

Clapture

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PART ONE

“WAIT LET ME start to tell you, what this is, is just an open door

to the end,” speaking clearly to himself. “I’ve done a lot of dirt to get here and the last situation I need is somebody to wind up dead. The night is chill, it’s another one of those nights where I wound up spilling some brains and everything is just about ruined for everyone around me. The town I live in Morsburg is a little city just outside the Southwest. Where in the hell we are on the map of the US I can’t even point to because everything is so much more important to look at other than these streets. Right now I’m headed out of town to start a new life, something with no open doors or places I’ve seen before. Micey is my best friend and my roommate. He hasn’t seen anyone die before but I have, he hasn’t even shot at anyone, and maybe it’s his memory but he says I’m a good guy. That’s old, that’s from grade school, those are memories, right now I need to wrap my gat, and hide my clo. I shot his girlfriend. Not his real one, not the physical kind of girl, a gun I bought with some money he gave me. Yeah, I kill and blame everyone here. What only I know about letting shots off ain’t really anyone’s business in this house, on the streets is the only place I’ve had to do it. Protecting Micey is a real hard job. He’s sweet to my family and he’s a real hard worker and keeps a steady flow of confidence about this hole of a town. It’s what they say about him that bothers me.”

“I hear them coming, shhh.” Bub moves to the table and sees what is left. There is only a rag and a clip to a gun. He moves over to the doorway and doesn’t hear anything, he moves the knob with a turn quiet enough just to hear the click. He peeks outside. He only sees his car and the road, no voice, no sweat. He touches his pistol feeling the warmth and makes sure to slide both fingers from the pistol grip not to leave a mark. It’s still warm from wrapping it but not cool enough to

rid him of paranoia of the night. He only trusts his gun at a certain temperature. He knows that he will be breaking rules or skipping steps if these streets make him kill again.

He says to himself, “I don’t see anyone and if you are outside, you already lost because I’m hot off the block one body down for the nite.” Bub searches his pockets with his hand and only has his keys, money, and Hales wallet. Hale was a deviant that wanted to rid Bub of his life and only rid himself of his brain waves tonight, “crack, right off the stem,” finishes Bub. Bub reaches for politeness and gravity to this situation but is unwilling to leave the street without killing. He shuts the door and moves to his car.

He looks for his keys but unloads his clip and puts it in his pocket. He knows the streets are too hot to be cruising so he wraps his gun with his hand and unlocks his door. He puts the money in there and grabs his cell phone. It rings. He checks the caller ID and it’s Hales real girlfriend. He doesn’t want to answer it because Hale is dead and Bub knows she’ll be crying and moaning. He has only a few seconds to react, he plans it all out, and his plan feels like eternity. The phone rings again. The phone reads, “Lay, 555-555-9113,” Bub answers it and just misses her call. He could text her but he doesn’t care, he’s looking out into the street and sees a crack head or a crack dealer coming out of the gutter. Bub waits and waits, he says, “A fiend,” and opens fire on the end of his trail. The gunfire and the silenced fall too the ground and like bubbles, bubbles over the blood and the silence is filled with one more shot to the victim, death is certain, it is now his means. Bub grabs the body and searches for drugs and money. He finds \$50 bucks. His hand gun is ice and is burning his hand. He moves the body into the street and runs to get his wrap. His phone starts ringing, then sirens start going off somewhere close. Bub moves the money into his wallet and starts cutting across the yard parallel to him and finds an alley. He wraps his pistol and answers his phone, but he’s too late. “Nobody’s calling,” he tells himself. He gets further and further from reality and walks this street until it starts whispering to him. He begins to say a couple words, then a couple rhymes. He doesn’t breathe. He listens closer and closer to the whispers. He says a few more rhymes, the streets don’t say anything anyway Bub acknowledges and Bub starts flowing rhyme after rhyme.

The town is asleep and Bub can hear them snore. He continues to rap. He continues to flow. He needs to. His rhymes, rhymes are like the gasoline running the passing car, his heat isn’t there and there is no fire to ignite the passer by to stop. It’s too late and this is his shift. Or so he says it is his shift, the car shifts and he can hear something wrong but doesn’t make it worse. He walks further and raps more. He needs a smoke so he doesn’t put his thumb out and lights a cigarette. He doesn’t put out a thumb because this is his neighborhood and this is where he can find a store close by and open so he takes his time and perfects his last bar. Everything is quiet. There’s a hush on the street. Within minutes he is there, where he wants to be at the 24 hour convenient store. He buys a pack of cigarettes.

Across town is Micey. Micey is a fat, utopian and doesn't believe in anything that Bub ever talks to him about because he sees a much brighter world. His clothes are neat and he has red hair and looks like he is laughing inside all the time. He is telling his girlfriend of 5 years how great it is to be together and how wonderful it is to be in school and work part time. Micey is 5'11" and is afraid of everything at night. Unlike Bub Micey doesn't have the will to kill and in this neighborhood not killing is a reason to be shot. He should've been born in another city, somewhere else away from this violence. Micey and Bub met in grade school over a game of marbles and have been friends ever since. Bub would beat up any guys that would pick on Micey and when Micey finished school Bub decided to enter the rap game and let Micey pay all the bills. They moved in together and that's where they are now is roommates. Micey didn't come home last night because he spent the night at his girlfriend's house. Micey and Sarah are in love. So they always have these mushy little phrases that they call each other. Like snookums, sugar, sweetness, and love bug. Micey is in school to become a teacher and is very smart and impresses Sarah with his knowledge of the stars and solar system. They're planning on marrying but not until they both finish their education. They both are undyingly faithful to each other. But Sarah knows Bub and she wants Micey to get away from Morsburg.

"Why? Why don't you just let Bub have his and get out with me?" Asks Sarah.

"Leave? Can't we have this conversation in the morning? Like I told you last night Bub depends on me," replies Micey.

"OK, but you got to promise me you sleep tonight and not worry about home because of Bub. I want you to stay tomorrow and see how much you mean to me. I want to really talk about this. I won't say anything else," says Sarah.

Micey replies, "I'll tell you the truth, Bub is too cool and I don't believe I would have ever been with you this long if it weren't for knowing him." Silence . . . "he's cool right?"

Sarah replies, "He is but that's not why. Why I stay with you is because I respect you and your love for me is deep, I want what's best for the both of us and getting away from Bub and this town and just transferring schools, never mind. Maybe you're right we should talk later. Hell we can talk about this when it comes up. Let's say breakfast."

Micey says, "Babe, breakfast does sound kinda good, leaving Bub and this town over a great steak and eggs . . . maybe."

Micey looks over his shoulder at the clock and thoughts of Bub go fastly through his mind then he shuts his eyes and all he can see is a dancing egg and a sizzling steak next to some toast and browns. Sarah puts her arm around Micey and has a much different vision. Her face frowns and she falls asleep.

By 9 AM Micey's telephone rings. It is Bub. Micey doesn't hesitate to answer. Bub says, "I'm at home, some shit happened last night, some kid got killed. I'm safe, don't worry, it didn't happen to anyone we know."

"Okay, I'm just going to breakfast with Sarah. Be careful Bub and get some sleep if you haven't already." Micey tells Bub.

"OK, good-bye," says Bub.

"OK, Good-bye, call me later." Micey hangs up his phone. Micey rolls over and falls back asleep.

Back at home Bub lights a cigarette and locks his sight on a spider climbing the wall. He runs over to it and burns it with his cigarette. The spider lets off a rancid smell. Bub takes a puff, then another. He walks outside and throws his butt into the yard. Bub and Micey's place has a large yard with trees and is littered with anthills and is fenced off in every direction by chain-link. His house is a pale grey with rod iron on the windows and off in the yard there is an old wagon. It is a light brown from the sun and is sitting on one wheel. There is a front door and a back door. The concrete that encompasses the house is brand new. Beneath that concrete are two bodies that Bub buried the night before the sidewalk was poured. Bub twitches his trigger finger as he gazes down the walk way passing his eyes past the buried remains. Bub doesn't smile but returns inside. As he enters the house to his backside you can see the hood. The hood is slang for neighborhood and deservedly is called so because of its run down sidewalks, Section 8 housing, old apartments and for the lack of police and infestation of drugs.

Inside of this house is a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, one bedroom and one bath. The inside is furnished lightly with a couch, a Plasma TV, a desk and a radio that sits atop the mahogany desk. Bub makes his way through the living room that sits directly in the middle of the house and heads into the hallway where the bath and bedroom lie. He heads down the hall to his dining room that is connected to the kitchen and sits at the table. A table and chairs is the only furniture in this part of the house except for a cabinet that locks and is hand made. The cabinet has the sun and a crown carved into the top left and right corner. In this cabinet Bub keeps his belongings. There is a wallet, money, shells, a box, a .38 automatic, his rag, gun oil, a brush, and a small bottle of bleach, gloves, and a cell phone. Bub waits patiently for someone to call or show up. His face is symmetrical with eyes that are grey and skin that is wrinkled beneath his eyes and is white but carries a deep tan. His hair is black naturally but is peppered grey with hair dye to give him an unusual look. He has no mustache or facial blemishes and his cheeks are full but not chubby. His hair is not cut often so it hangs over his ears. His clothes are black and his shoes are brand new. He has a small tattoo on his neck and a sleeve of a dragon chasing the wind that spills over like fire onto his left hand. He searches his pockets and finds some change and his smokes and lays them on the table. Change on the cigarettes like he does every other time. To him that means that he is going to have a job this weekend and he has already guessed from either Brush or Monet.

Last night begins to replay through his head. He can only remember so much of it because he must keep mediating his next crime. He doesn't want to fall into patterns of emotions because he'll be caught or shot. He remembers when Lay

called. He knew she had just found out about Hale because she wasn't at the party where Bub put three in his chest, one in the knee, and two in the head of Hale. Hale had been talking dirty about Bub on rap songs for 6 months. Bub was cool with that. He'd just go to the studio and make a cut about Hale being lame or giving street credit to Hale for what Bub would call trying to get under his skin. A few weeks ago Hale had made a rap at a show about Micey being shot and Bub along with a whole bunch of other rappers in town being the ones Hale will shoot next. So the police really didn't have a lead because Hale had too many enemies. The night before Monet picked up Bub and drove him down to the party where Hale and a bunch of kids were drinking and doing drugs. Bub went down the street and made his way to the side of the house where nobody was, while Monet went to the bathroom and acted like he was sick. Hale started to make his way to the bathroom changed his direction because he heard Monet faking being ill and went outdoors. He made his way to the darkest side of the house where Bub had already cocked his gun and had been waiting for Hale. Once Bub saw Hale Bub murdered him and ran 3.5 miles until he got home. Monet and everyone came out to find Hale dead.

Bub was waiting on someone to call or something to happen. He knew that if Monet called they'd be dealing this weekend. If it were Brush they'd be recording a new rap. He waited and waited. Then there was a knock at the door. It's Monet and he is wearing a Bluetooth headset chatting with someone. He says, "Ight I'm at Bub's and we gotta talk. Hit me up tonight. OK . . . Yeah! Maybe we'll hook up later." He disconnects.

"What's up boy? There's this cat I want to talk to you about," Monet tells Bub.

"Sure man, I've been waiting to hear from you. Let's talk," Bub replies. Bub shuts the door and him and Monet start talking.

Monet starts, "Hey man there's this guy from the city, named Re-Up and he needs a new connect. I told him I can send him a pound of the lime green for real. He doesn't want to deal with anyone else but me and I told him I could do it for him but I can't do it tonight."

"I'll drop it off if that's what you're asking," Bub replied.

Monet nods and looks at Bub then says, "I can give you fifty and my ride to do this. I know you'd kill for less money and we ain't busy. So stop by my house after and party."

"Sounds fine, I don't care about the money, as long as the guys cool or I'll have to knock him off. What's going on tonight," Bub asks.

Monet tells him that some of Hales friends got real scared and depressed when Hale got shot and left town because they were scared. He tells Bub that the rest of the guys that normally dealt with Hale need a new house to run their drugs. Monet tells Bub that they're coming by tonight and for every 100 dollars they, the dealers push through Monet's house Monet gets 10 dollars.

"Yeah it starts tonight, so I need you to drop me off at home, pick up the bud, and then drop it off whenever. It's got to be by tonight." Monet looks at Bub for reassurance.

"Yeah," Bub replies. "Do you wanna come in?"

Monet makes his way inside. Once inside he gives Bub money and a heads towards the desk. He gives draws out a map for Bub and gives him Re-Up's phone number. Monet and Bub look at each other and Bub slides the directions into his cabinet and they both sit and watch TV. They start watching for cars they like or models because that's what they have in common. They both like the girl on TV and simultaneously let out an A. They sit and watch. Bub lets the time pass then signals to Monet that he has something in his pocket. Monet taps his pocket. He says, "HUH!" Monet puts his hand out to shake Bub's hand and Bub accepts. They shake, when Bub looks in his hand there is a bullet. He holds it up and looks at it.

"This is a .45" Bub states.

Monet replies with, "what's a forty five. Do you mean money?" He looks in Bub's hand and says "I didn't give you that." Then asks, "what the fuck you doing with that. If you're asking if that's a .45 caliber it is, at least it looks like it, plus I don't even own a .45."

"I won't shoot you with this .45 maybe just my .38" Bub jokes.

Monet says, "Actually don't shoot me period. I know I'm cheap, but you're a damn killer Bub."

"Monet I need a .45," Bub said. "Until then I'm going to just keep shooting peeps with whatever I got my hands on."

A few hours pass

Monet and Bub eventually leave the house for Monet's. Their headed South on Laymont making a few turns. After 10 minutes the both of them reach Monet's house. Monet lives in a one bedroom house located underneath Merriwacys Bridge. He has two cars. The one they are in is a brand new truck and the one parked in the drive way is an older Rolls Royce. They park and both men are laughing about something Bub says. They both get out. Bub enters the driver's seat and Monet runs inside. Monet's house is better furnished than Bub's and there are people sitting on the couch drinking. In the living room there is a coffee table with some weed on it next to a Pyrex pipe. Monet makes his way towards his room and goes into the closet. He pulls out a duffle bag and un-zips it. In it is two pounds of weed. He removes one of the pounds and throws it under his king sized bed. He leaves the room and goes outside where Bub is waiting in the truck. Monet throws the bag in the pick up bed and Bub backs away.

As Bub is leaving Monet says, "I'll see you tonight!"

Bub pulls out and heads up the bridge. He puts on the radio. He starts to bob his head then says to himself, "weak! 16 bars you ain't, m-o like 4, 4 years

old, 4 year old rhymes and no gat, I'd blast black for that line. I rhyme 16 bars all the time!!”

He continues to sing as he goes through the hood listening to rap music. He takes the bridge into the city and that's where he pulls out the directions. He types the address into his GPS. He pulls over at a shopping center. He tells himself, “Monet that idiot.”

He puts the duffle in the cab. Locks the doors and heads to a restaurant named Rose Café. As he walks inside he tucks his gun deeper into his jeans and buttons the buttons on his shirt. The place is a little dank and he notices a sign that says “PLEASE SEAT YOURSELF.” He picks the table next to the kitchen and waits for a waitress. His gun is digging into his hip so he moves it under the table and lays it on the seat under his baseball cap. When the waitress comes he orders water and an appetizer. When she returns with the water he sips it raises his glass and the waitress returns. He orders the lasagna. He asks for an order of bread and receives a loaf with his meal. He smells the food and then begins to eat real fast. He imagines what Hale would've tasted like if he could have just taken a lick of his open wound or a bite of his flesh. He asks for a check when he is finished, gets up, sets a \$10 dollar bill on the table and pays for his meal. He grabs a toothpick and a mint from the candy bowl and leaves.

He starts wondering where the truck is because he is looking for a car. The he recognizes Monet's pick up. He unlocks the doors and gets inside. He puts his gun underneath his buttocks and heads towards Re-Up's. He enters the phone number into the GPS and locates where Re-Up is at the moment. He checks the directions that Monet gave him and they match up with Re-Up's location. He heads up Claremont until he reaches Downtown. He makes a left on Fifth Ave and calls Re-Up.

“Re-Up!!What's up,” speaks the voice on the phone.

“This is Bub, Monet sent me up. Your dope is close,” says Bub.

“Awe Right, I'm on Fifth and Cliffe in the apartment building that has the awning. I'm on the top floor in apartment 1700. C'mon up!” invites Re-Up.

Upstairs

Bub is at the door with a pistol in one hand and a bag over his shoulder. He fires a shot then drops the bag. He moves down the hall. Within minutes Re-Up opens the door. He unzips the bag and sees the weed. Bub moves up the hall and fires another shot this time at somebody's door. Re-Up looks at him and says, “What the fuck. Get the hell inside before you kill someone.”

“I'm just playing Re-Up, where's Monet's money?” Asks Bub.

“Here, if he sent you here to show me not to mess with him I get tha message,” says Re-Up.

"No I'm just playing target practice in case I got to shoot my way out of this bullshit I'm in later. How much you give me," asks Bub.

Bub counts it, there's eight hundred dollars. He gives Re-up \$200 and says, "I'm a cool guy."

Re-Up says, "Hell yeah you are. Call me if you wanna get high or blast some haters later or whenever."

"Do you buy cocaine," asks Bub.

"Hell yeah," replies Re-Up.

They shake and Bub leaves. He walks down the stairs like a machine with his pistol in his hand. He exits through the back of the building and walks through Downtown. Dusk is in the midst and the sky is changing color. There are clouds in the sky that stream through whatever is left of the suns rays. He walks a couple blocks and lights a smoke. He's taking in the atmosphere as the lights of the city replace the daylight. He lets out a holler at a couple women down the street and tells them to blow him. They give him the finger and a mean look. Bub inhales his smoke. He could meet someone new or interesting in the city. He starts feeling out the crowd but decides to leave them alone because he'll just want to shoot them eventually. A bum walks up to him and asks for spare change. Bub shoves the gun into the bum's stomach and tells him, "If you let me shoot you I'll give you a hundred."

The bum collapses and Bub walks across the street and gets in his truck. A crowd gathers around the bum who is bleeding profusely from his abdomen. Someone yells, "Heck with this guy. Let him die, that was Bub!"

