

STRAIGHT TO THE POINT BOOKS
P R E S E N T S

A Twisted Tale of Fate and Faith!
**BLACK-OUT
ON
BANKHEAD**

a novel

By

Antoinette Smith

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Excerpts...

Chapter 1: *The Hood*

As far as I can remember, I've always been called by my nickname – Black. It wasn't because of my skin complexion; it was because of my curly, jet black, silky hair. And I always kept it cut in a low fade with deep waves. I was dark skinned, tall, and slim.

My granny gave me that nickname when I was about three years old. She said I looked like a black Cuban because my hair was wavy, and she kept it in a ponytail. But she cut it when I was in the fifth grade. She, also, told me that, often times, I was mistaken for a little girl. But there ain't shit girlie about me. I am a one hundred percent thoroughbred nigga.

I was the only child, and I lived in the projects on Bankhead. They were known as the Bricks, and I have witnessed more than any seventeen-year-old boy should have to see. I lived with my granny and my alcoholic-ass Uncle Red.

Granny was my mother and my father because both of my parents were dope fiends, and I didn't care to be around them too much. My granny was up in age, and we were living on her fixed income. It wasn't much, but we managed, and I

respected her so much for that. She was such a strong woman to me. I loved my granny so much, and, as long as we had a roof and a floor, that was pretty much all that mattered.

We had a two bedroom apartment. I had to share a room with Uncle Red. We didn't have everything I wanted coming up, but she made sure I had a hot meal and clothes on my back. I mean, she cooked a good, slow cooked soul meal every day, and I didn't miss a meal. I didn't wear the most stylish clothes and shoes. I had to wear Wrangler and Rustler jeans and Macgregor tennis shoes.

My granny always said, "Boy, the clothes don't make you; you make the clothes."

But you couldn't tell my classmates that because they would tease me and crack jokes on me all the time. Growing up in the hood on the Westside was trouble bound. I was never looking for trouble, but, somehow, it would always seem to find me. Trouble was practically my middle name. Trouble would always find me, especially in high school. I was always finding myself in the principal's office for fracturing a couple of jaws. I got tired of my classmates cracking jokes on me about my unfashionable wear. My teacher Mr. James would often say, "Kill them with kindness."

He would tell me things like "You are an A student, and your future is bright". I wasn't trying to hear that shit as I sat in class in a tight-ass turtleneck and in a pair of Uncle Red's nut huggers. I was so mad and really wanted to kill one of them for clowning on me in front of Kimmy.

Kimmy was a girl who lived in the 3500 section of the Bricks, and I lived in the 2500 section. She was only a street over, and I would often see her taking a shower from my bedroom window. She was so pretty to me. Her eyes were hazel, and I could picture myself sliding ice on her pecan body. Those hazel eyes weren't hers, but she would say, "If my mama bought

them, then they are mine." She always wore her hair in a mushroom, and she looked like Stacey Dash. And I would lie in my bed and jack my dick to their sexiness.

Kimmy was my ideal choice for a girlfriend, too, because she was so smart. She passed every pop quiz and every test that Mr. James gave. She lived with her mama, and her mama didn't play that hot tail girl shit. She made sure that Kimmy didn't sleep around.

In the Bricks, kids were either being raised by their strung out parents or their grandparents. It was just like that. We were all low income families looking for a way out. And half of our parents were weak because they had turned to drugs, instead of a better life. My mama was one of them who had fallen weak for the crack. It wasn't a secret that she was on drugs because she would come around and steal Granny's bill money. I never understood how she could take from her own mama. But, hey, some people take their own mama's lives.

Priscilla was her name, and I called her by her first name because she didn't deserve to be called *Mama*. Kimmy's mama was strong, though. She wanted to get out of the hood. She worked at a warehouse on Fulton Industrial Boulevard. And she had a car. It was rare to see someone in the hood with a car.

I looked over at Kimmy in class as Mr. James stood there in my face, grilling me. *Fuck killing them with kindness*, I thought. School really bored the shit out of me, and I didn't see the point. I knew how to add and read, and that was all I would need in the real world. I wanted to grow up and be like Ray Ray and Peanut.

They were cousins, and they sold drugs in our hood. They had the most stylish clothes, and they had cars with the big shiny rims. *I am going to be just like them*, I thought as I cracked a smile and rubbed my chin.

Then, all of a sudden, Mr. James screamed, "Mr. Demetrius Terrell Smith!"

I ignored him and looked around at the class as if he wasn't talking to me. Then, I looked at him, and said, "My name is Black."

The whole class laughed, but Mr. James didn't see shit funny. I looked over at Kimmy, and I could see that she had a sense of fear for me on her face.

The bell rang, and Mr. James said, "Everyone is excused but Mr. Black."

I was pissed because Kimmy and I usually walked home together. I sat at my desk and watched Kimmy's sexy ass leave class. I knew she wasn't going to wait for me because her mama timed her and always waited on their porch for her to come home.

I looked at Mr. James as he shut the door and looked over at me and said, "Now, what seems to be the problem? Why do you have to disrupt my classroom?"

"Why do the kids have to tease me and talk about my clothes?" I asked.

"Listen to me, son. You're not in school for a fashion show. You are here to get your education and become a successful black man in the real world. Because, after school, this is it. Your granny will not be able to save you and come to your rescue. How is your granny anyway?"

"She's making it."

"Well, it's bad enough that your uncle is giving her the blues. She don't need you to give her a hard time, too. I'm not going to call her this time because I know that she's doing all she can. Besides, I don't want to worry that sweet, old lady. She's such a blessing to you, and you should thank God everyday for her. How's your mother doing?"

"She's somewhere, still sucking on a glass dick," I said,

becoming angry.

"I see. She's still on drugs, huh? Well, Demetrius, all you can do is pray for her, and she'll come around."

"Tell that to my granny because she's the one who is hurt by that bitch, not me."

I felt tears roll down my cheeks, and I didn't even know it. I was crying.

"It looks to me that it's hurting you, too. It's okay, son. You can cry. I cry sometimes, too. We all have feelings, and I understand what you're going through. My mother wasn't any different from your mother. I had to listen to her screw a different man every other night when I was a little boy."

"So, what are you saying? That your mama was a whore?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. She had to do what she had to do, but social services removed me from her care and put me in foster care. She could have gotten a job and worked a nine-to-five. But she often told me, when I was a little boy, that she loved the fly by night money. I didn't know what she meant when I was younger, but, as I got older, I completely understood. She was a woman who sold her body for money, and she was on drugs, too. But, son, it's not where you come from, it's where you're going. And I see so much potential in you. You are one of my brightest students, and you remind me so much of myself. I grew up in foster care, and what kind of clothes do you think I wore? I didn't wear no name brand anything. But, for me, it wasn't about the clothes. It was about me making a difference. I wanted to grow up and get my mother off of drugs and take care of her. Unfortunately, that dream was shot to hell because her pimp shot her in the head. So, you see, son, there is not an easy street for no one. If there were an easy street, everyone's life would be peaches and cream."

