

# Clapture the Story of Bub Bellows



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To my wife and child.





All Bub wanted to do was to smoke his cigarette and drive out of town. He drove fifty miles when he realized the victims of his latest crime were truly his friends.



## PART 1

Amongst the night air Bub makes his car swerve in and out of his lane. He leaves it to chance and he makes a complete turn around. He quickly forgets the mayhem of the city of Morsburg, the city he intends on leaving but heads home anyway. He fights his conscience and finds his place heading back towards Morsburg where his home may be. Unless he were to change his mind therefore he'd only be changing his direction. Bub understands that what may have taken place the night before in killing his friends Micey, Brush, Sarah, Moof, and his demons may only have been a delusion. It is making him mad believing he may lose them eternally. He steps on the gas and moves towards the cities limits. He can hear the slight tone of a lighten city and music in his ears and turns on his radio. He tunes his car as he drives reaching for the blinker as he exit's the freeway. He knows he has some of the mob's money in his trunk and wants to make this journey quick and easy.

So he envisions in the night the prior victimizations and can see the blood on the walls and the likes of his friends never coming to his aid amidst his crimes, money and the end of their own moral demise. He beckons this as truth and justly serves himself the right to leave them dead as he enters the drive that leads to Brush's house. He can hear a commotion and rightfully parks and lights another cigarette. He asks himself to listen to his next action as he says another prayer for his fallen friends and hopes their demeanor is changed and they will resurrect their good will to unearth his desire to step back for a moment into his place of where they were meant to be instead of what his meditation consequentially befallen on them, murder. He searches through the night and finds these steps and forces himself into a path he has already traveled. Seeing the future without them and placement of his bullets. The lights in the house turn on and he honks. The glow of the street lamp uncovers him and he fights off his own ghost to travel into the moment of

his friends lives. He can see their ghosts. His power manipulates their beings. Into reality he can hear them cheer inside and knows that he must break his own order to maintain an aptitude of congeniality as he encounters his trusted ones again. So he does. He moves out of his car and into the present where he can smell their appreciation of his arrival.

Within moments he reaches the door and he can quickly see he has murder in his heart and releases the pressure to find the reassurance of their demise and he can maintain their survival without shedding the blood to the halls and killing them once again. From his eyes he can see the ghosts of 4 victims escape into the heavens and Sarah answers the door. No entitlement under his eyes he looks directly onto Sarah's body and remembers her brush or as Bub would state, "a" stranger until minutes ago. He believes she was enough of a friend to say, "hello."

"Hey Bub!" Sarah says.

"I thought you'd measure a little more answering the door at Brush's luxurious pad," says Bub.

"I know you're kidding Bub, C'mon were recording and drinking. We'll make you a cocktail," recommends Sarah.

"Gnaw I don't drink. Have you ever heard of a man by the title of Phemora or a place, anything?" Asks Bub.

"Just a strip in Rovillana named Phemora." States Sarah.

"Cool . . . I'm going there. I just wanted to tell you guys I'm heading out soon but I'll come in and rap with you."

"Yeah, come in. We're waiting for you!" Says Sarah. Realizing She were only there a minute ago time breaks between them.

Bub enters the house and the furniture is pasty and the wall is hung with light. The tapestry's are fresh and everything in this lighting brings the past to utter change. It is easy for Bub to accept the differences that remain between the house the night before and everything looking anew. Nothing shakes him.

The furniture the kitchen all these paintings in different locations but Sarah and the rest are unknowing to the changes being their beginnings remanned and their lives forever may being changed from here. Each man

and woman's ideas are bliss and overjoyed with missing parts to their own histories being victims an eternity to Bub all before. Eventually Bub meets the entire group of Moof and his friends Brush and Micey. Bub is convinced that they are acknowledged by the missing Re-Up and is not surprised if they cannot recall their ties. Re-Up was an unconvinced individual in their eyes that are them missing so much of him. He dealt drugs and wore chains began from means of good intent but was released into the unknowing night as their hitman, were merely the lives Bub could save. Re-Up's connections to the other families will make it difficult for these friends to reconsider Bub as the boss with their loyalties already binding them to what little they do not understand. Bub is commanding and does not want to be followed after saving these friends from utter demise.

"I don't want to be your boss. I have a job to do and I'm saving the punch line for you Brush because making records is where you deserve to be," addressing Micey and Moof, "you guys have less talent without him and are making money from me," says Re-Up.

Brush tells the boys Micey and Moof, "he could use a better rapper so they better practice their finest lines." Moof's eyes are glazed from the weed and a glimpse of the after life of the mayor's interpretations of assumptions if he were to survive begin to call to Moof.

"What's that mean Brush . . . Until now I wacked a guy by accident you made me forget about muiy to mic like we were supposed to hold onto this deal knowing the city don't care," says Moof.

"Yeah there's doubt that we even call each place new but look at it like you're undead and let them die Moof. You gotta work on just letting Bub do the dir . . . and you make a hit. Killing the mayor wasn't a mistake. Making sense of me?" Says Brush holding his breath.

"Yeah but whether or not you survive and I die isn't a concern my concern is I can't place myself even here wimpering about a motive to be more like Bub and kill myself if I can't remember why I can't just dive and say I don't feel bother'd," replies Moof.

"Hell with the rest Moof. You lost it if your saying you didn't come back like mean. I got a trunk full of money that you helped make through

being the boss and now you're still the boss except through you dying we got something to show now smoke a joint or a rock or sum droez," tells Bub to the group in a high tone.

The group cannot recover their demise in time to realize where to go so they call Bub into a sill and they began to listen to the music they recorded earlier in the night. Bub commences to unite the group into lyrics that continually change their perception making them believe they recorded what they actually left manipulated where gurgling and gasping were from their death is now rap music. They have gone and returned because of Bub and believe they have recorded the music they so entirely have ambitiously wanted. Bub knows the truth that Re-Up is in their lyrics and is no longer alive but is surprised no one even believes he ever existed. Bub makes his move to his pistol and finds it strapped to his waist. He surveys the room and there are no guns only holes in the wall everyone cannot see but gives no attention. He retains his memory of the friends he had and grows to liking their sincerity more. He begins to believe his dear friends haven't a clue of their destiny so it is left up to him to make their destiny for them and does so by leaving them in a delirium of alcohol and rap. Eventually the group asks Brush to record another song for them and they head downstairs to the recording booth. One thing about Brush is he can carry the group on his shoulders but already has Bub in mind to do the rap recording. The group make their way into the basement and Moof enters the booth.

"Can I just spit d'it?" Asks Moof.

The beat starts and Brush begins to chatter where Moof cannot hear him and Bub nods his head. Moof begins to rap slowly in the booth. He recites of murder and money, music and betrayal. Eventually Brush finishes a beat then another then another beat begins to play and the group interchanges into a cipher where they make a song then lay it to dat. Eventually the friends press the album and play it as they drink and Brush marks the record as his own and asks Bub if he may trade rights for a few lyrics of Bub's own. Bub doesn't communicate with the ultimatum and levies their heed to make another track with his pistol and orders them to drink more and record more promising to enter the recording.

Bub answers their concerns that they need more of a professional accomplice other than their murder but they do the raps. Bub isn't very convinced by their means and angers them when he volunteers their work

for nothing. He understands they cannot make any money and he has a sum nest to much, but assumes they will only get worse as they get more drunk. Bub is surprised that they yearn for themselves to be heard through he seeing the moment with his friends Bub so briskly lost his breath. They're rigid and he mustn't forget they are missing a part of them selves in containment of their own functionality.

Bub readies himself to murder and calls Sarah to give him them as next to the undead. Bub aims. He isn't concerned with their money or their skill he is bestowed by their ambition to market instead of their underlying habits to continue to murder and sell drugs. He cannot remind them they abandoned a mob to make these tunes that wound up spilling more blood in their city leading to their deaths and Bub feels in their intentions they can make music. They have no obligation to their nature as if it passed with their beings. Bub is adept and is resolved he must kill while they must live someone must die.

Bub begins to meditate his crimes and premeditate his victims unto his previous actions of homicide giving him a way in and a way out after. Immediate crimes are a premeditated way of bad timing altogether in Bub's functionality. He has no hunger inside to eliminate those he loves dimly ending their lives. He hasn't the notion when to continue or when to end so he puts murder first on his list and lastly in the back of his mind. He wants to enjoy a hug and a drink to separate the intent from the kindling ache to finally give into his acts and premise to abolish his crimes. He cannot. Bub mentions to Sarah that many of his ways are only his own interpretations and if he were to miss anything then he wouldn't be journeying to father another killing. Sarah completely understands because by Bub's actions, she has seen before and known him as a killer for many days, nights, years, and will only recognize him as Bub furthermore. Bub concedes in Sarah that his victims were merely sprockets in a well run mob where he only could button for himself these victims and she were to only understand it was his portrayal of Art as inspiration. An Art leading him through toiled strokes of bleeding strokes. Bub tells her his paintings deceased well after he murdered and he could only find the passion to escape like roughing arms, trough, and the power of contentment.

She understands his contemplative rise is only his acceptance he couldn't paint without the inspiration. Homicide was Bub's to in act and painting's were his only means for retribution but unlike his positivity he had lost the range of evil in what he could master. Unlike the night Bub wants to kill

a crack addict like the night he rendezvoused with an unanswered Lay of remittable defeat to his conscience.

He killed Hale out of venegence and could not contain his passion for less by killing a crack fiend he shot. Eventually the numbers take the side of Bub where he laid the victims to rest were his streets and his friends were reminders of the power of introduction. He had no intention of bewildering the night with lies he made only his way into deceit. Bub mentioned his rules once to himself then aloud to Micey who was already drunk following like a buzz. Micey heard and knew Bub was really the same unlike a memory that can change. Micey follows until he hurts and confounds his disbelief unlike knowledge but in forgetfulness he so inherently deems Bub normal. Bub leaves the air open for Sarah to speak up but she clearly doesn't recognize this part of herself she has lost. Moof is young but forgetful and passions of more drugs fulfill his desires and will get high accordingly.

Brush passes Moof some rolling papers and Moof rolls a joint. Within minutes everyone including Bub are smoking but the sounds and voices are changed all, but Bub's who recognizes the tones and abolishes his own comfort for they may be lost. Bub continues to ponder what bothers him inside when people talk as they do and in the thin air can feel himself never smoking a joint until the door bell rings.

"I'm Steamy. Let, me . . . IN!" Screams a voice from the door.

"What the hell?!!" Sarah says loudly amidst the paranoia.

"I think someone's at the door. Let me wack him!" Says Moof.

"Shut the Hell up Mafest mother dun muther flickerish ash wipe eng azz . . . up Moof," says the fat utopist Micey.

"AHHHHHH!!!! Bitch let me in . . . I need a crack rock. Shheesh nobody, nobody's coming." The voice says once then there is silence. Bub walks over to the door and holds the knob. He polishes his watch and turns the handle.

"Are you safe?" Asks Bub through the door.

"Gnaw I'm Steamy. Steamy gawz someone chasing him riiiiii, yi ya'h bout now. They says you gonna kill me so I'm here so you can get it over with."



The man at the door is tattered and skinny in the hands with marks along his face and graveness in his breath. He looks over 30 years and is wearing his face well for even drugs haven't worn his rich definitions of his chin and cheeks that are long and curve towards his chest and long legs. He looks somewhat like a spider with only two legs and legs for arms with twisting tatoos running along his arms in the spirals that leave in spins to make webs onto his arms with eyes on his fingers and teeth shaped like jaws of their awes unto each tooth a mouth sharpened. Steamy enslaved by little sleep smells the marijuana and grins in pain for his addiction is calling.

Bub asks for the joint and takes a toke and passes the rolled weed cigarette to Steamy. Steamy gets high and Bub doesn't reply crushing him with the butt of his gun. Steamy quickly forgets in the acceleration of the high who he is and what he is doing and forgets how he got to Bub's door. All of his chemical genius falters and he begins to crave to make Bub his friend though he minded him as his killer. So Steamy speaks to Bub and Bub allows him to meet his friends but Steamy is lost and has only getting away from their inaction. Bub doesn't ask him to say anything only to get away from his paranoia because he will not hit him for getting to run away with his addiction. Bub calmly assures him who he is and assures Steamy the Crackhead he can keep him high. Steamy begins to trust Bub and does not impose but recommends the five of them to get higher up.

"You should quit drinking and smoke more weed!"

Brush asks Steamy, "Ya'h wanna to come inside or listen to voices?"

"Mingle with the group," says Steamy.

They purvey an idea that only agrees with Bub when Steamy cracks open like a bottle and Bub can hear Steamy's brains rattle. Steamy the Crackhead jokes a little too much and Bub catches him coughing on the brinks of life and life without drugs and Bub offers him some air. The gentlemen begin to accept one another for indifference and drink and smoke until the Sun's risen.

By morning the only two men that are up have more in common then their lust for drugs and a passion for reality. Bub explains to Steamy the Crackhead he can only fulfill a passion for the perfect frame and the picture within is only the bargain because he paints within the frame never losing the boundries that art can only color inside.

“It’s an ultimate design,” says Bub.

“Is murder,” and Steamy explains to Bub is passion to only get higher up to get beyond his limitations of ruining his life. “They go the night without sleep.”

Within moments they continue to talk.

Bub asks, “where are you gona go after dawn?”

Steamy says, “da street. I got a place where I get high and can recouper.”

“Good I gotta asks you do you want to do me a favor?” Asks Bub.

“Maybe if it pays,” replies Steamy.

“I’m going to Rovillanna, VI to search for something called Phemora. I got a job when I’m out there about what I was telling you with the mob. I heard about this place and if you go I’ll not only keep you high but I can foot the bill.” explains Bub.

“Phemora, sounds high. You know you got good dope and if you can find me I’m guessing I got nothing to lose so yeah I’ll go. Just look for me on the streets near Merriwacys Bridge for the next couple days,” tells Steamy.

“I’ll give you money and you just be my eyes and hear the street and we’ll find Phemora and make some real dough,” states Bellows.

“Sounds right my whole family I’m dead to and as long as we’re going do you have some money so I can clean up at a hotel?” Asks Steamy.

Bub reaches in his pocket and gives Steamy a couple hundred dollars. He then tells Steamy that he’ll pick him up in a couple days under the bridge and will have intoxicants. Bub can easily get any drug being he has dealt murder for money as well as drugs to the scourge of the community. Bub fails to mention in his trunk he has nearly half a million dollars and only tells Steamy he operates with the mob leaving out he is the lead button man for the entire Micera Organization in Morsburg. He does mention he

has executed hits for Asian Gangs and Aryan Gangs in the area giving the criminal community peace between organizations as well as his connections to other underworld organizations.

“I can already foresee ya’h changing your life and working with me. When we get to Rovillanna . . . You just keep getting high and stay numb to the forces,” says Bub.

“Yeah miser Bub I know a couple guys that get killed in your bizness but I ain’y kno’em that well. I can hear them saying Billis Bellows is the murdered in my head. I thought you was just a killer but you got heart, why?” States Steamy.

“I have failed tests in my health and I keep getting sicker and my foresight tells me killing extends my days and it has giving me more power than to roll over and die. It’s better for me to dive and keep killing friend or foe but not you my crackhead friend I’m gunna need you to listen to the streets in VI,” Bub says.

Bub smiles and wishes Steamy well and Steamy walks down the drive way and through the gate onto the street. Bub follows his shadow as he walks crisply and wonders the street the moment he touches the pavement looking lost. Bub has seen a lot in Morsburg. He has given to the likes of the criminal community everything and for the first time in meeting Steamy has taken notice of the impact his drug deals have forsaken in his community.

Bub has no other intentions other than driving in his car and curing his craving for murder but waits in the morning sky to inherit a new idea and maybe a different lease on the day. He knows he must be leaving for Rovillanna to find Phemora and is only taking this drive because Sarah shows some truth of Phemora’s location. Bub is unsure what he may find but like all actions in Bub’s life the connections are always clearly tied to the mob in all of his discoveries.

He loses his sight in the light and his mind begins to take music into himself where he can feel like he did; the right thing in bringing his friends to the crossroads and freeing them by design into a remedied life. He knows they have forgotten everything that he admired in them and are unlikely going to deal in drugs and murder anymore than Moof’s one homicide may only be a conscience thought and not only a curse. Bub knows the money is real and in killing as he did he feels he has gotten a well deserved cut

of the profits he had given to the mob to ensure he would survive on no money was easy when he had to kill to eat, drive, and intimidate the citizens of Morsburg. He is sure the profit he gained from last night's murder is sumptuous unlike the payroll he has been receiving from his crimes. Starting in Rovillanna is Bub's intentions and with the search for Phemora to keep him occupied he may come into self realization that he could change his murderous meditations and contribute to his well being.

Bub walks through the house and can find an empty and quiet room where the gathering had taken place. He couples his gun and the steps he took the night before replay in his mind but he cannot remember if he should maintain this repetitious Hell and kill everyone again only to live through the night once more. The idea tickles Bub and he begins to believe that tough it may be entertaining to kill everyone in the household he would only be traveling through Perdition and in bringing his friends back they may become less and less intelligent each time they are resurrected. Given the power from his many murders he may only be spending it's nature only to find he hasn't enough victims to give the murdered anything but a levied existence and is afraid he will run out of strength and any way of bringing them back without killing others. In Bub's understanding his role in the demons he craves to know only sees the purest bonds to the living as means to get him angry. His face reddens and his gray hair nearly turns black. He cocks his gun and leaves to the street in his car. He is mad at his reason to not abiding to the very first clause in his existence to keep murder a permanent outcome. He drive towards his house and looks to the yard where he has witnessed many deaths and many bodies. He wants to begin a going away party but lacks inspiration until he has accounted for reasons such as the evils of temptation and triggers his mind into action and finds someone in his house.

## PART 2

To his surprise the intruder is going through his trash and is eating what are scraps and consumable. Bub grabs the intruder and presses his gun against his skull and carries him out to the yard. In one swift pull of the trigger to his .45 caliber handgun is painless blows the man's head into pieces. What remain living until the exit of blood flow begins they begin to turn an icy cold. The intruder dies. Be reaches for the remains and as he does he looks out into the street and finds he has awoken the neighborhood a bit.

A passer by begins to stop to turn in his yard but has a heart attack in the road. Bub runs out to the street and gets in the car. Bellows drives next to the shot and picks him up and puts him in the car. Bub licks his hand clean of the brains and blood after he menacingly picks up the remains of the skull and puts it into the trunk. Bub begins to feel an expansion of insanity over come his mind. He continues to try and think straight. He drives along the freeway and pays for gas and puts the nozzle of the hose in the trunk and saturates the rear in gas. He leaves the station and drives to an industrial area known as the Trough and lights a cigarette. As he smokes he can already see the flames arise in his spacey mind.

Within minutes he is done and takes his light and lights the gas soaked carpet on fire and begins to walk fast away. He walks towards the liquor store because Bub is out of cigarettes. He says to himself, "trash eating rats, probably Steamy's friends with no friend of me." Bellows laughs and continues to walk. He looks back after a few blocks and can see the smoke as he turns into the convenient store for cigarettes and a soda.

He knows he has done something he likes and needs to calm the demons as a source of empowerment he can feel a sensation unlike fear giving him the power in himself to heal the sick if he wanted. Instead he lights a smoke and calls a driver of the Micera Organization and arranges to be picked up along the block as he walks. He informs him he will pay money if they

arrange him a room. The driver tells Bub it's a favor and there may be work for him before he leaves town. Bub continues to walk.

### *Meanwhile*

The Micera Crime Organization has sent some foot soldiers to keep watch on Bub's house and are ordered to shoot any trespassers. A young man by the name of Rollie Micer inspects Bub's house and finds no trace of an intruder but a broken window. He surveys the yard and washes out the blood on ground with a water hose then sits in his car. The man next to him puts on gloves and exits the car. The young man Rollie asks him from the car to look for any skull fragments and he begins to smoke a cigarette. The men at the door call on their cell phones to see if Bub was picked up.