Bub drives off and the people carry the bum out to the street and drop him in the gutter. Bub turns on his radio and his favorite DJ is on. The DJ is spinning his eight o'clock Super Saturday Mix. Bub loves to get drunk and listen to this show every weekend. He turns it way up.

Across town at Bub's

Micey gets home and sees Bub's car in the driveway. He assumes that Bub is inside and a smile comes to his face. He gets his keys and unlocks the door. He calls out for Bub. There is no reply. Micey makes his way into the bedroom where there are two single beds and a dresser and a hamper. He throws his clothes in the hamper and looks through the dresser for a new change of clothes. Sarah walks into the house.

"Micey, I'm going to get something to drink," says Sarah.

She walks into the kitchen where there is a note on the fridge. It says, "Hey Micey I'll be at Monet's for a while, go shopping will yah, *Bub*"

"Hey Micey," Sarah says outloud, "Bub's gone, he left you a note. He'll be at Monet's," says Sarah.

"Cool," Micey says then walks into the kitchen, he continues, "maybe you'll want to spend the night."

“Yeah sure. I need a change of clothes. Let’s go to the mall and I’ll get a change there and we can have Dinner. I love being at your house its real nice,” says Sarah.

Meanwhile on the road

Bub is jamming to the radio when he gets a call from Monet. He answers the phone and Monet tells him he needs to pick up some beer for the party tonight. He tells Bub that Re-Up called and said that Bub is a real crazy bastard. Bub hangs up than crosses the Merriwacys Bridge into the hood and stops by Forever Liquors. He gets a case of beer, two bottles of hard liquor, a bottle of lime salt, and a pack of cigarettes. He pays than leaves. He opens a beer and heads towards Monet’s.

When he gets there, there is no where to park in the yard or even close by on the street. He drives by the house he notices someone unloading a keg from the trunk of a car and is walking it over to Monet’s. He finds a spot about 150 yards from the house. He tucks his gun under the seat and puts his cell phone in the glove compartment. He grabs the goods he bought at the liquor store and walks them over to the house. Inside is about 30 people from all different races. He can smell ribs. He follows the smell to the backyard and finds an unattended grill with hamburgers, hotdogs and bbq ribs. He puts the beer down and grabs a rib. He sits at a table in the patio and devours the ribs. He is joined by a couple in their twenties who make themselves comfortable at the table and start kissing. Bub looks around and cannot find Monet outside. Located by the door is a cooler. He tells the guy and girl at the table to put the beer in there and find Monet. Then Hip Hop music starts to play loudly. Bub recognizes the song it’s one he had done with Brush last summer called “Hollow Tip.”

Bub wants to leave to the street to make something of his life. In his position he only has the street to make something for him and that can only means murder. Bub looks at the people at the party and realizes something that between them there is somebody with a homicide. Whether or not he is looking inside of himself or not he may be unsure if he is the one with the only murder. He tells himself in his mind that they are too peaceful and too civilized to be at a BBQ and a social to only be conversing and not starting something he can notice as something he can deduct as harm. Only killers get killed but he realizes that, the paranoia in his mind may just be his own insight of what others may have never done. He wants to reach for his pistol in Monet’s truck and wander out into town and find a body already bagged and shoot through what is zipped and leave for them a target. He knows he must do it himself and if this is his forever to him and he will surely make sense of the victims one day as if he were to have left none at all.

As he walks and drags his conscienceless to the gutter through the bars and through his past until he reaches his own present. He sees Brush’s girlfriend in the living area. He wants to approach her. He keeps his eyes keen to see if Brush is there

then he realizes that all of his underpinnings he is only killing these people inside more and more and they will surely turn on him. So he runs out to Monet's truck and communes his pistol. He wants to kill anyone as a defense. Any death will suffice and he knows he rather not kill himself so he grabs the rest of his belongings from the truck and opens his hood. He waits not and walks back into the house. His hood is up and that's not good enough so he tells one of the young men to leave. The young man doesn't want to fight so he gives Bub a quick retort of why he ought to stay and Bub says, "Something bad is going to happen, to you."

The young man has no choice but to believe him a little and does not question Bub but follows Bub out to the street, alone. Bub makes his way up the street to the truck with the hood up when the young man is about to question Bub, Bub leaves all reason to the night. Bub hammered and silenced many before he reasoned with a gunning man such as the soon to be victim so Bub speaks first. "Why not hit me. I want you to see what you are made of?"

The young man speaks, "I ain't gonna start shit with you Buck. I'm just gonna say one thing."

"My name is 187 on your street. This is you're chance to either get shot or have me bang this fuckin' hood on you're head until you decease," replies Bub. "I really don't give a damn how you die so take it."

"Whatever, I'll take the hood. Bustah," replies the young man who does not reason enough with his murderer. Bub rushes him and hits him with enough harm to kill a man and he may have done just enough to have killed him at the time. The young man is dazed. Nearly dead or dead is not enough. Bub wants to kill him twice downing his blood and his self until the young man is consumable. Bub reaches for the young man's clo and shoves the upper body of the dying man between the hood of the truck and the engine compartment and starts slamming the hood of the truck onto him repeatedly. Bub slams and slams with the sound of the party moving in the same tempo but without the panic as if someone from there was to witness the end of Bub like they presume. Bub slams the hood 50 maybe a hundred times until he sees no breath, no life, nothing, but nobody dead. He grabs his gun and presses it to the deads chest then to the blood on the truck then back onto the chest of the man and pushes the trigger in slightly until the blast turns into recoil and he is surely dead.

He drags the body to the house. He is in control of the situation. He tells his crowd do you want to see something. He grabs a cola and snaps the top. The crowd is shocked but not terrified. He tells himself not to just sink his teeth into him but to drink to his own mortality. When he shot the young man it surely killed him.

"Somebody killed this young man and I found him outside, does anyone want a drink?" Bub moves the can of cola over the lips of the dead man. He says, "I drink the blood of the bloodied and eat the flesh of the Ink forgotten."

A young man reaches in the air, "I'll toast to him as well!"

Monet raises his bottle of beer and says, "To Bub."

“A! To Hell to the end! Cheers,” they all toast.

Bub wipes his lips of the blood and crunches the can. A fire is started in the back yard to burn the remains and the party means something to everyone now that the memory of befalling themselves is gone. They celebrate. Bub goes to the backyard to wash his hands of this madness. He turns on the faucet and sprays the long part of his hand while they throw the body in the fire. He washes the other hand then looks for Monet. Bub is told something that upsets him. He doesn't look twice at the situation he looks away. He realizes that he has killed and there is someone who only wants to party when there are one's who have nobody hearing that they don't give a fuck and accept this reality as the fatality Bub committed and can only admire him. Bub wants to relax but the admiration in this man's heart is a disease that only makes strong men weaker. Bub turns back to the ape looking man and spits in his face. “You may always be faceless in my fucking heart,” Bub says.

“I'm sorry, but you can spit,” says the admiring man. He continues, “You really are my hero.”

“That's damn stupid. You admire me. What the hell is that? I don't know if I even killed him and all it sounds like is you heard I did,” says Bub.

The man says, “Well, we thought. I thought it was kinda . . .” Bub cuts him off. “Just wait until it's your turn.”

Bub doesn't want to enter reality so he leaves. He walks out to the truck and hides Monet's keys under the seat and begins walking home. If there is one thing that Bub needs it's to not see anyone on this street. He believes he didn't snap at the party because he looks at murder as a release. For someone like him anger is usually repayment for all the facts and figures that go with only understanding to be a killer. He ignores that people respect him, fear him, and hates to be admired for anything because he knows he must keep all of his crimes secret. He would have been happier if the admiration he received from the party goer was actually real or news that he killed Monet or some other friend in his rage and didn't know because he was blinded by evil. In his self he feels the moment coming to fruition of everything coming together so he can put together a couple raps and lay claim to his deeds and the deceased. For the first time he ignores this energy to rap on his way home. He looks out onto the block and reaches in his pocket. He is out of smokes and is feeling the world spin out of control and maybe this is why he always rapped. He only raps to keep everything in his perception from slipping of the axis. He wants to return to the party to see Monet. Instead he continues towards his house. The night is creeping into the darkness of the hood and as lights are going out down the block Bub only wants to make it home to make it somewhere.

At Bub's house

Micey and Sarah have finished making love on Micey's twin bed and Sarah has gotten into the shower. Micey puts his underwear on with a white tee shirt and

makes his way to the living area. He turns on the TV. He gets a sensation that he is being watched and returns to the room and puts on his jeans. Micey is feeling paranoid because he always feels that way when he turns on the TV. Sarah and Micey are not expecting Bub but will not care if he was to show up. Bub goes into the bathroom where Sarah is already expecting him and she says, "Micey are you going to shower?"

"Baby. I just got that weird feeling that someone was watching me," states Micey.

"That's just intuition Micey. Someone's just talking about you. I was just telling myself how wonderful you are," replied Sarah.

She exits the shower and Micey hands her a towel. Sarah's body is firm and is more plain than tanned. Her hair is a reddish brown and it drapes her shoulders. The bathroom's aroma is sweet from the shampoo and soap that Sarah had used. She towels her self down then asks Micey to bring her shirt of his and he does so. She is naked underneath and asks Micey if he has his keys and for him to bring in the shopping bags. In these there are women's underwear and clothes for both that they had bought at the mall. She tear the tags off the under wear and puts them on.

"What if Bub comes home?" Sarah asks Micey.

"He might. He respects us and I'll tell him to give us the living room. He'll surely do that," responds Micey.

"I'm not afraid of that but what if he sees these," asks Sarah as she caresses her breasts.

"I'm just kidding. I'll put my jeans on if he does come home. I love you Micey," says Sarah.

"Can I tell you something about your friend Bub?" Sarah asks Micey.

"Yeah sure," replies Micey.

"Awhile back, before we met, I knew a man that looked like Bub, dressed like Bub and sounded like Bub. He was not the Bub you know. He was a friend of these friends of mine an artist. This is before we met. I didn't know Bub like I know him now as your friend. That man was broken in everyway and we hired him to kill my father. It was Bub like you know him but it wasn't Bub because I made myself forget all of the terror he made in my life. So when I tell you it wasn't I'm telling you it is the same man. You don't know this Bub Micey. He lives and feeds of everything these streets and these friends and their disbeliefs bring. He will kill for no reason and feed you lies of what is and what he has done. Micey you don't know how much I want you to leave this place and be with me somewhere else. He is on his way over now," tells Sarah.

"How could that be true Sarah? I know you're father and Bub is way to into what he's into to endanger his life over homicide. I hear people die all the time but to say these people were killed by Bub is absurd," replies Micey.

"The man you know as my father isn't really my father. He is a hired gun like everyone else that takes the place of someone Bub has killed. It is not my choice to tell you this. I'm telling you because I love you whether or not you choose to believe me aren't my choice. It's yours and how long you want to be put together about your friends life is going to fall apart and I don't want you to fall apart with him," replies Sarah to Micey.

"I know him, and I've known him for years. And it doesn't make sense. It doesn't make any sense. He doesn't even own a gun. He talks like he's tough but that's because he's only beat up a couple Guys in school. When he was in class with me he even messed a guy up for throwing papers at me. He didn't kill that guy. He didn't kill anyone! I've never heard this before and I think you're outta your mind Sarah," says Micey.

"Trust me about these streets Bub changes who people are. He does have a gun and inside that cabinet that he tells you is music, is really his stuff, a gun probably. I'm telling you because I don't want you to get in his way over us and him change you and kill me over a disagreement. He'll pull you into his world Micey. You won't even care if you live or die." Sarah is telling Micey this as Micey begins to walk into the den.

He looks back and says to Sarah that he will leave for her. He will leave anywhere she wants him to go. Micey says, "I will leave with you for you not because of what you have told me. It's up to you Sarah where and when, not now, not today. Let me finish my semester than we'll plan something out," Micey said.

"I knew you would understand and, and we can wait a bit. We'll leave soon when you are ready. I promise you you'll see Bub for all that I see if you stay. Believe me if you want, I suggest you don't pry into this and tell him anything if you love me." Sarah reaches in telling Micey.

Micey may understand very little and even may understand more if he asks Sarah what is truly in his heart but he lets it pass. Meanwhile Bub is outside in the yard. Bub unlocks his door and leaves the yard. He is headed for a hotel. He is going to wait for Monet to call. He can smell a deal or a hit coming up and it is best he goes somewhere other than here to shower and sleep. If he sleeps then he'll make this his last night as a killer. He must change for himself because he's already losing his patience with Monet and is going to kill him like everyone else because Bub needs nothing not even his heart. Bub does not kill Monet tonight because Monet makes him money and now that someone is dead Monet might feel a little inspired to do wrong. Bub looks out to the street and sees his city running whatever way he wants it. Bub wants everybody to be a little gutsy. He may make an example of an absolute stranger before he gets to the hotel. Usually he'd cross the bridge to get Downtown. He decides to take the long way. He avoids the freeway and takes a slower pace. He takes side roads and goes through the industrial area. He passes warehouses and factories following his memories of taking this drive hundreds of

times. His heart is barely beating and this gives him a moment to breathe and take the night in. Wherever he is he knows that it's a matter of time before he makes another man or turns himself into the mental institution because the craziness is boiling over with insanity and is just his perceptions of this livelihood and a job. "I'm sure I got to job," Bub tells himself.

Proving to the city that he can unite the criminals with crime is his bargain when he picks up his gun at the passer-bye firing one shot. He then sees them speed away and stop. The driver in his rear view mirror falls out of the car with blood spilling from the inside of his head. "Ha. I thought he'd live," says Bub. Bub then makes a right into Downtown and finds his favorite hotel. It is more of a hideout than a hotel. He makes his way in to see Mark the inn keeper.

"Good evenin' Bub, same room?" Asks the Mark.

"No I want the same room on the emptiness floor. You know I don't want to hear the commotion," said Bub.

"No problem," the concierge tells Bub, "Bub 1115 on this floor is the emptiest I have for you."

"Cool, here's a hundred bucks and a card. This one belongs to Nefron Gonsales and an extra hundred for your boss under the table," states Bub to the concierge. "To keep this secret I got to keep paying you guys, you understand right?"

"Yussir, maybe my boss won't be seeing this money and I'll make him my bitch," says the concierge. They laugh.

The inn keeper hands Bub his key card in an envelope and a receipt. Bub makes his way to the room and unlocks the door. He settles in then waits for himself to relax enough to get some rest. The morning is upon him soon. He must sleep if he is to poison someone enough to empower his life. Bub then lies back with the television on and the dreaded sleep begins to take his world off axis again. He trusts himself and what he has done since his last rest enough to drowsily make his way into an unknown realm where he may only awake a ghost that undertakes life on these streets instead of Bub the man.

Meanwhile at Monet's

"Looking towards the ceiling are you," Monet is telling somebody on the phone, "gnaw that doesn't sound right especially from me."

He hangs up. He surveys the house and it is an alright party. There is nothing extra ordinary besides the human incinerating in his backyard. Monet wants to be inside whatever state of insanity Bub is usually in to pull off these doings he does. Before Monet calls his dealer he looks around his house to see if anyone who can get him going on the purge he desires is there. He finds Brush who has just arrived with a couple ones he hasn't seen. Monet passes on making music usually than figures right now is the perfect time to reconsider.

Monet approaches brush and says, “A Brush, do you believe Bub, they’re saying he just whacked a guy, is it his music or was it music that gets him tha pissed off,” says Monet.

“Gnaw, is Bub he’s friggin’ out of his mind sometimes. He only does music to get his mind off all this shit he puts everyone through,” replies Brush.

“You think doing music would make me crazy and I’d do it like Bub,” asks Monet. Out of nowhere he tells Brush, “I wanna turn this place into an alleyway. Not a crack house but a frikkin’ drug pad, where anything goes that’s illegaw!”

“Call me when it’s not so hot. I’ll score you a key of coke, a couple guns, than you can certify your nuts in an f-n’ grinder. Then you halve the profits with me and pay Bub to do your raps. He’ll glorify you some how, unless he kills you befo’ dat,” speaks Brush giving Monet some worldly advice. Brush walks away only to find a cooler and his girlfriend. He tops off his hat and grabs a bottle. Monet looks at the party and he can’t help but fear what may come unless he proves his requests and becomes a street name and gives it all to Bub. Monet calls Bub. No answer. Then his phone rings. It’s Bub.

Monet tells him, “you didn’t do it right,” then says, “Ok . . . Well you oughta get out of that Hotel and spend more time . . . Uh . . . here.”

Monet hangs up the phone then mingles with a few of the partiers.

They ask, “wassup homie why you so smiley, what’s the deal?”

Monet says, “My boy is gonna hit me off with a gun and we gonna go crazy. When I’m done lying to you because he’s not getting me a gun he’s gonna kill all yah bitches if you don’t buy drugs from me.”

Monet moves away from them to watch their faceless reps burn in the air of the music and the high of the weed. They say nothing to him. They look they nod. They look the other way at the guys there and move through the rest of the party like they are respected. Brush drinks the rest of his beer then takes a shot of tequila. He sees something he is not then clutches the arm of the chair and yells to the crowd to put his record on. The crowd doesn’t even pay attention. While he is tipsy Brush moves over to Monet and says, “Monet/ great party Monet!”

Monet wishes he could just have the gall to punch Brush and live as a traitor for the rest of his days. The alcohol is affecting everyone in the group and Monet realizes that everyone looks up to someone except the guy talking to the charred remains outside. Monet makes a realization about death. He’s looking for his cell phone in his pockets. He only finds some money and a sack of marijuana. On the table is some rolling papers and half a case of beers. He muffles his breath and displaced makes his way to the couch. He rolls two joints and looks for the coldest beer.

Someone says, “I’ll get you one Monet.”

“Cool homey let me roll this and you can have a hit. Wait I already rolled this the joint I mean. I am cool enough . . .” Monet continues to ramble on. The partier brings him an icy beer. Monet says, “Are you going to smoke with me?”

“Sure!” he says.