I was sad for his mama and all, but I didn't want to hear

that sad-ass story that he had going on, so I tuned him out and thought about Ray Ray and Peanut's cars. Ray Ray had a box Chevy Caprice Classic with some twenty-six inch chrome rims on it. And Peanut had a bubble Chevy Caprice SS with twenty-four inch chrome rims. They had shiny gold jewelry, and they did everything together. They wore Versace silk shirts and Versace shades. Ray Ray was the oldest and the biggest. He was short and chubby with a Jeri curl. And Peanut was the opposite. He was tall and slim with a temp fade. They sold drugs together; they clubbed together. They even fucked girls together. They both had pull out gold teeth, and I wanted to be just like them. They made the hood look good.

Mr. James saw me in a daze and slammed a book on the desk to snap me out of my daydream.

"Listen to me, son. I have watched you ever since you were at that elementary school across the street. This is your last year, and I really want to see you graduate. You can be whatever you want to be. You have the potential to be the next president. Look at Barack Obama. He's a powerful black man, running this country. I bet he never dreamed of becoming the first black president. But he is, and look at him now. Son, there is no limit as to what God can do for you. All I need for you to do is believe. If you can believe it, you sure as hell can achieve it. I know you don't have the best clothes, and you're infatuated with those two nuts Ray Ray and Peanut. But, son, they probably won't even live to see thirty years old."

I looked at him and said it again, "Ray Ray and Peanut make the hood look good."

He grabbed my chin and said, "Son, everything that looks good isn't good. You have knowledge, and no one on God's green earth can take that from you. They might have flashy jewelry and cars, but they don't have a third of what you have, son. You have knowledge, and knowledge is power.

And your knowledge can lead you to become a doctor or a policeman. You could, maybe, even think about becoming a professional boxer. You have a mean right hook, and, maybe, you should take some of your frustration out in the boxing ring. I know Ray Ray and Peanut, and neither one of them would last five minutes in jail. And that's where they're headed if they don't stop selling those drugs. They only have two options, and those options are the jailhouse and the graveyard. So, ask yourself, do you really want to be like them, son? You can't see this now, but, trust me, you will understand everything that I am trying to tell you once you get older. What are you going to do once your granny's head turns cold? That lady is doing everything for you, and you act as if you don't care.

I was your age once, and I even got messed up with the wrong crowd. I ran away from the foster home and joined a gang. I had to steal a car to get initiated. They told me that, once I had stolen a car, I would be like their brother. I went to steal the car, but what they didn't tell me was that the owner of the car was at home. As I popped the lock with a slim jim, the alarm went off. I wanted to run, but I had no choice but to finish what I had started. Just as I was about to peel the steering column, the owner appeared at the driver's side window. He didn't hesitate to pull the trigger. I tried to run out of the passenger's door. But, as soon as I opened the door, I felt a hot blaze at my back. I ran so fast, and I knew that I had been shot, but my adrenaline was on full blast. That alone made me change my life. I went back to the foster home and obeyed the rules and worked and put myself through college.

"And I don't understand why I am alive today. I am supposed to be dead. I was in the hospital for about eight months. Now, ask me where my so-called gang brothers were? As far as they knew, I was dead because, when I got shot, they ran and left me. I could have died that night, but God had other

plans for my life. I didn't want to be another statistic, but, at the rate I was going, I would have been dead by fifteen. This is what the so-called streets did to me," he said as he turned around to show me the gun shot blast to his back. Then, he said, "I used the same shitty-ass excuses that you are using now. But guess what, son? Everybody has problems, and no one wants to hear a sob story. I wanted a mother and a father, but I had to settle for a foster mother. Ms. Frost. And, boy, was she nice to me. I wanted stylish clothing and the best tennis shoes, but I had to settle for Kmart clothes. Son, if you don't remember anything that I have said to you today, always know that the difference starts with you. Self!," he said as he pointed at my chest. "Life isn't designed for us to get what we want. God has designed life for some of us to struggle, so we can be living testimonies for the next person."

I didn't know why he was telling me all of that black history shit because I had my mind made up. I was going to be a drug dealer like my idols Ray Ray and Peanut. I shook my head like I gave a fuck about his past.

"Do I really remind you of yourself?"

"As a matter of fact, you do. But I had a praying foster mother, and she never gave up on me. I know that you have a praying grandmother, and she loves you so much. Please don't bruise her heart anymore. It's already been broken by your Uncle Red and your mother. And if I can save one kid, I would really like for that kid to be you. I am not telling you about my hard times just for fun. Take heed to what I am saying, son. You really should consider becoming a boxer. I will even send you to boxing camp. This is your senior year, and I want you to further your education once you leave here."

"I hear what you're saying, but this is the nineties, and we're not in the sixties and the seventies. I got to get me some money," I said, irritated.

It was almost five o'clock. He had preached for damn near two hours.

"Son, the moral of the story is that the streets don't love you. The streets are good for nothing but swallowing you whole and spitting you out."

I looked at the clock again and said, "Is that it? Can I go now? I am ready to get back to the Bricks because Ray Ray and Peanut make the hood look real good."

"Boy, did you hear anything that I just said? You need to pay attention and listen to me and make it out of the hood."

I knew that Mr. James thought that he was just wasting his time with me, but, little did he know, that he had survived a gunshot wound just like my role model Ray Ray had done. I was somewhat infatuated with gun play.

Chapter 2: *Hard Times*

So, I just nodded my head and waited for him to finish telling me his story.

“Are you finished?”

“Go on ahead, Mr. Demetrius. Your grandmother is a good woman. You should want to make her proud, and what I mean by that is you should get your lessons and go to college. You can go to college because you and I have similar backgrounds. And look at me. You know that your grandmother is already having a hard time with your uncle. She’s up in age, and anything is subject to happen to her.”

I was so ready to get out of his class. I didn’t want to hear that shit. I was going to make Granny proud alright. I was going to make some money to help her with our bills. He was talking about his childhood. Who cares about what went on in the seventies? We were living in a whole new era.

I waited outside for Kimmy. We always walked home together. I waited and waited, and finally I started walking by myself. I looked at my watch, and I noticed that it was almost six o’clock. *Time really flies when you’re listening to bullshit*, I

thought. *How does Mr. James know what my future is going to be like? Only God knows that, and, so far, it isn't looking too bright. It is shitty, and, so far, I am waiting for God to show up and show out. That's what my granny always says in her time of need.*

I liked walking back and forth to school because it gave me a chance to watch Peanut and Ray Ray on the block. They would be in their Chevy Caprices with the twenty-four inch rims and candy coated paint job. I wanted to definitely be a part of their entourage. As I walked by, they would honk their horns, and I would chunk up the deuces, thinking that I was going to be just like them someday. As I got closer to my house, I noticed that Granny was on the porch.

"What are you doing, Mama?"

I always called her Mama because she was the only mama that I knew, and Priscilla sure as hell didn't deserve to wear that title.

"Are you trying to catch you some fresh air, Mama?" I asked as I kissed her on her cheek. She had a worried look on her face, and I sensed that something was wrong, but I didn't know what. I sat on the steps and enjoyed watching the heavy traffic that headed to Peanut and Ray Ray's spot. Then, I heard her say with tears in her eyes, "Son, your loved ones will be the first to hurt you. You won't let a stranger hurt you because you won't let them get close enough. It always has to be blood." Then, she opened her Bible and said, "Son, I want you to love with your head as well as your heart."