They are informed Bub is on his way to a hotel and they find he has picked up his shell casing and begin to clean the job after they hang up with the Don. Eventually Rollie goes over the yard with a magnified eye and finds no skull fragments. The men rake and manicure the drive and wash over the yard with a hose again. One button man stays and the rest get into a car and leave with Rollie. Later that night Bub is called and informed that he may return to the house whenever he likes.

Bub has some water from the hotel sink and pulls out his weapon and lays it across his legs as he watches television. He gets a call from the Don and allows the Don to pay the Rollie and the other cleaners a few thousand dollars of Bub's money for the cleaning job. Bub knows they may have made an agreement of favoring Bub and doing it for nothing but the Don tells Bub the men need money to rearm and get a new car.

Bub asks on the phone, "Don Micera was there another accident?"

"Yes there was a shoot out and there were witnesses. The men had to do a quick u and get to Quick Moore and get another car," explains the Don.

"If that's what the money's for. I know Moore he always wants fast money for his ride. What's he gonna be driving next their foreign?" humors Bub.

"Yeah really. They gotta get it straightened out. Gratis for doing my job Bub the money their using is always yours if you want it," says Don Micera.

The Don hangs up. Bub feels a sense of obligation to his men but deems that he must turn his cheek to Rollie and his men. He knows a few thousand can turn into 20 grand and Bub would have to collect by his own measures. If one of the men were to say the cleaning job was worth a hundred thousand Bub would have to kill them to feel it worth the purchase. Their price are the few survivors in Morsburg that anyone on the street can account that took a hundred thousand dollars from a hit man. The crime organizations usually eliminate them as well as killing other members of their family.

People in the city talk very little when somebody dies because it causes a reaction from the gangs and crooked cops sinning to give a murder a better look. Bub doesn't mind the yapping he could always kill in public and he only gives rise to the citizens because he does it with class. An insanity fills his mind and they feed and embrace him.

Other killers do it but don't do it so cleanly and hide their faces while Bub takes great pride in running the city as a face in the mob. He has given new life to his friends in a light so fast as to the city they went home. There are some believers that believe Bub is sickened and should of died from illness along within his time. Long ago but they are silenced when a body drops to the ground. There are others like priests who say Bub is the reincarnation of Beezelebub and that is why he can mold men into the future that he sees then break them. There are the rest who live off his payroll from his generosity of money from killing anyone as long as their estates no matter if they are millions or just belongings are circulated through the cartels for drugs and money. He has given light to the city that if someone wants something bad enough they can just kill and get paid no matter what the connection is they always call on Bub Bellows.

Either direction the city goes from murder money follows quickly. As for now Bub Bellows is sitting in his room craving to kill another victim and end their shallow lives. He knows too much crime ruins their passions for purity and he has no rush in him to derive his true meaning as he has did before. Bub's comfort for homicide comes from his true madness from intending to complete his working art with streams of paint that are so similar to blood. He glances out the window and can see downtown. He can also travel through the past and travel even further into the present if he lets his mind drift but realizes someone will eventually die. He is never conscience of the law and drifts in and out of his passionate crimes and knows at this time there are plots emerging to take his life but Bub fears only his reaction if the paranoia sets in and he were to turn the hotel lobby into a blood bath.

Bub is barely paying attention to the TV. He sees a story of a missing person but sees nothing of a murdered transient. He begins to believe he has parted from his truer being not killing anyone yet. After these moments he begins to get sleepy and only stays awake to keep his body from turning into tatters. Bub's face is expressionless and he is craving some sort of contact from the people on the street but knows he may only end up at a club. His insides desire to be repeated into a self where he can mash his matter and feed himself his iron guts. From below he can hear the turns of the plumbing, and the seals getting weak as he throws more power into the machine he feeds himself a triangle shaped piece of reality the he has taken from the streets a vision of the corner is in the memory of his sight as he looks down to the street to see and hear the pumps lose their place.

A car accident is about to happen if Bub continues to stare, so he believes. His clothes are finely sewn and tailored by the mob's tailor. It is only a button shirt and black slacks. His shoes are nice and his hair is cut and grey. His face resembles the hardened earth and is fully colored and prominent in beauty but darkened by his past. Bub's hands have worn blood where in some grooves wear gloves. His hands look like the bodies he had token as if they were living through his image and his very own commitment to remember his victims through their duration. The duration of his life is by guns he may fire or living by the bullets he may not fire and feels in his heart he may only have a short break before he has to defend his saneness. These are delusions that travel through his mind and he only has intent to gather his self long enough to murder his demons. He calls for room service and has them bring him a pack of smokes and wine.

He begins to drink alone and has no somberness or sense of mind that he has done any wrong and though he is undeserving of his past or his present he has gotten to prevail his own existence and can see into the lives of that he could touch. He doesn't feel anything but compassion for the lives that were lead but turns their love into a hate equal to his own belief that there is so little anyone can hold next to love for him. He understands that those he killed were merely compassionate. He sees no emotion as true control of his emulations. His own emulations prove truer than any light that God may have given him to be non the less a human being. Evidence is nothing merely than the body Bub leaves behind. There is never any motive within the crimes the city only motivation. The motivation to stay rich and wealthy is for some but not for Bub. Bellows came about when he decided to rap music and his real name was lost in the hype behind his following. Eventual circumstances led to the death of their friends such as Re-Up shall return but



only as the drug Bub pulls from his pocket. He stacks up bud after bud of marijuana on a book and pulls ink from his pocket. He laces the weed with it and touches the leaves with his cigarette looking to get high cheaply. He calls his friend in the hotel restaurant and asks him, "do you have a pipe?"

Then minutes later a conceirage brings Bub a pipe and Bub tips him 50 dollars. Bub loads it then watches TV. Minutes later the high wears off and Bub flushes the drugs down the toilet. Money and means for use do not intrigue Bub only their crimes. He could kill but lays there amongst the smoke until the haze hypnotizes him and he forgets he has killed. He finds himself humming out a rhythm he surely heard on the streets.

He says to himself so many ramblings he doesn't sound clear and he ails for the phone to ring. It does and he answers. It is the Don asking him for a gullet. A gullet lie is a simple alibi and Bub tells the Don where his hit men are and names a target soon to inherit a role in the mayoral race, that the promised candidate is connected to Micera's men and it would be easier to eliminate all competition. The Don and Bub agree to scare the candidate into the mob's agenda and the two men hang up as the hit men silently pursue their owning of a hit. A friend of the opposition.

"Anybody willing to recycle the system is only willing to follow the plans Bub truly has to eliminate the guns and invent pure metals for coinage and counterfeiting plates," says the Don.

"Without the attention of the government," Bub draws plans to boil down the metals with cocaine.

"There is seldom in too many moves," replies the Don. In his knowledge Don Mallam Micera knows a better gun is just a gun you can exchange. Bub picks up a pen then begins to write,

Dear Journal

6/16/huh(?)

The dead are crying and the bought can only afford their graves. So less has been bargained for besides the immediate of money.

For they have no way but to be shown a desire so truly met in their avoid any death. The death of these men consume their ability to stability of their true selves anymore. If I were to find a way out, out, out it'd be out of the organization.

Wherever Rovillanna takes me should be beyond Phemora.  
Where did I get this name and why does it hold to my shoulders  
like no other. Phemorrrra? If, if it is a crime family myself and  
Steamy will run out to the East Coast leaving everything behind.  
Hopefully even him. Sincerely Fine, Haha B. Bellows.

Sincerely, Sincerely Fine  
B. Bellows

## PART 3

The ride Bub took has left his mind turning and twisting along the streets. He gathers the paper he has written on crumples it and throws it in the waste basket. His high escapes him and he looks out the window. He can hear Steamy somewhere but no where in sight. Bub makes plans of leaving tomorrow and readies himself for another night without sleep. He soundly makes a call to Brush's to ask for money and a plane ticket. Bub likes to play the tune with Brush and is far richer and Brush entertains Bub's interest with promises. Bub serves to check out before he leaves. Bub begins to tell Brush that his house can be maintained if Brush needs to have a place of disconcert. Eventually Brush tells Bub he will be missed.

Bub tells Brush that he will be driving out to Rovillanna and if Brush would like he could sell his interest in Morsburg and join Bub out there as a feasible partner if Phemora is nothing more than a man other than a crime family. They may make music their home. They pass raps.

Brush secures Bub's intuition that Phemora may be manipulated into an organization that only wants respect out of stupidity leaving Bub's true purpose on the street. Bub maintains his integrity and insures Brush that the only intentions of respect are not for Phemora but the purpose he himself will help him discover if the man truly is Phemora can accept Bub's role.

Bub says, " Say there is a man named Phemora than his purpose will surley be perpetuated only through concerning his actions in this spiral they would take."

Brush says, " Well if there is no stopping him or her, remember it may be a girl as well homie."

Bub replies,” Certainly their means will be ascertained for Phemora’s true purpose as we summon ourselves to the call. It should give him or her a given distinction that we are in Rovillanna to make his life of hers easier.”

Brush,” but, but Bub what if they were to only turn you’re love into their remedy? That’ll be impure.”

“Certainly the reality is my concern but we may, there only to free the dead in Phemora if he were to be in Morsburg we’d know.” Continues Bub,”

“Searching for him here is pitless.” Closes Brush.

Bub lets Brush hang up and perfects his clothes by taking them off and by taking a quick shower. Next Bub unloads his gun.! He calls to the front desk and orders a meal and it suffices until sunrise. Bub examines himself and leaves the bed and puts his clothes on.

Bub leaves the room intact the leaves and heads to the first floor. He tells the bell hop, “Gratis porro fo’ free. Gnaw,” he understands. He hands the bell hop a hundred dollar bill.

Bub heads out the door and walks to his car which is waiting warm and filled with gas. He rolls a joint and lights it. He makes his way to the bridge and finds Steamy the Crackhead. They say was sup and start to drive North. Bub turns on his GPS and sets the arrows pointing towards Downtown Rovillanna. They begin to drive on and on. Between Morsburg and Rovillanna they stop for food and fuel.

Steamy is fiend of another drag of marijuana so Bub says,” when we get back to the car you can have a whole joint.” He rolls and drives.

Later the two take in another meal and as Bub promised he and Steamy get high as they’re driving. Steamy’s eyes begin to get a golden trim on the surface and Bub can see the alcoholism in his past. He knows what Steamy is going to ask for next. Bub’s intuition tells him Steamy is going to need a drink of beer of some brand of sort maybe what’d Bub would like himself. Bub waits. They pull over. “Hey Bub do you got any liquor?” Steamy asks. Bub maneuvers the road and opens his trunk and gets a bottle of gin for the Crackhead. Bub starts his motor and watches Steamy drink quietly.

Steamy wants to ask if Bub and him are friends but Bub passes Steamy some money too quickly for Steamy to finish the thought. They drive past the morning into the afternoon. Steamy is clean and Bub doesn't look like he ever sweated before. Despite the turns in GPS there are 64 miles until Rovillana. He asks Steamy to hit the street and talk to as many people as he can and hands him money and insists he use it his use his cell phone to call if he hears or meets a man named Phemora. Steamy insists staying in contact for money and drugs.

Bub says, "It will be simple."

Bub counts the money in his trunk and believes there is 400,000 in bills and a check for 25,000 from Brush somewhere in the middle. He calls Brush for his memory is winding down and Brush tells him he gave him the check in the midst of his slumber last night. Bub checks his pockets and there is the check for 25,000. Bub promises Steamy the Crackhead 1,000 when they find the beginnings of Phemora and a per diem until then but they may only partakes ways on the street. Bub tells Steamy he can afford a property but Steamy's missions are on the street never at Bub's home.

Bub lights a cigarette. He lets the miles pass and is not far from Downtown. He can already see the city air and maintains his smoke as he looks in his rearview and sees a dozing Steamy. Steamy looks as if he had not ever been slept the night before and Bub discourses him to stay asleep. Bub finds his bustling through downtown a remedy of madness and readies himself for a new home but must drop Steamy off at a hotel. He finds a very modest one downtown and parks. Steamy awakes and Bub tells him to call him on a phone and never lose his true meaning in this city. Steamy agrees and promises to check into a hotel. Steamy says, "you promised me a bag of weed, drugs . . . can I have da weed?" Bub gives Steamy the bag of marijuana in his coat and the two part. Now is Bub's next mission for himself to get lucky enough to find Phemora but he knows he must find a house.

Bub drives to the center of town then drives outward. He begins looking for a real sign with a real price wither rental or cash. He procures the neighborhoods and weighs which are too nice and too little. He drives and refuels. He folds the check and unfolds it as he parks at properties until he finds one that is worth to the least his 25K. He looks in the backyard and through the windows. He notices each room has a window and there is a garage. He likes this one because it is a single story and can't be more

than 2 ½ bedrooms. He manicures a flower and turns the faucet on in the backyard.

He uses the spout to wash his hands. He notices grass but doesn't like grass he likes the fence. It is iron and brick and makes for an easy cover in case he makes enemies and has to get cover in a shoot out. He walks to the front of the house and dials the phone number. He hangs up than dials once more pushing different digits. Someone answers and Bub asks, "Is there a repper by the name, wait have you ever been called by a Phemora." The person on the phone says he should check city records for the name then hangs up. Bub knows the cemetery isn't the place to make this call exist and records are not lively like the running sounds a street has given the name Phemora a meaning much like a corner or a club. Bub dials again and dials correctly. A man picks up,

"Hello?"

"Yeah I'm at you're property on Parmont PL can you meet me?" Asks Bub.

"Sure rents . . . uh . . . 1250 and you have to lease or lease for more than uh . . . 12 mths," says the man.

"Yeah I got about 6 months on me about 9000 right now if you wanna wave a deposit I'll give it to ya'h cash, just give me the keys and take my ID." States Bub.

"What's ur name?" Asks the man.

"Bub Bellows you are?"

"Jonny Gieves, I'll either be there now if you want or we can do this later."

Bub says, "Ri . . . Meet me here in an hour."

"Sounds good. See you B. Bellows." Jonny says then hangs up.

Bub has a feeling that if Phemora were a street in this town Jonny may have passed it or a club Jonny would sell him how to get there now. Bub will meet him and surely knows he can ask him slyly for free information.

Bub imagines Phemora being a modest term that is used for a gathering but can only feel the excitement if it were really a person whom he could help. Bub imagines to himself getting this man back to Morsburg to enlighten his fallen friends of reality so they could exist perfectly timed as they once were before they missed the truths of their lives. Bub knows of Sarah and Micey only having the present they were so justly dead becoming an overbearing moment of their passing and their moments unable to discern what their current objective is missing. He moves to his gun.

Without this moment they will surely be sores in their own lives. Bub enters his car and grabs a pen. He begins to narrate how messy he has left everything and how under his narration he never leaves a crime messy. He again crumples the paper and throws it to the floor board. He waits drearily but waits. He unloads his gun. He reloads and puts it in the cushion between the seat and the center console. He covers it with his coat.

Memories race through Bub's mind. He sees them but sees the outside world where they took place and hears himself hungering for them to take place again. He misses Marie his first love and hungers for her once more her life ended in suicide. After the vision of Marie he sees what a good artist he were before she died finding his role only in art was to perpetuate murder and madness in young lives. He remembers being a teenager and in college where he studied art. Where he met her and who she was before his evils came out.

Bub had convinced her to keep the money from the student's art shows and he showed her in his paintings' strokes how lies made better translations of reality and her perception faltered when she became scarred Murder was his masterpiece. Bub divulged in her the obscurity he once felt outside to the art world and in the belly of so many his meanings shouldn't be lost if she found it alright for him to paint one portrait from a murder of his own. No time had passed before Marie felt polluted being involved in Bub's lying and committed to him her eternal love and hoped her death would satisfy his lust for their eventual demise.

Bub continued to paint seeing reflections and chose clefts and music as a way of going forward. Bub finished each piece believing it would be a step in premeditating his very first murder. But in times this is was so long ago Bub had and he has already been through these strokes for eternity. He recalls when Marie took her life and had told Bub it was to make him stop killing as his love grew so did her sadness. She could no longer be loved by a killer so as much as killing consumed herself eventually in ways that broke Bub's heart to pain the could not anymore.

By the end's time of Bub's masterpiece 1 student had died and all the money was stolen from the painless department Bub felt entitlements towards his hard work. Marie had already had passed when Bub had returned home. Within hours of reaching home is when Micey became uninterested in friends and found Sarah coming home with Bub. They left school and Bub knowingly had changed beings. Micey welcomed him and Sarah asked Bub for a favor of the killing of her abusive father telling him if he knew she left school he would rape and abuse her. Bub mended the man's roots by shooting him with out conscience leaving his bloody remains for an unwilling family to clean up and take him in as their own. Bub refused and Micey and he started talking until Bub moved in and abandoned art. Sarah was introduced to Micey that year as Bub's criminal dealings perpetuated him into a professional act.

Mildly buzzed Bub waits for Johnny Gieves when he looks out his window to see a sign on the street change twice. Once to Frankie than to Phemora than back to Frankie. He then sees a young and attractive girl beneath the sign walking away from him. He yells, "STOP!"

She yells back, "I'm not Frankie this is Phemora."

He says, "No wait I'll see it when you say for more or less because I live here. You ain't a bitch right?"

"She says, Gnaw I'm just walking. You said you wanted more of, more love right? I'll be right by ya'h for more love. I'm Frankie."

Bub sees the sign on the corner change twice more. Once to Phemora AVE than to Parmont where it stays out of line because his eyes reach the body of the girl and he digs deep into his will to pay her mind. Minutely the looks he gives her returns to the street and he sees his interest in Phemora may be through this girl. In events that led to this meeting Bub has killed everything else and killing Frankie dissolves in his mind as fondness for her grows. He manipulates his seat to get comfortable as she approaches his window. They look at each other. She likes his face and clothes that look new but broken in Bub likes her brown hair and dark eyes that carry a fondness for his emotion. The emotions emulate within the air and they speak to each other as Bub asks her, "is there a man for more of or was I seeing things like Phemora?"



Frankie says, “there is a Phemora but it’s not a man it’s a club of men with a boss and the boss is called by Phemora. Whoever is boss for the moment is why they call them Phemora because there is no permanent boss in Rovillanna.”

“Phemora. Can you take me there?” Asks Bub.

“No we’re here now but I do not know these men. Are you one of them boss?” Asks Frankie inquisitively.

“I am a boss from where I’m from. I’m just renting a house. So what you know is the Phemora is a club for or more love. Whose club?” Asks Bub.

Frankie points to his heart. She tells him men have control of things since Bub has arrived and if he were to take a chance he could bring the unknown to light and peace of mind. Bub is troubled how the girl knows he is someone to someone else but she tells her he can only bring men to murder and not recycle their emulations into peace. He asks, “if the city is at peace maybe I should stay and learn from it.”

“Yes definitely you and I are friends so I can help keep you focused.” Says Frankie.

“Do you have a home?” Asks Bub.

“Yes I do and my own car but I came here because I needed change.” Says Frankie.

“Change, great . . . I have a guy coming by to rent me this house and maybe you’ll want to play along and just say, ‘it’s for us.’ Y’ah know it’ll be fun,” tells Bub to Frankie.

“Sure. I like you. You’re giving me a good feeling.” Responds Frankie.

The two talk about their homes and money and mobs. They talk about each other and how they look to one another. Eventually Bub gives her a compliment and she takes it. She returns his remark with one of her own. They chat for 45 minutes until Mr. Gieves shows up in an older car and

is holding an envelope and some keys. Bub gets out of his car and opens his trunk. He counts out \$9000 and tucks it into his pocket and closes the trunk. The two meet and Bub tells Jonny, "I'll take it."