“Cool,” says Monet. They light the weed and the two of them turn into a group passing the marijuana cigarette. One girl passes the weed to guy that is already too high and he holds the joint between his lips. Monet lights the other joint and everyone is laughing and talking. The whole house is filled with drugs that Monet fails to see so he rolls a joint while everyone is getting high and checks the money in his pockets. He figures he can ask the guy next to him to get him higher up off some crack or some heroin. That’ll cost him his integrity to live like, like a druggie. He anticipates the next hit then tells the guy next to him, “Give me drugs or get the hell out!”

The anticipated young man doesn’t refuse and tells Monet, “For the money you got I can get you a hook up on a half key off coke. We can split it. You just pay me when it’s sold.”

“Yeah, can you. I need to get higher. I need some loot because this biz is my whole thang. It’s \$1600 dollars. Make the call. Tell them they can cook it and give it to me that way or just move in and deal outta my house and pay me a lot,” Monet tells the young man.

“My name is Moof,” he continues “you don’t even gotta worry my connection is right here at this party. You have the money and the house you’ll have it all.”

Monet waits . . .

A few miles away at Bub’s house Micey and Sarah are getting high on marijuana Micey has in his possession. Micey and Sarah are watching television and they are starting to feel good. They’re muttering funny phrases back and forth and exchange tokes through what is called a Buddha bless. Micey blows the smoke through his hands as the Sun begins to rise. Then a gunshot makes them both upset. They run for cover as the shooting starts to pass. Sarah is rock solid behind the couch and Micey is trying to not show he is pissed. He reconsiders leaving town earlier than he agreed. Sarah isn’t bothered at the passing gunfire. She takes hold of Micey and says, “don’t yah feel like this is all related to Bub?”

Meanwhile at the hotel

The room is illuminated by only the TV and whatever city lights can creep into the chamber, Bub doesn’t fight the escape of his memories of the mind. He is barely conscience when he finally awakes and his touch of rest was a mere vision that he knows controls his victims. He can now set his sights on mortality for his own survival as he must ail none becomes insistent or the less his intent. He is unsure about sleep. His intentions are already meditated and he cannot escape the need for rest. He budges inside of his body and sweats none. He has an overwhelming power to relinquish his life but his senses tell his means that there will be an imitation of

some sort that he will truly find only in a victim or a gun in these fanatical visions he can see someone else doing.

Intent is the only meaning to his forgetfulness and his mind is playing hymns to set the next mode of deep sleep he must reveal in his own frustrated existence he means to rile less energy. Hours later he awakes only remembering the sun was up when he minded himself less and he is real enough to the heard of memories and face less than a couple of his victims and a couple shots. With this rest he realizes that days may have passed or only a couple hours. He finds no change in his possessions and hath worried himself of the rest when he surely could have spent the night rapping out the window to the city. To the world he doesn't know who he is but to himself he can barely recognize who he once was.

He attempts to make a call to his friend Micey when he is reassured he will make the conversation with Micey typical. He misses the call. This action escapes him for his hunger grows. He reaches for the phone and it is only a phone he tells himself that money is more important than just moving towards a call. He realizes that his clo are still worn of the last murder and turns the shower on to wash his body. Bub dries then moves his clo into the light where he can only see traces now of death with his clothes inside out and this is how low he must ride today. His mood is entrapped in a twizzler he wants to re-invent for only his hunger may make him bleed one more citizen.

He gathers his pistol and his aim is still low. To rise he must once commit to leaving now. He twitches his trigger and nothing goes off. He moves towards the door and puts the revolver in his belt, underneath his pants and leaves. He moves past the front desk undetected and gets a drink of water from the water fountain attached to the wall. He breaks fast towards his car. Bub is not a fan of day he only is a fan of catching up with where everyone is going. He surveys the curb and enters the vehicle through the driver side. He turns on the car and heads out towards the tailor. He doesn't need a suit. He needs a cleaner to wash out these stains and give him a trade of clo. For a little gas he gets there and for less he gets a change of clo. He tips the tailor a fifty then asks if there is anything he can do for the tailor. Bub leaves and heads towards the original destination called home. Monet is going to be home if Bub is on his way there so Bub gets to the gas station and phones Micey. Micey tells Bub that he needs a smoke and that somebody was shooting across the street.

Bub enters the convenient store and purchases a quick breakfast, cigarettes and a soda. He pays with another nameless card. The names remain named but Bub's victims are always smoothed of their beginning as children with names. This is his sight . . . "Here keep it," Bub said to the clerk and gives him the breakfast.

Bub finally hits the street where he can listen to himself think. They are not great thoughts they are sporadic. Racing rages and controlled emotions try to fill him but he moves to fast on the street. He takes the freeway to the hood where he will meet Micey and see Sarah and everything that is so little in means but is so cherished. He

enters the neighborhood and passes up the street to make his way to his house. He finally raises his hand and lets a shot go. There is no reply until a few seconds later when he could hear the recoil of everything that he's fired. He eventually pulls in the yard. Micey and Sarah do not show any signs they are home and he enters the house to see the TV off and the two of them on the floor. Micey is afraid of telling Bub of his anger. Sarah looks at Bub and is relieved then is disappointed that Micey does not speak first. She has to tell him, "Bub, are there any reasons we are not safe here, can we go?"

Bub says, "we should stay, here . . . Leave if you want I'll watch you out. Yet we can stay and I can tell you about what happens to people that carry on carrying guns. Like these folks weren't anymore threatening than you are to each other as I am to me."

"Can we get breakfast Bub," Micey asks.

"Sure, right now, let's go," replies Bub. Bub waits for them to get ready. Micey and Sarah both have to change. They leave for breakfast in Bub's car. At the restaurant they eat then start to plan the day away from home.

"Maybe we oughta go to the movies, by the way nice threads," suggests Micey.

Sarah and Micey eat breakfast while Bub asks the waitress for a pen and a newspaper. Bub request more coffee and begins the Sudoku puzzle in Tuesday's Journal. Bub rests his eyes and puts down 7's. He writes in these numbers and gives an expression to Sarah like he really isn't interested in anything that's in the paper. Sarah grabs a section and looks over the photos and then realizes that she is completely under the control of what she eats, reads, looks at and starts to feel her stomach turn. She has an epiphany that the only real part of her life is Micey. She begins talking to Bub about anything than realizes to herself that if she truly loved Micey she wouldn't have any of these butterflies that spell out Bub's name. She is not confused but asks to be excused.

Bub asks Micey, "You say last night or this morning they shot or did they shoot at you?"

"Yeah, they didn't shoot at us. But Sarah was telling me some crazy shit about you. I love her and all that but she was painting you out to be some kinda hitman." Says Micey, "Then she got real turned on. They shot up the street right before dawn."

"Lemme tell you that I've been a real good guy not talking it but walking it and whatever she tells you is ok, might as well not get mad at her," Bub replies.

Sarah comes back from the ladies room. She looks at both guys and says, "Really what's there to do if you are running away from shit that you say Bub is just the danger being here brings?"

Right then she realized she made a mistake because in the ladies room she wanted to address Micey first not Bub. She continues, "Bub will everything be alright if we just go do something in the city. I've had too much of this ghetto life."

"Ha-ha, "Micey laughs. "We got to move is the way you put it so why not move into the city or some other city outta state. Away from the tha hood away

from Morsberg." Micey adds," plus if we go to another state I can get into a better school."

They finish breakfast and Bub heads out the door without paying the bill. Micey and Sarah are inclined to pay. Sarah pays and the three convene outside. It is a brisk day during the middle of a colder month closer to August. They realize they have no sense of time or of the months that pass but they believe its September. While they are outside a fight breaks out in the parking lot between a man and a woman. The woman is clawing the man's face and the man is struggling to not hit her. He pushes her away when Micey runs over and restrains the woman and tells the man to keep his cool. The man explains that that was not his wife it was his girlfriend that had found out that he had no intention of carrying on a relationship other than sex.

Bub tells the man, "You have to go and you can take the girl. If not leave her with us. We'll make sure she doesn't f*k with you."

"Fine you can have her." The man tells Bub and leaves the scene for the road in a shiny SUV.

"What the hell were you thinking? That guy could've kicked your ass. You left gashes on his cheeks and scratches on his temples," Sarah tells the girl.

"Yeah gurle you oughta kick it with us. This is my friend Bub and my girlfriend Sarah. I'm Micey. Don't be afraid we were going to the museum or a movie in the city," Micey explains.

The girl tells them her name is Mondai and that she can chill with them for the week if they want to. She is dressed neatly and on her faces are watermarks from crying that line her cheek bones. Her dress is a bluish purple and she is wearing fancy shoes without laces. Her hair is a bright blonde almost white and her tone is a tannish gold with green eyes and a runny nose. Her features are chiseled into her body like she was born beautiful and will die beautiful. She has a purse and makes friends with Bub and the couple quickly. They get in Bub's car. They head for the movies but find an event poster and draped over the street. They stumble upon a gathering at the park adjacent from the movie theater and a museum. They agree to have a great time and mingle. All four of them exit the car and enter the festival. There are rides and basketball. A band and picnic table layed out everywhere for anyone to sit.

Bub is there for a couple minutes until the group loses sight of him as he walks to the farther end of the park. Sarah and Micey sit under a tree in the shade and listen to the band. The young girl Mondai exchanges a few dollars for tickets and gets on a ride. She is mingling with a man standing in line. Bub is nowhere and he knows it so moves over to a shop close by and starts to window dress the store with bullets. He runs in and takes the mannequin from the window and throws it out to the street. Inside he sees two women and a dozen customers and demands them to take anything they want from the store. He says aloud, "I own this place for now!!"

When they don't listen he fires a shot and they start to gather anything they can grab and hold. Franticness turns to excitement as the patrons start pulling the nicest objects from the walls and head outside. Bub watches throughout the store what he has created. He can hear the city under the silence utter shopping spree. He moves out to the street and watches the items and the patrons get into their cars and trucks and leave quickly. He even sees some body running down the street with a radio that may make him stumble if he tries to cross. Bub waits and minutes pass by. There is nothing. With heed he leaves the store and goes to the festival. Once there he reassumes his role with his friends as if there was not a disturbance to be manned. He enjoys the cool October weather and taps his pistol that is still warm under his shirt. He realizes that no one can really do what he does and there is no need explaining these actions to his friends. There are noiseless winds rustling his mind free to pieces of mind that give him courage to face the people he so builds up to bring a few down. He moves towards the crowd. He finds who is the band's promoter and friends then is gestured to get on stage. Bub rocks the microphone for a good thirty minutes throwing the crowd into a frenzy as he tosses down the microphone on his final verse.

If there is any opportunity that Bub likes to endure more than his pain it is to rap and hear and see the reactions from the people around him. The band's leader picks up the microphone and says to the crowd, "That was Bub Bellows the master of it all . . . in this town and should go worldwide because we love him!" The crowd gives one more loud cheer for Bub. He jumps off the stage and is greeted by his friends who admire him and compliment him on his talent of bring people together to party. The sun is still high and the temperature is just right to make it to the Morsburg Center of Fine Arts. Bub suggests this and the foursome leave the festival and cross the street to go to the museum. Mondai pays for their admissions. Once in the museum Bub moves across the floor to look at the first sculpture. Mondai follows. Micey and Sarah tell Bub and Mondai that they're going to the Modern Art wing of the gallery. They enter left into a magnificent hall lined with modern sculptures and contemporary masterpieces from local artists.

Morsberg is a city that is over 300 years old and is the centerpiece in the Southwest for affluent thought and a divine responsibility to the rest of the region. Here the citizens feel no pressure from the law because everyone is an artist of some sorts. Before Bub had the willingness to play with his fate and others he had been an inspirational figure to the youth through his paintings of clefts and elegant letterings that sung to the soul of those who looked upon his works. There are few paintings he cares for more than that of religious work that define humanity as achievable and provoke a destiny of faith. Sarah new Bub when he was an artist as well Micey knew he painted but did not know why he was so passionate. Sarah looks at Micey and the pieces that surround this room and memories of conversations she had with Bub during earlier years before all of this madness Morsburg became try on her eyes. She kisses Micey and is moved to tell Micey something, "Bub . . . He wanted to be a better painter."

Micey says, "What?"

"That's why he does this Bub to everyone everytime you turn you're back he's killing something. He wanted Art. He would tell me that his paintings were little a's not capitalized yet and the only way he could make them matter to Art was to see darkness in himself. So after a few drinks and a little weed he took a bullet out of his cabinet. He told me, "I'm gonna do this once and get away with." He believed murder would inspire his purpose and his duty but became its own masterpiece."

As Sarah reminiceses Bub and Mondai are getting to know each other's passions. Her's is modeling and loves classic sculptures of women before they became objects. Bub tells her precisely how men's views on women have changed and the course of our own destiny as human beings was altered when we could not trust our wives or even our own mothers. They continue walking through the giant rooms of expressionists and interpreters. Bub doesn't feel very much because his heart cannot plea to love no more than this. In the moment he is in a state of joy. Love for now could only make him depressed.

Sarah and Micey are conversing about Bub. Sarah tells Micey that he became overwhelmed when he lost the purity in his paintings and everything was taking on bad dreams and his fire turned from his light and his passion to red than redder. Bub painted until he could not paint with such dark colors.

Sarah tells him," he became hungry for the picture he couldn't paint and lost control of his function to 'paint the sidewalks with the bleeding.' He went out and killed and maimed and robbed. When he found out the law was more afraid of him he never heard they left the town to him. He gave up on painting his notes to rapping. He only used violence to give his music a basis of reality. He does great music. He makes everyone forget how hard the end really is."

"I could see his change too. He always told me that he was writing on the walls. He would say he didn't paint with a brush anymore. Then there was the time he had red over his clothes and he told me' it's acrylic that's why it looks real.' He loved Art," said Micey.

"Each murder mad him madder and madder. Until he became the dangerous liar he is now. He has enemies and they will kill him. Usually he kills them first."

Sarah and Micey find Bub and Mondai in the courtyard

"Do you understand what you have seen in these works or are you emotionless like teeth?" Asks Bub.

"Gnaw, emotionless," replies Micey.

They decide to leave the museum and drive something else. "I really say we go get a new car before I go crazy," suggests Bub. Everyone is a little shocked. Bub makes a lot of money from his music so he calls Brush to meet him at the luxury dealership to give him a down. Everybody agrees that Bub should get a luxury SUV and before hand Micey agrees to drive his car home. They leave with Bub in his already tasteful

car. They head towards the outskirts of town and figure they will pass a dealer. Brush calls and suggests many fine car lots and they decide on one. Bub agrees to mining a fabulous technical record and beats if Brush gives him \$15,000. Bruch agrees to the deal and will meet Bub at the foreign dealer Wakcro Motors.

Bub gets a call from Brush again, "I'm telling you \$15,000 is bad you'll have to let me drive for you if you get what I'm sayin' about tha record."

Bub says, "I forgot my checkbook. Just bring the money. No money ain't myself and when you get here," Bub pulls up to Wakcro, "I'll make your aim still so just consider those hits payback."

"Ight, you know these deals take a while. Why not give me you're card and a little note and I'll get the money from the bank. Or call Monet," Brush said.

"Why Monet, I don't want to down these guys wond say I have no cash. I'm good for it but what I want another deal," says Bub.

"What you're talking about is taking one of those buyers for a ride. Kill them right. Yeah, I'll wheel them you buck tha guy from the test-drive. I'll walk in and ask for a job. Ri throw in the cash and make sure they say fuck'm. I'll get a car too," Brush says.

"Bout f-n time you get the deal. And I know we can walk off without a car or take one so bring \$20,000 and aim low and make sure they get all crazy about passing tha buck. I'll sign on my car, your car, your deal, all that shit," Bub completes the call than hangs up.

A salesman approaches them. Everyone looks for a car. When Brush gets there he has a bag with more than \$20,000 and sees the closer. The closer and he talk and Bub picks out a vehicle. When the closer and Brush are done talking Brush meets up Bub and slides him a paper. He tells Bub, "The guy's address and local is on here."

The salesman gets the car out of the line and Brush drives while Bub rides shotgun and the salesman says, "Guys wait here we're goin' on a test drive." The men ride for ten minutes. They reach the targets house. Bub waits in the car and tells the salesman to go with the program and say nothing to Bub. Brush knocks on the door. Someone answers. Brush asks for directions to Wakcro and the guy's name. When he tells Brush his name brush barges in the door and tackles the man. Bub leaves the car and enters the house. Bub shoots the guy one time in the head. The men leave the house and enter the vehicle. Brush drives them back to the car lot. When they get there the salesman is pale and has no idea that he has made a sale.

He calmly asks Brush, "Are you going to kill me?"

Brush says," we just made you a deal. You're a star."

They pull up to the Wakcro. Bub tells him to show him an SUV fully loaded. Brush has a word with the manager.

The manager insists, "You can have two cars, the contracts are going to be real. We'll adjust the down and when you are available get my son in the studio," they

laugh. Brush goes outside. He looks at the flashiest rides. He walks inside and his deal starts working. Bub picks something classy and his deal commences. Micey and Sarah ask to go for a ride in a Mercedes with another salesman. Mondai sits in front of the store smoking one of Bub's cigarettes.

As the evening continues Micey and Sarah talk it over and decide to take Bub's car for a ride. Micey talks it over with Bub and Bub agrees they should depart. Bub asks them to give Mondai a ride or suggest taking her home. Micey and him agree that she can stay with them at Bub's house if they want to leave her there he'll trust her enough not to fall in love. Micey leaves with Sarah and Mondai decides steak her clo and moves into the car that Bub has looked at. She falls in love and lays in the backseat. She falls asleep. Breaking into the car lot with such a hit was nearly impossible. Both deals workout and Bub and Brush decide to meet at Monet's. They completely forget reason and will only be drunk and fighting if they go to Monet's they decide to go anyway. They leave the girl at the lot and take separate cars. Both cars are brand new and both flashy. They shine like cities of their own driving down the streets. Speeding and tracing steps unless there were stops lines swerving madness as they have the road to their own. They follow the men and women before them. They want a high higher than this. They are merely content. This is a rush. They are two friends, two men, two lanes. The race is between their past and whoever can escape theirs will surely win the higher up existance.