She walked back in the house. I thought about what she had said as I stood there before walking in behind her. *I'm going to love with my head and become a mastermind at the dope game, I thought. I will get money by any means.*

When I walked in, I noticed that Granny was flicking a lighter, getting ready to light a candle. The sun was going down, and I really wasn't paying attention, until I walked in my room

and turned on my light switch. Then, I noticed that our lights had been shut off.

“Granny, what happened to the lights? Your uncle came home drunk and let your mama in, and she stole the bill money off of my dresser. I asked Red why did he let her in, and all he said was that he don’t even remember seeing her. I’d heard her voice when I was in the tub, but it was too late when I finally got out. She was in and out as quick as lightning. I don’t see how those two turned out the way that they did. I kept those two in the church. Priscilla was doing good until she hooked up with your daddy. Now, she is so far gone off in them drugs that she hardly remembers anything. She don’t even know if she’s going or coming. And Red should be ashamed of himself. I spent my last putting him through college. I done got too old to worry about those two. I am sixty-eight years old, and I want to see sixty-nine. But, son, we’re going to be alright. These candles and that gas stove will let us see some light until the first of next month.”

I listened to her, and the more she talked about my mama and Uncle Red, the more I wanted to go rob a bank. My daddy wasn’t any good either. I only saw him once a year, and that was at Christmas time. He got Priscilla hooked on drugs, and now he was clean and had started a new family and was living in the suburbs. *What a life*, I thought as I watched Granny prepare our dinner.

She fixed neck bones, lima beans, rice, and cornbread. We would always have a home cooked meal no matter what. I loved Granny’s food. When we sat at the table, there was a knock at the door.

“I’ll get it,” I said as I got up.

I looked out the window and saw that it was Kimmy. She looked like she had been crying.

“What’s wrong?” I asked as I unlocked the burglar door.

She sat on the sofa and began to cry. I just looked at her. I didn't know what to do. Her physical appearance looked to be okay, but her heart was hurting. She looked at me and said, "My dad died."

I didn't even know that she knew her dad because she had never talked about him, and now her daddy had just upped and died. He'd had a stroke.

My daddy and Uncle Red should have been the ones who died. Her daddy lived just south of Georgia, and he was supposed to come and get her for the summer.

"Come on in here and have some supper," Granny said. "The good ones are always the ones to go first," she said as she started to fix Kimmy a plate.

I thought, *Well, it looks like she'll be spending the summer with me.* She looked around and noticed all the candles that we had lit. I was embarrassed a little, but, then, I thought, *Shit happens.* She didn't say anything. She just poured hot sauce on her neck bones before she said her grace. *My kind of girl,* I thought. *If she eats dinner with me in the dark, I know that she'll be there for me when I get on my feet.* I watched her as she ate her food. I liked her so much, and I had the finest girl in school at my dinner table. After we ate dinner, we washed it down with some sweet iced tea.

I wished that there was something that we could do, like play my video game, but that was impossible, considering the damn lights were off. Instead, we sat on the porch and talked about our future. This was our last year in high school. She wanted to be a doctor, and I didn't know what I wanted to be, but I was going to be anything but BROKE! Now, I had to think of a way to help Granny get the lights back on. *We have to wait on her fixed income check in order for the lights to be back on. That's a long time,* I thought as I scratched the top of my head.

"What are you thinking about?" Kimmy asked.

"I'm thinking that I will have to get dressed in the dark for school tomorrow."

"You can stay at my house," she suggested. "My mother won't be home until ten in the morning."

"You know I can't leave Granny. She needs me here. Besides, I am all she's got. I got to get to this money. I am tired of being broke."

"Boy, you have to finish school first. You have to get an education first and use it and then get to the money that way."

She was starting to sound like our damn teacher. I tuned her out and focused my eyes on the souped up car that had just gone by. It was Peanut's bubble Chevy Impala SS, and his twenty-four inch chrome wheels were spinning as he drove by. There was always traffic in the Bricks. I enjoyed watching the crack heads get drugs from Peanut and Ray Ray. I, especially, liked the bank rolls that I had seen them fold up. The junkies had more money than I did, and I was sick of it. I was listening to Kimmy. She could use her education to make it, but I was going to use my mind.

It was getting late, so I decided to walk her home. I hollered in and told Granny to come and lock the burglar door. She stuck her head out the door and said, "Don't be out too late. This is a school night."

"I will be back, Granny. Just lock the door, so no one will come in on you."

"I hate it over here," Kimmy said as she grabbed my hand. "And those two stupid fools are going to be dead or in jail because no one has a future with drugs. You'll live for a little while, then it'll all start crumbling down."

She was talking about Peanut and Ray Ray. They looked like they were living pretty damn good to me. They had the Bricks on lock, and they had some of the finest bitches in the world.

“Do you want to come in?” she asked as she unlocked her door.

“Girl, your mama will kill both of us if she catches me in her house.”

“That’s just it. She won’t catch us,” she said as she pulled me in.

I’d never been in her house before. I had always stood on her front porch. When I walked in, I saw that there were pictures of Kimmy all over the walls. She had all types of certificates everywhere, from cheerleading to winning our school’s spelling bee. *She sure could be a doctor*, I thought because she was very smart.

“Your granny sure can cook a good meal,” she said as she turned on the living room light. I sat on the plastic covered love seat. “You can come back here with me,” she said as she headed to her room.

Her room was neat. It wasn’t messy like mine. She had a twin bed, and it was covered with a thick pink comforter. Her whole room was decorated in pink and white. As I looked around, I noticed that she had pink curtains on her window. I used a sheet for a curtain. *Pink must be her favorite color*, I thought as I sat on the edge of her bed. She walked over to her dresser and picked up a picture.

“This is my daddy,” she said as she began to cry again.

I looked at the picture, and he looked like he was healthy. *But what does good health look like? There are people in their twenties having heart attacks*, I thought.

“I can’t say that I feel your pain. But I am here for you. If you need anything, I will try my best to get it for you.”

She hugged me, and the soft fragrance that she was wearing made me want her instantly.

“If you really want to be here for me, please stay with me until I fall asleep. You can lock the bottom lock. Please,

Black? I am in need of some company. I am grieving, and I am so down and out of it.”

“I guess I could chill here for a little while.”

“Great. I’ll go take a shower and come right back. Please make yourself more comfortable,” she said as she opened up her panty drawer.

I took off my hat and laid back on her bed. For some reason, I felt that she wanted to have sex. I could tell by her eyes. Plus, Granny had always told me, “These little hot tail girls will try to trap you. Girls are way more advanced than boys.”

Little did Granny know that I had been fucking since I was thirteen. And how could Kimmy trap me? Because I didn’t have shit. I didn’t have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of. When she walked back in the room, she only had on a wife beater and a pair of boy shorts. I saw her pussy print.

She jumped on top of me and asked, “So, what are your plans when we get out of school?”

My brain couldn’t think because my dick was standing straight up.

“Whoa,” she said as she noticed my erection.

The silhouette of her body was perfect. There was steam still rising from her shoulders.

“I don’t know,” I said, looking down at my dick.

She knew what she was doing, and she was turning me on. She raised up my shirt and rubbed the hair on my stomach. I felt like I was getting ready to bust a nut. I sensed that she wanted to suck my dick because she began to caress my dick through my jeans. Then, she kissed my stomach.

“How long have we had a crush on each other now? About eight years?” she said as she unbuckled my jeans.

Whatever she wanted to do to me, I wasn’t going to stop her.