"Don't you want to see inside?" Asks Jonny.

"Gno' iz for us . . . Bub and I," tells Frankie to Mr. Gieves.

"Woe . . . It's really a nice place. I guess since it's cash." Says Jonny.

"Do I gotta sign anything? I rather just stay on a reliable base that'll pay you and you stay the way you are and just come by to collect. If you leave me that option than maybe it'll stay off the books," says Bub.

"I like it Bub. Just don't turn this place into a theft or a stronghold because it is my house and I expect you to respect me for that chance," replies Jonny.

"You know we won't burn it down. And we have so much in common we may just leave it furnished if you wanna pay us a lot of respect or money maybe we can work that out later," tells Frankie.

"Yeah it sounds like I'd be interested in that. If you leave it intact and furnished and a new car in the driveway I'll let you have your own place anywhere in town. I'll let you keep placed all together any of my homes and let the place be mine and you can find something for me." Says Jonny.

"It's funny but I have plenty of time to take a vacation. Maybe if you'd want we can sell the whole package and split the profits," replies Bub.

They laugh. Jonny gives Bub the keys and Frankie gives Jonny a kiss. Bub counts out the money once more and Jonny receives the 9000 dollars. They agree it's on a friendship basis and Bub can stay as long as he and Frankie wants. Jonny does not know Frankie and him are playing a role but buys into it anyway. Frankie thanks Jonny than kisses Bub. Jonny smiles than he leaves. Jonny enters his older car and tells Bub, "I'll make sure to stay out of your business."

Bub waits until Jonny leaves to share a laugh with Frankie. Bub wraps his hand around his keys and asks Frankie if she'd like to take a drive for a

drink and to show him where the furniture store is. Frankie obliges and the two enter Bub's car and he says to her as he shuts the door, "show me where to get a pool table. I want a sofa TV bed and take me where'd we can get them to score a key . . . if ya'h know who I mean." Frankie types into his GPS a store uptown and Bub backs out to the street and begins to follow the directions.

He drives. He looks at Frankie and she is wearing her hair up in a braid she has make-up on. She has a blouse with a coat over her jewelry. She has nice jeans on and leather tennis shoes. Her face is manifesting ideas into his mind that she begins to look more beautiful while she looks the same as other women she has features in her cheeks and mouth that make her looks discerned and distinctive from other women. Her mouth is thin her lips full and her cheek bones are oblique and balance her nose like a scale. Her eyes are curved and wide and has no blemishes other than a small impression above her lips. Bub likes her body as it winds into thin long arms and medium to large breasts. He can smell her perfume and she says, "I like your car."

Bub's car is a shiny SUV that looks like it's a sports car and drives with ease as if it thinks for itself. It is perfectly aligned and Frankie can smell the newness. Bub wants to abandon his murderous intentions. He wants to feel for this woman and make the change in himself to love her more even if it is not her but her means. He knows she has money and maybe more than his other interests but persists on asking himself under his breath, "can she?" He mutters to Frankie simple phrases but she is too pure to understand where his tongue has been amongst all of the music and the taste resumes of fired gun powder and amasses the taste of sweetness as he has tasted the repercussions of splatter as he has shot men. Undoubting he already has comfort that she could forgive his means to madness but to relinquish his past completely is what he must learn may be her only right to niceness.

He mutters to her where she can hear him and he can tell from her breath she already has passion and desire to know him. She unravels her fist and touches his seats and unearths his pistol between the two seats. She is surprised but does not mock him.

She assumes he has been a better killer than her and knows now why she is there. She is there because of she has heard of Phemora was for this man Bub himself intent on healing her madness. She knows though how he heals and his means do not scare her. She realizes the story of Phemora may be more to do with her finding Bub inside of unwinding his good into

viable love. She searches for his answer but when he sees her hand on his pistol Bub says, “don’t leave your prints on my weapon.”

Bub laughs. She knows to laugh and sees why it’s funny than laughs. She rides with him without fear knowing under his seat may be the place she must take. He accepts her and she loves his vigor to live by his own decisions. Over spun are Bub’s wheels so he stops for gas than proceeds to the store. Inside he finds how far more beautiful Frankie is than any material or person in the place. He asks her to talk for him and tells her, “I want a furniture set. A bed a pool table and when you’re done I want to talk to the owner.” She nods and talks to the sales person. They spend the afternoon talking and looking until Frankie gets a call. It’s her friend.

They talk and Frankie invites her over to Bub’s later on in the evening. Frankie tells her friend where Bub lives. They continue to shop. Bub finds the pieces he wants. He later talks to the boss about shipping drugs with his trucks from Morsburg on the trucks and is delivered half ownership if he produces a safe return for the trucks which will be shipping scheduled deliveries. Bub asks where the liquor store is and stops by a bar for a drink and purchases package liquors.

He gives the cashier a tip and the cashier tells him, “Phemora may be the club on the outskirts of Downtown. Ask for Antoney he is Tony Rollioni’s son he will employ you’re means.”

Frankie and Bub leave towards Downtown as he gets a call from Steamy.

Steamy tells Bub, “Phemora is just men by now they haven’t made a man in years. Where’s my hook up.”

“Come by Parmont. Get a bus I’ll give you two hundred and some drink,” Bub says to Steamy the Crackhead.

“Sure, don’t be surprised for anything Bub nothing’s been shot,” Steamy tells Bub.

“No worry. Call me tomorrow,” Bub replies.

“Ight, Parramont right, Ave or something . . . I’ll be there maybe later,” says Steamy. He continues, “Bub this shizz is easy compared to home here they’re too nice.”

Steamy hangs up and begins to make his way towards Bub's. Bub drives past him going home. Bub stops his car and talks to Steamy and gives him money. The two part and Bub heads home with Frankie. Bub thinks to himself about showing Frankie a display of his insanity and pulling over to rob a store or victimize a passer by but he feels too many good feelings associated with her to turn his positive emotions into negative ones. He easily finds the way back to his place where he finds a delivery truck waiting for him.

Bub wonders how it got here so fast. He unlocks his door and lets the delivery men in. He purchased some furniture and tells them to put the pool table in the den. Bub walks outside and looks at the truck then calls the owner of the store and tells him to install a false bottom in his trucks for when they make the drug deliveries. After everything is placed the men leave and Bub starts to play pool. Frankie puts the alcohol in the ice box and opens a bottle and the two began to drink and play a game.

Frankie's friend eventually shows up and she is with another friend and they begin chatting with Frankie and Bub. Bub can see compassion in their stares and beyond that can see their skin tingle when he ponders their murders. Frankie's friend's name is Passion and her girlfriend is Rimma. The three women joke with Bub about his looks and Frankie gets jealous when Rimma touches Bub's arms and tells him he should carry her up. Bub chats a little and is infused with intentions to make sense the whole night so he shows the ladies his house and mutters to Frankie to tell them more about Phemora.

The young girls agree that the town is dead and having Bub there is great. He tells them his trunk is filled with money and begins to explain the night of his friend's murders. He tells them he could see beyond the time and executed a hit on his friend Don Mafeft because he had the foresight to know Don Mafeft's greed. Bub explains he was able to receive the money from the hit because it had been placed far into the future and killing Mafeft also killed Moof in the present time expunging money from the future where the hit had been placed.

"Lemme tell ya'h my friend Lemme sold neeps of weed," says Passion.

"I was selling keys of crack. They were called reids. 40k a piece," says Bub.

The girls feel impressed. Frankie begins to tell the girls that in Bub's return to Morsburg he must take a Phemora with him to bridge the gap in his friends passing to their newest existence.

“As Bub said,” tells Frankie.

Bub explains that he'd seen Phemora on the street and that is where he met Frankie. He can see Laymot. And tells them it's a street in Morsburg. He tells the girls that Phemora is a crossroads that will lead him to a more functional way of knowledge if he were to only find himself on the street. The girls are in awe over this and Bub continues to tell them that Frankie may have healing in her blood because his heart is no longer sad then tells them of Mari. The girls look into Bub's eyes to see if will cry and his eyes just wonder beyond their glances and can see them as purely good. They drink some more than Bub asks them if they have any marijuana.

They say, “no.” Then like magic Bub pulls out a marijuana cigarette from his pocket and lights. They drink and talk and begin to get very high.

Bub says, “this is why I do this. This moment when I feel like they're right behind me I just turn and shoot.”

“Who Bub, men?” Passion asks.

“Yes and the fathers of sons I've killed. I hope by killing they remain as afraid as they try to consume me.” Explains Bub.

“Freaky. Would you shoot someone to protect me if I were in trouble?” Asks Rimma.

“No need harm does not follow me very close and those that would shoot you are scared before I've met them so yeah,” says Bub.

“Murder is so wrong. Can you tell me why?” Asks Frankie.

“Control and law. I cannot control how I feel. Sometimes I awake sick and about to die so I'll fire my gun and all the illness goes away. Law because I believe murder is in human nature to rid the world of worry,” says Bub.

The four have a good conversation and play some more pool.

## PART 4

### *Meanwhile in Morsburg*

Moof gets a call from Re-Up and Re-Up can already tell something bad has happened. He tells Moof, "you don't sound like yourself."

"I've been having these visions and when I open my eyes I can barely see in front of my face," tells Moof. He continues, "something is in my vision but two seconds later I can't even remember having trouble being me."

"It's like you have trouble standing or do you mean something is telling you there's something wrong?" Asks Re-Up.

"Yeah something tells me there's nothing wrong being dead. Then I tell myself I have no problem being me," explains Moof.

"Why do you tell that something like you used to, to pay you and you're in charge," says Re-Up.

"I do but when I talk to it I feel like I died." Moof hammers the phone down and takes a deep breath. "All I remember from last night is doing a recording than Bub showing up than . . . Bang Bang! Bub showing up later on in the night. I don't remember him leaving."

"Do you wanna pick up from this moment because I got some droez and I wanna get high and make some money? I can stop by wherever you're at." Says Re-Up.

“I’m at Brush’s pad. Come by lets ride later and smoke out now. Sarah and Micey are here just chilling. I feel like they’re missing to. They feel it,” says Moof.

“I’ll go over maybe they just need someone to tell them they see ’em,” says Re-Up.

The two hang up and Moof grabs a drink and talks with his friends.



## PART 5

### *Meanwhile in Rovillanna*

Bub gets an idea to call his friends in Morsburg. He relinquishes the idea and continues to chat with his friends. He can feel the street underneath his feet and feels empowered to do anything in the moment. He waits. He sits still. He feels the high of the marijuana and sees in the smokes haziness his friends in Morsburg in turmoil. He thinks about the street and taking it until he reaches Phemora just to bring it back to his friends. He sees Frankie and likes her skin and can feel her softness in the air and glides his hand over his face and she notices him. She begins to talk to him. He tells her about his concerns with Micey and Sarah.

He asks her to be honest and tell him if he made a mistake by tinkering with death only to have his friends return incomplete human beings.

She says, “Gnaw, what do you feel Bub.”

“I had to do it for the money I wasn’t getting the point across to them that behind this money was my killings and they should’ve killed loyally for me. But they were not killers. They were spenders leaving the wrong for the righhh,” says Bub.

“I’d of done anything for you Bub. It’s disloyal to shun the dirt work just to stay softies. I know what they mean to you Bub so let’s go find Phemora. You say it’s a street. Maybe it leads somewhere where there is power to reconnect your friends to the past.” Says Frankie.

“I wanna heal them but I already know the future they’ll get shot again but by someone else in respect to the wrongness,” says Bub. He continues,

“at least this way the wrong is washed away and they only need to stay outta the mob.”

The girls give Bub a serious look. It has only occurred to them now that Bub Bellows is tied to a crime syndicate. They feel turned to ask him for a favor but fear him because he grows more fearsome as they stare. Then Rimma says, “What haven’t you done Bub. Oh God . . . I don’t know if I should admire you or change my mind and keep thinking you’re just regular. I mean you act normal.”

“It’s the control. I want to leave the Micer organization but I’m the man. Trust me I never want to kill again, ever,” says Bub as he takes a dink of beer and pulls out a cigarette.

“The family took care of me and I organized a wave of crime. I can get money from them or I can make money for them. I want to meet the Rollioni Family but I want to Don Tony to recycle his guns and turn the usual into a contribution. There is no code of silence only a code to follow,” Bellows continues.

Bub takes Frankie’s hand and swears to leave town in 6 months with Phemora. She understands in her heart she may feel for Bub but this search may lead to Bub killing. She tells Bub, “the best way to find Phemora is to search out my future Bub. Find where I’ll go if we never met. That will take you to Phemora.”

Bub grabs her hand and finesses her arm and hand until he is in touch and can feel the liquor taking his mind away with her to a place where there is only she but not he. He can see in her eyes the roads and the signs and then can bound years down the road to see the family between him and Tony Phemora. He understands that his friends may only be needing to come to Rovillanna to begin anew with roots away from their lots and he is taken again to call. He wants to tell them something while it is fresh in his sight and new to their call but feels a disgust when he realizes they do not know who he is anymore. The thoughts of his friends spills his mind into confusion and need unlike their need he can leave the organization if he were to leave his friends. He realizes he cares for Frankie and does not want to harm but cannot take on the usual lines because what he sees his art has already claimed and he must choose.

He is tempted to murder but also tempted to release his friends into Rovillanna and have them speak for him to the streets here. He can vanquish the lasting demons and hold his money until they pay him his tribute and teach them to kill as necessity and respect him as beneath the shadow of harm. He wants to make the call to change their lives but they will only come unknowing they will be taking Phemora.

Bub waits he can see the futures bleak unless he is to love them for they meant something to him before. He loses touch and walks outside for air. He can smell the money and the blood in his car and wants to walk away from his life and be just. For once his heart beats and he notices the girl Frankie coming to join him and must give her a chance because she is a sign that he may set his life on a better path. He makes a promise to call after his buzz wears off completely. Frankie kisses him and they begin to talk about ideas that they seem to have shared that connects them to each others selves from many years ago.

Bub is in contempt for his friends because he believes they live better as the innocent than to be evil. He sees them powered by night and day and he only under the will of his crimes to maintain and survive, he wants to continue. Through no error has any of Bub's murders made sense to anyone even though the dead have a promise of fortune and the money spent seems to be his only contribution to their lives.

He must have killed for they would not only leave that job to him but spend his labor. He has no ties to the undead rather than a deed of conscience mayhem. Bub moves to his phone than to Frankie and knows he can write his own story if he were to murder her and follow Phemora to Micey and their final demise. He feels a gut wrenching harm knowing he has helped his four friends return. He can hear Moof and Re-Up talking to one another and this dement's his arm as he avoids his pistol to grab Frankie and touch her embrace. He wonders further out of line and Frankie's eyes show him love. She wonders into his path and asks her self for the words to ask him, "What is wrong, Bub?"

"I only want to deny my existence for the happiness of others but I mustn't abandon my life completely. For I will die of sickness. It's a disease I can taste waiting to devour me unless I murder some," replies Bub.

"Why don't you sing? Singing in woes helps those in need," Says Frankie.

"It's not b Frankie it's evil. It's the knowing these steps and only killing and killing. Nothing but a body where my raps used to be," replies Bub.

"Messy Bub, messy. Let's just sing a little . . . La la la A!" Sings Frankie.

Bub continues in tune towards the entire being calling on his own measure to carry the tune, "La La Ra Da Di Da La Ra La La A!" Bub continues.

"I would love to just hold a rhyme but can you carry me?" Asks Frankie.

"Frankie they call me by name, A. What's that Bub, why ya'h mean, no money means like Bub's money stays green," Frankie passes the cipher to Bub.

"An Bub's money stays Cream, creamy like mine's ice creamy green, yell at me and then let it go green like 16 bars and a hundred inks. I mean links no money means deal me the links a crime and I'll get mine inky green in some time, time over unless you're no money mind keeps it outta mine," Bub gives the cipher to Frankie.

"You're goo Bub like my mind drilling you later in your sleep and in the morning you wanna ride. I'm broken hearted when you gotta go, so stay here with me! A," Frankie replies.

"Breathe Frankie we have the rest of our lives to make some love for some fallen aim to just let our hearts abide under the night. I wanna just drive the death away and start from the beginning like I'll ever have that chance to set everything aside, I wanna tell you how I feel but you'd just say I'm yours and I'm gone tonight killing another bleeding men on the streets," Bub ends the cipher.

Frankie helps Bub to the door and sets beside him his actions mimicking his moves in a girly pose. Bub grabs a bottle of beer and pops the bottle. The voices come into his head but he cannot hear Frankie though her mouth is moving and she walks towards her friends. Bub can hear a conversation and then begins to see the day in Morsburg where Brush lives and can imagine his friends getting high. He cannot misplace what they say and though they try to replace their place's before they thought replay only after the night

before. They have no memory of any time before that. Bub can hear them talking about him.

Sarah says purely her own beliefs and that nothing seems the same and Bub may only be figurative to her imagination because she cannot see him in her past. Passionately Bub's phonics slur as he talks to Frankie and Sarah can hold her conversation but is quickly disappearing from Micey's sight. Micey begins to shake Sarah as she falls asleep.

Bub says he cannot keep holding a conversation with both women to the group being it may kill Sarah indefinitely. Bub consumes his drink and Sarah is shaken up, Micey cannot remember Bub either from his past or the night before but feels his chest bleed as he calls for Brush's microphone. Brush says, "it's down stairs and I can hear moans. It sounds like ghosts from somewhere. Don't mention downstairs."

Micey asks, "can you remember the night before?"

"Gnaw I can see three four years into our future and then I can't get a hold on what I become to these visions but I feel dead. Maybe I'm changing, Micey, Micey! Do I look any different," says Brush.

"You look like you can walk. Get me a beer and where's Moof. Call him in here for a drink. Moof!!!" cries Micey.

"Yeah I'm budded I'll be down in a minute," Moof calls from a room. He is in a bedroom with Re-Up getting high trying to envision their friendship. One truly believes he cannot place him in his heart where the other used to be.

Re-Up cannot stay sober enough to grasp his realizations that his friends passed and have been brought to life of Bub. Re-Up is incapable of telling Moof what his mind is thinking to say. Re-Up wants to say to Moof, "Bub shot ya'h all . . ." but keeps his mind quiet. He keeps his thoughts in his mind sporadic and obscure. His emotions rubs his mouth and so does his thoughts and just says the opposite of what he is thinking to Moof.

Re-Up says, "You pry can't remember because you were high as f\*k."

"Yeah, I can't even listen to s\*t right now without forgetting 'ihlp' . . ." Moof can taste the weed. The weed is a mixture of cold air and a thick aroma of blood as he fears his past.

“Homie, don’t die on me. I don’t wanna see this. I got a set up with two families in Morsberg. Nobody wants to hit. Do you wanna hit and make Bub proud . . . Redemption,” Says Re-Up.

“Yeah let’s ride!” Exclaimed Moof.

“Not tonite. The Micer family has a man campaigning and we gotta hit the opposition to make a crime wave so our guy gets elected. Can we, we, me and you oughta call a hit man. Just for Micer’s to bring you’re mind back,” says Re-Up.

“You know I ain’t a killer. We oughta ask Bub for the hit I don’t feel like playing Don Mafeft anyway. I start to feel bloody. Unless you’re asking me and tell me I’m gonna get paid,” tells Moof.

“Gnaw boy Bub’s gonna blow you’re head off.” Re-up says as he envisions Moof’s head being grazed by an imaginary bullet fired for his words. Re-Up continues, “I’ll do the hit and anyway not doing it gets Bub’s done anyway and we oughta just live. F\*k messing with hits I’m a drug dealer not a killer.”