They arrive at Monet's

Brush parks his car next to Monet's. The hum of his engine slows to a silence. Bub is soon to follow. He parks on the street. He greets Brush like they never had a thing in common but their cars. Monet's house is black inside the windows and the outside lights are on. Bub and Brush approach the house. There is music. Brush stalls then says, "It must be 9 pm. He must have ran a mish today or something. Bub tests the door and it is wet with beer or soda. He moves to the window and taps lightly to see if Monet answers. Bub says," let me check the street. Maybe he is in his truck if it's there."

Brush says, "I'll check the backyard."

Bub looks down the street and there is a couple cars parked but no Monet. His truck is left in the same spot as the night of the party. Brush walks towards the back yard where it is illuminated and there he can see shadows. He says, "What's up! Bub and I just got new sick ass cars."

Monet's voice utters, "See this Brush. Come here. It's frikken' the worst sight I have seen."

Another voice that sounds like a whisper can't be made out. Brush walks over to Monet and says, "Stop staring at that shit." Disagreeing with Monet leering at the corpse. "Man you guys will start hallucinating. Just the smell will start tripping you up," Brush utters.

“Bub, Bub is my man,” says Monet. The group starts talking. Meanwhile Bub is passing his vehicle than Brush’s racecar and finds himself turning the corner to the yard when he can hear them talking about his crimes. They are hardly crimes when they get admiration they are more like masterpieces with their own opinions and critique. He can hear Monet, “Yeah, we f-n could totally do what he does. I have the thought to turn this place into a crack house and just buy a bad house outta town.”

Bub doesn’t lose a step and walks right up to the men where the corpse is fried and outdoor temperature. There is a quite. Bub says, “Let’s throw this in the dirt. Putting this guy out is over. Mine as well dump him in the trash.”

Moof says, “The trash we ought to peel him apart and drop them off in the river and let dem sail down to Mexico.”

“Or we can chop the body’s head off and leave it out for the cats,” says Monet. He starts laughing.

“I say pour gas on the remains and start a fire and throw the incinerated remains in the trash and take the trash to an incinerator. Bub can get us through the city he’ll just mash his bones or give them to the dogs,” Brush continues, “Bub what’d ya say?”

Bub says, “Break his shoulders and stuff a sledge hammer through the skull. He’ll be able to fit in-between a couple bars of his own and we just forget about it.”

“It is the perfect moment to bust a rap,” Monet says. All the guys look at him and one says, “We already spit on that.” Another says, “You’d be good at it if you thought it out.”

Monet says, “Whatever, it’s my house, and I’m inspired.”

Monet lets some lyrics out. Everyone starts to go with it. “Monet, OOr, yeah, who else, you will, and elevate, damn I’m tight. F-n DOA. Rii,” the cipher sputters out and Monet said helluva sick sight. We oughta paint him and throw him another rhyme. We’ll . . . whatever. I don’t care anymore.”

Bub says, “I’ll get rid of his rot if you want to pay me.”

Monet reaches in his pocket and shows Bub an open hand. Brush looks at the body one last time and moves to the door. Meanwhile Bub muzzles his gun and let’s a shot in him the corpse is rot and Bub moves Monet to the corpse and fire another shot angles up and the ground he holds begins to muffle the talk. Monet tells, Bub . . . Bub kicks some dirt and says we ought to bury him right here. Everyone starts kicking dir back and forth. The physical flesh of the rots compound breaks down and Bub kicks it into dust.

“DON’T LOOK!!!

Bub covers his eyes as the masses pass through Monet. Monet dies instantly. Meanwhile Bub is in a place closer to music and Moof starts crying. The group convenes that they will bury Monet here in the dead’s place. They dig a hole. Throw Monet in. And the group agrees Bub should speak his last right. “We can’t go back

and edit his life. He is a lesson to going back and fucking doing everything that he couldn't restrain from cowering away and let his memory live on wherever he may lie," Bub says.

The real lesson was learned and Brush breaks a window and they infiltrate the house. One agrees to get alcohol. Moof tells Bub where the coke is Bub looks at his gun. Moof makes a call and Brush gets money to get him drunk. Two of them leave to pull out and one stays behind. Bub makes a call to Micey and asks to speak to Sarah he tells her to bring a half pound of baking soda and baby mason jars. The coke is cut into ounces and one call is made to Moof's connect to connect the street to his fiends and buy the crack in keys and smoke some body in rise in answer to nobody and know they're both in charge. Either way one of them is going to die. Bub creates an appearance of a descent house and Brush invites the guests. Sarah arrives and leaves. Bub has Moof cooking the drugs. Brush puts music on. And the guests arrive. They bring beer and the party is under way.

Meanwhile at Miceys

Sarah pulls up and invites Micey to the party. They hop in the car and head towards the party.

At the Party

Moof's connect shows up with \$40 thousand dollars and leaves. Moof gives the money to Brush and Brush puts it in his car.

Meanwhile on the road

Micey is jamming out the radio. He starts to get carried away and rap. Sarah tells him, "take the wheel." She opens her door and scares Micey. She continues to talk shit, "you ain't got it yet you are going to get crunked tonight."

Meanwhile the cipher at the party is going.

Bub owns a little more of it than he should until he quits. The drugs are being made and Brush puts a crack rock in his hand and moves it to a beat. It rocks back and forth like a baton. He lays the pipe in his pocket down. He tells Moof "to keep somebody high if they want it. Who cares if they take shit?"

Sarah arrives and there are cars everywhere. People are in the front of the yard around the alley of the house. There are guests pulling in behind her as they can hear the music they start yelling out to Sarah "is this a party or what!" In a evening air the party guests light some type of materials on fire in the front of the house

telling each other how much they want to burn their futures up and follow the cars and the reps of the guys whose party they're apart of. The is no rest they assume for the guys with the car that they are barely learning the names of. Bub handles the radio while Moof cooks the last of the drugs.

Moof tells Brush, "That was all the coke."

Brush replies, "well to heck with it we made about twenty a piece. You and Bub want me to sell this. Go ask him."

Moof finds Bub in the living room and suggests that someone move the half key of stone or entitle one of them to making soldiers while the other two spend this money. After a few words Moof returns to Brush and finds he has left with the drugs and the cash. Bub meets him outside. They discuss a record deal with the money and a way to keep this party going on for a week.

Inside Sarah and Micey have the bathroom to their selves and make a bath. Moof isn't familiar with Sarah but instinctively finds Bub outside and sees Brush leaving. Bub asks Moof if he has a bank account so he can make a quick transfer of \$30,000 into his name. Moof says no but he'll take a check. The party is too loud for Bub to start moving like a murderer so he alerts Moof that he will do the payroll if and when everything comes to light. Moof says, "I'm cool with that." He mutters once more, "I'll keep telling folks to bring beer and weed."

Bub tells Moof, "I'll return when everything cools to an idle chill."

Bub is exasperated and needs some rest so he goes home. He takes a sleeping pill and takes a quick nap. He relinquishes his dreams for some sound rest. He can feel the moves of the party 3 miles away but he knows Moof can handle his mission. That gives Bub relief to slank a little more than if he were to have only have made a body drop tonight.

Everything is alright in Bub's house until . . .

Shots break out down the street until he hears a car crash. Bub moves towards his gun and can feel his aim drop into his grasp whereas he must rely on a clip of no more than 20 rounds or less. He bolts out the door and into the street. He is already too late. The car crash has consumed both men and they look dead. He gets closer and unloads a shot into the chest and heads of each man. He searches their bodies for money and he does not find any. He finds a .45 caliber Colt. Hate consumes him. He does not understand if this is God talking to him or just a need that nature fulfills. He returns to his house. He unlocks his cabinet and place the gun inside the drawer. He opens the box to find the bullet. He recalls his friend Monet's expression when he had need for his life unlike losing it Bub kept ammo for himself and felt the presence of Monet in the bullet. He closes the box and puts his pistol in the wrap and shuts the cabinet drawer. He locks it and tries to sleep His mind is fiery with hate and only love cools his inferno. He considers these flames un-hate and more his fate. He fears not and sleeps.

The night calls to the madness on the street and opens its measures to brisk away the destruction the streets produced from Bub and everything the city has underwent. The committee between the stars, the darkness of night, and the murder meets to breathe the air they breathe and the terror is minimized to what may happen if the events of last night continue. This isn't apart of the party. Yet these emotions are spoken instead of felt. At the party there is a rage to escape their containment nonetheless their will is broken they are unaware and can only dream of controlling others lives.

PART TWO

THERE IS A road in this city. It leads Bub astray when the trucks begin to pull in. The time is safe to bring in the goods. And this is controlled by a man who has as much control over the city and as much control over Bub as he does the people. Not Bub's people but the people he cannot control. He can only feed them. They are his worker's and he has not Bub he only has a job with a man named Bub. They are close in age. They are meeting both in their ends. One is 50 the other is younger but not by much. The man in charge is the Mafia boss Doun Mafeft. Don Mafeft came into power a couple years ago with the help of Bub and the bullet. Bub had given Mafeft the chance to kill the Mayor. Mafeft took Bub for a ride and Mafeft, the Don murdered the cities' leader in order to gain control of the streets. He made his way from the hotel and became the guy giving orders to the gunmen Bub hired. Bub is given the respect and the money but since then is retired from everything at this point of the career of the mob. The Don is in charge of cleaning up the messes that occur when his men are disrespected. Today is Tuesday and the people that employ him with wealth and power rely on his deliveries.

The trucks make their money and give it to the Don. In return they are protected from robberies and penetration of the mob's system. The Don takes an order from the man who knows the roads and after that the roads are surveyed and trucks roll. The man above the Don orders these men he employs to undergo education and rely on their wits to survive instead of working for the Don. The rest of the city is run by necessity. In order to continue the same jobs are held and drugs are brought in at a minimum. 20 years ago the city was overrun with drugs and many men were killed. The city today is in order. The elevation of how high the hierarchy is not the top it is only responsibility accounts for whose at the bottom and who

employs them. The integrity of those with money is questioned by the under boss and Mafeft recounts his men contracting a gunman to eliminate the weaker with the most ambition to over throw the system. In every discussion Bub is already a murderer of them and the respect is gained Muai Tai to the microphone. There is no conversation greater than a balance of talent and fight. When someone needs a favor they contact someone who can contact the Don or one of his boss' henchmen or hitmen. To do this it is nearly impossible to contact the system of murder that is the financials armament to contract a puncture deep enough to the wounds of it's desperate knowingly eliminating them from the mob. The Don has an easy job compared to the drivers. They're always telling him polite sentences and treating him respect even if they don't like him very much. He usually tells them to cool it and be a little more respectful of their families. He merely means to inspire them to give respect where it really matters in their lives. If not he hires a new driver.

The hitmen in his squad are loyal and willing to decide on their own who to take to the Don. Usually he reads the messages of letting them into the family. His family has long forgotten the killing they have had to endure in the city to murder more would only let themselves lose control. Somewhere Bub orders and the Don puts out his hitmen to pull the trigger on his command killing another man.

"Haha," the hitman says over the recoil of his shotgun.

The dead tries to speak . . . nothing. The hitman walks into his family's shop and the made men and the cleaners wipe the sidewalk of the victimized. They keep order. Just behind the men in the alley way a truck delivers groceries and stock to the Supermarket. Everything in the city runs very well because of the mob and the respect between families. Otherwise the partnership between Don Mafeft and Bub made a long time ago will be the silence for many of those that make their pay because of trust. Between them they jokingly count the number of hits and Bub always says, "I make all you're contracts possible Moof."

The possibility that they would ever fight one another the tables would have to turn and bring them to the day when Bub went home early. Moof called Bub and the call was not taken because Bub answered the call too late. There was silence then he refused to call back. Moof understood that Bub was being Bub. He figured he may have needed rest or was putting a bullet in somebody. It was easy to catch Moof off guard but Bub felt nothing in missing Moof's call. By morning Bub had delivered Moof a check and held out a .45 caliber gun to Moof and Moof got scared. Moof was taken by the gesture and believed it was fear that Bub tried to instill in him. Bub was gesturing that if Moof really wanted power he may need Bub's help to live on to see it. Bub aimed high at Moof. He beheld his friend to his own giving himself a chance to gain the respect for himself that anyone of Bub's crew would deserve. He wasn't intending to kill himself but Bub had planned to live on another day and was either going to end someone with his gun or give it to Moof to end his own. They conjured up a plan to keep the arm hidden for many reasons. Bub treated Moof as a friend but had to use the pistol to eliminate somebody and Moof new Bub had bad

intentions. Brush had already left with money and his car. Bub reminded Moof that the banks were going to open and he should refuse service unless it's off the books and he is willing to go with him to ensure somebody dies if they don't listen. Moof disagrees and Bub doesn't complain. He makes his way through the party and Moof walks to his friend and asks to borrow his car. They leave together and eventually Moof is dropped back off at the residence where Monet used to live.

Bub asks Moof, "Are you rich yet . . . pry"

Moof replies, "I guess. I want to get richer. \$20,000 for the week is more than I need. Is any one dead yet Bub?"

Bub says to Moof, "they were born dead. I'm just putting holes in them."

They drink a beer together. Bub doesn't have anything else to kill because the party is rocking and the more he drinks the less he misses Monet. The party moves on like there was never a Monet in this house. Bub is saddened by none of this and continues to hold onto his integrity as he sees another partier pass out. Within a few hours everyone has either fallen asleep or gone home. Moof is looking drearily at the rays of light that break the window. Then glances at the broken window then nods off. Bub likes rapping at this party. Nobody can hear him. He goes and goes. "Blam," he fires his gun on the street just to alarm the emptiness.

Bub leaves to go to the house to hide the gun in his cabinet knowing they will use it all in due time. He puts it in the box and locks it in the cabinet. He prances into the bedroom where he sees his friends Micey and Sarah on the beds and goes to the kitchen to make him some coffee. He understands that Moof is cool and Brush is one of a kind but having these things move so fast between him and Micey makes him uncomfortable. Just a week ago Micey knew very little of Bub's work but he now approaches every situation like he is knowledgeable of victimizations that Bub enacts. Bub assumes that Sarah may have told him of Bub's past and for Micey to be okay with that he must really love Bub. Bub begins to grow a sense on involvement in his relationship with Micey and his friends and agrees with his consciousness not to let anything bad happen to these four people. He hears a tow truck and the police cleaning up the mess outside. Bub is not worried that they will visit him to question him because they have never seen Bub much less locate him. He doesn't want to wake Micey and wishes the coffee maker would silence itself. Spit, sputter, drip, spew the coffee is filling the pot. When it's done Bub makes an omelet and has breakfast at his table.

He knows Moof has long since passed out and hasn't heard from Brush so he assumes he likely got laid and fell asleep. Brush and Monet were very good friends and Bub wishes Monet his best as he says grace, "unto his next journey," he says to himself. Bub eats then heads out for a drive. He winds up at an internet café where he rents a computer. He buys an internet card and acquires some minutes. He begins surfing news and profiles. He likes to listen to other people's conversations

and begins to look for a chat room. He does this for a while. A girl a few seats to the right begins to show interest in him. He tells the people in the chat room he has a girl checking him out and someone tells the chatroom he doesn't go to internet cafés enough. Bub orders a coffee for the girl and asks the waitress to ask her to see if the girl would like a sandwich or a bagel. Bub knows he has gone without sleep. He is only waiting for the action to start to get involved. The girl receives her drink and accepts. She glances at Bub with her cellphone in hand. Bub opens his arms and shakes his head. The girl informs the waitress that she will not be eating. This continues for a while than Bub starts looking for information relating to his crimes and finds nothing specific. He searches cover ups and the festival from the day before is listed as "a fantastic show where . . . there was rap by a musician from out of state . . . really energized the crowd."

He keeps searching and finds a stories and links to the info about the festival and his name is not mentioned. He is not disappointed but fears the city cannot acknowledge him because they'd have to acknowledge his victims. He sees the girl get up and leave and he asks the waitress for his tab and pays voluntarily. He considers stopping the young femme outside but he doesn't want to complicate her life with his work. He notices her looking at his car and he sets off the panic button and she smiles at him then leaves in her very own car with her friend. A gentleman begins to make his way over to Bub when he stumbles.

Bub asks him if he is ok. The man replies, "Yeah. By the way is that you're car?"

Bub and him recite the information on the cars features and begin discussing other cars and trucks. Bub respects the man even if he seems like he is dreamingly reciting and participating in the conversation. Bub really wants to tell him to wake up this is reality but subdues those words. They go on and on. The man quickly tells Bub his name that Bub will surely forget. Bub's time is nearly expired on the computer so he begins to type again. The man doesn't consider Bub as a man with any priorities and continues to talk about cars and the street. Bub slylie types in the café and leaves the computer on the coffee table. He tells the man they can have this conversation on the phone and that he must go. The man types in Bub's cellphone number and the two part. Bub leaves his car in the parking lot and begins to walk the streets. He jerks back and looks at his car and is only reminded that his gun is inside the car and briskly moves forward toward a hotel. He passes the building. He passes the parking lot. He is trying to escape his fate that ne may only be a killer and tries to mend his relationship with society and fit in to be just like one of them, He cannot forget but doesn't remember a good time or a good day. He only mimics them and can only mock the streets and these are the moments he wishes he had made other choices instead of reaching for a gun. This moment winds into oblivion. The people on the street look beautiful and have an air of passion for themselves. Bub cannot have this because he accepts their demise and is across the boundaries that most of them would call living.

He recites some rap lines to the passer-byes and they begin to entice him to do more. They surely know him and call him the great and make sure he is comfortable and offer him a ride. He recites more raps and converses with these strangers finding a common ground that has neither name nor reputation. He can tell he cannot follow this for very much longer because of his obligations to his motives to be a killer so he mingles than raps to duck beneath their radar. He tells them about songs and Shows. They have seen him before but are oblivious to his mode of transport and offer him a ride again. He asks what their doing and if it is fun. He can tell they want more than a rap that they want to know why he is so talented. He requests that he follow them and be companions for the day until he is moved to return the lead and him be followed. They agree and they walk to the jewelry store just to browse. They try on rings and watches and Bub asks them if they want a gift. They refuse and buy their own chain. Bub takes this amusingly and suggests they sign with his collaborator and take up rap music because it pays so well. They laugh and joke and he leaves the jewelry store to find his companion his gun. He grabs a drink from an ice cream shop and sips it. He arrives at his car and brushes it with his hand. The metal is cool and he respects that as a sign that winter is moving in.