"It's been about that long," I said as I rubbed my hand through her hair.

I never thought that this day would come. When she made her way up to my ears, she whispered, "I don't want to get pregnant."

"You're not going to get pregnant," I said as I grabbed her by the neck and kissed her endlessly. "I can pull out and skeet it on your ass. I don't have to cum in you."

"You mean to tell me that you don't have any condoms?" she asked.

"No. I don't have any condoms, and I don't need any. I'm not having sex with anyone.

Go check in your mama's room and see if she has any."

"Boy! My mama don't have sex!"

"How do you know? Everybody has to get their rocks off some kind of way."

"Well, maybe, you're right," she said as she left to go check her mama's room.

I took off my clothes and got under the covers. I grabbed my dick, and it was hard as ever. She came back with a condom.

"Does this mean that we're going to go together?" she said as she got under the covers.

"If you want us to," I said as I opened to condom.

"I never had sex before," she said as she eased out of her boy shorts and threw them on the floor.

"Don't worry. I won't hurt you."

I got on top of her and eased my dick into her tight pussy.

"Ouch!" she said as she slid back and reached for the headboard.

"That's just the head going in. Am I hurting you, baby? How does this feel?" I said as I eased the rest of my big dick inside of her.

She didn't say anything, but I felt her pussy grab hold of my dick. Then, it felt like my back was being ripped wide open. She scratched the hell out of my back as I pumped harder. Then, she looked at me smiled and said, "I always wanted to lose my virginity to you."

I kissed her, and we held each other as I continued to stroke. Her pussy was so tight, and it was feeling so good until I felt the condom tear. I wasn't ready to be a daddy, and I didn't want to fuck her future up with a child either. So, I said, "Do you have another condom?"

"No. Why do we need another one?" she said with a worried look on her face.

"Because I can feel that this one has torn. That's why it feels extra good," I said as my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

"Well, can you just pull out of me or something? Because it's feeling too good to stop."

"Yes, I could do that."

I was fucking her harder, and I was about to cum. Soon as I tried to get up, she wrapped her legs around me.

"What are you doing, Kimmy? I am about to cum, and neither one of us are ready for kids."

I had a feeling that she wanted me to cum in her and all I could do was think about what Granny had said about fast tail little girls. I wasn't ready to be a daddy. Hell! I was still wearing hand me downs to school. How in the hell could I afford a child? The more she threw her pussy back, the more sperm squirted in her pussy. My dick was still hard when she flipped me over and rode my dick like a cowgirl. She was riding my dick like she was no virgin.

"Just tell me when you're about to cum," she whispered.

"I already came."

"Well, let me know when you cum again," she said as

she rode my dick harder.

She was riding me and licking on her nipples at the same time. She blew my mind because no girl had ever done that in front of me before. I couldn't help it. I was about to cum again. *Can I have multiple orgasms with her? She sure can ride a dick*, I thought.

"I am about to cum again," I said through clenched teeth.

She jumped up just in time, but it was too late. The first nut had probably already reached an egg by now. I looked at her and said, "Are you sure that you were a virgin?"

Chapter 3: *Earning Stripes*

When it was all over and done, I was stunned at how good Kimmy rode my dick. She wasn't fooling me. She rode my dick like she'd had fucking lessons. I didn't know what to do next. I just laid there for a minute with cum all over my pubic hairs.

"You can take a shower if you'd like," she said as she got up.

I went to the bathroom and let the water run for a minute. I didn't know what it was about our water, but, in the Bricks, we had the hottest water ever. I stepped into the shower, and she joined me. *This girl has too much freak in her*, I thought as I adjusted the temperature of the water. Her body was so nice, and her skin complexion looked good up against mine. She was a thick red bone, which was just how I like my girls, and we looked good together. She got in front of me, and, as I looked at her sexy, round ass, my nature rose again. She turned around and began to bathe me softly and slowly. Every time she moved, her breasts moved, and my dick jumped. She made her way down to my dick, and, as the water ran on her face, she nibbled

on my dick. I put my hands on the wall to balance myself as I watched her, sucking my dick.

“You like this?” she asked as she looked up at me.

“Hell, yeah!” I said as I moved her hair out of her eyes.

“What are you trying to do to me?” I asked as I began to fuck her mouth.

“This has been a dream of mine, and I have always said, when I finally got you to myself, that this is what I would do to you.”

She was jacking my dick and sucking it at the same time. I felt like I was about to fill her mouth up. Kimmy really took over in the shower. She really knew how to work her mouth, as well as her pussy.

“Let me bend you over,” I said as I motioned for her to turn around. The moment was so intense, and neither one of us had a condom on our minds. She bent over, and I eased my dick in, and she didn’t even cringe. She took all of my dick as I fucked her hard and fast from the back. Her ass was jiggling up and down as I slapped it. I was looking at my dick go all the way in and come all the way out.

She looked back and said, “Black, can you please cum in me again?”

How could I say no to her sexy ass in the hot, steamy shower?

“Please, baby. Your dick feels so good inside of me.”

My dick was throbbing, and the more she begged for it, the closer I was to exploding all in her. Even my horny ass knew that it only took one time. One time to get pregnant and one time to catch AIDS! And I sure as hell didn’t want any pussy taking me out of this world. I fucked her hard until I finally filled her pussy up. She turned around, kissed me, and said, “I want us to be together forever.”

“That’s cool,” I said as I got a grasp of what had just

happened.

We got out of the shower and went back to her room. Time had flown by so fast, and I knew that Granny was probably worried sick about me. It was a little past midnight. *She sure had a funny way of mourning the death of her father*, I thought as I put on my Atlanta Falcons fitted cap. She wanted me to fuck her to death.

"I will see you in school tomorrow," I said as I headed for the door.

She hugged me and gave me a big kiss and said, "I hope I dream about you tonight." After saying our goodbyes, I waited as I heard her lock up. Just as I was about to bend the corner, I saw a boy holding a gun over someone who was lying face down on the ground. As I got closer, I noticed that it was Peanut, who was lying on the ground. He was getting robbed. It was pitch black, but there was a dim street light, and I stood there for a moment and heard the boy tell Peanut that he was going to put a bullet in the back of his head. I don't know what made me charge at the boy, but I rushed him, and the gun fell out of his hand. Peanut jumped up and grabbed the gun.

"I owe you one, homeboy," Peanut said as he dusted the red dirt off his Versace shirt. "Now, I got to deal with this fuck nigga who just robbed me," Peanut said as he hit the boy across the head with the gun.

I looked at the boy and saw that he was only a kid. He looked younger than me.

"I'm sorry, man. I was just practicing. I wanted to see how it felt to rob somebody."

"Nigga, do you see this five thousand dollar Versace shirt that you had me lying in the dirt in?"

He hit the boy in the head with the gun again. Then, he said, "As a matter of fact, you're going to take a little ride with me and my boy Black."

He still had the gun pointed at the boy's head.

"Black, let's roll. I am going to give you this gun, and, if this motherfucker looks at you wrong, you better squeeze it and put a few hot ones in his temple." Then, he turned to the boy and said, "And, little nigga, you get in the back seat."

"I got to go home. My granny is probably looking for me," I said.

"Look. Don't worry about her. I will pay your rent up for a whole year. I know your lights are off, too. I will go to Georgia Power personally first thing in the morning, so let's go," he said as he put the black Glock .40 in my hand.