“Moof, I’m Moof and I’m gonna get high, pass me tha joint. You know we ought to roll a blunt,” Moof yelped into the air and the takes a puff on the weed.

## PART 6

### *Meanwhile in Rovillanna*

Things are getting to light for Bub and he touches his hands to make sure he is intact and makes a call to the group to get more beer. He instructs Frankie's two friends to take his car and tells them to be back with it intact. The girls disagree with Bub and one says, "aren't you in the mob. Doesn't that piss you off me saying 'gnaw I won't take from you,' huh Bub."

Bub nods his head then asks if they want to go for a drive anyway, "I'll drive?"

The group agrees and they get into Bub's car and they drive off towards a liquor store. Bub opens his door and the three get out and they walk inside to get beer and vodka. Once inside Bub is tempted to shoot but keeps his pistol under his belt. They get the beer, liquor and pay. Once inside the car Bub calls the owner of the furniture store and requests a safe to be delivered in the morning and the owner agrees. He mentions that the friends recommended by Bub do not answer about a drug shipment and Bub tells him he will return in the morning that he must go talk to them to set up timely deliveries of drugs.

Bub hangs up then asks the three girls in the car if they want to go for a quick ride. "Yeah! To meet your mob friends," they respond. Bub crawls onto the street and quickly makes a U-turn than finds Phemora and takes it North towards Morsberg. The windows catch the glare of the lights as everything speeds up then changes direction. Within a few moments Bub has pressed the gas and the future is ignited into the present where he is coming along the highway. He looks in his mirror and across at his passengers and they are asleep as he quickly arrives in Morsburg. He crosses the Merriwacys

Bridge and hops of Phemora and takes 20 minutes to get to Brush's house. Once there he awakes his passengers as the sun begins to rise and tells them, "this is my friend's house. You slept all night and we got here safe and I love you Frankie."

Bub's memory begins to take shape of the many ways he loved Marie. He cries inside his past at her perfected reflection and her utter demise. Embedded into his memories are only his oily paintings of Marie's sullen life and in her reflection is her self dealings with Bub's murders. He misses her. Bub knows that he must be loyal to Frankie to let Marie go for a purpose other than suicide. Frankie to him resembles Marie in her love and naïve ways of handling criminal intent and a downfall of her love. In Bub he realizes he must trust not to kill and must love his friends because they will show him no harm greater than himself. Bub reveals himself at the door and awaits an answer.



## PART 7

Amongst the night the day begins. Many weeks have passed and all there is in Brush's house is a piece of paper that reads.

7/14/2006

Dear me,

Whoever cares about them (Micey and Moof and them) don't need to know anything else. I have convinced them to move to Rovillanna and Brush is going to keep his house and let Re-Up maintain not only our properties but his own? Re-Up is in charge and favors us not dealing with any families as he has found his own ties in Rovillanna with members of Don Rollioni's mob here in Morsburg. We're taking Phemora to Rovillanna. I am sure to arrive before my friends so I will have some unfinished business. I told Steamy if he were to get the safe in the house I would pay him a few thousand if he does not disturb the property. As for the owner of the furniture locale I made sure to vouch with Re-Up the destination and the gravity if we do not make more business ties with the man. I will keep in touch with him through means of hierarchy and contact Moof to contact Re-Up and hopefully Frankie will take the job of contacting the owner. I want to stay out of the way because these shipments are valuable to the higher mind state and pockets of many families in Morsburg and Rovillanna.

Sincerely,  
Bub Bellows

*Meanwhile in Rovillanna*

The lighter side of Bub is coming to fruition in Bub's mind though he is getting more deprived of his needs. He gives all he can to his friends and they are financially set though Bub does not give him money from his hit on the Don Mafeft. He has been getting word that there will not be a mob boss of the Micera family and they continue to operate through ties and organization. They are growing widespread and are entitled to operate politically. There is a realization that who may have been executed has given them more freedom to operate by demeanor as a business with many in charge and many working for promotion, despite the organizations ties to their own doings their unlikeness to kill is only intent on intimidating others into working for their own. The Micera family uses Bub to control their ties to other families and strangle o' others that endanger their likeness to survive beyond a boss a that could be any of them but less like the murderous Bub.

The organizations finds this very useful in formulating how the successor may be a hit man or a manager sindaco. Beyond the revolutions in hand the Micera family has utter respect if Bub were to name a successor of his position as many believe would only make a target out of the unwillingness for them to survive as an operation of money, drugs, murder, and a maddening realization of control through the education system as well as the political realm.

Bub has since put his money in a safe and gives nobody an opportunity to figure his numbers to the safe or it's contents. He believes he has more than he needs to maintain his relationship with Frankie and with his friends.

He has grown a need to take care of business through his reputation of being a killer but will only do more harm if he were to do murders under the watchful eye of his mob. He still has the willingness to keep his crimes secret though the news reports when Bub has killed someone out of the intent of healing himself. Bub believes in himself that the paranoia does not end but his need is his utter self destruction for keeping his guard up. At the moment his friends know not who he is yet and they are replacing their drive once in Morsberg with a new life in Rovillanna. Bub sees as he knows a group of men that need murder to operate but mustn't know Bub commits himself to random homicides once on the street bringing Phemora as a pass to most men and a way to travel lividly from one crime to the

next. He will not tell Frankie for he loves her and his friends diction seems to be more like her and he sees her gracious in giving them an account of a life she'd lose sight of if she were to opinionate Bub any way else than what she perceives.

## PART 8

“Bub do you wanna leave me, love me, or just live means? Asks Frankie.

“You’ve made my life better,” Bub says than continues, “if anything I want to be yours like you are mind. I want us to be happy.”

“We are sorta happy. I say we’re overjoyed that’s why I’m numb to the fact that we met for a reason,” Says Frankie. Unknowingly she doesn’t know the role she’s having in Bub’s friends life and continues and continues,” we, us only need one another.”

“You make me change and forget the horrors. We have the money and the house and we party all the time but when it ends I think of Marie,” replies Bub.

Bub has told Frankie of Marie and it saddened her to hear that he loved her so much but finds a place knowing in Bub’s regret maybe hope to treat her right and lovingly. Beyond their relation there are his friends he so much has given a place in Rovillanna. The love has not grown yet and may never grow but Bub still finds in his heart the night they were killed and he can see in their nature no will to perpetuate their survival through heinousness. Bub realizes that his willingness to murder as a means to prolong his life may be in a sickness drifting in his mind but cannot hold on long enough to normality to change.

Bub wants his intentions to be great and his means prolong his survival for him but is far beyond his sociopath ways to discover a calming to the storm that is a great inequity to his death that so many fear for he has killed many. This balance of a good life and good deeds only embraces Bub like a hug as his mind and physical patterns render the moments when he pulled

a gun and killed someone earlier. Beyond his grief is a saddened thought that amidst the violence he may have a place of inaction but may only like to participate because he is ignorant to the calm he may endure. Within his troubles he only finitely ends life to procure his own healing away from what course God may take in his murderous life. He needs a hit of weed and he and Steamy get high.

Steamy has become a ray of hope to Bub being his demeanor changed once Bub empowered him with money to be his ears on the street. The drugs do not affect him the same way now Steamy the Crackhead has a friend like Bub. There isn't much he doesn't tell Bub. They chase some liquor with water and have another hit of marijuana. Steamy tells Bub where the drugs are being sold on the streets and lives entirely out of the street normally in hotels or in alleys. Bub listens to Steamy as he cries to be quiet inside where the drugs have made him louder to him and only himself whether he can see it Bub cannot discern words. Bub can only discern pain from the elements of mental communication and serves to kill so he is blind to happiness. There is so much the two share when they speak. Steamy wants to tell Bub of the street and rap to him but his marijuana high takes all his lyrics into streams of pungent smoke.

Bub just wants to give Steamy's life away and tempt him to kill so evilly both are facing retribution from the end of their lives in death they do not have this commonly to speak so Bub continues to observe. Steamy looks taken care of and lives healthily though he has no promise of bringing himself out of his addiction and surely take on a murder that will kill him. Bub survives in mind to retain the high and finds comfort in knowing he has killed many for the moment in his high state of mind seems it would have only taken place because of the murders he committed.

Bub values their friendship and when the situation turns to harder drugs Bub has none and him and Steamy open a bottle and drink merrily. Their location is in the way they treat each other. The sight of rooms seem like it is Bub's but Steamy has more conviction to making this place their domain. It is the street to Steamy and to Bub it's just a rental. Bub has no fear of owning up to anything more than friendship but cannot give Steamy what is his because Steamy may only evaporate like Monet. Bub drifts and believes in friends but disbelieves Monet's death, a friend until there is silence and the actions replay until Monet's death. These events Bub recollects happened but Bub cannot see his friends be anything more than moments where they passed like Monet and only believes Monet's

death was his own sporadic desire. Bub begins to avoid talking He doesn't pervert his love he only loves those that do not admire his ways. In his evilness he can subdue anyone into temptation but only knows how shallow it is to receive any debt from a traitor. He might as well kill those he sees instead of tempting. His life is since refueled by love anew in the heart of Frankie and only wishes he had met her without the smudges of his shady past . . . Monet and Steamy's eyes yellow and he tells Bub, "I gotta leave soon as you get me higher up."

"Sure man. What do ya'h want. I know a blunt and we'll drive to a bar and meet the divas and get you sum p\*s," Bub states.

Steamy says nothing. He reaches in his pocket and finds a bullet. His eyes lose focus and he puts his hand out to stop Bub. But Bub is uninterested in the bullets in his pockets and Steamy asks Bub if he could take something away for him. There is a hammer clicked and shots fired than sirens and Steamy's bullets vanish. Steamy reaches in the same pocket to find the weed he was looking for and Bub breaks open a cigar to roll a blunt. Hours later they leave the street to play pool at Bub's. Once at Bub's they order food and play nine ball. The neighborhood is quiet and Steamy isn't a very bad shot. Bub beats him in a few games than when it begins to get late Bub asks Steamy if he'd like a ride to the the hotel. Steamy says that he will just walk. Bub commits him to making contact with Bub and promises Steamy, "I will introduce you to some important people someday, sober."

Steamy let's himself out and Bub plays a little more pool and shuts off his cell phone. He begins to think in a dreary mess the blood boils and he ceases to make a shot. Then he calms himself and clears the table of all the balls. He looks at the food barely touched and plays another game. He likes the quiet and though he has a big TV there is nothing that satisfies him more than a game of pool. He tries trick shots and seems to out perform himself with each game he plays alone. It begins to get later and later but Bub is unaffected by the time. He has too much time to kill so he lays on his sofa and reads into the paint and can converse quietly with what is bothering him. He doesn't notice but he falls asleep. He gets up and showers quickly and the clothes he worn the night before are thrown in the wash.

He has a plan to launder the mob's money with foreign currency than exchange it for domestic currency. In the process he hopes to recycle the mob's armament into steel and metal goods to finally rid the streets of guns. He awakes from his doze to find that time has gone back instead

of forward and wishes to take Phemora to another city to meet it's end. The end of Phemora. Bub believes taking this road is too easy of a way to rid himself of the guilt he is so driven by when commit's a crime and hates the road being his only pass. When he is there he forgets everything that may save him if he were to sideline himself instead of partake in the violence. Bub knows there is violence that he has caused and attributed his involvement to his evolution as a killer but has placed his emotions on ice. He only feels his house and can hear who has been there and can only love them.

In his reign of Morsburg he cannot regret he cannot think. He cannot do anything with his self confidence he only feels the air and it is chill and his body winds through the light until it is at another's house than winds into the air until he can hear the conversation between Moof and Micey as he winds home again. His ear is to them and they seem to be working talking of Bub and given courage to commit to running Rovillanna. They seem to be telling themselves it is peaceful. But Bub knows that a hit is courageous in a deceitful manner. Bub races his mind from place to place and doesn't see anywhere he belongs for now and finds himself awaking in front of his home as he walks inside. He checks his watch and only minutes have passed but to him feel like hundreds.

Within minutes Bub dozes again and awakes feeling more and more tired. He hates the confusion the comes with fatigue. He knows he must fight off this spell to become fully energized but asks himself, "What will I do without a job?"

Bub relies on his hurt to motivate him but he is no longer numb to murder and can commit homicide willingly without recourse nor remorse. He starts to philosophies that murdering within any scope may start to take more time because the lives what that are missing from the cycle cause longer cues between hits when he finds less and less wrong with people he finds less wrong with murder and even himself. He thinks to himself, "What if I could be left alone."

Bub taps his pistol and tells himself he should put it away for there is no foresight than harming someone for love or ego. Bub walks over to his safe and opens it. He puts his gun inside and gives his power a rest as it has absolutely made him rich and bored. He finds joy in his heart for what he has disallowed himself to partake in during his journey to this blatant outcome

of means and homicide. He not for a moment believes it was any more luck than it were necessity. He feels his money in him and has no conscience to weigh his deeds just a scale he can picture his worth by. Bub is in love with Frankie but wants nothing more than to paralyze this thought and get back to work but under operation there are so many rules and he sees it fit to just leave those he would call foes meandering in the muck and cleaning their selves. He sees a moment where he could bring balance to the mob but dozes once more to fight off his mad naturism. This time he sleeps for minutes and time does not pass again. He awakes but signifies to he'd shot for these moments only to probably be depressed. His head is ready for exit and a long journey doing what he doesn't intend is only making his decisions for him and must choose. He then awakes to see himself hindering his alertness to go back to dreaming but his world is not his yet it is merely time that abides to his call. He works out another rest but finds paper and scrawls his thoughts out in etchings not letters than connects the etchings into letters than counts them into numbers than spells a sentence. He connects the letters to each other and waits for time to pass. It says clock he says tick and hears tock. With idle talk he creeps onto the sidewalk where he can see high streets and reasons himself to stay instead of leaving.

He is moneyed and passes his safe but pictures these hundreds of thousands the last of his money and not by debt but cannot feel victimized by death now or never. The paranoia he once had begins to elude him and he winds his watch to see the seconds cease and the first dollars he smell remain safe. His responsibilities are taking care of themselves and all he has is to find his stroke to paint once again or his note to rap once before. He makes no muse and is noise less as he contacts his idea that winds and swiftly leaves him wanting inaction. He drives himself to make a call but puts the phone down feeling untrue and remained. He starts to see his existence. He sees how he mustn't be able to be alive being many have died and gives this reason to his actions. So meaningless and small.

Minutely taking a toll on their own reactions giving him grins and laughs. The memories fill with alertness over silence and over, "nothing" o well," Bub.

He cannot seem to stay awake and dreams madly of power when he awakes is only a smaller grasp on what he truly has come away as and that is alive. He has fought and he has lived but he is bothered what normality he is missing. Every action he has is linked to more inaction like a persuasion to use his time to utter, "demise," but cannot find his heart. He needs nothing



and nothing is in need of so much. He gives himself over to much more and still cannot step away from curves and twists his beliefs are taking. Bub cannot start to awake again and is drearily seeing the clock wind in reverse to him will undo his path until he reaches understanding that he must take Frankie and the road Phemora where he will only end up woes.

He knows there are no roads but his and sees the freshness of Frankie's face winding away with time procuring wealth and age in Bubs' madness. Bub doesn't want to blink because his day will pass like the time and he cannot give himself up. He mangers is arm away to heal his steps but faceless guns are to his way they remain useful. Disregarding his ways to be humane he will only use his weapon to turn away the scared and liven the fearsome. He has done his dirt and removed his rot to find himself overjoyed by not having to run. This inaction binds his feet to the ground and his hope to hide. Ink travels down his arm but his tattoo fades to blackness and his hair remains. His heart jubilates and his desires are seemingly unraveling. He has many friends to help but cannot help himself from accepting until his madness takes hold.

His light turns to black. His hair to grays and his soul is not there to contain his laughter. His joy can only leave and his eyes swallow his heart and his grins turn a murky light. With nothing to hold his joy or maintain his sheer bliss his flesh holds his emotion until the emulations turn him angry and devilish. He deceives himself once more and in minutes there is only he and the streets then he shoots hitting another victim. In his maze of emotion he drags the body into his path on Phemora and sends it to be buried far into the weeks until he can deliver himself from the pain only sees his friends come and stay.

He cannot awake in their haze of weeks as he sits still watching their lives unwind in weeks as he stays isolated to an eternity. Bub acts correctly and says the right words but through the passing time after this homicide can only remain frozen. He cannot push his gun out he told himself but lied to his being. Bub truly is a killer but has only instinct and hope that the world will not join him but party away his most recent motives killing his remedy for mops violence and usualness of their equilibrium. They have no deed in them to bind their minces of bills and sills menace none while they are so bleak and fled. They're useless in Bub's mind of regard to a nature so deemed infallible to order of their rights to remain anyway behind on worded thought a vulgarity brings disorder unless he rightfully victimizes.

Beyond his flesh is obscure in their replenished natural indifference to be held higher is his only downfall. Whether these motives emulate their loosest

ideas into two they only mention they demise to bring about some softness into their utter damnation. Bub knows this and disadvantages unfitness to Bub's punishment. He can only act and change his reason to accommodate his anger usually with killing though nobody wants an end more than Bub. And who can stop this while Bub replaces his victims in life and ushering a new line into a certain demise where he can only live to see them put to rest permanently through anger and selfless acts. Giving his body to crime was not easy it were his notions to continuum killing to make sure his victims reached certainty. Bub resides in his calm to dreadfully attack someone but hinders himself none. He cannot believe in harm or order only lightly to organize his alas his own motions are only heeded therefore he relinquishes need for a truer meaning other than soul. There is no Devil in his life nor a woman just his plight to reorganize each time finding he can only commit to killing nonetheless lose their wheels to commit the same crime. Out of insanity or the respect for himself he cannot take himself down a notch as civility relearns things he doesn't have the time to teach himself for his body knows only it's habits and wills to commit to the inhumanity of inaction. He remedies his partnering with his body as it breaks and withers knowing it has no long lasting effects on his true doings.

Bub talks but remedies his fear as a path to commit crimes that he has followed only to not have the physicality to undo his motives only endure his maddening world. With the world on his back he reaches for a pistol no longer there and a friend that forever will be in need of his arranged lifestyle. He gives to these friends his compassion and his physicality hoping to change his luck of nature. He glorifies himself only to remain ignorant in his mentality that he cannot for see his inability to curb his lust for blood and is mad with power. His friends Micey, Sarah, Moof, and Brush only attempt to rile his anger to hope he means because they fear his loathsome shakes and twirling moods. They are empowered but remained in call unable to witness his freeze. They are will and they can see he is upset but their minds do unravel and can only witness their advantages and without this realization Bub would not have had power but becoming mad with power he only wants to undo his goods and good deeds though they were bad natured he can remain friends with those he lost. Without this he is lost and can only see himself move from outside as the party begins freshly and positive.

Bub motions to the road then leaves for hours but the scene when he returns replays through his mind until he sees the moments outlive them

self and his guest really begin to enjoy these times over and over. Bub leaves and comes down Phemora where days pass and the same scenes with their same friends happen to them over and over.

Bub leaves again and travels to Morsberg and talks with Re-Up. He gets high and brings Re-up down Phemora. Re-Up motions to Bub to slow down but Re-Up accounts for his high and cannot see anything but a long tiresome road trip while Bub only arrives at a party at his house. Bub cannot account for the party unto Re-Up because Re-Up has never been to Rovillanna but seems to fit in with the partiers as they begin to smoke weed and drink. Bub's surprise is explosive as he sees the partiers doing the same moments over and over except Re-Up is starting to make friends. Bub wonders if he is truly livid at them or takes the party too serious while he begins to talk to Frankie and drink.

The liquor doesn't move him it is the people that dance and the rhythm of conversation that begins to take control but fall short of his expectations when they begin the same conversations they had earlier. Bub had listened but his trips up and down Phemora have made him realize. Neither his convictions or his flesh could predict how predictable his actions are if he were to avoid being victimized by his actions with an inability to predicate a positive affluence.