His legs are strong but his entire physical is drained. He changes his state of mind and realizes that some people just realize their dreams and he is waiting inside of their passion for more as a nightmare that can only crash their reason. He feels nothing for this because he is at work and can only bring people joy if others have paid a price. Sometimes their price is their ends to their means of joy and the sadness they feel he comes to be a man from. He realizes he can only hold their sadness if brings them lust and passion for drugs and money and realizes his job he cannot release their favor for love. He redeems his true self when he is a man of nurture and repayment of their virtues and not being able to hate is his only contribution towards their order that he so pleasingly mistrusts and rather run an order of no order for those he truly hates but those in order for favors.

He cannot take his eyes of the road and he is as real driving as he who crashes then dies and drives like he only is alive for the second he makes the gas ignite or the fuel live down and listens to his heart tell him why as he knows it's trapped inside of his own doings and in a place further from the raps and closer to a studio where it was not a broken record it was only a magnificent beat. The music the roles the murders have given him life and he must only live to grieve not for his decisions but agree to look at these as meaning only his own people and his life is the energy that guided him to survive. He looks past the city as he arrives at the airport and drives right through the streets and guides his gun insight and moves the bullets in his pockets and leans the strings to make him stay for he mustn't do only what is wrong but face that he will have more than lives to end if redeems these in bars. He relinquishes all violence in the afternoon hoping to set a trend upwards of honor.

Meanwhile at the safehouse

People are starting to show up to party. They start by bringing alcohol. They order pizza and turn up the music and dance. It's the mid afternoon and those that were there the night before raid the closet and either change clothes or shower. Moof is sound asleep in Monet's old bed and is sweating because he isn't running anymore and he is hot. Very hot Moof awakes and dinks a glass of ice water. He asks one of the guests for a handgun to shoot himself divulging he is better off dead. He starts to tell his story and expresses his muck that he is in with Bub because everyone knows Bub he says any business is bad business. He calls the bank to ask for a transfer into a friend's account of \$6,500-\$7,000 so he can get his business going to day. Moof anticipates that Brush will be coming by and this kind of traffic will require some drugs and a lot of patience. Bruch will demand a deal is what Moof undoubtingly knows. Moof believes if he doesn't have a hook up soon Bub will demand he get one to be worth the insurance. \$20,000 grand to Moof is like a price on his head and he is paranoid of killing just yet to satisfy the iterate Bub. Bub to him is evil and when a man gives you up which was usually Moof's job Bub may change Moof instead of who Moof points and shoots. They are not partners they are behind different moments and Moof is not a shooter yet.

Moof has his usual meal of nothing now he's living here at Monet's the fear has ended and he begins making calls. He moves towards the party. When nobody answers he realizes he's got nothing to lose and asks the guests for compassion, acid, or mercy because his high must be met. A guest says he's involved with nobody special and drugs are the only answer to being scared and he must get some more mores than just a deal from him. Moof ignores the fact and sequences his vulnerability for the pleasure of a kiss from a guest. He makes himself homely to motivate his mind that of which is used from the draw of surfacing strength to work with Bub. Bub entitles him to ready these guests to gain height and where they are can only get high through homicides. Bub moves them without the height of drugs useless is the frame of mind that Moof believes Bub will kill in. This might be the only downfall of his relationship with Bub is to be a victim but willingness to ascend his mentality and trigger a man himself may be the ends to this low. Moof grows intelligent but he knows Bub is going to kill. He feels it nervously and hears the gunshots and moves to another guest with angsty hands and place his hand in his drink only to remain quiet. The guest cares not for this and offers him a vision for a moment they say nothing but Moof is already diluted like moans from his heart and chills grow in his skin. His arms are moving toward and forth the minutes have manipulated them all including Moof. Moof shakes his mind off his shoulders and realizes Bub's just a play he must make to just be real and not let too much of himself go in this fantasy and be a man of means.

He tell's a party goer to meet the guy at the door. The partygoer moves to the door and let's the faceless gentleman in. Moof grabs the drugs from the man named Re-Dub and packs them in the bedroom. He requests a gun and the dealer stays. Moof offers him dinner later and they move too the lower nines of homicide and request to have one another's back. Neither of them have a gun both are willing to talk it out anyone who is ready to start trouble. The atmosphere is very friendly and that makes Moof feel comfortable about keeping the drugs to himself. He fantasizes for a moment that somebody does try and rob him of the drugs and he can picture tussling with them while Re-Dub bashes their head in with a skillet. He continues his fantasy of a fight where now many partygoers are going after him and Bub comes through the doorway like a hero splashing bullets into the would be assailants and deviants. Re-Dub asks Moof waking his from his fantasy if he wants to go into the living room and start a cipher. Moof tells him he doesn't rap too much then agrees. The two move to where the party is and ask a couple girls and guys to join in. They begin to recite lyrics each of them continuing the rap of he who has just rapped. The cipher begins to gain speed and people begin to gather closer to listen to the skills of each guy and girl. Somebody hands Moof a drink and asks him to break away for a moment. Moof leaves the cipher and the young girl informs Moof that her boyfriend is a DJ.

She suggests," you know what'd be really cool is if we get a DJ. He can spin and you guys can get on the microphone. Want me to call him?"

"Yeah that sounds great. Tell him where I live and to bring his best set of recs because we're gonna party all night," replies Moof.

"OK, cool I'll call him right now," the girl agrees.

Everyone is having a great time. A little later when the word gets around there's going to be a Deejay the sounds in the crowd elevate from mingling to excitement. The cipher ends then anew another begins. Moof can see that everyone here loves to rap. He notices their clothes and sees a trend of baseball caps and necklaces. He notices the girls were darker yet colorful clothes and the boys were tattoos and love to drink. Moof notices they like to listen to one another and can tell in their faces their anticipations for whom their talking to deliver a lyric or two. He recognizes a couple of the people form a Hip Hop concert he went to during the summer. He believes they were rapping too. It was his mistake to get paranoid because when he talks to the party goers about rap they bring up Bub and admire him and his skills. He comes to fruition that Bub is an artist and has a passion for music and like any other artist is peaceful. He concedes that he is driven to entertain more than he is to be inhuman. Somebody asks Moof if he wants to be produced and make a record. He tells them that he isn't a rapper and only rhymes for fun. Everybody is having some fun.

The sun is beginning to set and the more people are coming in than leaving. The DJ shows up and he sets up. When he starts his music everybody starts to dance and move. Moof garbs a drink then he grabs a gurle and a joint and he asks her if she wants to go to the bedroom. She rather go outside. The two of them go

outside where the music can still be heard. They begin to kiss and feel each others bodies. After that she tells him she has a boyfriend in the party and they got to quit it and she arranges to come back after they she and her boyfriend leave. Everything is pressure for Moof except women. He agrees and informs her that he may be busy but will make time for her if she comes back.

“On the real, you don’t have to keep this up. I don’t want a relationship or nuthin” says Moof.

“Oh it’s not that. He cheats on me all the time. You’re just someone different and I know you from you’re friends. They say you work with Bub and I figure you gonna stay real and not be wac. I just need a friend to keep me from getting emotional over my man,” the girl says.

“It’s true I work wit Bub but I met him just last night or the night before. I’m really intimidated by what he has me doing. You know he paid me half of our deal, \$20,000. He’s crazy,” Moof disperses to the young lady.

The girl informs Moof, “there are a lot of people that are crazy and they’re only that way because they want to be in a position like yours. It’s crazy how Bub can shake off being liked and ignore what people talk about or see him as. Anyone of us would love just to work with him. It’d be a rush the money and murder.”

“What you may call a rush I guess I can be more man and see as an opportunity. I’ll tell you I never wanted to kill anyone bad enough to actually kill someone. That’s what I’m afraid Bub is gonna get me into,” adds Moof.

“Don’t worry about it. We all have to face survival. I know you can do it. It’s not like Bub sees you as a hitter and is gonna hire you as a gun. You’re a drug dealer. He knows that,” adds the girl.

“I guess you’re right. I’m gonna slack on the 187 s*t and I’ll be fine. I’ll just keep peddling and cooking tha dope.” Moof is moved to kiss the girl and they briskly separate because she can see he r boyfriend walking in their direction. He says to her to come drink and hands her a beer. They walk away.

Moof is confident about his job and calls Brush. Brush doesn’t answer. Moof then gets a call from Bub. Moof answers, “Hello . . . uh . . . what . . . Brush? No way! Dammit . . . okay I’ll be there. But I got tha dope. Bring it . . . okay.” Moof hangs up. He then charges to the bedroom where there are a couple of guys drinking and grabs the bag from the closet and runs it to his friend and asks to borrow his car. The young guy with the keys hands them over to Moof and Moof goes outside and puts the drugs in the backseat and starts the engine. He leaves the yard. His vision is heightened and crisp from the marijuana but his reflexes are slow and relaxed. He drives on.

Meanwhile at County General

An ambulance pulls up to the emergency room. The paramedics get out of the vehicle and head towards the back of the ambulance they open the doors and

wheel out a guirnea. On this bed is a man black man with street clothes on and a necklace. His face is smooth with a hair that lines his cheeks and a labret ring on his upper lip. His head has contusions and his face is wiped of the blood. Some blood is trickling down his face. The expression on his face is exasperation. He says, "I can't fall asleep. I might not wake up."

The paramedics wheel the guirnae into through the sliding doors and into the ER. There a doctor asks what is happened and the paramedic informs him of an accident the man was in. He tells him that he is stable but is likely bleeding internally and there are few people that survive a crash like one he was in and needs medical attention immediately.

The hospital is calm and quite and the silence puts Brush to ease whom is the man in the guirnae. The doctor looks over his head and demands his crew to put the young man in a bed for a full examination. He requests pain killers and antibiotics.

Moof is cruising to the hospital and believes his negativity caused these series of events to happen. He tells himself, "slow down." But is haunted by Bub like he is in another fantasy the days of his are truly numbered.

Bub is off the street and walking into the hospital and takes a seat. He pulls out some money and counts it. He is tempted to ask the nurse to give his friend Brush the very best medical attention. He insists not to do so and waits for Moof. A man glares at him from the other end of the waiting room. Bub wants to shoot the man in the face because he looks at the man and the man is frank in his deception. He has a demeanor of a clean cut individual but a cold stare that creates uneasiness for himself eventually leaves Bub to only look away. Bub reality in a hospital is deliverance unto himself being he might have sent victims this way or may have only seen his friend alive the night before because he will die tonight. Bub watches TV as he pondered half of his mind into shreds. The other men and women there look tired. Bub has no signs of exhaustion even though he has very little energy. Moof is on the street and he is further from the hospital and looks for a cigarette in the car. He finds a light but no smokes.

Moof wants to make a cigarette like magic so he pulls over and finds one on the seat. He lights it and heads towards County General. He turns on the radio than turns it off. He finds a CD player in the car and mentally begins to drive it as if were his. Moof can picture those at the hospital and knows where Bub is and pulls up to the main entrance and can see Bub. He honks and Bub looks over and gets up. He walks outside and tells Moof jokingly to leave the car and go with him to the hospital. Moof laughs then drives circular and heads towards the parking garage. He leaves the garage and heads over to the ER. He asks the receptionist if a man was brought in with wounds from a car accident. She tells him the man is being seen by a doctor. Moof takes a seat and the two men wait. Bub calls on Moof to wait here while he gets to the doctor and give him some money. Moof agrees. Undoubtedly the doctor accepts some of the money and buys a snack. The doctor states to Bub that Brush will be moved to intensive care and it is better they go to see him tomorrow.

Bub will manned the doctor and convinces him to let him leave money for Brush in return he won't bother him if he is sleeping and informs him he just wants to leave Brush a gift that he will know Bub was there. Bub then moves up the hall and finds Brush behind a curtain and sees him in imperfect condition and leaves a note a hundred dollars and a wad of twenties on the table next to Brush. He tells him to be strong and the doctor will take care of his wounds. He doesn't want anyone stealing any of Bub's clothes so he asks the nurse for his chain and wallet. He requests his clothes and tells the nurse he'll bring him fresh garments when the patient is released. He can leave empty handed but insists to move the nurse to do this for him for a measure of honesty entrusting him they are close friends.

She does trust him and gives him clo and jewelry the belongings of Brush as well as his wallet. Bub issues her a will to decide the fate of his friend and asks her to put herself in his place and opinionate whether he is trustworthy to victimize Brush as he would in the future victimize someone like him in vengeance.

"She says," are you for real. Be you buries me in question of my own moral and what I have done by helping you is alarming the inner woman I am and cannot choose for you tonight sir," she pats his arm then says, "you are very well and very compassionate towards your friends and muttering anything else may alarm us all."

Bub is moved to ask her last name to dig a little deeper into the records of the night and do this tomorrow to send them here instead of the morgue. Bub's look is of affirmation that he in himself may only mame or injure his enemies may be his hope of change that he may have counted on death to heal what may already have a reason to live on and be as real changers of this society he means. Bub knows he must go on and says, "I will be back to see my friend and I will stop in to see you." He leaves the ER and is taken by Moof to the parking lot to make a plan. Moof is planning on going to the party and is willing to take Brush's belongings. Bub agrees to get liquor and dump the drugs off at Brush's because they do not have a connect to move them they decide to let them chill. Moof leaves with the clo etc. While Bub moves along the parking lot with a paper sack filled with plastic bags of cocaine.

Bub stays off the idea that he's not carrying drugs in order not to look suspicious. He is moved to justify this moment by driving on the streets to get a high. Committed to beholding the promise to Moof to visit Brush's house would only make him lose a step. He decides to move to the street and commit a murder and dump the cocaine on the body and smell the remains giving the inspiration to do so he moves to the street. He asks himself if it's the rap he wants or dissolution of human values. He has killed and the more he lingers from the facts the more paranoid he gets that it will be his own homicide if he does not stray away from why they would want him to die. Like the cars on the road he is carrying hope. Unlike them his is lust for what hope can unlock if he could ever face a day without taking the passive route and accept his identity. He cannot run anymore and must accept the facts. The fact is he is the only one that has the pain to live with and murder only numbs the pain of what

murder has brought into his path. Pathways of dissolution and abeyance far from the glory of respect in his downward notion to lift a gun only angers his heart.

Whatever life he could have lived as and as for in Art is nearly a memory and his passion to linger in selflessness is his hardened desire to even the score. He realizes he is not in the lead but behind someone else. He could easily take a shot with his .45 or leave and just be hard at a party whereas the moment to murder only arises because he can only live in those means. He ponders to himself what if was himself gasping and dreaming up words to speak to breathe clear and fresh air because he was not in charge of his fate anymore. He lines his eyes towards his belt loop and imagines if he didn't have a gun and how everything could change if he accepts the set up he believes has integrated so many like him into the system of authors like those he does love and does admire. Or the rappers and was just in turning the key to dirt and dumping it on the sidewalk. He has sung the devilish songs and all that came was a lost merk while doing so and he becomes as he elevates his self image into only a character of Intelligence and wits while someone is making their mark on the streets that he soulfully cannot lay down an idle grief for those that do this without murder. He realizes that's what seperates himself and the men from those that cannot see his end. No means of survival are worth accepting the fight for his identity so he claims his life as disowned and Bub's face grows into lines of tension above his brow and at the corner of his mouth. He is reminded of the hard work he put in to be unknown and refute his senses to appeal to the crowd that he loves some of and ends the rest of.

His murder can be at the hands of another but the men and women are not willing enough to shame their lives with the reason he possess and decisions they must make he is merely their pawn and they're happy why can't he be like them. He remembers the days he so enjoyed with Brush and Monet only to see their futures dashed by the dead he so drags along when he spent with them and knowingly knows what he does has impact on so many of his friends lives. To believe that he could have caused them to live to fast or move to their pain to fast to let them admire is not his fault is their choice and he can only relinquish their emotions as bad choices but where were their lives while they were enjoying theses moments while he was justified to be a role model. Why have they been taken to their senses these moneis and these drugs only to realize that he himself calls for more unjustly actions and devilish praise than mere admiration? He accounts for his sins as his downfall and accepts that they were godly friends that could not retain the evilness of more than a habitual life on the inside of the circle and not the outside of the arms. He wishes he could embrace them and deliver them a better day.

Bub drives by the tow yard and accounts for the car that Brush drove into a busy intersection going too fast and out of control. Bub strolls from the entrance to the end of the yard and finds the smashed foreign sport scar in a ball of metal mashed into flat tires and busted glass. He looks over the doors and hood and cannot see any of the beautiful lines that inspired Brush to commit to calling it a car worth

killing for or a car worth \$250,000 dollars. Bub wishes these nights would get him drunk with the air he breathes and he can crash his \$100,000 car into the dreams Brush has had and drive away from those dreams happy.

Miserably Bub takes out his gun and lays it on the car and sits on the dirt and leans into the car. He grabs his knees and sets his head cocked back to the sky. He mutters a few words asking himself if it is okay with God to be. He sits alone in the night for awhile. He gathers up whatever remains in the car that is his friends and puts it in his pockets and under his arm. It's only a few CD's and a magazine. He totes his gun in one hand through the emptiness of the night recognizing the cars that are numerous by name and model. He sees dust on some. Oil underneath others and pieces of cars lying next to wrecks and old undrivable cars. He doesn't see a car as nice or as new as his friends then unloads a shot into a couple of motors that are lying next to a broken down American car. He leaves the junkyard and begins to back away when he is waved down by an old man. Bub pulls up to him and opens his window. Before the man can speak Bub shoots him in the chest several times. He drives off into the night making the first left towards Monet's old house. He remains calm after killing this man because it was not his first crime. He looks through the moon roof in his SUV and can see the shine of some stars that are speedily running past him like a comet.