What choice did I have? I had just saved one of my idols from getting a bullet put in the back of his head. *I've never held a gun before*, I thought as we both headed for the back seat. The boy had blood running down both sides of his face from the blows that Peanut had given him with the gun. Peanut turned his radio all the way up. He was playing Eightball and MJG's *Lay it Down*. *This can not be good*, I thought as I pointed the gun at the perpetrator. He was sweating and looked nervous as hell. *Why did he have to try and rob the hood's craziest nigga? And why did I have to get my stupid ass caught up in the mix? Granny is going to kill me*, I thought as I looked at Peanut, bobbing his head to the loud music that was playing.

If I was that dude, Peanut would have had to shoot me when he hit me in the head with the pistol. There was no way that I would have gotten in this car. It was just like being kidnapped, and we all know how kidnappings end up. Dead! Or, even worse, tortured. *Torture is the main thing that goes on in a kidnapping*, I thought. *Then, there's the possibility of getting buried alive*.

There was no telling what Peanut had on his mind. He was pissed off, and he was driving and rolling a blunt at the same time. He turned the radio down and said, "This little

nigga just laid me down. Can you believe that shit, Black Boy?"

He lit the blunt.

I had never held a gun before in my life, and I sure as hell had never shot anyone. The only thing I had shot were the men on my video game. I looked at the boy, and, even though he was just a kid, he was playing grown up games. He was sweating bad, and he had on a t-shirt that read THE DECK. He was from Decatur. I knew that he wasn't a Westside nigga because, if he was, then Peanut would have been dead. Westside niggas didn't do a lot of talking. Then, he opened up his mouth and said, "Hey, man. Please don't kill me. I was supposed to kill you to get initiated, so I could be in a gang. The Deck Boys Gang. They told me to rob you and bring them your money and gold chain."

"How the fuck does that sound?" Peanut asked as he pulled a strong puff from his blunt.

"It's true. I'm not lying. I swear."

"Little nigga, I'm going to tell you just like this. You should have killed me because we're about to kill your ass. You need a role model, huh? Well, too late for all that shit. You're about to make the statistics list – another dumb nigga not living to see age twenty-one. How old are you anyway, little nigga?"

"Sixteen," he said as he began to beg for his life. "Please don't kill me. I am sorry."

"You would have been better off linking up with me and my boys."

"But I'm from Decatur," he said as tears flowed heavily down his face.

"How do you feel about Decatur now... where it's not greater? I am going to kill you and bury your ass where nobody will be able to find you. So, how do you feel now, knowing that your stupid ass won't even have a funeral? You're going to be maggot food."

“Please don’t kill me? Help!” he screamed.

“Little nigga, who the fuck can hear you over these sub woofers and amplifiers? Look around. We’re in the middle of nowhere. Little nigga, did you forget that, less than thirty minutes ago, you had a gun to my head? I was minding my own business in my own hood, and here your punk ass came, robbing me. First, you said that you were practicing. Now, you say you want to be in a gang. Which lie is it? It don’t matter because, either way, your life is going to end tonight. You can’t practice in the real world. You only get one shot at life, and it looks to me like you fucked that up. God gave you life, and, now, I’m about to take your life from you. That gun that my partner Black is holding back there is real! This Versace shirt is real, and, now, it’s covered in red dirt! See, I am from the Westside, born and raised. And, when a Westside nigga gets robbed, well...almost gets robbed...we have to handle business. We have to see to it that the fuck nigga pushes daises. And, in this case, you’re that young fuck nigga. See, this isn’t a movie, nor is this a script. You cannot pause and rewind what you just tried to do to me. Now, unfortunately, you have to suffer the consequences. You’re about to pay with your life.”

“I won’t try to rob you again. Please don’t kill me. I told you that I had to do it to be in the Deck Boys.”

“How in the fuck did y’all pussy-ass Decatur niggas find me anyway?”

“They dropped me off and told me what kind of car you had. So, I waited until you came out. They told me that you were always flashy and that you would be wearing plenty of jewelry. Look at all that ice around your neck. You’re not that hard to find.”

“I know that, little nigga, but what I mean is, why the fuck they picked me?”

“The leader of the gang picked you and told me that I

had to do it. I just want to eat like you're eating."

He was starting to sound like me because that was all I wanted to do was eat, too, but I wasn't stupid enough to rob Peanut or Ray Ray.

"Little nigga, fuck a gang! That gang life don't pay your fucking bills. All they do is go around doing dumb shit like shooting and robbing innocent people. This pays your bills," he said as he held up a brick of cocaine. "Little nigga, what's your name?"

"Trevino," he answered nervously.

He looked at me. I was still pointing the gun at him.

"Don't look at me. I have the heart to squeeze this motherfucker," I said.

I saw Peanut look at me and smile through the rearview mirror. I was scared as hell, too, but I couldn't let Peanut know it. I was just talking tough in front of Peanut. I wasn't going to squeeze shit.

"You tried the wrong nigga, and, like he said, your stupid ass has got to learn." I shocked my damn self when I said that.

"That's what I'm talking about," Peanut said as he dumped ashes from his blunt into the ashtray. "I could use a nigga like you on my team, but your grandmamma is so damn strict."

"You have a grandmamma?" Trevino asked as he looked at the gun. "What's it like?"

I was at a loss for words. Here I was, holding a gun to a kid's head, who didn't have a clue about life. Period! But he was definitely on the wrong side of Interstate I-20 tonight.

"Never mind all of that, and your ass will never know," Peanut said as he passed me the blunt.

I had never smoked a blunt before, but I had to look cool in front of Peanut. I puffed it, and my throat immediately

filled up with thick smoke. I had hit it too hard, and, as a result, I coughed really hard. I felt like I was choking. As I was coughing, Trevino dived at me, and, before I knew it, I pulled the trigger. Just like that, blood splattered all over the back seat and on me, as well.

Peanut looked back at me and said, "That was going to happen sooner or later because I was going to kill the little nigga myself."

He pulled into a twenty-four hour car wash. He didn't seem scared or nothing. This was like an ordinary thing for him.

He got out of the car and said, "Help me put this little nigga in the trunk."

Trevino was bleeding from his head very badly, and I felt like I had to throw up. After we threw him in the trunk, I felt like I needed some air. It was a winter night, but I needed air-conditioned air. He grabbed a bunch of brown paper towels to soak up the blood in the back seat. He sprayed Windex on the windows and wiped the excess blood that was dripping.

"Look at this shit!" Peanut said as he continued to wipe the windows. "I hate when this shit happens."

"You mean, this has happened before?"

"Not in my car, but I have definitely had to peel back a cap or two. But, Black, you got heart, though."

"Granny. She is going to kill me for sure because I have a murder on my hands," I said as I looked around to make sure no one else was at the car wash.

"She's not going to find out. We're going to bury this little nigga in the perfect spot," he said as we both got back in the car. "It's little niggas like that fool in my trunk that go missing every day. And you even said it yourself that he tried the wrong nigga."

After he finished speaking, Peanut rolled another blunt.

“What if the Deck Boys come looking for him?”