Bub finally has made inaction his procurement of a lesser involved reason to lament his reality disallowing him to premeditate. Within his nature reasoning does not say what education does not say neither does avoiding these guests with other than a sense of being. Bub knows they are not compelled like him to murder but his anger he proceeds with resolve through murdering giving him no inclination that he may only be feeding a frenzy like this with no fulfillment. Bub acknowledges that the key they may hold to their un-doings may be his only balance towards homicide but has learned from this that the homicide happened a few weeks ago when he could least predict. Already knowing the outcome Bub reaches in resolve to avoid any action at all that may lead to a victimization amongst his peaceful party guests. He reaches for a drink instead of his pistol and begins to avoid what has befallen him to crime.

"Predicate is for pro's Bub! Have a drink with me man!" Requests Re-Up.

"Yeah, I could use another' Re-Up, man!" Says Bub.

“Let’s get woeful and take a lot of time off . . . I could use this type of scenario forever,” Says Re-Up.

“Let’s just clean up tha mess with another beer. This s\*t crazy,” Replies Bub.

“Let’s take a shot too!” Re-Up says then the group laughs.

The music is loud and beer is brought in by the cases. The party breaks off into groups where there are rhymes and joints rolling around. The girls there are happier than the guys but each has their minds set on getting drunk and not having to drive and by 2:59 AM the party has become a sea of faces looking at other faces except for Bub and Frankie who are talking with Re-Up and Moof who is getting them high.

Re-Up says, “Bub you threw an ill party. You can liven it up,” Says Re-Up.

“Yeah . . .” Replies Bub. From Bub’s pockets he gets out his money and begins to tear up some old cigars and begins rolling out little fragments of tobacco onto his money. He puts some powder he has tucked in one of his bills and rolls in onto the cigar leaves. He asks for a pipe and folds the bills with the cigar leaves and slight with the bill adds the leaves to the bowl of the pipe. He gets a light than puts it underneath the bills until a bluish chemical comes out than pours that into the pipe. He lets it resonate together than asks everyone, “anyone wanna dance, hallucinate, get high and I’ll break you off with a hit?”

Bub hands the pipe to someone that says, “yes.” And lights it. They start to laugh. The the pipe is passed throughout the house. Bub continues to make this mixture of leaves and bills until everyone starts smoking it and the party begins to take a stir for the craziest while the music is played there’s exasperating laughter and attraction being felt through the whole house. Re-Up compliments Bub, “Hell yeah . . .”

Bub cannot help but be disillusioned by his ability to reason but cannot continue motives to give himself hope when he is all together he still remains hopeless that his intent will remain. He intends to not kill but is a trigger to only keep him from killing for awhile. He reasons with

his voices but his passionism to see more usually gives him less reason therefore he forgets to motivate himself positively. Usually in his negativity he cannot see the joy that surrounds him like now while there is a party he cannot escape through he has attained too much belief that his crimes created a solution.

They see him here at the party because they have collective reasons to be in touch with Bub though he is barely reasonable. Bub can trigger his path as he would say, "kill all the way down tha life." But he has no reason to secure his realizations other than it solidify a place of normalcy. Bub commits to himself that unless his friends see him change than he has stayed the same and he is fine with being the same. If they were to initiate his change he can rely on trust that they have seen the change in him. He heeds to follow his thoughts because he doesn't want to act too early and fall into premeditating another crime. Bub waits . . . He can trust who he sees and if there is anyone that should not be trusted it is deceit for he can see him fall into sight.

Since he promised himself nothing has changed . . . Nobody has seen him kill. Only they have died and he cannot tell. He cannot ask them but they will do their jobs if he were to ask. He is sure Re-Up will sell and Moof will rule and though he sees this unraveling their lives he knows fatefully he can end their existence . . . But he waits. He waits to see if that is what he wants when he only wants he will know.

Re-Up and Frankie come up to Bub and ask him to sing. Bub doesn't hesitate to begin the cipher, "Ice creamery money greenery something like you're in my memory. Frankie you're beautiful and fine. Give me time I'll have you tonight last night and all night. You'll be moaning and rustling making noise where do you want me on your eyes or in between the nines."

Frankie continues," Bub between you and me I want you now on your knees in a cowl you'll scream I'll howl. Making money got a way to let you know I love you when we prey. hustling for dinks grab me a drink I'll tell you what I think!"

A crowd begins to gather as Re-Up begins to rap," You and me Bub we hustle like money ain't got kno' means no show unless we blow a mo'. We take you clip off the top somebody's gotta die. No not tonite use you're plight be right sing to me boys. Where you're gurlies at!?"

Moof enters the cipher as Brush approaches and says, "You knocked me outta time. I'm way off I can only see light. Damn Bub resurrect my rap game. Shotty blast through a politician's ass like he'd B to close to da streets. Bing, ring me on my phone if ya'h knead a key!!!"

The crowd cheers. Brush tells the group out loud, "I'm their PRODUCER!!!"

Bub starts to rap, "They call on me when they wanna die through my dive . . . O' sorry I took a life. B\*tches diamonds and gold ropes from here to the road I glow. Bling money out the lows. To high too touch . . . ever see the boys bleed give it a kiss!!!" Frankie kisses Bub.

Sarah starts, "Sounds, sounds like you're in love with murder mayhem and Bub. Give a drink. Baby on the way and that's just my keys of coke. I'm having twins like when you get high to begin I say hey. A you don't know me by name . . . Yup!!!"

The crowd cheers and they pass everyone rhyming a drink. Bub says, "Hey guys on the line keep it moving I gotta getta kiss!"

Bub kisses Frankie. He paints with words in her ear the night to come and promises once the people leave they will make love through the night and day.

"Bub you're silly. I can feel you're clay stricken heart beating for once," She tells Bub.

"I know. I'm silly and in love. I can not treat you wrong. You always tell me the right words. Like when we love it's affirmed by you and me," Bub tells Frankie. He smiles then reaches around her waist and kisses her passionately.

"Who wants another rap!?" Re-Up cheers from the crowd. Someone says, "Give him a mic!"

Re-Up is handed a mic, "Microphone damager brain drain drama you're game is damaged like your brain from mic time. I'm so armed I leave a tuck rolling on the street. Hairy and printed you're blotter is a

blemish to me. To my lish indeed keep drinking everybody bring out the lust not the lush in 4,5,3 how many we've had women, pints, and halves. I make money so ya'h scream. Radio says they play me. I get money like no money is the only means kill and drive my peeps to hustle on tha dinks. My beer's sweaty get me some ink tell you're doctor you couldn't see him because you're tatoo was too dark to even hark visual garbage of why I'm bleeding black and the medicine I require is 20 a gram. Can't see you until later when you're mastering you're game plan. Planned to rescue Re-Up they only call me when everyone's dead. I fulfill you're desire to listen close to a real player!!!"

The crowd is thrown into a drunken haze. Some of them are in twirls and twizzlers of euphoric imagination. Some begin to look up to Re-Up and begin shaking his hand and girls look beckoned to be kissed. The party goes on and nobody wants to use a microphone but every boy is in a cipher until they emerge men they continue to verse. The music plays loud but to the hum of their voices there are drums and strings that cut out and are put on by their hymns. Bub finds a moment to step away fro the crowd and go to his bedroom with Frankie. They shut the door and in the house times passes until both Bub and Frankie leave the room freshly showered and in a glow.

Bub says to Frankie," SXC damn, I want to taste me and I can still taste you."

Frankie says, "I love u I do, so much."

Bub continues," I love you that much. Too damn much."

The crowd can be heard saying, "SO MUCH!"

The sun begins to rise and the drugs are keeping everyone up. There is plenty of beer and many people have come and gone. Bub starts another cipher but this is for the hardcore. It's more quiet and there is a mess in the house. Brush comes up with an idea," Bub let's make a record. We get airplay in Morsburg might as well blow up out here."

Bub contemplates this idea but amongst the guest everything is on replay. He asks Brush," Can you walk on your own?"

“Yeah I’ve been going to physical therapy and I could do it alone or with a cane, why?” Responds Brush.

“Wouldn’t you want to dance. I’m thinking we should open a club,” Says Bub.

Brush contemplates the idea for awhile. He still wants a record and figures it’d be great to release something with all of his friends. Him and Bub have worked together on other songs but Brush is the type of person that responds to hype. It is in his house in Morsburg where they have recorded as well as where Bub recorded a final ode before he killed in a delusional high all of his friends. Bub isn’t afraid of recording so he tells Brush, “Open a studio slash club here in Rovillanna and when I’m not busy I’ll record.”

Brush accepts Bub’s offer. They begin talking about locations and contracts. Bub hasn’t made as many ties as he’d liked in Rovillanna he has been traveling down Phemora too much. On the other hand Brush has already made plenty of music money in Morsburg and he has met Don Tony Rollioni who has many ties to property and contracts in Rovillanna. Brush tells Bub, “I’ll contact Tony soon enough and see what he has in terms of property ties and get something going.”

“Financially I may want to get in so call me and I’ll pitch some money into the project,” Says Bub.



## PART 9

By the break of dawn there is only people leaving in their cars from the party. The morning passes and by the beginning of the afternoon everyone has left except for Sarah, Moof, Frankie, Brush, Re-Up, and Bub. The group has a conversation about the night before as Bub tells them the truth. They listen closely and are overwhelmed and believe he is lying when he tells them of the nights before he left Morsburg. They were murdered. Too many smiles turn to frowns and Bub is completely mad for telling them but his realization is to turn the story comedic. He tries to shrug the story off as a joke but even Frankie doesn't find it funny that he murdered his friends only to bring them back in a disarrayed mind frame. He tells Moof that it is best he and Re-Up partake in a record deal with Brush and their murder was as real as when Moof blew the mayor away. Moof respects Bub then asks, "How'd you bring me back?"

"Uh, only because I earned the right to bring anyone back I so loved to keep the remaining dead even deader only for that reason," Bub says to the group.

"But how?" Asks Moof again.

The nights before your deaths I had been on a killing streak and what I applied to killing so many I had learned only could return me the energy that murder has taught me. So I expunged some energy and the night you died never had to happen," explains Bub.

Bub is hesitant on telling anyone he took a contract from the future and has the money he earned in killing Doun Mafeft. Bub has an overbearing

weight to lie but he sees no need in murdering these men anymore so he says, "I'm sorry."

"F\*k the Mob . . . I was making great money man. I can barely remember how to chop a reid of dope anymore. Where's my quarter tons?" Asks Moof.

"They're in trucks coming from Morsburg. Micer agrees you need to ride until you get the working elements to run the operation. Then we may call on you to clean up after the drivers if, if they mess up," Replies Bub.

"My cut?" Moof asks knowing a reid of cooked cocaine would net him 20k imagines a quarter ton of dope should pay 10 times that, "My cut Bub?"

"A house! A car whatever you want to ship once you make the connections here in Rovillanna can be shipped to Morsburg or anywhere in the West," says Bub.

"I can't tell you Bub but if I gotta kill anyone . . . F\*K! Brush what'll a record pay?" Asks Moof.

"Not much until you hit once or twice there's so little to tell. You oughta run the trucks and work on your rap game. I wanna produce Bub and Re-Up . . . but Bub's story shocks the hell outta me," Says Brush.

Bub tells Brush, "There is a record. It's in my car I recorded the night Mike and Sophie got it, Micey and Sarah . . . You might get some material for Moof's track. I have confidence he can rhyme if he works on the label."

"Not now Bub . . . I can't handle any more of this s\*t. I told you not to kill me," Says Re-Up.

## PART 10

It wasn't going to help if Bub continued telling anyone the events of the night so he turns their plight when he tells them a joke. They laugh and the moment becomes unserious when Frankie says, "I'd marry you anyway Bub even if you shot my ass."

Bub realizes he accomplished falling in love and left the room feeling estatic. He looks out his window and begins to draw out a letter.

Dear Journal

7/?/Huh

I know what I gotta do but any answer is killing is the answer and then the answers are numerous. Either way I'm just going to throw you away so tell Frankie she says all the right thangs before you forget then tell her you love her.

Sincerely B. Bellows

Out of his madness he begins a procession for his pistol to change a clip automatically by habit. He realizes this is what he has done for so long that it may not do harm. His guests look at him and stop talking. They follow his moves only to see him leave to his bedroom and shut the safe door where they are wondering why he has a safe. They hear something unlock and their instincts may not be following them very clearly because they hear a clip come out and a clip slide into a gun. They hear the safe door shut and a spin of a locking combination. They are not alarmed and Bub emerges from his room relieved but too far away from his premeditation and to close to his gun to quite be healed yet. He wants a better being but cannot help but to

look to the victimized again as giving a sense of relief to his own existence. He manages to step through the living room and relieve the glances of his guests by opening his arms and patting his waist and says, If that worried anyone don't tell me I still got Lay calling me."

The group doesn't know who Lay was but Bub had murdered her to keep her from crying to him about Hale before last year's big party. Bub had been sickened enough to disappear for weeks at a time to only carry on like she were alive because he'd vow to make his family some money and The Micer Organization needed a refutable indifference over other families. In a short call Bub had wound through many other neighborhoods committing to several hits. In account for his being there his friends lives have not the speed he deemed so he went unvisited or unseen many of the times. When the operation began to emerge politically Bub's friends began seeing a take or as his family considered it a profit of made means. Without the help of the family Bub's intent would have been left and his intentions would have gone unprovoked leaving him with less contracts and his family surviving from beneath the level he attained enacting homicides they were unaware about, "Nope . . . Just haven't put one down lately . . . You OK," asks Bub?

"O' No problem just waiting for you to take me out for a ride Bub. That's all." Says Frankie.

"It's nothing like I mean to say when my gun clips I get in sorts of demeanor unless there isn't anyone trying to kill me," Bub retorts.

"Anything to keep it straight . . . By the way how many bodies have you let down that ro?" Asks Sarah.

"Nothing lately just a few here and there. I buried means so they can't be brought back," explains Bub.

The group notices there is so much out of touch that they understand why Bub killed to keep himself together and they are worried that Bub may begin to numb his doings and not feel for what they have ultimately gained and that is control and feed of the power he emits. But Bub knows that his friends have an addiction unlike his and tells them he will try to leave his murders behind him until he is called by his friends or his Operation.

Bub has full dealings in all the money that passes through this cycle and doesn't wish for anything willfully. He explains that if he needs he has to face failure in taking of what belongs to the good. Bub begins to tell them they are beneath too many killers to not invest their money in any organization like his because he operates as equally as possible and will give them their returned a second chance if they were to only kill his, exemplify their only means. Bub contemplates telling them the disarray he has had to feel as they began to spend willfully his money without showing him tribute but rejects to do so because he is becoming sick from his on deeds. He knows that murder will program him to feel well but if he were to use these moments to premeditate another crime it would likely be a homicide again. He begins to hear the voices and sense the falling out of his friends because of the fears but has true hope in his prediction that if he were to have a simple endings to his woes he could continue through good. He believes a sense of good only leads him to murder and a simple outcome is better than complicating his physical anymore.

Eventually Bub feels the time elapse and can see his friends move in and out leave and go and checks his watch and no time passes. He doesn't look anywhere but they sound like this, "Hey Bub!." As to awaken him when they surely have not witnessed their selves.

Bub contemplates again killing them but wonders if they will exist if he would send them down Phemora to go forward and call him when they leave. He is tempted but sees no recognition in their abandonment when Rovillanna puts their pieces into place so well. He knows he must show them love but love is a call for the undying and their will to be complete is only his will to let them live and die like what is right and what is wrong. Bub realizes that though the friends he has are nothing in his criminal world they mean something to his organization's entitlement to having normal foot soldiers. Without them knowing they work out the tributes and find the streets where the hits are too easily killed and they receive a profit. Bub hears a call and justifies keeping his demeanor from unraveling his actions in order to commit to heinousness. Through his inaction Bub can still see his friends actions. He gets up slowly and asks, "What day is it to you and to me it doesn't matter, to you . . . Saturday or Sunday? Any of these sound familiar or are you on another calendar?"

Frankie says," I dunno but I was just tripping when you said that. Are you ever going to just be?"

“I dunno anymore . . . I do wanna be together but these ideas of violence weigh heavy on my mind,” Says Bub.

“Bub I can believe it but you gotta choice. Be bad or be with tha good in you and start believing you can get out of harm,” Frankie says.

“I can with my choice either live to live bad or just take some time to get past the days I have so much to escape ain’t really that bad when you put it that way but you don’t see me,” Bub says.

Bub begins to measure his means with who has the resolve to make his path any less traveled but he resumes taking a step back to go forward and looks forward to only kill. He has too many ideas and his mind splits to shreds as he sees too little of himself becoming what he’d liked to be as a dream. He knows he is flesh and knows that he can be anything less but his ideas are taking his toils into his heart and rescue is merely an obstacle to his own tragedy. Without his tones he has so little to means and so little in his faith to read into his friends meaning to him. He is the underbelly and does not want to be their crutch when it is time to undertake a fantasy. He knows what murder does to wind him and only does this to give them time to be his companions.

So little as a friend their willingness to dive would merely mean taking on actions that have left to him emptiness . There’s no other way to heal than to give himself the iota they cannot prove. He exists in their realm where he knows inside there is their’s a love of their own and his interpretations are his gun and his own killings. His Operation’s payroll relies on his death and he has little opportunity to see them leave. Frankie cannot desire him no less than he can find little need for anyone who has not loved him the same may it be for the moment or for a lifetime like Marie. Everything he has lost he hasn’t gained but given to insure they fall into one instead of falling to pieces. Without their need he’d have need of his own will to be without these friends, no longer in their moments he assures to mean retribution undoing his doleful deed.

Unto Sarah and Micey he cannot undo wrong for they were merely in his delusion but he is reassured in not hurting Re-Up as his rap game remains better than ever. By meandering with Moof in a speedy conversation reassures him that the man he was to be he wasn’t his intentions anyway. Bub manicures his relationship with Frankie and consumes her generosity in his

willingness to be with her one more day and within the scope of friendship he could not have brought back a better friend in Brush.

Brush sees it as having being able to walk after the incident a certain act of means of Bub's prized competence into halves he may have been not being cured. In killing his friends he only made a stronger bond of trust as for his victims they remain permanently healed of having to live definite existences of fear and feelings as Bub believes he may have cured their temperament for unoriginality. Their origins are soles and their feet are running so they have the sense to remit some parts but not whole parts to their demise unless it were for Bub murdering they may have never known who they could've been in the scope of the humane and the society Bub so sold as they were victimized. In their death they haven't had very much to dissolve in humanity and their regards for who they really were are their's in the afterlife.

Maybe having little or no faith that the victims would have died willingly isn't Bub's concern is having much too much on his idea even if they were only killed by his broken ideology. Bub has not to mention to his friends that he so enjoyed to move them from Morsburg to Rovillanna but refutes the facts to not hurt them anymore.

He victimized as he seen fit and until their call isn't for a killing Bub remains lament in hide for many reasons he is trying dis. Indulgent in his career to be any less to motivate.

So he talks to Frankie," Uh . . ."

"Bub it's not me anymore it's the way I act right or wrong being good takes more than being great at murder. It takes having half yourself let go and the other move on," Frankie says to Bub.

"Yeah sure it is but I've been trained to redeem through certain acts of homicide their own trials and justify having them killed. I have no place on this city if I don't tell you the truth," Says Bub.

"The truth Bub is that I love to hear you say you love me and the truth is that it'll be a lie if I didn't love you, right? Asks Frankie.

"No, it's not. I'm too deep in love with how I loved Marie to see if or how you truly are," Says Bub.