He looks out the moon roof again and can see the falling stars brush the sky again and only had to see this to push him into the future where his whole reality changes and he is not the driver of this car but the passenger and the car is driven by someone he knows as a henchman. Bub glances over to the mirror and can see himself in gray and eyes on fire with wrinkles shone underneath his eyes deep and sad are his eyes. He ponders to himself that the driver must be Don Mafeit's henchman and they are on their way to a meeting of criminal ties. The road turns and waves at Bub as he can still hear the rap of many years ago running through the pavement.

There are walls that lines these streets and Bub speaks up to hear his own voice and realizes his tone is no longer fresh and leery in is controlled and intellectual. The driver puts on the radio as Bub requested it and the two head towards a storage facility owned by the city for diesel trucks, street sweepers, city buses, and other in city vehicles. The storage facility has nine garage door entrances and a mural painted across the front wall of a setting sun with three little words underneath the falling sky. They read "We make tomorrow." The driver pulls the car to the parking lot in the backside where there is an open door and several black and white luxury cars and a sport scar. The driver asks Bub, "do wish to go or shall I say you ain't coming because you are chilling listening to the radio."

Bub replies, "I'll make my way over, I'm just here for the entertainment."

Bub adjusts the bass and reverbs the sound from the speakers with his hand and starts tapping his tongue to his teeth making a "t-th-t-t-ta-t" sound. He recognizes the song on the radio like he does all the others on this station and

begins to let his hang out a little further from his belt and start to tap the arm. He leans towards the front window and his face comes from out of the shadows when he glances at the lamp above him. The parking lot is fenced off by a high chain link fence until it meets a wall that runs directly into the rear corner of the building. He notices something unusual for a parking lot centered in one of the parking spaces is a couch and a fountain used inside of a building underneath an umbrella. His heart starts to smile and leans out the door and takes a closer look only to see that neither of these are permanent are just a sitting place or the next set up. Usually at these types of meetings the furniture represents how the target will be set up. A bench would mean a park. Or a bird bath in his backyard. A cup that mysteriously shows up to one of these meetings would mean poisoning or a drowning. The couch simply means a gun blast to them at home and the fountain a single shot to the back of the head while their not looking. The umbrella means do it quickly and at night.

No other cars show up and the meeting begins. Bub walks into the storage facility and greets the team members by name. They welcome Bub and Bub's driver is passed a manila envelope. He opens it and gives the contents to Bub. Bub commences, "this was given to me because we care who is disorganized and is loose. This man is a hittable target and since Mafeft is my friend I this man is passable. Bub marks him with a pen, \$250,000 dollars and hands it to the man across from him."

The man shows he agrees with a nod. The driver is passed another envelope and empty's the contents. Inside each of the envelopes is the whereabouts the address of the hit and a picture. The contents are handed to Bub. Bub continues to mark the photos and continues to pass them out to each family member's buttonman. Don Mafeft speaks up, "Bub!"

Bub says, "You're learning how to use the signs. I like the use of the water and the couch, so me."

Bub continues to make the contracts until a dozen or so men are targeted and Bub says, "The don will give you you're payout as soon as word reaches his son that these men and women have been killed. That is all. Remember to carry these out indefinitely. The money as I understand is as good as yours if these men die tonight or five years from now."

The men convene in conversation and Bub suggests they pay their respects to anyone who was a threat to the organization by leaving a rose at their grave. The men speak between each other. They agree that business is priority and shake Bub's hand one by one and leave in procession. Bub and Mafeft are the only ones in the storage house and begin a conversation. These words bring about memories for both men as they talk about Morsburg. The sounds echo inside Bub's mind as he hears the words fade into thoughts he can hear his radio and the visions become clear to him enough to where he only remembers seeing the falling stars of the same night he drove to Monet's old house. At the end of this vision is himself looking at Mafeft who is talking about contracts and business. Bub belittles him none and is quickly

brought back to the road by his driver and begins to pull away from the parking lot. He looks at the driver and the driver turns off the radio and puts on the heater. He can feel the heat and the cold underneath his skin. He looks out into the sky and the conversation that just took place begins to bounce around his mind. He begins to envision it taking place in only his mind than is looking out into the road as he grips the air and touches his pistol. The sight of this reality becomes a conversation within the car he begins to see as his many years ago and can functionally touch and embrace his vehicle until his eyes begin to see an empty sky and a road he must travel. He relinquishes his driver and is in-between the wheel and the seat of his SUV reaching for the radio dial while these words he hears become a memory of a place he quickly forgets and again is moving towards Monet's old house with his cares only for him. He drifts between both places and finds his place now between the junkyard and the safe house. He brushes the thought away from his forehead and can see the city light up from the impending dawn. He removes a CD from the player and pulls into the yard. He moves across the party and grabs a drink. He hands the CD to DJ and tells him to keep the party going. The party goers look tired and drunk uninterested in records anymore and the DJ plays the CD. Everyone starts chatting and moving then Moof enters the party to greet Bub and tell him why he is concerned of the job.

Bub explains to him, "Brush was an accident and he'll have to understand what just happened was not gonna make him mad at anyone."

Moof says, "I'm mad as hell but I'm concerned that everything here is going to get me killed or you are gonna kill me if I mess up."

Bub states, "I am not your killer. Where else are you gonna go if you don't ride with guts? Are you gonna end up like Monet? And the only killing you'll ever know about is the one you get to kill when you want to kill. If you don't than what I'll do is just let you ride it out with us and you pay me for the drugs and we don't have to be partners anymore."

"You can run this party. I'm going to breakfast to think about all this crazy shit because I'm tired. Everything is happening that you say will happen I just don't like thinking I'm gonna die." Moof continues, "Ok."

Bub let's no words go but agrees to have him at breakfast if he wants to justify his future to him with a meal. Moof laughs and leaves the house for the road and finds his way to Bub's house. He walks in where Micey and Sarah are watching TV. He heads over to Bub's cabinet and finds it unlocked. He reaches in and grabs the .45 pistol and leaves. He is calm and leaves for the road once more. He is never seen again in the same light he doesn't return to Monet's house again and moves from street to street looking for a remedy to his fear. He loses contact with Bub and returns home where he waits for the one day he is called to execute a hit to be made don as what he believes is only an eternity away. His conversations don't cease in his mind. With Bub in his mind he can remedy his pain with knowing what Bub brings up are only in visions and not physical or can get through his flesh and

these deals he can sense he remedies within his self less and less until he can have the courage to work with Bub one day.

The years pass and he doesn't contact Bub. He knows Bub lives and can hear the shoots everywhere he goes but insists that he must mirror himself first other than take anger in tune with knowing his timing and fate. Bub moves around the city executing people and moving drugs and guns until he becomes satisfied with the control he has over Moof. His friend Brush is lingering in a wheelchair receiving the money Bub gives him to keep him game. Brush and Bub talk and Brush underminds the neighborhood with taking work and taking out names with information given to Bub to perpetuate the criminal control of Morsburg. To Moof these are years to Bub it is hours minutes even seconds. Brush doesn't age and Micey and Sarah plainly sit there in house watching TV and being in love.

Bub returns to Monet's and closes the deal by getting drunk with all the partiers and listeners of hymn. He says to them all, "let's keep drinking and this will only bend." He puts his drink aside and grabs a key and says is, "there a buyer . . . yeah you wish."

A partier says, "Get high." He begins to break up marijuana and pack it in a pipe. The pipe gets passed around and everyone doesn't know Bub doesn't smoke weed. He says, "I'm going to whack someone real quick." Someone begins to pass the weed to strangers and everyone starts to dance. The lightly take Bub and he moves to the street. He surveys the road and begins to look into what could be a target as a car passes by and he realizes the shot is his. He takes out his gun and they drive into the yard and he puts the gun away. He walks over to the car and says, "Anyone here you know I know as someone anyway and you know me. So if you want to get high leave my dope alone. I'll sell you some if you got the numbers . . ."

The partiers already feel intoxicated and Bub moves his gun to his hand and presses the trigger with the gun faced to the car. He says, "don't worry take mine." The car leaves and they are never seen again.

Bub walks inside and it is merely 7 AM and he starts to look at the girls and is tempted to chase a girl and then he becomes provoked to get in his car and find a victim. When he begins to leave a girl offers him to go for a ride. He is unsure how to take this and requests they got to Re-Up's to see if he has any intent to buy a kilo.

The girl looks at him and says, "I mean a ride on me silly boy."

Bub says, "Do you want to see my car. Its f-n pricey."

She looks at him and says, "Maybe, what about tha dope." She continues, "Do you want to sell me a little, I get higher when I'm having sex if I'm high."

Bub laughs and says, "yeah but I'm no pimp so just get tha hell back to tha party, I'm stressed. "The DJ packs in enough tunes to get through the afternoon and signals for someone to order food or come near him it is only a gesture and somebody yells, "spin!" The crowd is listening even if they dance their exhaustion is amid their highs and laughs as some leave and some come to the party anew. Bub reclines on the floor and realizes he is being watched. He pulls out his gun and

says," watch this or turn away and dance." The onlookers do not say anything and get on the phone and order a cake and some beer exclaiming it's someone's birthday and they need coke.

Bub hollows out a path a receives a greeting in the kitchen and grabs a drink of water to relieve his thirst. He looks left than right and realizes he has to move a body if someone leaves one dead and begins to mark the men and then gets a call. He talks to them and sets up a rendezvous for a buyer for the drugs if he let's them get high on murder and he kills someone for them. Bub begins to end the conversation with, "pick up the drugs at 5800th Kinnes at the highest apartment, here is RE-Up's phone number call him in ten." Bub picks up the next call and it is Re-Up asking about cocaine. Bub tells him he has keys and he has to come by for the party that there is already a buyer. Re-Up agrees to visit and purchase the narcotics. The deal is progressing when Bub is called to the dance floor. He refuses and closes the drug deal. Re-Up is scheduled to arrive in fifty minutes and Bub calls for pizza and pays them with a fraudulent credit card. He goes out to his car and makes a trip to the store and begins to make conversation with the clerk. He grabs a bag of chips, pours a soda, and asks for a pack of cigarettes. He pays then leaves. The clerk is in awe seeing the man leave in such a rush and calm like a business man with nowhere to go. The clerk tells the other clerk to own a pair. They work on.

Bub speeds down the road and continues to run from the sound of the party begging himself to find something more interesting than killing someone at the party as his fingers curl the trigger of his gun. He continues through traffic and then parks his car. He rolls down his window and begins to look at the traffic to see if anyone has his car. He readies his hand to wave them down to scare them with his gun but waits without resolve. He is dying to fulfill his fantasy and moves back into traffic and begins looking for something to do. He returns to his house and finds it empty.

He moves through the house into his den and finds the cabinet open with the pistol gone. He makes an assumption that either Micey opened it or his plan has moved into reality. He waits patiently for the answer than insists to himself that Moof is ready to do his job and kill something. He can ascertain the remedy for Moof would be to call him and ask giving rule to the gun he has in his possession and then moves to waiting on the couch for Micey and Sarah to call. Bub falls asleep on the couch and no one shows for hours. When Micey walks in he is alone and finds Bub asleep. He wakes Bub and tells him that he and Sarah are going to move in and Bub should be ready to help them move. Mice yaks Bub," ya know Moof took a look through your cabinet."

Bub says, "Yes, I knew he was here."

Micey says, "after I seen that I knew I had too much on my hands with you and I had to get out of here. Sarah already told me."

Bub asks him to stay because he needs a friend like contempt to keep him steering clear of the trouble he is in. He delivers a speech to Micey of how everything he has done in his name has been for wrong and he would be in trouble if Micey

were to leave. Micey begins to feel bad and asks Bub to wait awhile and understand that he and Sarah are in love and they must move on together. Bub cannot control how Micey feels and gives him a blessing to move out. Micey packs some things and leaves for Sarah's. Bub has a rock solid look on his face and gets a change of clothes. He preps a bath and cleans up. He changes then walks into the den and begins to wait for moment when he realizes he missed Re-Up and was unable to deliver the drugs. He phones RE-Up and instructs him to meet him at Bub's residence. Re-Up had not arrived at the party and agrees to meet at Bub's.

Bub finds the time to clean out his pistol. He begins to take it apart piece by piece than oils it and moves the parts away from the dripping oil then wipes the gun down and cleans the table in the process. He moves his gun parts to the side and the whole piece is clean from his rag. He wants to throw the rag out realizes that it's only trash and moves the rag closer to the table and works out the oil with his finger and wipes the piece down once more. He moves the parts into a whole arm and moves the gun to the cabinet and loads a clip with his bullets then grabs the bleach and cleans the table. He moves further from the cabinet and throws the wipe into the cabinet as his arm is clean then his gun is useable and is undistracted by the mess. He Grabs more bleach then reconsiders his future once as well as before when he moved the first shot through his own picture of less. He makes the cabinet his pleasure and opens and shuts it several times. He grabs his oily cloth and moves the table to make sure there are no stains under the tow of the corners nor the legs. It's farther than clean and he just pours enough cleaned thoughts to move his main intentions apart from the oil and it moves away and he catches his mores with a hint of intent to bleed the view of these stains like his own arm were the beginning of these ends and realizes he is only seeing to much of his own deed. He changes his mind and throws the rag onto the floor and moves the work of arm into and the sight diminished all of the work he must of acclaimed as clean. He picks up his pistol once more and brushes the table with his hand. The brightness of the night moves him to decide to only bleach his cloth but he ignores the fact that he likes the smell of his pistol fired and regrets the cleaning a little. Then at the door a knock and Bub answers thoughtfully to the knock of his friend Re-Up. He instructs Re-Up to pick up the drugs from the living room. He is pondering what Re-Up looked like and realizes if he shoots him it will cost him money. Re-Up hands Bub \$27,500 dollars for the keys. Re-Up is then instructed to be here the following night to give a hit to Bub if he doesn't sell the drugs he can also move murder for Bub.

Bub requests that Re-Up get over Monet's death by doing a line and informs him he can go by 1217 Morsol Street where Monet used to live to sell the keys in quarters and have someone cook it into little pieces and sell it to the partiers. Bub informs Re-up that getting to close to the house is what he wants to do. Re-Up agrees to sell the drugs to the locals and heads to the street and meets his connection and they go to 1217 Morsol to cook the drugs.

Bub is tired of so many intentions that he has always leading to lies. His heart wants to kill Re-Up for the money he can make moves to fast and murder always happens. Bub is still feeling sick from cleaning his pistol. He takes it outside and fires onto the street than gets into his car and drives. The recoil is clear and has no drive to the self but to the North where the city is Bub remains resistant to following his rage to kill a friend again. He gets the thought to look for a girl then he realizes that he has no love. He has appreciation for man that controls the city and has a feeling it is Moof who has taught him to careless about the money and more about his job. Bub realizes that he doesn't have to do any forward work and settles into his \$100k car and just listens to the radio. He drives and goes to 1217 Morlsol.

The party is loud and there are people that know him and tell him hi. He enters the kitchen and sees Re-Up getting some partiers high and retreats to the main room with the music. He cannot help but feel preoccupied with keeping order and starts talking about cars and concerts to a guy who smells drunk. The guy walks away and vomits outside. Bub wonders if he should drink more or get high. Someone offers him marijuana and he rejects the offer. He is getting sick from not killing or so his mind tells him so. Bub turns the party into a shoot out in a minute and the people begin to drop quickly. He moves a couple bodies outside and tells the rest of them not to worry that someone pulled a gun. He loads the bodies into the street and tells someone to call his friend Moof and tell Moof he's talking and not doing his job.

Someone calls Moof and informs Bub that Moof will be here in a few minutes. When Moof arrives he is appauled by the sight of the bodies and Bub takes him for a ride and tells him what he has to do. They return and Moof finds Monet's truck in the body of vehicles and loads the bodies then leaves.

Bub looks at the party and nothing moved them to party more than what just happened. He tells them to give him a mic. Someone goes to their car and gets a microphone. They plug it into the stereo system and Bub starts rapping insanely about everything all at once. The crowd is thrown into cheers and Bub passes the microphone. Girls and guys start Hip Hopping and this continues on for hours. The smell of intelligence is fresh in the air. When Re-Up puts down the drugs his connect receives them and Re-Up tells his connection, "Give me the money if you want to you can just give the money to Bub."

The cocaine dealer hands \$46,000 to Bub for the kilo of crack cocaine. Bub passes \$40,000 to Re-Up and tells him to pay Moof for the cleaner job \$5000 for the cleaning job and put the rest in the bank. Bub promises to kill the dealer if he wants to get a cut of Re-Up's profit. Re-Up calls for someone to get ahold of Moof. They make the exchange right before sunrise under the bridge into the city. Bub waits at the party and smokes his last cigarette. He phones Re-Up to bring him a pack of cigarettes after Re-Up goes to the bank. Re-up then goes to the store for cigarettes and heads towards the bank.

He opens an account with the money under Bub Bellows and orders checks and a credit card. The teller doesn't say much but thanks him for his business. Re-Up leaves the bank feeling a sensation of having robbed the bank and now concentrates on his next job of finding a hit of weed to curb the commotion in his heart. His talent assumes the roll of a joint and he finds himself inside his car rolling a joint. He gets high and forgets about the money. He heads towards the party and begins to look for Bub and Bub finds him outside without a moment to loose his control long enough to lift a cigarette from Re-Ups hand. Re-Up lights Bub's smoke and Bub steadily smokes his cigarette. For awhile the music stops and Bub can relax. He tells Re-Up he is headed to the mic and will be ready to hit the situated with another shot in a few minutes but he realizes he has to begin to end. He asks Re-Up if it's okay he tell him a rhyme instead of telling a story and Re-Up walks inside and hits the microphone. Most of the partiers have finished rhyming when shots break out in the back yard. Bub kills another man, woman, and child. The crowd quickly runs out to Bub and tells him he has to keep from shooting them. Bub says they pulled a gun and he lifts the proof a pistol. The crowd understands and releases they're fear by saying they're just bad people in the world. Re-Up walks outside and sees Bub shooting and Bub sees Re-Up and continues to make sense to himself that his body didn't move. Re-Up begins to look strangely at Bub and Bub takes his wrap and cools his .38 automatic.