“Then, we’ll have a war on our hands, and they asses can get it, too. My heart don’t pump Kool-Aid, and there ain’t shit soft and pussy pie about me. And, besides, by the time they find this fool, it will be years from now. He will be unrecognizable. I am taking him to that street where a white lady’s body was found years after she went missing. A whole year had went by and the sorry-ass APD finally found her skeletal remains under cardboard and debris. One of her assailants even got the death penalty.”

“The death penalty?” I repeated.

“But don’t feel bad. It seems like everyone is going to get murdered in their lifetime anyway. No one has love for one another, and everyone is out for themselves. Every time I turn on the news, it’s about how some dumb niggas has gotten shot by another dumb nigga. Either they’re dying at the hands of another black male or at the hands of a dirty-ass police officer. No one is living to be grandparents anymore, so you should thank God everyday for your praying grandmamma. Everyone is living for the moment. No one is planning for the future. Now, don’t worry. We’re about to dump this little nigga because I got some hoes to pick up. The Westside is the best side,” he said as he turned off the headlights and crept down a dark street.

He was so nonchalant about this whole ordeal. *I could get the death penalty*, I thought as my heart began to do numbers in my chest. He parked the car and turned off the lights. There were so many thoughts and voices running through my head, and Granny’s voice was the main voice I heard. *I wish I would have taken Kimmy up on her offer and spent the night with her. I could be holding her right now and be in some pussy, but instead I am out on a homicide*, I thought.

We grabbed Trevino out of the trunk and threw him in a shallow ditch and covered him with some leaves.

“I thought that we were going to bury him in the ground or something,” I said.

“No. This is cool,” Peanut said as he kicked Trevino’s arm into the shallow grave.

Then, he looked at me and said, “Don’t start bitching up now. What’s done is done. No one is going to find him because the sorry-ass APD don’t look for wild-ass teenagers.”

He had a point, but, as we drove off, I could have sworn that I saw the leaves move.

Chapter 4: *Not a Good Look*

The ride back home was silent. I wanted an ass whooping by Granny now because that was better than getting locked up for murder. I could hear her voice in my head now, saying, “Boy, trouble is easy to get into and hard to get out of.” She always said, “Don’t you go out there and get in no mess that you can’t get out of.”

Peanut was on his cell phone while I was in the passenger seat, sweating bullets. I had so much shit going through my head that I felt like I was about to die. I was that scared! I could have been in some pussy if I’d stayed at Kimmy’s. I knew she was probably at home, up under her comfy covers, having sweet dreams. And my ass was riding with a gangster who hadn’t said one word about the homicide that we’d just committed. It must have been after four in the morning, and he was carrying on a conversation with a girl on the phone.

“Look, bitch! I know that I am late, but I had to take care of some business,” he said as he passed me the blunt.

This damn blunt is the reason why I shot Trevino in the first

place, I thought as I puffed it and inhaled the smoke through my nose like I had seen Peanut do. This was my last year in high school and all I could think about was being shackled in an orange jumpsuit and hauled off to the Rice Street jail.

"You did the right thing," Peanut said as he adjusted the volume of the loud music that was playing. He took off of his chain and gave it to me.

"This diamond necklace is for me?" I asked. "Is this real?"

"Now, what kind of question is that?" he said as he parked in front of his trap house. "This costs about ten g's, and I want you to have it. You actually saved my life."

"I just acted off of natural instinct, I guess," I said as I looked at the medallion and platinum chain. The medallion was a crown that was embezzled with diamonds.

"One last thing," he said as he turned off the ignition. "You can't say anything to anyone about what happened tonight."

"I'm not going to tell anyone," I said as I looked around.

"On the West Side, we live by the G-CODE. You are a gangster now. You did some player shit. I mean I was going to shoot the little nigga in the head anyway, so don't feel bad, okay, Black? You did what you felt was necessary. A nigga charged at you, and you had to put the steel on his ass. Now, come on up here and let me give you a little something extra for your troubles because I know Granny is about to go upside that head when you get in the house."

"Umm, that's okay. I really must be going."

He went in his pocket and handed me all of the cash that he had in there. I was shocked! I'd never had over five dollars before. I got out of his car and started to walk to my apartment. Then, it dawned on me that I had blood all over me. I quickly turned around and said, "I can't go in the house

covered in blood. Look at my shirt.”

“Come on. Let’s go upstairs and get you cleaned up.”

When we got upstairs, I saw that the trap house had black everything, from the blinds to the furniture to the rug. The walls were even painted black. I looked around and noticed that Ray Ray wasn’t there. *Where could he be?* I wondered as I headed to the bathroom. I didn’t know if I was starting to feel the effects of the weed or what because I wasn’t moving very quickly. I was moving in slow motion. Now, all I could hear was Mr. James telling me, “Marijuana kills the brain cells.” I looked at myself in the mirror, and I thought about what Peanut said. He had said that I was a G.

After I took a quick shower, Peanut said, “You don’t have to worry about these clothes. I’m gonna burn them. Here. Throw these on.”

When I left, I was looking like a drug dealer. Peanut, also, gave me his cell phone number and told me that he owed me one. I looked at the sky as I headed home and saw that the day was about to break. I took off the heavy chain and put it in my pocket. *This has, indeed, been the longest day of my life,* I thought.

When I reached to open the door, Granny opened it for me.

“Where on God’s green earth have you been, boy? I was worried sick about you! Are you hurt?” she said as she walked towards me, holding a candle in my face.

“No, Granny. I’m not hurt. I fell asleep at Kimmy’s.”

“Well, you only have about an hour to get ready for school. I am about to fix you some breakfast.”

I was so glad that the lights were off, so Granny couldn’t see the new gear that I had on. I laid across my bed and closed my eyes. They were so heavy. All I needed was an hour’s worth of sleep. I didn’t have an appetite; I needed some sleep. I was nervous and still high all at the same time. I grabbed some

clothes out of the drawer and put them on. I walked out the door and headed to school.

When I got to school, I was the center of attention as usual. But, today, the kids weren't laughing with me, they were laughing at me. They were laughing at my wrinkled clothes. They looked like I had gotten them out of the dirty clothes hamper. As I walked to my seat, I looked over to where Kimmy normally sat, but she wasn't there. I had so much on my mind. I didn't have time for the bullshit today.

Lenny was the cool kid, and he sat in the back. He wore the latest fashions like Tommy Hilfiger and Jordan tennis shoes. When he started clowning my clothes, saying that they looked dirty, I looked back and gave him a devious look dead in his eyes. He ignored my ass whooping look and continued to amuse the class by talking about my shoes and clothes. Everyone laughed at the things he said. But no one knew my situation. Their lives were peaches and cream, and mine was pork and beans without the weenies.

After I took all I could take of Lenny's mouth, I stood up and threw my chair at him. He charged at me, and I took all of my frustration out on him—the lights being off, my mama stealing the bill money, my regrets about my night with Peanut, and everything else that was bugging me. He was funny, but he couldn't fight worth shit.

Mr. James made his way through the crowd and broke us up. I was relieved that Kimmy wasn't there to hear Lenny shining on me. When Mr. James pulled us apart, Lenny was breathing hard and looking mad. I didn't feel bad that he had a busted lip and a knot on his head. I was the wrong nigga to fuck with. Mr. James looked at me and told me to go to Ms. Williams' office.

"I can't keep tolerating you interrupting my class. I am tired of wasting my time trying to talk some sense into your

head.”