"This world doesn't turn away Bub when you say you loved, loved someone it clouds your vision like when I say I love you," Says Frankie.

"It's that I wanna escape from these moments when there is only little facts of love and they are deceasing in my mind until I loved I hadn't killed anyone," Tells Bub.

"Whether or not you should tell me if you loved Marie more after she died or is it because you can't love because of murder?" Asks Frankie.

"It's my portrait it's a perfect little frame that Marie is that you fit into and if I could just hang it and let you live then I'll let you be loved by me," Says Bub.

"You're not going to kill me Bub you're gonna love me. For who I am!!!" Yelps Frankie.

"My only love was Marie and she died and I promise myself to not kill you, I promise." Bub continues to look at Frankie as she speeds away, "Remember to do what you're telling me to love you for survival."

Bub continues to sit there and watch the world speed and slow and come and go. Bub maintains his house and everything he wanted clean he cleaned with articulating. The place is neat and he gets up to play pool. He shoots nine ball when he gets a call from Steamy the Crackhead.

"Wassup! Bub, I got a tak on Phemora it goes to Tony Rollioni's crib and he is making his way into the club . . . blah! I heard about some s\*t last night I was chilling you could've called your boy!" Says Steamy.

"Yeah but I gotta get high so where's this Rollioni's club? Were you gonna need some money because I have some if it's a hit," Replies Bub.

"Yeah I'll come by or you got smoke because we can smoke some but I need a hit of that s\*t they were talking about. They said there's something that you got that's better than dope," says Steamy.

"Yeah there is and I just pull it outta blue yonder some inky colored drip that's gotta lot of hallucination in it. You'll be tripping, come by," Replies Bub.



“Steamy can’t come by yet. I gotta get a hit on that guy Rollioni. Wait there’s some guy coming outta his car a is pulling a gun on him,” Steamy says.

Shots break out and the gunman is killed. “This guy is some serious s\*t Bub,” Says Steamy the Crackhead.

“You oughta keep him there for a minute. He’s working with Brush on something ans I can be there in a minute. Bub leaves his house and gets into his car and travels through Phemora until he gets to Steamy. Tony is sitting in his car when Brush approaches Steamy and asks if he needs any money.

Bub hands Steamy some money and Tony looks at the money. Bub looks at Tony than asks Steamy to move out of the way, “for a minute.” Bub says to Steamy.

Bub goes to the window and asks Tony,” Have you any idea who tried killing you. It was probably my guys and they say you ain’t gotten contracts with my guys. Brush and Re-Up want to do a deal with a studio and they said you were the guy.”

“Gnaw, Bub. I know who you are but I got kno’ contracts with your guys. If they pay me they can have the building and until then shooting me isn’t going to get me anywhere. If you want the deal it’s my building so move you’re s\*t in and start paying me sums,” Says Tony.

“I’m glad you show me sum respect. This studio will be making some money but we need the place for a club. When we get the artists in there patrons will be paying a lot to be heard. I figure we could kill anytime but I just want to make it clear before I gotta come off the street if you f\*k my guys outta this plot,” Says Bub.

“It’s not anyway their plot yet they gotta ball or I’m dead and you’re dreams come to light and you’ll be letting other peeps push you’re paper. I can’t have no more than 800,000 for the building and you can promise me that,” Says Don Tony.

“Just tell my guys where it’s at and if it’s not 200,000 or more than I’m gonna kill something in you just to give them the building,” replies Bub.

"It's at least 900,000 in renovation if you cut me in like you got 200,000 down I'll work something out longer term," replies Don Tony.

"O' and another ish is you can have the building just have it all because this is for my boys. They have the money and call this Crackhead to get in touch with me." Bub introduces Steamy to Tony.

"This guy can get you you're money and when you call me I'll call him and you guys set up the deal and he'll have his friends show up if you just give him a minute but you gotta tell someone where the building is or I'm gonna have Bub kill you," Steamy says.

"Usually I'm not afraid of Crackheads Steamy but you're friend Bub has left up that damn street and is either going to bring a gun or my money so call him and tell him the building is next to Clare Ave in the Moto District," tells Tony.

"Good," Steamy says then calls Bub, "Bub bring the money he told me it's in the Moto District on Clare or near Clare or some shizz," Steamy hangs up.

Bub reaches his house gets in his safe gets 200,000 and gets on Phemora and meets up with Tony to give him the money. He travels to quick to count for and arrives at the cross streets near Tony Rollioni. He has a grocery bag with over 200,000 and hands it to Tony. Tony asks, "Do want to sign a contract?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you if we put this on paper I want to do the hits you can't for some sort of incentive towards the lot. Ya'h might need someone to button you're hits so call on me I charge 10,000 a hit," Says Bub.

"That's fine. If you want we can start laying dem down right now," Tony says. He doesn't have the inclination that Bub is an expert at murdering but may be working a deal for the likes of his own gain. Bub can sense this and denies Tony an opportunity to drag Bub into another homicide. Instead he changes the conversation, "Are we gonna be partners," as he hands Don Tony the money.

“Partners you’re on your own. This may be the last of the money and I feel broke. I usually don’t deal on the street after someone is shot Bub you gotta tell me what family you work for!” Exclaims Tony.

“Micer~~a~~ Family. They have a boss but all my guys know who’s tied in so when Brush contacts you take his word that there’s money in recycling if he tells you. I want to recycle the city’s guns when our guy gets elected mayor,” says Bub.

“Bub that’s a humanitarian idea. What are you gonna make when there’s no guns on the street?” Asks Tony.

“A lot of music and a lot of change. I’m gonna open up the doors to getting druggies off the streets,” Bub explains.

Bub knows Tony may be lying about the location of the lot. He is willing to chase Tony if there is no building in the Moto district. Bub asks Steamy, “Can you take off and find the lot then call me.” Steamy agrees. Steamy leaves to the streets. Tony looks neatly at Bub and reaches out of his window to shake Bub’s hand. The two part as Tony drives away. Bub is in line to stay on the street so he maneuvers over to a bar and orders some food and a beer. He waits.

There nobody calls and he eats and orders another beer. He calmly leaves the bar and heads down Phemora without intention of where he may arrive. He blindly drives and Phemora begins to carry memories and he swerves past Monet’s on 1217 Morsol than through to the past where he can see his friend before he bleakly is taken into the streets only to become a ghost. He visits Monet’s.

Bub feels emotion but drives swiftly until he arrives in an unknown city by an unknown name. He knows he may have driven to far too fast. He patiently awaits for a call. He is in traffic and can smell salt water. Bub finds a beach parks and rests there for the after noon. By morning he realizes he may have ended up somewhere he can begin a new life where everything isn’t his call but immediately gets a call from Brush.

The two talk and Bub waits for Brush to mention the club. Brush doesn’t. Bub curiously asks Bub, “Is it cool we go back to Morsburg. There’s nothing to do out here that’s interesting?” Bub is bothered but isn’t alarmed.

He knows the moments pass for his friends a lot faster and doesn't mention the lot or the stops Brush from talking about leaving. Brush tells Bub he and Moof are going to leave because the shipments will be much easier to operate from home.

Bub has no idea what to do with the building other than to harbor meetings and drugs. He knows he can't ask Tony for any favors. An idea comes to his mind to open a school called Murder U where he can groom future assassins. He tells Brush it is okay to move on that he will stay in Rovillanna for Frankie and Sarah. He hangs up and gets another call that Sarah and Micey are planning to marry soon. Bub is surprised. He sensed Micey needed motivation and may have found that inspiration in moving to Rovillanna. He congratulates them then tells Sarah, "There is nothing quite like marrying on the beach."

Bub knows that the money he has given his friends has helped to change their lives. Now that Micey is marrying and Moof is operating with Brush with generous income they can suffice for themselves. Bub has not a caring bone in his body and has a memory of traveling here once before as he has done many crimes. He walks the streets to find a place where he can deliver a his body to the very place he desires when he desires. He mentions to himself before he leaves not to return with blood on his hands. His movements commence to the sound of gunshots and through these sounds he travel up and down the coast and right back to his car. He gets in his car and travels down Phemora until he is home.

When he gets there he gets a call from Steamy and they talk. Steamy affirms that there is a building in the Moto district. Bub tells Steamy that Brush has left and their deal is only about to bargain on their own. Steamy agrees they should get high and talk about what to do with the lot. It is the same thing over again as they meet to get high. Until the sunrise they drink and smoke. Bub hasn't heard from Frankie. He tells Steamy that they must try to put Tony out of business and the best way is to open a receiving at treason melodic club. Bub tells Steamy that the lack of crime in this city is a nuisance. The declivity of their power to be respected if they are looking less for friends and more for heed between the slow workings of the city and Bub.

Steamy agrees not to leave his wrongs unearthed and wants to begin a warehouse where he says, "we can party, cook drugs, move guns, and hold entirely responsible to Tony." Bub agrees that if there would be anyone to

blame it'd be Don Tony and in doing so would make him a target of the city if they do not deem themselves responsible for being tied to them receiving the money from the lot. In doing this they agree if Tony is cut out of the picture it'd make him look less wealthy and less empowered then they can take over his soldiering his family.

Bub agrees that he will take Phemora to get the motivation he needs to out think Tony until he returns before Tony even acquired the knowledge to befriend Bub and keep his ties on the surface friendly enough for Tony to trust him keeping heed only to him knowing Tony as his enemy. Bub tells Steamy," the best thing we can do with Rovillann is to trade with them . . . Us for Don Tony. There they will know Hell."

## PART 11

Bub lights a cigarette outside of his building. He abandoned his cellphone and told Frankie where to meet him. He waits for her outside. He intends to murder as time passes and the city runs faster. The cars sound and decides he must throw a party once Frankie arrives so goes out to the curb and finds Phemora. He winds up at a club and kills two people with gunfire oblivious in the midst of the music and smoke. He walks then hit's the curb and finds Phemora where he travels waiting patiently to arrive at his property. While he waits he can see where Frankie is and knows he is right behind him as he arrives. She parks in front of the building and Bub tells her, "what's the best way to get the word out that we can party here?"

"Probably the radio." She says.

Good I'll advertise. Bub opens his pocket to find a digital transmitter that unlocks all signals as he speaks into it he can hear himself on the radio in passing cars. He announces to everybody listening that there will be a party and gives the location. He quickly travels Phemora for liquor and drugs. He can see before he arrives that people are already showing up and he announces once again there will be music and revels. The word travels fast and groups begin to tell other groups and they begin to show up to Bub's free party. The lighting shows up on it's own and the music begins to play through the walls.

Bub is a child of industry and the re-routing of services to the city between these peoples begin to take place as Bub directs them to pass. He begins to receive truck by truck as he has given the interpretation that people like to be paid so he arranges to have them on his payroll. He exchanges with the people money for their work as they party and unload anything

that arrives. Soon Bub has amassed enough goods to become a true giver. But he will charge. He distributes drugs for free and liquor at no price and the party begins to last and last.

He asks them if they want to see a show,” Hell Yeah!”

Bub, Remedies them in their intoxication with one breath as he kills a partier. They are numb and he tells them that they are in danger unless they enroll with cause to bring retribution to the fallen or else they will die. The lights shine then move and the liquor is consumed and the excitement of the murder fuel everyone with cause that they too want to be killed. And Bub gets on the microphone and makes promises that they will not kill one another they will never get caught.

## PART 12

Immediately Bub has foot soldiers willing to make money and turn the light of day into dark times for Rovillanna. They are livid and in this building that is under construction. From Phemora arms and drugs began to arrive. Bub tells them they are his first. He says, "My first of everything. From here on out we make money and nobody is beneath anyone but me. I will only supply." He continues, "the money you make is yours!"

Bub's overwhelming knowledge of the path from Phemora makes the consumable a thing of the past and is waiting to abandon his deal with Steamy to move his mob above Don Tony Rollioni's and make him work for him until he is killed by his own family. Steamy is nowhere to be seen but shows up later. Steamy the Crackhead does his drugs and listens to the music. Frankie is enthralled by Bub's prowess over the crowd and kisses him and hugs him.

The sun begins to arrive and the customers of the goods are sent up stairs for credit and leave with anything they want without payment. Bub's vision is that soon his building will be the centerpiece of the commerciality in the Moto district. As days pass his building operates like an office by day and a party house by night. All day anything goes from wares to ecstasy.

He is often told by his mob, "I can live here." So Bub opens up the top floor to apartments. He furnishes them and charges his tenants to work it off at their residence or have them keep silent and issue the others that guest here for complete accordance for indemnity. He offers for them to not talk to anyone that may close their operation and only by nature talk of this place. Unknowing to Bub the whole city begins to pass the information on and begins to interact naturally to what is taking place.

Everyday new faces arrive by day and night and Bub's operation begins to flow through the circulation of Rovillanna like a heartbeat. Soon enough



Bub is contacted by Tony for payment and Bub sends a message to Tony. "We can be partners but your in for it if ya'h gonna try and close me down. Whether or not you want to partner that is all the payment I am willing to let ahold."

Tony doesn't like Bub's message. But before Tony could react people make the decision for him. The Rollioni Family begins to arrive on their own with deals in mind. Tony cannot control or escape Bub's influence and is forced to join with Bub. Soon Tony begins to feel the air of music and energy and admires Bub. He is told what he tells others that Bub has changed the city.

Even the politicians began to treat Bub as an in city cartel and give his operation special privileges like no tax and no inspections. Bub runs however he wants and when there is a murder Bub floats the body along Phemora where it rests in peace elsewhere outside of Rovillanna. After the winter Tony Rollioni is no longer considered Don his wealth became his limitation as Bub cut off his means for profit. Tony's soldiers now work for Bub and he makes an order to Morsburg for Moof to proove his worth and accept a contrarct. Moof obliges and at Tony's lowest Moof kidnaps him and takes him back to Morsburg where he is shot and buried by the Micera organization. Moof once again accepts his indignity and accepts the benefits of contracted hits.

He gets respect, power, and a soulful place of solidarity where he may return as Doun Mafeft. Bub can sees this change in Moof's fate and winds through the walls into the future to see Moof further away from his expectations and only living behind Bub. Bub is pleased and knows behind the excitement he again feels pressure to kill. Reasons come to light and he is satisfied with ousting Tony Rollioni from power. Bub is so mad with power he executes Antoney Rollioni, Tony's son at a drug party in a drug manifested haze.

In all eventuality of Tony's death Steamy cares the most. Bub forbids him to leave to the street and offers him a place upstairs. His only job is to entice many partiers to become buyers of the drugs Bub supplies.

### *Meanwhile in Morsburg*

The election is under way and the candidate representing Micera is leading. And Bub can see this. He knows that once elected the mob's

operation will be protected and unlike Bub's intentions of recycling the mob's guns he is to ensure the guns stay in power. "We'll kno' the results in minutes," the news reports.

Gun shots can be heard firing as mayor is elected as Bub presumed was their candidate. The city knows the new mayor is in the pockets of the mob and there will be no ceasing to the control the Micer has over the city. The city begins to run smoothly and violently. There is no need for Micey and Sarah to ever return. In fact Bub has told them of a coastal plain where they ought to be married. The two plan it for the summertime.

Nobody belongs in Morsburg that cannot kill or enforce harm. And though many die there is hope the violence will turn out an order of under bosses and cartels. Much of the cities operation's contribute the beautiful nature of their society. Most of the drugs do not damage the city in effect contribute to their up keep. Soundless as the deals are done and the hits come in waves where the utter destruction is only in their lives not their homes. Most of the city is heartless when the heat accounts for the Micer and then runs in order. There is very little the mayor can supplement when many of this Southwestern city is above middle class. They attain great thought and are center pieced as revolutionary through their education and lack of prison systems. To live out any day usually means passing the mob.

Brush has control over nothing more than the music that is played on the radio and is sold in stores and carries many deals Re-Up's way and those he deems satisfactory rappers. The rest of the youth listen to rap and enact the real life they listen to. They rap and educate and work their way into better schools out of town and away from Morsburg. The youth that do drop out and do stay usually come from the bottom of the mob to made men within their lives. Everyone remains paid. Everyone remains alive until the order takes hold and the mob tightens it's screws killing at solemnly eliminating threats.

## PART 13

Bub is the only boss to willingly use drugs. Drugs are still manifestations of pressures to most of the men in the mob. Moof handles the pressures of shipping to Rovillanna but gets his drugs from the fields within the cities limits. When he has limitations he deals with smaller cartels until the means are met. Some say, “everything should end.” But due to their education there always incentives to oiling the sprockets of the operation. Moof calls Bub when he needs help he just travels to Rovillanna. The two operations are separate but run smoothly due to their ties to Bub. Nothing is more surprising than payday where many many more and succeed in getting money through the week. Week in week out there are per diems distributed amongst those that are willing to manifest their identity and give their lives to chance. Without repayment of the money no one expects any. Only for them to remain diligent to it's operation motive.

### *Meanwhile in Rovillanna*

Bub escapes the party to get home for minutes passed but were not felt. He arrives to find Frankie in bed waiting for him. They make love and Bub concerts to bring down his shame of being unmoral. He realizes his intentions to be good were only his manifestations working itself into bad notes. He smokes a cigarette avoiding his death bed. Walks and sits in his on the sofa. He ponders his responsibilities to his functionality and believes in good but isn't so great at being good. He remembers Marie and these thoughts occur when he is closest to Frankie.

He can believe he was hers and the love was mashed when he began to kill to him proving though love may be indefinite the love cannot always

last. In his heart he still loves Marie and models his admiration towards Frankie after how Marie made him feel. He feels sick. Sick enough to die but he won't believe his own mortality enough to pass. Bub cannot believe his only intents were to criminalize his portrait of himself the moment he gave up Art. He draws now but only pictures in his mind. He paints Marie into Frankie's being and feels the fire of her love dwindle into a memory. He knows he cost her his life.

He ignites his present but cannot find a place though the city believes he is meant to be good. He cannot fill himself with these thoughts because he only criminalizes his self with inaction once again. He ponders boredom but cannot when he is rich and supplies their demands. He suffices their needs and is a cog of their systematic pressures he releases through each homicide. There is nothing for Bub and he knows that it's not even in his pocket it's in his pain. He conjures up to play a game of pool but has mastered it's design and feels no interest. He makes his way into the kitchen and paints it rouge in his mind. He sees he must eat. He checks the air and doesn't feel very hungry. He eats anyway. Bub cannot put his mind aside where his relationship seems most important owning his willingness to only kill for it makes Frankie comfortable though Bub believed she were like Marie.

He says to himself Frankie's praise, "Marie would be dead. Frankie's so different. She's so surreally stern."

Frankie moves in bed enough to notice Bub gone and assumes he's out for the night in murder and mayhem. She sighs and says, "Bub my love . . . you are so right for me."

"I am so ready right for you for love, Frankie." Bub's voice echoes down the hall.

"Frankie . . . I mean Bub," Frankie is unsure where the voice is coming from so dozes off into sleep falling into her dreams.

"Frankie . . ." Bub whispers, "Dreams? Hell now what are we here for heaven. I'm going to help you stave of all."

Frankie, "beg . . ." Her breath mutters and is heard.

Bub begins to praise his woman's being and ushers her to sleep. He begins to see where Phemora has taken him and all that it has given to him. He knows where to lie but only finds his passion in his methodology of being well. He focuses his intentions in a predictable compromise with his self. When his mind fails he shreds some weed and lights a joint.

It is him and the night and he must put these means away. He smokes nothing and empties the clean air for a filter of stagnant smoke. Bub sees purple and blue lights amidst the smoke but the orange of the cherry interests him to smoke quickly. He reaches into the ashtray and leaves the remains. In a mist of murder smoke is too light.

Bub rights his words into lessons he has learned to perfect his premeditated crimes as pictures that they functionally preside in his natural strokes. He sees and loves but his paranoia is an escaping sensation of understanding he has sensed the ends to only re learn would be denying the hits. Bub has victimized much but he wants to fear those he killed but are no longer present only they have felt and have found their cures to pain.