Bub asks, "What's wrong?"

Re-Up says, "The recoil is making me see things. I seen you shoot but there are nobodies. Weird man but this morning I found weed that I didn't ever buy and papers to roll when I had the urge to get high."

Bub says, "really everything is real to me. What I want I have not and what I smoke really comes from a mill. The difference is that I kill people and you sell dope."

Re-Up says, "I kinda like people. You don't like them that much or you wouldn't kill them."

Bub says, "so what. I haven't killed enough to feel bad about it yet it just makes me tired."

Re-Up says, "You even shot a kid. He must've been 16."

Bub says, "He was holding a gun at me and the other two had already told me they were going to kill themselves anyway. Say I did them a favor."

Re-Up says, "You might have killed them anyway and I only like you when you're selling me drugs because all the gunfire makes me regret not ever carrying a gun."

"You had to have carried a gun. You sell dope." Bub continues with his amazement, "unless you are some pusher that only sold to his buddies or some shit. Every dealer needs a gun."

Re-Up replies, "Not me Bub I just have a way with words."

"Do you want a gun," asks Bub.

"No I don't unless you retire. You make this city straight and loosed the corruption from the people by giving them respect," says Re-Up.

Bub and Re-Up shake hands. Bub lights another cigarette and asks Re-Up if he'd like to go to breakfast.

They are not meant to go to breakfast there are meaning to just talk the meal into they're minds. Bub grabs peace of mind. Re-up mentions that he has some more business for Bub if he can see the deal out of his high and Bub begins with flow that eases Re-Up and making sense of this Re-Up dives with Bub and plans another ploy to ensure his survival. Re-Up begins to tell Bub that he understands that everything is only in the ends to the means of the world and Bub is unwilling to befriend these men. With the means ahead of Bub's sentences he surely will be successful selling Re-Up his hit list and Re-Up starts to unwind the idea of taking a job. Reluctantly Re-Up considers the evening the score with his enemies and moved to this city to not make a mistake of sending such a powerful message that would only be an action he would regret. What works in Bub's way of indiscretion to offering favors is his own realism that he does not want to be in charge of the city's survival. Bub grows content with being in his place and readies his answer if Re-Up asks him to follow through with the hit.

Re-Up says, "On second thought Bub I might need a gun for myself. Although the reality of the misery of those upon those that I deal with is my only disagreement with this line of work. What am I to do with a gun anyway," Re-Up continues, "If they do not understand then they are unintelligent to my means to keep the drugs on them without having to impression any of their fantasies while they are on drugs."

"Like dying," replies Bub.

"Most of their dealers don't deal with my guys anyway. If you can keep hooking me up with your contacts and stay away from making me a target, honestly, will be fine and I'm gonna make us money," says Re-Up.

"I remember when this city was ignorant to the high of his and the lesser regards for humanity. Why don't you just kill them with me," asks Bub.

"I can't just kill Bub," Re-Up adds, "I can barely handle the pace of these deals and partying."

"Ok. We'll slow down the players and move you into succession and if you cross my pace then it was a risk well taken because I won't hurt you and you deal with your own," says Bub.

Meanwhile

Sarah and Micey are at home sleeping when there is a knock at the door. Micey hears someone say revolution from the door. Micey awakes a little later and when he goes to the door it is locked and quiet outside. He returns to his living room and turns on the TV. He is sitting watching a sports show. He glances over to the cabinet and his curiosity grows into a fanatical want to touch it. He glides over the table and can smell an oil of some sort. He touches the table and realizes some spots and cleaner than others and then looks at his hand. He moves to the cabinet and

trys the door. It is locked but the handle is brushes clean of the oils from his hand the second time he try the door. He sighs and returns to the couch. He changes channels and sits quietly watching the pictures. He moves his hand to remote and finds it between the cushion. He continues to relax and wonders why Sarah didn't hear the voice saying revolution.

After awhile he shuts the TV and goes to bed.

It is dark outside and the only break in the sky is above the city north of the neighborhood. The morning air begins to move in and the change of light signals a change in direction for Bub. He moves the crowd once more through a rap then gets into his car and drives away. He pushes the gas and drives further south into the arid land and watches the sunrise slowly. He parks and lets a memory enter his gun and his gun gets cold. He can keep the temperature in his gun for no longer and tosses it in his car. His intuition tells him to drive further South as cars begin to pass bye. He immediately has a reaction and calls a friend and suggests he contact him later. Bub returns to the street and heads for the party and when he arrives he finds everyone has left or has fallen asleep. He calls a friend of his to clean the house and schedules it later on in the day. Bub goes to the bedroom and cannot find Re-Up through the whole house. He wants to call but assumes Re-Up has returned to his apartment in the city. Bub easily convinces someone to get off the couch. He closes his eyes for a moment. He turns his head and can smell the liquor and smokey stench in the air. He goes to the radio and turns it off. He can return to his criminal ways and a quick flash of reality commits him to not returning to killing someone who has a bed here. He knows he has missed the night with making mayhem amongst these partiers. Much earlier than if he was to concentrate on one murder a time under a boss. He gets a quencher idea to unravel Moofs life and build him into a boss someday. He is confident Moof will be willing to undertake an oath to be in charge while keeping his hands a little cleaner than Bub. The Bub laughs he says to himself, "a lot cleaner." Somebody mumbles a sentence trying to connect with his reasoning.

Bub's phone remains slightly silent while it vibrates making Bub aware the battery is almost dead. Bub maintains the idea of the connection to the phone and wants to care about something inanimate so he turns the power off. He retrieves a charger from his car and plugs it into the socket. He moves away and grabs the spot on the couch and can hear the electricity inside of his mind mimic the charge of his phone. He has a smile on his face as he embraces the moment as picturesque and is satisfied with his doing a party this well. He misses Monet and understands that he'd have passed by now anyway if he'd had a chance to pass on his own. Bub realizes that these moments suffice the joy in the heart of his guests and par it may be to him understands there is a place even for him to entertain. These guests welcome madness and welcome Bub even though they are the lost. Bub is unwilling to manipulate his control to take what is a calming feeling to design an action that will only cause him disappointment in himself. He goes to his car and puts his gun in the groove between the seats and leaves it unsafely loaded and retrievable if he

were to change his mind. He regards his gun as his only object to his mistrust of himself and has a sinking feeling when he leaves it out of his grasp. He winds his wrist and reaches into the air pointing to himself acknowledging his face as he survives another ray of sunshine for another moment of another day. He relinquishes his voice to presume the look of a guest as morning turns to a colder dust against his face and skin even the light begins to fall apart under the paint from his car. He can see why he must survive in himself and what drives him away from his gun will not make his life worse or better if he were to let the morning be the morning and the noontime come without harm. He ventures through the yard and kicks dirt onto the bloody stains where the bodies lie not anymore though they could've been buried there just the way they lied there. He cannot see them in his mind and races to his phone to check the time. He realizes it is too early for food and too late to care about the dealings with Moof and let's the guests snore as he goes outside to practice his rhyme. Bub begins to improvise his lyrics under his breath until he finds the rhythm then starts to quote the men for how they see him and how they could be him lyrical while his easiness of speech begins to elevate his joy. He looks at the sky then stops and moves himself to his car to check on his gun.

Bub keeps himself occupied. The weather begins to chill him a bit and the temperature goes un-noticed. The traffic moves along the street quickly and the horns start to beep and the radios can be heard. Bub's name is being called out and he says what and the calls turn to stories that he only began with a rap and tries to tune into them with his lyrics. The morning quickly begins to roll away from his grasp and he sinks into a calming madness of his own undoing revolves through his eyes. He is a killer without the foresight in grasp as he tries to plan a goal that murder surely has no resolve for his wishes or his mindless plans. Bub grabs a smile and pretends to be happy with the day and his doings stay out of reach as he works towards controlling his emotions and whimsically comes up with desires and goals of being free of his role. He moves his mind somewhere else and is driven to meet somebody and tell them little of his reputation and fall out of place. He fantasizes of moving away from the city as he planned to begin a life without telling anybody anything bad. He continues to rant his words into letters of states and imagines cities he can live in. His mood comes to a change when he realizes the money he has made will insure him of the change he can only bring to moving away. His hopes are rushed high but then he begins to feel empty. A colder side of him fries his imagination and he can feel a brush of the reality that has consumed him in Morsburg. The acclamation of change is only the change that will follow him as he knows he cannot continue to behave righteously for ever. He will surely kill again in any city he may choose will only be another city without bounds to his madness. The anger aggravates him and he has nothing to accept as fate other than the road he has chosen to be any different is impossible as he wants to runaway will only be running forward and not away from his intent to carriage with the injustable are lives that he cannot return. Shameful of want Bub sits in his car and tries to fall

asleep. He needs a coat and only wants to sleep. He closes his eyes and his crimes finish before they begin. While he is premeditating these crimes he has no reason to acknowledge himself as fixable.

He drifts and does not want any part of the misery and mentions nothing to anybody as nobody can hear him care to mention in the air and revives his awareness to briskly grasp contentment for doing nothing over doing wrong. Nothing really makes sense when he perceives change in himself. Bub cannot even begin to think less of himself so he grasps his pistol and only wants to give it back to his childhood when change actualized his money and chances were only games not decision. He doesn't fall asleep and decides to wait for his friend to arrive to tell him nothing's changed and that he'll give him extra pay if he cleans the house without disturbing the guests. "Cleanliness is next to nothing," Bub tells himself. He continues, "I'll help but really they leave this place a mess." Bub is sure he doesn't want to accept a toll for the party and ensures himself that he will leave the guests undisturbed and asleep if they are and more are to arrive as not to ask them for any favour.

PART THREE

“YEAH I'M PISSED . . . but I can handle this. Lemme ask you to just shut the hell up and realize what you've done,” a voice says to two guys. The two men look at each other and one speaks up.

“It was Moof . . . he said it was fine to whack the guy. He said it'd be that message you'd understand!”

The young look in Moof's eye is too weak to penetrate the circumstance that neither the three of them have the microcosmos in their worlds to bring the taken right back to the present. Re-Up says, “Bub can you understand that the man Moof was aiming at wasn't you for just a second.”

Bub replies, “OK whatever he was still the mayor and we gotta run this town now.”

Moof finally speaks up, “Do you know what we are gonna do about next murk we're gonna have to start signing each other's hit list with protection money because I can hear the city coming after all of us.”

Bub says, “gnaw it's not like that . . . You got control and with that control . . . Moof. You have to remain standing while all the other's motion for your downfall you have to remain real and in charge of you're in control right? If you're not kill yourself because you can't rely on what I'm saying to give you control.”

The young man looks at Bub and nods his head vertically up and down a little than up somewhat towards the sky. Bub says, “I'm not really caring about if you gotta do this but I have the perfect way to keep you outta the mess you're in right now and that is to either give me the gun and run away to another city or try and rule.”

“I really don't care I'm getting a call right now and it's for more beer and more coke. I'm not going to answer it but we oughts throw a party anyway,” Re-Up says to the group.

"Yeah wow and why don't we pick up Brush from his house and start reminding him he may never walk again," says Bub.

"Moof, Moof, what were you thinking. Bub I know. Re-Up I know," Moof says to himself.

"OK," Bub says, "then what tell you how pissed I am that you killed a public official over his ride."

Bub looks out onto the street and sees a flashy vehicle parked on the side of the street with a bullet hole through the front windshield. Bub gets closer to examine it and sees a body in the back faceless and bloodied in the rear. Bub pulls out the body and says, "we gotta bury him right here."

The three of them begin to unravel the earth with their hands and any metal parts that are in the rear and eventually make a hole. Bub orders Moof to make his move to cover the body by swinging his arm at Re-Up and saying, "how could you guys not know what you were getting into?"

The sounds of them arguing leads to a gunshot and Moof is moved to make Re-Up throw the body in the shallow dirt hole. Bub says, "that's what . . . You. Do to stay in control is make. Peeps clean up after you."

"I got it," Moof continues, "just keep throwing dirt on him."

Re-Up continues to bury the dead man and without hesitation his job is done. Re-Up says, "Wow 2 weeks ago I wouldn't have even cared who this guy was."

"This guy is not the problem yourselves are your prob . . . homies." Bub moves to the SUV and grabs the keys from the ignition. He makes a call. He says, "right away, felicio dominos madre la maiar de mortes."

Re-Up says, "He's talking Italian and you're in charge. You gotta learn Italian Moof?"

Bub hangs up and tells Moof, "my people are gonna clean this mess and you now are working on your own unless you pay them they said they will kill you. You my friend Moof are who they call Don Mafest."

Moof looks at Bub with an empty gun and realizes he is now in a deeper hole with the mafia than with the city. Moof makes a call to Re-Up and requests they sell drugs at the house on 1217 *Morsol*. Re-Up sets up a deal and Moof rides back to the house with Re-Up. Upon leaving tells Bub to have his people contact him on *Morsol* to pick up payment. Bub agrees and waits while the men leave.

Meanwhile at Sarah's Apartment.

Micey awakes from a doze and glances outside then at the clock then at Sarah. He feels a little more relaxed living in the city then decides to turn on the TV in Sarah's room. He catches a glimpse of a few commercials then turns it off. Micey and Sarah's place is small and is full furnished with odds and clutter in every part of the house. The bedroom is small with a TV and bed. There are bags laid out on the floor and boxes line the hall and there is twice as much furniture in the living

room than is needed. Micey is planning on changing out Sarah's furniture with some pieces Bub had given them when Micey moved out. The living room has plain white walls and is covered in posters and there is no TV only chairs and places to sit and pillows and a desk with chairs and a table. The kitchen is the least disorganized with only empty boxes and the culinary extras like a toaster and microwave. The hallway is short as it connects the living area to the bedroom and bathroom. Micey had only turned on the TV for a moment before when his eyes started to see images of mayhem and fire burn into his brain of the neighborhood and of the art he'd seen his imagination frame and hang deep inside his fears. He says to Sarah, "I hope this isn't the way it is." Sarah sighs and gets up. She goes to the bathroom and fills a cup. She requests Micey drink it then lays back down and falls asleep. Micey doesn't have the same luck and foils with the images and begins to paint a dream of him and Sarah moving through the pictures in the frames away from each other until they are frozen apart and Micey's eyes begin to water. Sarah grabs his hand and holds it for a moment before letting go. Micey has a strange feeling of being alone and doesn't tell Sarah then his eyes grow ambitious for another drink and he lifts his glass for the droplets. The night charges Micey's desires with acceptance of the relationship between his feelings and his knowing better and as he closes his eyes the images vanish.

When morning arrives Micey is awakened by Bub's call and Micey answers. He hangs up the phone and tells Sarah, "you need to get up and be ready for a party at *Morsol* because a DJ has arrived and there is nothing better to do on a Saturday is what Bub said."

Sarah says, "really . . . Something must have gone on last night."

The both of them ready themselves and shower. They put on clean clothes and kiss before leaving for Monet's old house. Once there they realize that Bub is nowhere to be seen and the only actions that are going on is dancing and a few acquaintances sitting and waiting for something bigger to happen. Bub eventually pulls up with Re-Up and the men get up and take the entering Bub and Re-Up into the living room and offer them a bag. Re-Up unzips it and hands the men a phone. The man dials and Moof's voice can be heard. The men sit down and converse while Bub begins to point his gun into the murderous eyes of the dancers and then puts the strap in his belt. The men end their conversation and Moof walks in with a duffle and hands it to the men with a set of keys and the men leave within moments. Bub asks Micey to go to the bank and make a deposit in his and Sarah's bank account of however much they need to get started. Micey declines Bub's request and Bub asks Sarah, "well can you tell him it's not his money."

Sarah changes Micey's mind and the two of them go to the bank to deposit \$178,798.98."

Bub orders a breakfast for delivery and when it arrives he and the rest of the house eat. Micey hands Bub his check book and Bub says, "just transfer the money to these accounts right now," and hands Micey a bank book. Micey does

so after his breakfast and the party goes on until the afternoon without any less of the energy than it had been before the sunrise. Guests come and beer goes. The drugs are taken and sold and Micey dances with Sarah and Bub and girls dance. Re-Up and Moof begin to be consumed by the youthful energy in the group of partiers and agree to Moof dozing while Re-Up stays up. The house is very clean and very organized with everything remaining that was in the house from many weeks ago being left and untouched. Moof can't help himself elevate the paranoia that exists in this house. He collects his mind and takes ease in his sense of being wealthy.

He knows he has no connection with his old life anymore and whether or not he knows his associates very well it doesn't matter to him because they take care of one another. He settles his self and falls asleep. Re-Up feels the same paranoia though he has sold drugs he can hardly accept himself for what he sees as his participation in the downfall of his community. He opens his eyes and looks for Bub. When he sees him he walks over and begins a conversation. The two begin to talk about the benefits that the criminal community will have if they dictate whose doing what crimes and when these crimes are done. Bub sees this moment as an opportunity to conceive the children of his crimes that are those ghosts and justify their death as debt that he must pay to his own success of being. Bub has no heart and is cold always and lights a cigarette as he tells Re-Up that the decisions he made were for freedom from price that every life he took had been the price paid for they could not live to the fullest and the were only living foolishly.

Re-Up believes Bub's points and intertwines that people who use drugs so freely are gambling with their own destiny and they may be destined to always buy drugs and they insure himself of a generous income. Bub tells him of a paradise where we could have lived as kings if we have only known what we were supposed to know when we were born. He continues, "It is up to those that know before hand what they are to control these people even if it is only through the madness."

Re-Up looks tired and begins to imagine the mayhem in the distance. He philosophies with himself but the visions begin to concur into a reality whereupon he can see Moof at a table and himself at the same table. As they focus their attention on eachother they can see they are still alive. In Bub's breath Re-Up is pulled from this vision with a sense of comfort of knowing he can survive these early years of mayhem. He continues to tell Bub of what he saw and Bub affirms that he is one of the smartest people in the city.