“That’s just it,” I said. “You don’t know what’s going on inside of my head.” As I walked out, I yelled, “Fuck this class!”

As I walked to the principal’s office, I thought, *Granny is going to kick my ass*. Ms. Williams had told me that, the next time she saw me in her office, I was going to have to go to an alternative school. She was going to kick me out of Bankhead High.

I walked as slow as I could, trying to think of a lie that I could tell her. But I was going too slow because Mr. James’ black power ass came flying right behind me. I thought, *I should have just skipped school today*.

“How hard is it for you to follow the school’s rules, huh?” he asked.

“Man, school ain’t making me no money, so why should I listen to what y’all have to say?”

“Things you go through today will determine your tomorrow. Don’t you get it, son?”

“Whatever,” I said as I opened the door to the office.

“Good morning,” Mr. James said to the secretary as we entered the office.

She looked me up and down and cracked a smirk to herself.

“This is just another day in class with Black, I mean, Demetrius,” he said sarcastically. “Is Ms. Williams in?”

“She sure is. You all can go on back.”

He instructed me to walk in first.

“Mr. James and Mr. Demetrius, what can I do for you two?”

“Well, it seems as though Demetrius can’t keep his hands to himself.”

“Is that right?” she said as she walked to her file cabinet

to retrieve a manila folder with my name on it.

The folder was thick. It was thick like Granny's food stamp folder at the welfare office.

"I've given you chance after chance, and now you leave me no choice. You will be expelled for the rest of the year."

"But I am at the door of graduating. Plus, Lenny's pussy ass started the fight."

"Young man, I will not allow you to use such vulgar language in my office."

"Man, whatever," I said as I stormed out of her office.

This was the longest walk home because I couldn't think of a lie to tell Granny. Besides, I knew that the school officials were going to tell her that I had gotten expelled. As I walked, I heard loud music coming from behind me. When I turned around, I saw that it was Peanut.

"Jump in, Black. Let's go pay that bill and make your granny proud."

I thought, *If I pay the light bill, maybe Granny will go easy on my butt.*

Chapter 5: *Hanging with the Big Dog*

“I want you to know that you did some G-shit last night,” Peanut said as I sat in the front seat.

I barely heard him because I was thinking about the pain that I would be causing Granny once she found out that I’d gotten expelled from school.

“I just acted out of natural instinct. I mean, you would have done the same thing for me,” I said as I put on my seatbelt.

“G’s don’t wear seatbelts. Only squares wear them, so unhook that shit,” Peanut said as he passed me the blunt. “No doubt I would have done the same thing for you.”

I hit the blunt soft, blew out the smoke, and said, “My granny is going to kill me for sure now.”

“She’s not going to find out about last night.”

“I’m not talking about last night. I got into a fight today, and I got expelled from school. I got expelled for the rest of the year, and graduation is only five months away.”

Peanut quickly whipped a U-turn and said, “I gotcha, Black Boy.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked, holding on as he

made that illegal U-turn.

"I'm going to pay Ms. Williams a little visit. There comes a time in life when you have to throw your weight around. I will not let you get to the door of graduation and just stop going to school. She owes me a little favor, and I'm sure she will think twice about expelling you once she sees my face."

We pulled back up at Bankhead High, blasting music, and all eyes were on us. I felt cool as hell, but I still looked like shit, considering what I had on.

"Sit tight, Black Boy. I will be right back," Peanut said as he headed to the main entrance of the school.

While sitting in Peanut's stylish car, I watched everybody as they watched me. At that very moment, I felt like I was in control. I felt very powerful. All the girls were looking at me, licking their lips, and I wasn't even driving. I was on the passenger side.

I watched Peanut as he came back to the car. His diamond necklace was swinging from side to side. He had a blunt in his ear. He was cool as hell. I wanted to be just like him.

"You're no longer expelled, Black Boy," he said as he got back in the car.

"You mean that mean-ass Ms. Williams is going to let me back in school? How did you do that?" I asked as I reached for the blunt that he had just lit.

"She's a functioning junkie, and I could strip her from her school's code of excellence."

"Are you trying to say that Ms. Williams smokes dope?"

"Hell, yeah!"

"But she's so sophisticated and smart and shit. She even drives a Benz to school," I said shocked as ever. "She's the school's principal."

I couldn't believe that she was a crack head.

“Those are usually the ones who get high. They are all high and mighty in your face, but then their demons start to show at night. She’s been smoking crack ever since I went to Bankhead Elementary. My uncle used to sell her drugs. I used to open the door for her when she would come by our trap house late at night. She’s still fine as fuck, though, and I would fuck her old ass any day. I remember seeing her come in with a long black trench coat with nothing on underneath. My uncle used to tell me that one day he was going to pass the dope game torch to me. And look at me now. He taught me well. I remember when my uncle used to come home on those late nights. He would be clubbing at Club 559, Club 731, and the Silver Fox. But the Silver Fox has been changed to Da Fox Phase 2. It’s owned by two well known brothers, Danny Boy and Poo Poo. It is a club that we have to definitely check out on Friday nights. And they serve some hot, delicious food, too. But, yeah, my uncle was a G-ass nigga, too, and he didn’t take no shit from nobody. I got the Bricks on lock, and I wish that he was here to see me now.”

“Where is your uncle now?”

“He’s in that big-ass sky, looking down on me. He got busted for twenty bricks of cocaine, and he was on his third strike. He was already on parole, and he was facing life in prison. He said that he was never going back to jail, so, on the night that he got busted by the undercover officers, he reached under his seat for his gun. He had a shoot out with the policemen, but it was a no win situation. When it was all over, they had riddled his body with over one hundred bullets. I was about fifteen years old, and I represented at his funeral. I bought the whole hood t-shirts with his picture on the front. By that time, I knew the trade of the dope game. He always taught me to never piss in my own pool. I never do dirt on my side of town. I take several trips to the country every now and

then and fuck them country boys over. They don't know dope anyway. Black boy, life is just a game. And the name of the game is called *survival*. And all you have to do is survive as long as you're breathing. You have to do what you have to do in order to eat, in order for your family to eat. You feel me?"

"Yeah, I feel you," I said as I gave him a high five.

"Now, let's go in here and turn them lights back on."

He hit the alarm on his car, and we proceeded to walk into Georgia Power by the West End Mall. He didn't even wait in line. He just went to the counter and gave the receptionist one thousand dollars.

"Black Boy, come and give her your address," Peanut said as he put the rest of his money back in his pocket.

The lady looked at me and said, "Well, what is it?"

I looked around at all of the angry customers, who had been standing in the long line, then, I said, "2545 Bankhead Highway, Atlanta, Georgia 30318."

She handed me a receipt, and we left. Just as we were walking out of the door, an old black man looked at Peanut and said, "I hate your kind."

Peanut turned his hat to the back and said, "I hate your kind, too, old-ass bastard. I hate that y'all old-ass people drive slow as fuck. I hate that y'all old-ass people always preaching that black history shit. If that nigga Martin Luther King Jr. lived in the Bricks, he would have done what he had to do to feed his family, too. Coretta would have understood that he had to do what he had to do to get by. So, old-ass man, miss me with that bullshit. You old-ass motherfucker."

"I'm an old man. There's no doubt about that, but kids such as yourself aren't even making it to become old men."

"Man, if you weren't so old, I would punch you in your wrinkled-ass face," Peanut said as he walked out the door.