Within moments Bub can barely escape his conscience exists and begins to hollow his own reason with himself to only render is a mistaken belief in his actions that he'd suffer any less by being good. Mistakes are wearily taking the means off and Bub loses none. He iterates his action into self and like his kit he controls his hit. He doesn't functionally know but he covers his emulations to find a better self. Bub is confused he cannot find a path further from evil than a path of good. He exerts many ideas to further his beliefs in good. But he questions his thread to the evilness some others would deny while they are able to attain harmony he only blackness. He cannot cower to manipulate his desires into a sensible outcome. Can own one fanatical thought rule less as these moments Bub feels an unattended reason. Combatting his reason only makes his strength enough to be healthy. Without his means he understands what has kept him killing has led his path to only follow in wrongdoings that led to only a perspective of good while he cannot follow he surly cannot dive. He is perfect from learning from crimes and cannot afford to have destiny. He cannot do anything but question the path that only wrong can commune his doings. He reasons that if he must not kill doing so has killed his goodness. His nature needs no path but it is in these moments he misses his honesty to survive by neither means of good or bad. He wants to be good but cannot stick to being only good with heinous passes through his being. He cannot reason but the empty heart of his he so much loved has taken so much from the one's he loved and the causes only leave him heartless. For all he has taken away he has only taken those

emulations from his self. Now he understands that killing is not the means it is the connection to his victims. He believes they were like him but why they were the victims sends Bub's mind in twists and turns. He knows there is nothing that is making him feel worse than the disconnection his victim's may have felt from being victims instead of killers. Their own ideas must've only been the purity Bub so desires. He misses the self and the being he has relinquished only to discuss these doings to his self.

He is driven to paint so he does with his imagination until an easel is real. Bub only hates the look of the easel and drags it out to the street and starts a fire with it. There is no further than the fire to define the existence of whatever he has left passed unto his undoing would be unraveling murderously.

These are emotions he heeds not but is fiery to burn his own demeanor and is tempted to undo his own life. There is no belittling him with what he continues to see as a waste of his passion for Art. He can see his friends pass and only wishes he could befriend another friend because as thoughts of Monet and his passing continue through the flames Bub is unsure if he meant to die or meant to go on a gangster. Within his heart Bub knows killing him has left him tearless. He is ashamed to cry but does not and does only feel his emptiness like the fire. His heart is only a breath and his gnaw is only his jaw as he chooses to sit. He is in the idea of smoking another cigarette but is burning to kill the ideas and further his isolated ideas into a rhyme. He does so," O' within these only miny minds miny lines and minute lights like ahead I turned meaning into ryhmes like that night away from right. Only befall my own lines where were those mics when I left her passionate. Left her kneads to further my reach into what part of night do the evening's call sum to seem like we aren't the same . . . as the way we began ever a! Ever more."

Within his mention's to his self Bub funds his means with meanings of his money and reason. He reasons to subdue his dues to his self and taken with asks where murder will take another piece of his selfless. Self less and meaningless Bub finds his desire become infamous to being unknowing or flirting with disaster of his self. He remedies none and functions less inaction to his being finds his heart bleed. He hurts less this way.

The end on the attack is that mat in the doorstep of his own self belief. He steps all over himself to reason but this only pressures him to evaporate into his own attainment that he willfully has purged into a demon of self but

a giver of substance. Though it may be drugs he contributes until he sees the people that love him fall into graces where he is only a disgrace. Disgraced and reputable. "What a combination, and loved . . . F\*k I'm screwed," Bub emulates a shot to shot too his Hell lost beneath his minces. Minutes pass and he hurts to love him self enough to perpetuate his own crimes again. He hopes not to enact them but they lead Bub unto a righteous path of good and well being. He means not well being he changes his worth and smells the contracts.

And he steadies his gains to move his mentality to a condition where he believes in Marie's death. He realizes that loving him may have caused her to die in love and she given him the love he needs for Frankie. His love for her is undead. It breathes and is just inaction when she speaks he so loves the way she looks in her blackened sunned and distant features that so warm him while he believes he looks cold and icy.

## PART 14

Chains hold his arms down from lifting his feet and tossing his love aside because he cherishes the memory of Marie. So cherishes he mustn't run from embrace but challenge his heart to go unhurt to love Frankie unconditionally. He searches Phemora but knows he cannot find her there. He searches his heart and her light shines and warms his touch as he wipes his eyes. So he is in love but is far from tears. He may feel unjust but only wants to cry. He cannot feel very much and passionately tries to act out an emotion but is an emotionless ball of rot. He moves towards the house as the fire dies and looks into his room with the safe and opens the door. He unloads his gun leaving Frankie unscathed.

He approaches the room with her and falls asleep once more wishing not to disturb his dreams but cannot escape her scent. She carries a scent of emotion as he loves he feels spices and seas. He senses fear and she breathes petals and grains. He smells her beauty and falls out of love wondering why he must be.

Dear Journal

5/14/2007

(IS what it says from this day.) I have been in love than have lost too hurt. Or something else that calls as I provide only love for me. Do I only provide or do I miss this love inside for I know all too well what is wrong then right. I mustn't fight my dreams to marry or to be right. Maybe in (Hell without) Hell I want to know. Because nothing can replace what I've lost identity. My regards where are my senses be them I have those. Without a definite illness I am without but has the victimized left me dying inside only without that I may survive. Within these passionately



I regard my own fate though the choices of violence have only made me sicker as I do not commit myself to violence. Will I die if I do not kill or is killing a test to rest my means like those of the memory has passed.

Sincerely B. Bellows

His journal read that way from the day to the night Bub has measured his worth and cannot find an action for himself to redeem his punishment. He strips his memories but cannot find hurt only a pin of a subtle beige paint. He aims to leave but is tied to goal less actions for his death means only another life he must diminish. Deem his eyes are set low and his regards for more than this mayhem only finds a profit from his property and Steamy he cannot keep on drugs has told him, "I'm clean."

Bub wonders who he can poison but only finds himself withering his bones and cracking his physical and vanishes within moments to find his memories play out another murder and his victims beneath him on the ground. He only leaves this thought because it antagonizes him towards hurting. He knows painless as murder is he can only find the pain in himself to elaborate his being badly. He concentrates on other thoughts of himself being dead. With his focus his fear maximizes and he even wants to kill to return his pain. In his fear he closes his eyes and drifts between walls to find a victim than leaves to his gun a shot into their mind, they say" what if . . . I get killed?" Bub wonders their mind to sense their fear than follows his path to Phemora where he sees their face and subdues his heart and leaves. He goes onto his ride and leaves for home where Frankie had the intuition to know Bub would leave but asks herself nothing. "HEED!" Bub finds a victim.

## PART 15

The funerals had become many because of Bub Bellows and his mob. They were killings that enticed purging of drugs and isolated on one focus to become rich. His operations from Morsburg to Rovillanna were gains that kept his family of friends wealthy but he had combined a series of murders without repercussion on these friends. Bub had killed with intent to kill his enemies but made more enemies with each killing retorting to power and murder only to feel worse inside. He may have killed he may have been vengeful or confused to only foresee the benefits. He may have found an operation to maintain his safety but treason didn't come from within. The hearts of his victims may not brew but their tie by tie become sad and realized by their families.

"I say we murder Bub . . ." Says one to another member of a victim. Now the fire began that fuels hate and revenge. "I say how do we know it's Bub?" A man's response is heard by a group of those membered to the family. Eventually the family begins to build their idea of the victimization and their needs to kill Bub brew with each drink. The dad of one of the victims is a silenced. The cousin and friend of another cry. This is their way of gains but one says, "We cannot let him get away with it."

Someone else agrees and says, "We must not. We must kill him lies we cannot is the lie we cannot believe. He did this to all of us and he must pay."

Within moments someone suggests that they cannot go after Bub. They say he will kill their broken selves. Another suggests they go after his men in Morsburg and bring Bub to them killing him. But they agree that being killed is only Bub's reputation so they will die. Another few drinks pass and

another few hours then one kid suggests to the group that they can develop their own boss to fight against Bub.

They follow the thought for a minute until it begins to make sense to all of them. Then there is a man carrying a gun and says I will do it. Make me the one in charge. I will counter Bub and I do not care if I die. The man shows his gun and points it at his head and pulls the gun back and looks grave but not frightened. He moves his pistol into his pants and though he looks down his hair hangs and his ears are pale and clearly he can hear their reason. He moves his face and it is covered in the shadow of light in that moment. He is clean. He moves away from them and is slender but muscular and has all his plight inside shown in his tears that roll away from his face and down to airs that show hate for Bub. He may not know his future but isn't afraid to fire with his deepened self and tragic natural curved hands His name is R. Coleas.

His announced power is in his grasp so his family gives him their backing and are willing to gather the friends of the victims and see who has guns and convince them to fight with Coleas. Eventually the calls will be made and the understanding will be met but R. Coleas says, "Can I trust you?"

"Yes." They agree.

Coleas says, "I want them to call me, I want you to call me and never under me. You are my family."

Coleas has deemed his men taken able and knows he must fight willingly and begins to plan out through the family his respect for drugs and the money they bring but says to them, "Give me eyes and ears to listen and know where Bub's men operate. We can shoot them first . . . That'll bring Bub!"

The men and women agree amidst their frustration they cannot be helpful and want revenge and agree to be their ears even if they were to get high they have found out that Bub doesn't mind anyone knowing his wrongdoings. They also agree that if they fall into patterns where Bub begins to manipulate them to take their own life.

They give Coleas a minute to think and he says, "I want to be not know as Coleas anymore. If I am to die for this I want to be called Young . . . Gotti."

They take him serious enough until they realize his intent is to alienate himself from them and wind his mind to forget aims and start bearing to men his own decisions. They begin to laugh . . . He says, "You forget who orders me. You must make me your killer but not your failure and your hope is that I cannot kill. Like Bub I cannot fight through murdering and wind on his side, at all."

This event makes too much sense so the family that is formed begin to ponder and begin to act on this. They begin to make calls and begin to ail less as these formulate into a few called then a few convinced. They begin to have them set up arriving wherever Young Gotti wants to organize the series of actions against Bub. They have those they call render to order soldiers of their own and promise them they must not ail their men but ask them to fight.

By morning Young Gotti meets most of his men and they develop methods of action. One man suggests they steal Bub's shipments the other that they commit to selling the drugs to make money to fight Bub. In all eventuality this can be heard by Bub and Bub commits to finding a challenge in murder and lets his very first move to react go. He sends a truck their way. He leaves the cab and parks the truck and hollers out to Young Gotti, "HEY GUYS! IT'S ME BUB!"

Young Gotti gets up and looks out the window to see Bub's hair and darkened clothes. He reaches for his pistol and returns to his men where one says, "it's too early." Young Gotti fires out the window when Bub approaches him and gives him his pistol as Bub was shot but not hit. Bub slaps Young Gotti's gun down and says, "murder has made me powerful, what do you have to offer m-e."

*Young Gotti looks at the truck and swerves away from Bub's hand and fires a shot where Bub's future can be heard in a battle for eternity and Young Gotti fire back as Bub hits him in the chest.*

Bub's bullet travels faster than Bub and Young Gotti returns fire once again feeling Bub's strength as he is given another shot to take. As Bub's bullet travels through the present Young Gotti's bullet travel into Bub's head killing him as they both return to the fire of a gunfight dying beneath the sound of death. The moment does not pass they turn ice cold. The ground is bloodied and their eyes in a tattered light as each ray passes through but

Bub's eyes do not see the after life like Young Gotti's. His eyes wither and sink into two empty blackened rides and each head in opposite directions one to the Hell one to the future but is dead from the texture of Young Gotti's shot. His opened wounds do not heal and his present cannot fail as he continue to cool and colder his body gets. Young Gotti can see from this in his glimpses of his being the flames of fire that puncture his mind and life slowly leaves him until dies.

Their eyes are cold and shine bluish and though there is not light Bub's cell hone rings and rings again. Never to return are both men but in solace Young Gotti's mob can feel their hearts joy. Though angry they are compelled to call an ambulance. In making this call they do not see Bub's body vanish in heed. He travels to meet his maker as Young Gotti is announced dead by the paramedics.

*Meanwhile at Moof's loft*

"You know I just called Bub." Says Moof.

"I'm up for some weed." Says Re-Up.

"Gnaw I got know answer. That's weird man. I don't even feel like doing crack . . . I mean," says Moof.

"Are you sure rockhead?" Jokes Re-Up.

Moments pass by and weeks go without anyone hearing from Bub and the worst begins to come to mind as the tightness of Micer begins to loosen. The interest in drugs grows but the supplies begin to dive. Steamy the Crackhead returns to Morsburg looking for Bub because he hasn't gotten an answer. Everyone in the city do not miss Bub they just begin to talk. They are angered by the thought of losing profit then they make realizations Bub has began to wither from their minds.

In Rovillanna Frankie cannot be found by her own grief hides because she cannot hear Bub even intuition tells her that Bub was bad. Micey and Sarah get married by the third month Bub has been missing. There are calls to the street only for drugs as nobody cares Bub is lost to his doings. Much doesn't change except for the on going fall in crime and the healing between the victims families.

*Meanwhile at the lot*

Buisness cannot commence like Bub so the warehouse remains a spot of interest to the people of Rovillanna as it closes. Some miss Bub but few knew him as well as his friends. The victims of his hits there, some do not know Bub is dead but have contentment in them. Bub's operations begin to close as he is away for over nine months. Without an enforcer the drug shipments cease elsewhere and an order of peace begins to set into Rovillanna. By then Frankie has died from heartbreak and travels down Phemora where she once came from. Eventually the order is met and someone dies of gunfire as Bub lives through his embodiment of his actions. Nothing can suffice the control of the city's people as they find other ways to cope than to party. There is little memory of Bub in Rovillanna by a year. Minds turn and in his being they act only to fall away and commit a crime every so often like Bub. His inaction in Rovillan is only a murdered memory.

*Meanwhile in Morsburg*

Bub's friends can afford their lifestyle but refine their change as Bub is realized dead or gone. They move to less hopeful times and are becoming conscience of the good they can do. None of them can find Bub dead because there is no body or no soul. They reach to speak of him but have feared nothing since his disappearance. Moof is bothered by making no money but he finds his savings to be secure. Re-Up has since recorded making a steady flow of money from record sales. Everyone but Sarah and Micey have been back to Bub's old house that remains empty.

*And time passes*

There are moves to regain Micera's control over the city but they fail. The families of the assassin Young Gotti find closure though curiosity of Bub's death. They hear the stories of Bub's death from the others that were there but may have only lost another member to Bub's power. He may only have pardoned himself from the present and wait for them in their futures.

In all eventuality Bub can only have gon as far as his murder's could take and from Hell his memory enters his friends heart where some say

they must take on the streets and win them back for Bub. Others are fine with the order of peace and have their wealth so they heed to fight anyone. Sarah gets word of Bub's death and cannot believe it. She talks to Micey and Micey cannot regard that Bub's death were to ever happen claiming to see him daily and this drives Micey mad. Sarah's understanding of what Micey may see begins to separate her feelings and her world falls into spins where she can glimpse into Micey's world but cannot see.

Micey remains true that Bub and he talk when Sarah is never around usually she is at work or out. Micey is strongly convinced he sees Bub and that Bub is alive. Then Sarah begins to believe all this time Micey may have only seen Bub the way he wanted and not for what he was. Micey's aura shine's pure and painless. Therefore she believes she is living in a world where she may not even be the Sarah she believes she is to Micey.

They go through toils and fight and she takes out photographs and finds no proof she is any different but asks herself, "how can he see Bub?"

Micey takes long walks and runs to school in Rovillanna and works but is convinced Bub is alive and well. Sarah is tempted to see Bub herself so she spends more time with Micey than before. She walks with him and uniquely they do not separate but stumble upon a street called Phemora. They do not recognize it's crossroads but look up and down to find it empty then Sarah takes Micey's hand.

Micey holds her hand but his being separates whereas half of him holds the other half is alone. He travels both ways as two different Miceys. One is alone until he walks down Phemora where he disappears only to find Bub in a much calmer time the other in hand Sarah's Micey can realize a part of Micey has drifted away. In this time Sarah merely looks down the road to see Micey and Bub and herself holding a hand merely by touch. She is afraid to look at Micey for she can see him with Bub but wonders how he can be in two different places. As Micey travels in opposite directions she wants to walk over to them but cannot move her legs. She grasps for air then finds a moment where she is grabbing Micey's hand and looks over to see both men are the same. She asks, "can you see him?"

Micey says, "Ha . . . I see everything. I still don't know what you're talking about."

"You realize in the voice we can see things all at once," Sarah says.

Micey says, "I know you told me you love your voice but I do not see Bub right now. I will," continues Micey, "I don't know where to travel but you mustn't worry I see you and only you."

Down Phemora Micey sees Bub walk away from Micey and into the streets as Micey returns to her as one. She loses sight of the other Micey and drifts into a sleepy daze and Phemora they cross at the cross walk and do not look behind. Sarah is tempted but fights. She walks through the neighborhood for a minute then thinks of Micey. She turns around and when she looks forward her neighborhood is gone. It manifested itself into other buildings into another light and she grips Micey's hand tight.

He says, "don't you want to go home we have been walking forever. Plus it's getting dark?"

### *Meanwhile*

Sarah looks at her watch and cannot see time. She sees the hands but they jump back and forth making minutes then hours then the hands return to the time when they left. She loosens her grip on Micey looks over and finds herself alone. The sunrise begins and she is withered away into a reflection of herself. She begins to run. She calls out Micey's name only to awake in her bed next to Micey. She is full like they have just eaten and everything stands still enough for her to hear Micey breathe. She feels alive and he is alive but she is concerned about Bub until she sees him in the shadows of the bedroom. Bub quickly disappears and she is relieved. She slips out of bed to call Moof. The phone rings and she is meant to tell him she'd seen Bub but there is no answer.



## PART 16

As Bub travels through these visions of Sarah and Micey his true flesh remains hurt and devoured by his maker. He soon relieves the stress of his own being and is entitled his existence once again but only as apart of Phemora. He can see into the street and vanishes and can only hear his friends as his own being wills to materialize unto who he was but he cannot be because he cannot return. For he was worse and he knows this and wanders because he does not want to be the way of a killer and that is all he sees if he were to turn apart of the world. There are thoughts but they do not enter his mind and he sees time shove and fizz but he doesn't combine nor desire to be. He searches in his place with reason and no emotion where the emulations of Frankie are in a fanatical haze without touch or love.

He serves his being it's place in the road but cannot further desire to hurt so avoids the crimes. More than powerful and able to commit to this from any realm wanders only they who see him know he is alive.

His heart was never there but he can see who he could be but cannot fit into his own change. He is a being yet they do not see Bub conscience at times as they slip through time. Moof and the other friends age and wither live and die only to return to Bub's sight. Bub knows nothing has changed as his conviction to return any of their existence other than homicide. Knowingly Bub stays on his path wandering Phemora empty and without Frankie though his streets miss her and only avoids these passes.

Frankie changes and can speak to Bub but he doesn't reply. He changes clo and weathers his face but only finds peace as he wonders into the emptiest parts of the streets to see and breathe the real world. He drives his emotions crazy though her touch he cannot ever feel he cannot see himself for the ro is mirrored without him is his search. He finds Phemora.

“Home.”

He can feel love for Frankie and dries his emotion towards his reason and fears he mustn't hurt her so leaves to Phemora again.