The afternoon begins to pass and Bub assures Re-Up that he may sleep for days and nothing will change so Re-Up leaves and heads towards his place for rest. Bub has no need for sleep. Every time he closes his eyes someone is asks himself some question or calls. He can see the changes in this world when his eyes begin to focus and his only thirst is to commune his prowess over the police to surely control this town. He believes since they haven't bothered him then his henchmen have already made the disposition that the mob runs the city in its entirety. Bub is

a man of means that he is deserving of that he only receives on his journey that are rightfully earned and are his. He has no need for more. He orders men at the party to order dinner for the guests and makes a connection with a young man to acquire a warehouse to throw an even bigger party. They assume the obvious and establish a party for a week from now. He orders his guests to attend and invite and deems those guests likely to receive a profit if they organize the door and take admission they can have it all.

Days pass and Bub runs through the city gaining friends and contacts that enable him to eventually have his own song played on the radio once. He can hear the city mourn for those he raps of that lost their lives to make the song and the mourning turn to cheers. He immediately calls the station and demands them to not play his music anymore. Bub continues his bloodlust by killing a body everyday before the party. He doesn't torture any of his victims he only kills them by gunfire may he break in to their home or murders the stragglers that roam the streets before dawn. None of these crimes make the news due to the fear the city knows who the killer is and how they are under his impression of justice. He is making Moof begins to gain respect and changes his demeanor and his style. He and Re-Up are making drug deals and have purchased infallible clothing and jewelry. They are treating themselves to cars and decide to purchase a huge loft with their earnings. With the money serving its purpose and Bub being far richer than the other men the days combine with the nights into huge profits. The three men initiate the very first guests into this pseudo street mob family and drug dealers into official soldiers of the mob. The money their parties generate pays for their addictions of fancy clothes and cars. Whoever is second in line always is because there is someone with more seniority over them. The utilization consumes some of toils and frailty and generations from an organization where Re-Up is known for the outside of these men and Moof the idiot who turns mistakes into power. Bub is respected beyond himself as the authority and his murders instill fear in the city and respect in any group that is fearless of his actions. They are nonetheless a group of men and women who begin to toil with those they do not like to initiate hate towards these individuals unless they work for Bub.

To envision anything less than control over the time to come would be understating their possession of arms and ability to wage war with opposing cartels but the later is indeed their fact and they have nothing to fear. To fear only one man is their silliness to see that in these forthcomings politicians have been bought and not only those they've given acceptance to are initiated but those they never knew were killed to grease the sprockets of such an evil organization of men.

The freedom of the criminal is not a forthcoming to these men led by Bub but it is the friends like Micey that Bub had loved so much that he'd procure being his father to take care of those he'd seen recognize as friends. Micey remains ignorant to the workings of Bub's organization and maintains his relationship with Sarah without Bub his life may have been victimized by ignorance forever. Openness

between the two only closes Bub's intent to spill blood in the city as him and Micey talk beyond Bub's icy eyes.

Micey says, "we've hadn't done much but you keep paying me. And you tell Sarah to make sure I finish school. Why?"

Bub replies, "Without her you'd just be my best buddy. You need to impress her. Not all of us are wicked."

"Bub you may be right. Sarah is my world and if we're going to ever make something outtalk what we got I got to stay focused on our future," Micey says.

"Not only that, you have to ready yourself for what's ahead. I can take care of my life but taking care of others just means taking them out. I know how you are and I can't ask anything of you other than to let me watch you grow. We have been friends for awhile and I will always have your back," states Bub.

"Yeah I know if someone came through that door with a gun you'd blow their head off if they tried to hurt me but isn't there more to living then just killing and money?" Asks Micey.

"There isn't more unless you make more Micey and that's what you have to do is get really smart and take care of your girlfriend. You can make more I'm just making it," says Bub.

"If that's true then I don't want to ever get in your way. I shouldn't have to ever give so much and looking into myself I truly love Sarah and if she wants me to transfer outta state I will but I like it here in Morsburg," replies Micey.

"Than never leave and I can't really help you anymore. I made my way and you have to do the same. One day I'll have a caravan to follow me anywhere you may need help. Don't stay here for me," said Bub.

"I'll talk to Sarah one more time and then I'll decide because I know we'll be friends no matter where I go and I will grow and I will take care of Sarah," finishes Micey.

Micey's interlude with Bub ends in a phone call. Bub walks away and lights a cigarette. He ponders everyway out of this world for himself and everyway to make his way into the artist he can truly only remember being. He doesn't have to paint anymore and doesn't have to party for respect he can afford the portraits he desires and begin settling down in a comfort zone of solace. Micey ends his phone conversation and tells Bub, "I have to leave can you give me a ride home."

Bub assures Micey that he can and gets a drink of water before they both enter Bub's intelligent vehicle and head towards the city. Micey had given Sarah information that he mustn't tell Bub about Bub's friend Re-Up trying to leave the mob and Sarah trying to get Micey away from the mob as well. Over the course of a couple weeks Re-Up and Micey have become friends and Re-Up is fearful that Bub will kill him if he tells Moof anything about operating with another mob family without conviction to Bub. Re-Up has told Micey that Bub operates with too much pressure on the soldiers beneath him and they are in too much danger while Bub goes on murderous rampages leaving the lesser knowns to clean up the mess. Micey opens his mouth and says nothing. After awhile Bub reaches Micey's house where

Re-Up is to meet Micey and discuss them both leaving one for protection the other for school. Bub offers Micey his hand one more time reassuring him everything is fine and Micey says good bye and walks inside.

Minding the situation left on hand Bub parks down the street for a minute then leaves. He searches the radio stations for something more appealing for the moment. He finds some older Hip Hop and moves his head and follows his own attitude and cannot escape rhymes he believes are for the lost on the street. Even though he is wise to them out of his car being unable to hear him he tunes out the radio and his own voice to remain in prose. He already has lost belief in his own conformity being he sees hybrids in the sunset and lights being on every few cars. He ponders the pros and cons of being heard by a listening audience and despite these ramblings of thought turns his voice up and moves a little higher up by his standard and reaches for his pistol considering ending another life. He remains on the downtown streets and passes hotel after hotel and communicates with harm by firing a shot out the window at the building where the alley is emptiest. He parks in the alley and waits. His phone rings and another call he missed. He moves the digital dash across where he can only see the hotel he so has known as home for so long and sets his GPS to give him direction even though he already has followed his intent to rest there before. Means fill his pockets and he gathers himself at the hotel to pay respects to old friends. He sees his friend and tells a few jokes and asks for a room. Mark gives him a key card and asks him, "you got any more of those credits card.?"

Bub replies, "I do and I can lend you the name of a car dealer if you can go by and see him this weekend. He needs a sale." Bub slides a card to Mark and maneuvers to his room quietly. He enters his chamber and rests his eyes. He tosses his belongings from his pockets onto the bed and finally sleeps.

Over the course of the night Sarah had a conversation with Re-Up about making his exit a trip and partnering with other mobs on the way out of Morsburg.

Re-Up, "I'm as afraid of walking away from the money as I am afraid of Bub."

Sarah says, "Well you gotta look at it both ways and make a home out of your friendship and out of this friendship respect Bub and all the opportunity he has given you and Moof."

"I think Mafeft means idiot and putting don in front of it doesn't make Moof anybody it just means he needs your support," said Micey. The three of them laugh and continue to converse.

There is an ease coming over them and in their own senses begin to realize who they are and how they can avoid losing their means of survival. Re-Up is the first to speak, "OK."

"Okay is a wonderful way to look at yourself and you should take a deep breath and realize you've made much way fast," says Sarah.

"Ok. After that? After that I am only remaining in this mad world. At least I have Moof," states Re-Up. Micey reaffirms Re-up with a pat on the shoulder and says, "Ok."

They discuss the madness and between them agree that Sarah and Micey should move because they have each other and Re-Up will journey out of town on his own accord. Re-Up's decadent clothing makes him look like he is intelligent and improve on his old lifestyle and the diamonds on his chain offer reward to anybody that refutes his position.

"Micey, if they only knew what we knew they'd make it for themselves. A future," said Re-Up.

"Your jewels make you look like you are someone. Don't believe the others. You have a made up world and it's your world you dictate," said Micey.

"You speak like a true student Micey. Of a source of true knowledge and I just gotta slow down," said Re-Up.

"Do you want to move some of these boxes for us. Maybe there something in it for you like a leather sofa." Sarah proceeds to point at the furniture and outlines the sofa with here finger and continues to speak, "plus you can get some aktur to lift them from you."

The three laugh again. "Gnaw that won't be happening because I am the man and the place I have to fill needs more than boxes," says Re-Up.

Re-Up picks up a couple boxes of Micey's stuff and starts organizing it in the living room. Sarah kisses Micey and moves her hand into his pants and breathes out the words that make Micey chill up his spine. Micey says, "I want her a lot more than you so if you can get her to do something for me when you're in charge Re-Up."

Re-Up says, "If you get me a couch because that sounds nice! I'll leave you alone but the boxes."

Micey says, "Do you want to make a hit for me and do some rap . . . Sarah says I heat it and spit fire!"

Re-Up says, "We oughta call Brush and see what he's doing with his studio!"

A look of complete humor passes their faces and they agree they're better recording their raps than holding a freestyle session. Re-Up calls Bub and there is no answer just a message giving directions to the voicemail and a click. The three of them drive over to Bub's house and cannot find Bub. They push the door and the door opens and they are giving no choice but to either stay or browse through Bub's notes to find Brush. They turns the lights on and call back the last number on Bub's house phone and Brush answers.

"Brush! Brush this is Re-Up!! Can we go record . . . o' woe? Really? We can, give me your address we'll make our way over after we get some style," Re-Up continues, "how about we move to the real studio and make something for the airwaves."

Brush informs them that he needs to get in the booth but he cannot do anything they want to do. He minds them enough to revive their careers and invites them to the studio and he will teach Sarah how to operate the muses and they can record all the way through their session. Re-Up is willing and Micey is as well but Sarah only operates at work and asks Re-Up if he can teach her the raps and Micey operate the music's mechanics and equipment. They agree and move out of the living room

and into the kitchen where they begin to forget how they came about this idea and leave accordingly in Re-Up's car. Re-Up turns up the radio and heads to Brush's place and when they arrive they are unaware Brush has an awesome house and the car in the drive is a gift from Bub.

They get to the door and Micey announces, "We have wine and spirits!" Re-Up adds up the floors to his house and contributes that he needs to get high to count the floors. Brush answers the door on crutches and he invites them in then gets hugs from everyone.

Micey asks, "Do you got drink?"

"Yeah I have a bar. I don't have any wine though." Brush holds the bottle and continue," I'd show you the studio but its down stairs."

The group agrees to drink as Brush outlines to Sarah that he can't make it down unless they put him in his wheel chair. Brush also informs Sarah how the microphone turns on and how the computer does the recording. They drink and laugh. Brush tells them of the night of his accident and they gasp at the details. Brush collects himself then moves over to the stereo and plays some music. The men start to feel inspired to rap and they make their way into the booth and Sarah records them singing. When they are done she makes a disk and gives it to Brush as a gift. They listen to music all night until the sun begins to rise. Nobody falls asleep and Brush approaches Re-Up with a legitimate offer to produce Re-Up and Micey if they'd be on his label.

Meanwhile at the hotel

The room Bub slept in is empty and he is at the front desk chatting with Mark the inn keeper and has very little memory of how wrong he must be for he lies so much and gives evenly into Mark. Mark leaves himself the tip and requests a hundred and Bub delivers. Mark ensures Bub they are friends and that makes his boss very happy. Having seen the door Bub leaves the money on the counter adding another bill and drifts outside.

Bub enters his car and heads to the phone before realizing it is ringing and he answers. He is requested to convene with his friends at Brush's house and Bub sets his GPS and like before takes a ro he has already travelled. While he moves in and out of traffic he is unsure if he even has a phone and ponders humorously that he is telepathic. He orders another hit. He calls Moof and Moof accepts his request but has nobody in mind. Bub calls off the hit with Moof and asks him if he has heard anything about the mayoral race and Moof confirms that the contacts he has made discovered a very presumptuous candidate that is on the mob's payroll. Bub leads Moof away from the idea of the mob and requests him as well to Brush to record with Micey and Re-Up. Bub orders breakfast and the delivery arrives before Bub. The alms freeze as Bub has no reign in the warmth of giving his victims an escape and raises one fact higher the motives become clear and Bub manicures his pistol

onto his lap and moves to a corner and exits his vehicle and slows down traffic and offers a gunshot unto his very harm killing although Bub was intending to leave the passing die worthless lives. At the least he believes he has made them potent muck in a world where they were nothing otherwise. He doesn't open up fire on traffic he redirects it and makes them run their cars further out of line. He waits until they are in madness and moves back into his car and fires one shot that makes no difference in arms. He calls Brush and aims to be late without reason has to kill a man is Bub's excuse. Brush understands and eats with the guests and Bub arrives when they have finished their recording and awaits Moof.

The session begins when Moof finally arrives to have a meal as well. Bub opens the deal to Moof as well if they can do this one action for him to kill someone. Brush agrees and leaves the punchline to Moof who begins to cry about shooting the mayor. They tease him that he can't do it again and Moof is moved to rap about that homicide convincing the others that when his inspiration runs out from a homicide he will take his own life. Bub interludes with words of wisdom that is understood by Moof completely.

"Moof you cannot end your life you must not even kill," Bub continues, "Doin' it once and escaping your own fate is not a deal with me but is a real record and you gotta understand I'm only asking why you don't go into the booth and record with the guys. We're only pulling your leg."

Moof is moved again and makes his way into the conversation only to realize he must not breakdown and record a murder rap. Brush promotes the idea and pulls out a gun and says to Moof, "get it when you're done and make another hit."

"He's just tricking you," says Bub.

Moof decides to be humble enough to take on the humor and makes a joke of his own. They laugh and head downstairs. Moof enter the booth and is joined by Micey and the beat comes on while they are talking about what they want to do. Bub asks for a playback and Sarah asks if they are ready. Micey and Moof act deaf and put on the headphones and the beat beginning is enough to get Moof involved and he begins to rap. Bub brings Brush down on a wheel chair and the group records a complete track by the end of the afternoon. When they have finished they look to Bub. Bub declines recording. He touches his gun and it is ice cold from the morning and he can only move himself to covering it in a wrap. He moves the gun out of his belt and it quickly disappears.

Then Sarah begins to nod away in the studio and her head can be seen bouncing up and down. Bub directs Micey to take her to a room in the house and put her to sleep and says, "She won't remember it anyway if you lay next to her, do whatever. You made a great reproach on wanting to leave her out."

Micey says, "I really want to fall asleep Bub."

Bub says, "yeah she does too."

Micey carries himself with demeanor and attributes his disposition to his relationship. Moof leaves upstairs and Brush is wheeled upstairs with the help of

Re-Up and Bub. All four men fall asleep as Bub remains up seeing hallucinations. He envisions 1210 Marisol and the party the night Monet died and the murder that preceded. He can see the flames and the Monet raising a glass from the afterlife as he did that night to a body that was murdering sensibly. The destruction that is to follow that night will only continue through the night as Bub hears is restless with nothing but his intentions and his pistol. Bub walks down the stairs as well and begins to hear voices chatting in the walls along the staircase. He recognizes the voices of his friends Moof and Re-Up along with men he has the knowledge of but are unknown to him. He moves along the wall his hand and can feel the texture of blood and can see beyond this room into other mens hearts. He begins with the separation of his mind from his soul until he can only see with his eyes a different place in a being of himself that is quickly changing. As his bones pop and his skin weathers he reaches for his hip out of paranoia and finds he has no pistol. He reaches into his pocket and finds money and on the money in his hand there is blood. He continues forward as a gun he knows by caliber and not by hand comes to light and lays in front of a mixing board and recording booth. He can see beyond the light but not into his years. He can still hear the voices though they sound out of reach and out of touch with himself. He turns on the machine and a beat begins to play and he steps into the booth and records a rap. He leaves the booth and reaches for his pistol and pulls the hammer back. He ascends up the stairs and can hear death in the emptiness of the house as it hounds him like the cries of his past ascending from further below than his studio. He moves along the house and reminance of it looks familiar and he says to himself, "must be brushed." He moves into the den and there is Don Mafeft and a few men there counting money. Don Mafeft salutes him with eyes that are deaf in place with lights that show no growth of aptitude for what may be the dealings only eyes of a money counter. Bub can see his reflection and realizes his demeanor may not last very much or he may not go very far or as he dictates a shot fired may go further than these men. He lifts his gun and Don Mafeft lifts his leg as he is shot once in the head then the other men return fire and hit Bub in the chest and the leg well before it is his time to fire back or do anything else but the wounds do not penetrate him for vey long and he begins to go for the wall and readies his gun with bullets he pulls from there guns as the hitmen pull their triggers with empty clicks. Bub leaves the room and heads up stairs healthily and finds a woman and a man in bed known as Mike and Sophie to him and takes his blood into his hand as the clip reloads and murders them in their fearful embrace of each other. He heads out of the room and finds more bullets in his pockets and reloads them. Bub in his senses knows to go down stairs for a drink of water and does so quickly. In the house he can hear one more of these Mice and knows to head towards the door where he finds a man embraced in fear as well but he sits on a chair and Bub fires directly into the disabled mans arm then takes his life with a lethal blow to the heart.

The house he is in begins to immaterialize but the bodies remain. Bub returns to his ageless stature and besides the bodies are bloody dollars and he can see money

in the den. He feels no remorse for killing the houseful of people and a burning sensation enters his body that turns him hollow. He has just killed the only people that mattered to him and tastes their fear and engulfs it in his mouth then spits out a rap loud enough to turn this house into a stench of respect and admiration of emptiness whose only friend is silence. He goes to his car and begins to pack the money into his trunk. He lights a cigarette and smokes it. He has a cigarette in one hand and his pistol in the other. He raises his pistol to up to his face and his pistol is the one from the dream not the one he began murdering once before. He leaves in his car and heads to the street. His intent is to go to the bank and use his friends there for monetary reasons and moves the darkness of night out of his way and onto the street he travels towards the unknown and until the madness ends without need.

The END