, my man- Lunatic Rick; who had bummed a single Newport off me, in order to make himself a Sherm stick

He swiftly dip- dip- dipped- the Newport cigarette tip into a small transparent vial of pungent smelling PCP drip; then pulled it right back out and held it upside down for saturation, then slid it in between his dry cracked 'SMACK'- 'SMACK'ing lip

"You wanna hit?", he offered

"No thanks", I declined- as he with matches got it lit;

"Listen- AlleycatThe Poly PlazaEvery weirdo- gots' ta pass right through it"

.....And that's just where I went!

Exactly how long did I wait outside in that plaza, and just how many smokes had I blown through waiting on you know who; how many anxious laps had I paced back and forth in that same space, waiting for that crazy bum to show his face- quite a few

Ironically- with an eye out for him, it did feel as if eyes were on me; and upon glancing up toward a near roof, I could have sworn that I glimpsed a mummy

But in the very moment in which I had decided that I would not be rewarded for all my steadfast persistence; 'ALAS'- I spotted him and his cart, coming from around the corner of the Tommy's Burger in the not so far distance

He parked near a trash receptacle, at a distance that he found acceptable; at which point I began my approach, in a manner that I found respectable

Whistling- he stepped over to the receptacle, in which his left arm dove deep down into like a beverage igloo; he then combed his hand through its filthy inner contents, doing exactly what you'd expect for a shameless beggared to do

After a bit- he withdrew his spider arm and a Tommy's bag along with it; he briefly scanned its inner content, then reached inside for what he wanted to get

Not concerned in whether or not it was spoily, from out of the bag he retrieved a greasy balled up white paper doily; he unwrapped a half-eaten chili dog with bountiful glee, while crooning out the Stephanie Mills hit- *'Baby- Come-To- Me'*

Such a thing to spectate, when he raised that thing to his mouth and did not hesitate; to extract a bite- that he gladly devoured at a slow mastication rate

All wound up in the rapture of ecstasy, he unknowingly turned his heavily wrinkled Kungfu suited back to me; and killed off the remaining chunk of the slop, before *'SUCK'*ing the chili residue from his tips- loud and disgustingly

“HEY THERE- MAN!.....”, I did shout- causing him to stop and choke while quickly spinning about; with both hands held up defensively and both shocked eyes damn near popping the- HELL- OUT

.....”WAA'AAHHH!”