Frankie has no being but is only in thought as she wonders Rovillanna stumbling upon Bub's house as those that lived there never moved his belongings. She cannot search for Bub but reasons that they may not see his world. There is so little of these residents as their lives seem much simpler than Bub's. She has the urge to search for his car but finds only others like it. In Bub's fantasy she thinks she may be so heads out to the emotions she has beneath herself left unfelt and cannot hear Bub, there.

Bub moves from these sights and wanders away knowing to enter her world would shock her maybe only to him may be punishment of his time without being humane. Bub serves these moments as punishment and cannot feel but can reason and serves his time to live ashamed. Though he may only see who he is can surly not be apart of anybody's life but is friends Micey but is not there while Micey speaks in mind nor physis. He fades into his memories of Micey as Micey truly loved him. Micey is not one to forget but only cannot see Bub as his friend but as a shadow of Bub's past. Only in these conversations Bub cannot reach out for Micey because he is his missing step to their bonds. Bub realizes now is neither function or his time to form his being because he is not far away enough from guns and his money would only return pushed into existence.

Bub cannot wait in this threshold forever. He takes the street in it's emptiness to reappear each day. Stays out of the ways of his habits and the time gets longer and longer he can be honorable builds his confidence. In all eventuality he reasons with himself and enters his world and manipulates to arrive into another city but will call these moments his home and will only remind himself to stay in control. Without fear he begins to walk. Until he finds his other home he reaches his piece and cocks his hammer back. He points out to himself and waits for them to arrive.

In time they should but seldom do as he passes them by with bullets only to study in their's a nature unlike killers. He revolves his chambers and enters the world where he may be whatever he chose and only that he believes may be infallible. Bub feels no disgust he only feels redemption as he watches his work change and his being dissolve into their peace but he cannot understand. He wants to fire but dives to grow indifferent to his passing.

*Meanwhile in Morsberg*

Steamy the Crackhead has gotten home and is high. He wonders the streets in a lifted mind state and skinny body. Muscular on top but drenched in grease. He winds down the road delusioned and fearless. He happens to run into Moof while looking out for Bub. Steamy has forgotten of Bub's passing and says hello. Moof says, "Bub's bubbing 'round."

Steamy the Crackhead says, "I feel something else like the shakes."

Moof says, "Bub's here . . . He never left."

"Gnaw it's not that . . . I'm seyin' I'm sick of this bus. Get me out and get me high Moov!" Exclaims Steamy.

"K Dawm," says Moof. Moof rolls a marijuana cigarette on the street with Steamy. They talk and both begin to feel Bub's music play. They agree he's close but not in mind they begin to roll and drift sillier and sillier. Laughing and talking. Micey says to the rest of his men that he can see Bub.

They laugh and continue to joke with Micey that either they feel him in Micey or Bub is here laughing from within them. There is such little reason to give Micey the rolling moans they cease and get high. How they came about Micey he says, "Is I traveled . . . I only see Bub." The guys laugh again Micey was busy seeing their faces he started to reason but believes in his friend but had seen him for a friend and had never seen him as less than capable. Micey survives through each hit and the rest believe Bub had vanished unlike Micey. Here was little in Bub other than solemn peace aiming to not kill.

With little of mind the rest of the city moves towards Bub but his inactions wither him. And he can only wish his friends to be near so he commits to follow his inactions for the day and deals with himself not to kill yet wants and murmurs the bloodiness. He cannot fit the idea that he hasn't done less then thinks of Phemora. He can travel to be near them but he may never hear himself be less influenced to kill amongst them and has no sense other than to make sight become reason woe to see his realness and his mucky sense to composite compassion.

His ideas do not travel unto Micey yet Micey is the only one in the group that has seen Bub alive. He has not seen him murder as Moof and Steamy have. Micey's mind beckons his friendship first and has to face the

purity of Bub's demeanors. Such his violence amongst them has given them different outlooks reversed in their sights of what good Bub can do but left to their own regard of being killed. Micey may have never seen Bub in any other light other than Moof conversing of Bub senses Micey's disregard of when they began to speak of fear and murder. This is a lost sense that Bub ever left as they speak of him vanishing and in this world of Micey's it is only Bub as he sees Bub.

Bub admits to never walking with Micey though respects his friend and has worry he may only kill him again. So Bub says, "I will leave them to live but not to kill 'em is so hard."

Bub commits and the hours pass but his light is only harm when he urges to trigger his descent. There is only his commitment but his crimes amount to his willingness to fear inaction unless there's hurtles motions. They cannot see him but he loads his pistol to fire then thinks of the loneliness of his maker and ceases his aim. There he must see his friends but knows not where they must be to him if he lusts for their demise all although their regard must wind away Bub has no where to be. He sees his hurt and his pain but sees nothing serious but his heart miss Micey and his friends but exists in their woes only to have heard from Phemora he were even alive then. There was no sense in his mind to change but has had his own murders turn on him. Young Gotti may never have taken anything from Bub. Bub's change is his surroundings and without lower ideas he may only murder to break his frustrated motions on the ailment. Of his friends Micey were the best and these there was nothing but having his own life took to only return mad with life and mad with murder. He may have learned but the death may cause him to challenge the city but only to have mentioned his aim was his downfall. There was little left than control while he waits to inhibit his inaction with positivity.

There was little Bub had in heart but he waits for time passed. And all eternity to come as he witnesses his friends die again and sees he has no trait of being greater than their inability to survive as killers. He wishes even Moof's murders could prolong these ideas long enough to be friendly inactions but Moof's path is homicide and only will repeat the frustrations that cannot protect Bub.

Within these friends Bub cannot find them unless he takes the street but calms his motives as he would change his means if he were to be more

substantial to the people of Rovillanna. He has found his location but reassumes where his mind was and wonders of being lessoned by his murder the intent. Without his crimes to free him of death he cannot escape the work of his own doings as well. There is little eminence of his friends surviving completely as Bub has but their ego to behold a gun as Bub will cost him even though they commit nothing after they returned to light.

## PART 17

Bub's passionately waiting. As he has to kill but begins to shame himself that his actions though rich in him were only his motives. For his heart to be he came o' he aimed and his mind will reach his friends no aimed woes instead of bullets killing their decision as Bub brought back gun less men. There was no regard but these feelings are his and he cannot shamefully help his desire to want revenge though the befallen haveth died Young Gotti. There is no roll that can maintain his passion. And he cannot find the remorse to forgive though it starts from his self a killer, of all. Deciding to be fate less and waits . . . He cannot do anything but, smokes. Slowly reaching his aim to his deeds as he puffs in Hell. He can escape but meets his maker on the other side of these gates and wonders Phemora wondering where his life has ended and takes his gun out but cannot with hold and appears, shooting someone pointlessly and faceless. He searches for that feeling but purges it for their wallet and smokes a cigarette over the bloodied and puts the money in his pocket.

He returns home. Facing desires he faces heated emotions of love but for Micey he protects and Micey may survive his doings. Bub's example. Bub's notion to prolong one good man through his hate is enough as Bub lives amongst great men. Micey laughs and mingles though Bub's murder took days. The friends sit in a cipher of the same moment in the same time and Bub watches from his place the world spin and dive. He's driven to meet them with bloodied ideas but has no sense of seeking revenge he has taken an action and begun his friends permanence as friends of sort. He mentions to not meet but to hear and assume they know he's alive but realized he lost his moment and winds away to another street unlike their home as they stay and as they are smoking. He cannot and they cannot realize what seperates their drives but they may assume Bub has

either means nor end as he cannot find the control. He scours his gun and sheets his street until nothing remains but cannot find Micey and them. Micey searches and finds Bub but this Bub doesn't shoot then he begins to wonder.

He gets a call from Sarah and the four goes to Brush's house. Bub senses this and arrives only to find them dead as they haven't pulled in. As they arrive they cannot see Bub in his nightmare and breath like air until they are inside to find the house empty. Bub can see their bodies and their selves but cannot see them alive as he arrives to their sight only to their crime. Of being humane as how they speak as they cannot notice Bub and Bub cannot see them alive. Bub strangles Phemora but each time follows them and finds it emptier and emptier to have even chased and murders after murder follow but he cannot face his friends. He travels and can see the means of his death and angers his heart that Young Gotti cannot die. Is dead and as dead travels Bub cannot even see him. Phemora takes him and Bub cannot have his incarnation of his time lead to less. He waited and aimed but his friends return solace as somber as men only frustrates order as Bub moves to reach only for his pistol and never for his friends. He reasons with timing and his time he waits but he cannot look forward nor back to reach for Micey as Micey and Bub travel in Micey's head. Moof and them talk of Bub and cannot see him but Micey can hear stories and opinionates with them amongst their selves have their end.

Moof reasons to shoot and this recoil brings Bub close but Moof only fired in the air as a celebration of their committee meeting for the weekend. They travel to Brush's house to drink and record and Bub cannot appear stuck on the ro killing to elevate their reasons while he understands he has not come back. He has only missed a door and kills again. They may be dead but he never sees they may exist as dead only to him. He sees targets and his heave is hell. His love hate and his friends gone. Micey and them are only in their regards missing nothing but nobody leaves much left unsaid of Bub unless it's Sarah who tells they have not seen Bub mined them. Some where there is a connection but Bub has woken up to his reason and he cannot trust who hasn't held his back and killed amongst their own worth.

He cannot face them and cannot find them and woe fills the earth deep enough that he cannot kill enough. Sarah and them have the prose to commit to seeing the sold but bothered due in soul they cannot reconnect to who they were ever again. They cannot see they cannot mind Bub though he searches them out only time to time wondering their dead bodies amongst Brush's. He

cannot touch them he only can try and cry amongst them but they cannot see him cry. Only Micey can see him but he is not the Bub they know as Bub moves to touch he only holds his gun. He woes and woes his aim is so low, Bub becomes a villian only to see the world become his own.

Their stories never repeat them selves as Sarah again raps and Moof records. Their crimes are in the past way before Bub even could see they were too pure to just let die. Sarah raps, "O' yeah drink and dramatize, I gotta soak this ride like sellin' ight you go."

Brush rhymes and Moof records they rap through and through than drink and sleep. Moof sneaks into the studio again as they sleep and records. He says, "You keep up to me like dun't ya'h f\*k with mean. Drops another brink like cleaning brains from ya'h sink. Be-yatch!"

Sarah can feel him stumble in her sleep. She finally smiles and wakes up to listen but is too sleepy to react. They start to snore in the house as Bub's watch passes and another world is finished as he cannot befriend them. Bub cannot find the patience to rap and signals Hell to open but his eyes close and he falls onto sleep as well. The night speeds past and they cannot believe their indifference on vision as the morning comes as they only go on towards understanding but cannot reason their sights away to see alike. It is this world they are friends and Bub is the only one paying the price. Rich and fabulous but without a friend in the woe he feels would only find them if they weren't ever shamed by him aimed and clipped. Have Bub done his duty at another time he may have entered their worlds.

Without all the emotions Bub cannot fail in his aim but these reasoned him only to move a gun his hand can only hold is love he'd never gotten to communicate to his friends. Bub says, "dying never repeats and love for m-e is dying I guess."

Bub renders his memories and can move towards is friends as they are in his sights as he aims he doesn't pull towards them a shot he moves away and fits in his place. He is away and can move Phemora away but it trails away he becomes apart and looks then moves along the side of inaction killing another then his friends duck. They no longer see Bub. Bub moves away and finds Phemora and travels away and says, "Nothing . . . is that f\*n away. Not even them any more." Sarah is moved and runs to the victim. She notices the calmness amongst the street and yells to Moof, "Can You Feel That? Baby!!!"



## PART 18

“Yeah it’s quiet . . . It’s f\*n Bub!” says Moof.

“Gnaw he’s hiding out and he’s really alive. It’s never this quiet after murks. That’s the sound of respect. The only dude . . . is Bub,” exclaims Sarah.

“It is. Maybe. Eh, whatever I’m ight not seeing that killer. I get sick seeing him s’vive,” says Moof.

Moof doesn’t feel under anyone at this time only Bub.

## PART 19

With all regard giving his moment to regard Moof packs his belongings to run from the city fearing what Bub has done. He sees it within him the sight of Bub's uppity regard for life and it's distinction between the parts where he can sense his world end. Without regard to Re-Up Moof does not say good bye but leaves Morsburg for another city. Bub is optioned to leave as well as he smells Moof's fear but laughs and withers it off. Senseless Moof has no net to save him if he were to fall apart and commit another crime with Bub. Bub senses Moof's fear and rings a shot towards him but there is little to be followed primed to Moof's regards.

Moof cannot wind the same shots and hints to the streets to protect but they swerve and nearly collide into him. He doesn't want Bub to know his location and drives faster and faster until he reaches his ends and cries. He cries of his hits against the town and turns like Bub towards the money because he hasn't left rich.

Yet his regard for money knows will bring him pain. Throughout his conscience he cannot see Bub it is his memory that Bub has worried his world and shifted his morals before. Within him is the violence and it is like a disease. Moof is rich and since Bub has been gon has noticed the progress he has seen in himself as well as the city. There is no violence without Bub and everyone maintained their wealth. Sarah and Micey were married though Bub had kept them apart and their love as friends flourished. For Moof to return to violence and murder only to live paranoid is why he must drive. He escapes the sensation of hurt as he travels. He comes to his cache and gets his money and puts it into a suitcase. He loads it in his car and leaves town again. As Bub chuckles Moof begins to sweat. He drives and this takes him to another town where he can rest his mind.

Moof has more than enough money to survive but is worried that he may have never had much to do with Bub other than taking his money. And this worries Moof because he knows Bub is very vengeful and may kill him for his money. Feeling dead inside Moof goes to a hotel and begins to watch TV and sleeps. He showers than sleeps. When he awakes he hears his phone ring. It's Sarah. Sarah has seen Bub but does not fear him she tells Moof that he left and she will be surprised if he doesn't come back. He explains to her that Bub has been his only enemy as he made Moof do many things he never wanted to do. He also says, "there may be no where I can hide from Bellows."

"Don't worry . . . You have it easy if you run. Just don't believe in Bub ever," says Sarah.

"I'll try." He hangs up. He disappears as time moves on for the rest of Morsburg.

In out of his dreams Micey can see lollipops and streets mad of candy and avenues of sugar. He is unlike himself when everything turns red like blood. Micey breaks a smile and clutches Sarah. Sarah opens her eyes and follows them across the wall. She can see a light and gets up. She gets close to the wall when an arm reaches out covered in a tatoo and pulls her into the hall. She sweeps through her being and starts talking, "Bub . . . My Bub. Where have you been?"

"Shhish . . . I've died. I love you guys but I cannot be seen here by Micey. He is no longer his he has forgotten he has died. Look in the room," Bub says.

Sarah looks and Micey is frozen and a corpse. The walls sweep into change and Bub and Sarah stand as everything in their surroundings change until Micey is beneath the dirt and she says, "they are only minutes. Bub who are we?"

"We Sarah are awesome to have us but not you, you have Micey. My power has grown. I cannot be seen. I am seen in everyone's perception as someone else," says Bub.

Bub cannot see Sarah as he is talking to her as she returns to sleep to dream this all up. Bub can see his flesh then he winds like a tornado and

ends at his house holding his pistol with blood in his hands and money in his pockets. His power was telling but his murder is awesome and with each bring him into the paint of other's lives. He is in a world where nobody knows him but he vanquishes none of his friends for he begins to feel love once again for his friends and Frankie. Than there is a knock at the door that answers his heart, it is Frankie. His heart hit's the ceiling and he is thrown into her arms. She kisses him and they say nothing and fall into bed only to let the time pass. Frankie clutches him and Bub feels at ease and Frankie only wonders why she is not alone satisfied in her man. There were emotions in Bub's heart before but he has none of those only an appreciation that Phemora has led Frankie his way and her feelings he cannot feel and so clutches her in a deep embrace.

The morning passes and so do the days as they passionately hold each other and do not leave the house. Within his heart he wants to ask if she has seen anyone of his friends but he cannot ask. His words fade into shame for Frankie still loves a killer. Bub knows only in these days he hasn't changed but did what he only could ask from himself. He loves her still but does not love himself. He notices she has not changed only gotten more beautiful. They make love happen between them and this should matter to Bub but he is enticed by his gun to finally escape his madness. Love begins and ends his worth. It doesn't entice him too much to elevate beyond a killer, only for those moments. He is lost between the streets and his love only to find her leave him for breakfast and he ties himself down to not harbor his anger and change indifferent. Love her or not Bub cannot feel if his world is her world without her. In this he can watch the world pass without ever interfering in other lives. He has no taste that their's should ever end as long as his love is for Frankie.

Within hours he sees her as they eat and gro joyous but he cannot live off of love. He has given all of his money to Moof and his other friends He wonders his mind but cannot live in other sensations than his will to love and to kill. His moments chill the air and Frankie grown by love is a child of Phemora. He sees in her the world that he is due to use and never return it's authority and means above him. It has given him Frankie and he cannot pass into her being and kill any ever like her but remains endeared to the love she can show him. She deals with his madness and does not fear the out come. He knows her life may have seen much or seen nothing until they met. He has his money but not nearly the wealth of the streets

his murders have provided for and with the blood in his hand cannot find anything worth more than arms. Heed embraces the moment and then Frankie speaks, “give me your all Bub. Tell me the truth. Is this ok with you being here with me?”

Bub ponders than tells her he cannot escape if does than he will change in her perception to much worse than Bub. He may return to his origin and vanquish her life like the others. Frankie fears losing Bub but not herself so tells Bub, “You are the Bub Bellows . . . I want so stay with me and never change I don’t care. I missed you and wandered while you were gone.”

Bub had never lost his sights and during his stay between worlds he was kept company by his passion for her love. He knows has that and renders the street to take him anywhere but Frankie disagrees. She tells him she will not kill anyone and Bub should slow his pace until he sees the true love that can provide his out.

Out for himself Bub returns the gesture. He shakes away his past and recovers his ails. It pins him to discover he is shamed by love and enthralled by killing. He surfaces his love but only dies each moment he tries to kill his love for it is true. He only can return his pain when he meditates her death and like a furnace livens his moment within their embrace. He hasn’t come back for love he has only been given the chance because of love . . .

## PART 20

In his mind he is well off being here but carries his soundness out beyond his love and discovers he has not challenged her self without him she may have wondered but to find him was his finding of her self less love. The years may have yearned Bub into toils if he could bottom yearning without falling into her fate. He only looks away for a moment and misses her. Within their faces they can cry if they want. They do not though their bounds become the end of Bub's nature.

He cannot face living alone and mustn't change his meanderings form toil without a common place. He worries less as he loves more but to his plan he starts winding into pain than into lust and his demons suffice his being. He common's his gun and shrinking in his heart is his matter. He wonders the streets with his mind and knows he cannot live to please only for peace. He leaves the room to see the silence. And his love of the past shots he has taken reside in his hands and drum through his ear. He dangles from a string the strength but falls beyond his pain. On Phemora he has no limit, no stop to his fury.

As he continues on this path he fathoms his past and cannot rely. He pushes towards the end of this street and finds only the alone. He wonders and changes from where he was the same but can kill as much himself as another so he chooses them. His death embarks his desire for Frankie but she in telling him hello only let's one die. He dives but cannot rest as there is only one loss, to him his memories fade like his indifference of what gun he uses and where to take out life. Within, within these memories Bub resurfaced and drives to undo his men but they are stronger without him. Bub says to himself, "Unto the aimed," and shoots once.

He continues to worry none as these emotions he keeps pressed and dead. The dead haven't worried him it's his realized that they may be undone as

he wonders away not for his actions commit the attention of mended exits. He finds peace in his doings of less but cannot seem to transition his face into fate less being higher up in out mean lieu other worlds there are only his perceptions. He cannot fully exist because he has been dead as they who has killed. There is lasting his daze remedies his fears. He cannot wish away he can only manned by his crimes a rise to find other than men.

Stains and blood he may never be to some . . . sin.

The End