I slowly walked out behind him, and the old man said,

“You don’t want to get messed up with a fellow like him. I see something in you,” the old man said as I walked out of Georgia Power.

“Can you believe that old-ass bastard?” Peanut said as he changed the CD. “He don’t know shit about me. How the fuck can he judge me?”

“Fuck that old-ass motherfucker,” I said as I remembered not to put on my seatbelt. Granny had always taught me to respect my elders, and that old man did speak the truth, but I had to remain cool in front of Peanut. *Our black asses are dropping like flies every day*, I thought. *Look at Trevino. He just lost his life last night. And there’s no telling how many more of us have died since last night.*

I stretched out in the seat and listened to T.I.’s song “Hurt”.

“This nigga right here is real,” he said as he turned up the volume. “I fuck with this nigga T.I.”

We pulled into the parking lot of the Mall West End.

“I know that you get picked on at school and shit for those dirty-ass clothes that you have to wear.” Peanut put the car in park and said, “Can you believe that old-ass motherfucker? Damn! I still can’t get over that shit.”

He turned off the ignition.

That old ass man must’ve struck a nerve because Peanut is still pissed off, I thought as I got out of the car.

“Come on. Let’s go in here and get you about ten pairs of fresh, new kicks,” Peanut said as he hit the alarm on his car.

“You mean, ten pairs of shoes?”

“Yes. Ten pairs of shoes,” he said, looking down at the rundown Pony tennis shoes that I had on.

We went straight to Foot Locker. I had always wanted a pair of Michael Jordan tennis shoes.

“Pick out what you want, Black Boy,” Peanut said as

he went to flirt with the cashier.

When it was all over, I had Retro, Flight, Melo, Alpha, Fly Wade, Jumpman, and Air Max Jordans. I even got a pair of Jordan Hydro slippers and two pairs of Timberlands.

He said, "You don't have to be from up north to rock a pair of Timbs."

I, also, grabbed two pairs of Polo boots. He cashed out with a grand total of \$2000. He even gave the cashier a two hundred dollar tip.

"I can't keep all of these shoes at home," I said as we headed to the car.

"You can keep them at my trap spot. I know how your granny is, and the lights should be back on by now."

We put the bags in the trunk and got back in his car.

"Now, we got to go to Lenox Mall to get you some clothes to wear with all those shoes," Peanut said as he hopped on Interstate 20.

I reached for my seatbelt and he said, "If you'll feel more comfortable, then wear the motherfucker."

I wanted to wear my seatbelt because, in my driver's education class, I watched films on how you could end up if you didn't wear your seatbelt. I even saw that some people who had been ejected from cars because they weren't wearing their seatbelts. If they would have worn their seatbelts, they would probably be alive today.

"Black Boy, I look at life like this — when it's my time to go, I'm going to go, and no seatbelt is going to save me."

He did have a point because my granny always said, "When God is ready for you, He's coming." She'd, also, say, "You can run all you want, but you can't hide from God."

When we pulled up at Lenox, he threw the keys to the valet attendant and said, "Don't wreck my shit."

"Yes, sir," the valet said as he caught the keys.

My eyes were so big. I had never been to Lenox Mall before. Hell, I'd never even been to Greenbriar Mall before. There were so many people in there. It seemed like everyone had shopping bags, even the kids.

"Where do you want to go first?" Peanut asked.

"I don't know anything about a mall," I said as I looked around at the high escalators. "I want to rock some of that fly shit that you wear."

"I wear a lot of fly shit. I rock True Religion, Versace, and Red Monkey Jeans."

"Do you like Polo, too?" I asked as we walked into Macy's.

"They have plenty of Polo in here," Peanut said as he looked over to see if there were any women at the cash register.

"I fuck white hoes, too," he said as he headed to the cashier.

"Can I help you?" an extra friendly gay man asked me. "You are a tall, glass of dark chocolate milk," he said as he looked me up and down. "I can get past those raggedy-ass clothes,"

I looked behind me because I knew that this punk-ass nigga wasn't hitting on me.

"Who the fuck are you calling a tall glass of dark chocolate milk? Nigga, I will break your face," I said as I ran towards him.

He turned and ran so fast that he knocked over several mannequins as he tried to get away from me. I grabbed a few Polo shirts, sweaters, and jeans. When I met up with Peanut, he was at the register, flirting with a snow bunny.

"You straight, Black Boy?" he asked as he pulled out a wad of money.

"I'm straight as an arrow," I said as I mean mugged the gay sales associate from earlier.

"I'm going to call you, Britney," he said as he paid for my clothes. "You can never have too many bitches," Peanut said as he helped me with my bags. "I got a bitch for everything. I got a bitch who lets me fuck her in the ass. I got a bitch that sucks on my dick all night long. I tell my bitch who don't let me fuck her in the ass that my other bitch will. And now I will add that snow bunny to my team. And those white bitches swallow all the nut out of a nigga's dick."

His talk was so cool, calm, and collected. He was such a cool-ass nigga, and I idolized the fuck out of him.

We went to valet and got in his car. He gave the valet attendant a twenty dollar bill. We threw the bags in the back seat.

"The next stop will be Phipps right across the street. That's where we can get the Trues and the Versace."

He turned up the music once again, and we were both bobbing our heads to the raw music of the rapper T.I. When we pulled up at Phipps, he did the same thing. He threw the keys to the valet and said, "Don't wreck my shit."

When we walked in Phipps, we passed by the Gucci store. I had never seen Gucci on anything but the internet. We went on the other side and went into Saks Fifth Avenue. I already knew what to do, so I looked around to see what I wanted, while he shot to the front to see who was at the cash register. As I looked at the True Religion jeans, I noticed that they all looked tight. I didn't want to wear anymore nut huggers if I didn't have to. I strolled to the back of the rack and found some that read Bobby Straight leg.

"Whoever the hell he is," I said to myself as I grabbed five pairs in my size. "And who the fuck is Samuel?" I said as I grabbed a couple of True Religion Cargo shorts. "I don't know neither one of these niggas, but I'm going to wear this shit." I grabbed a few t-shirts and headed to check-out.

When I got up there, Peanut was flirting with an older woman.

“Hold up. Did you get a nice jacket?” he asked as he thumbed through the clothes on my arms.

He went to the back and brought back a Versace Andrew Marc cognac colored leather jacket. I didn’t see anything Versace that I wanted because it looked like Peanut had all of the Versace shirts that I saw.

“There. That will set those Timberland and Polo boots off,” he said as he laid the jacket on the counter. “This is a Tumbled Westside jacket and, you’re a Westside nigga, so I had to grab it for you.”

My black ass didn’t know style or fashion if it bit me in the ass. He pulled out his money and paid for my things. He looked at the older woman and said, “I’m going to call you, Miss Lady.”

She was grinning from ear to ear. His gold teeth were shining as he talked to her, and she was just smiling, too. As we walked out, he looked at me and said, “Old hoes need love, too. My dick don’t discriminate.”

I really liked Peanut, and I respected and appreciated all that he was doing for me. He gave the valet attendant a twenty dollar bill, and we got in the car and headed back to the Bricks.

“I really appreciate all of the nice things that you bought me.”

“It’s not a problem. After all, I owe you my life,” he said as he turned the music down lower.

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acansing2000@yahoo.com