

UNEDITED SAMPLE CHAPTERS:

White Heat Beast- By Steven Jennings

Sample Chapter 1: Shawn's Chaotic Confusion

My favorite gangster movie of all time was White Heat, with James Cagney. He was one crazy motherfucker! Nobody could stop this dude; he broke the law, he broke out of jail, he killed a lot of bastards and when it was his time to go, he went out in a blaze of glory! That's the true life and death of a gangster, and that's what I grew up trying to live up to. People viewed me as a balanced mixture of street smarts and intelligence. Yet, I myself had no idea who I really was. I could switch from a street thug to an intelligent young white man at will. But I have chosen darkness over light more times than I should. I have lived in the ghetto for as long as I can remember. We were always that one White family on the block, but the Blacks and the Mexicans never fucked with us, because they knew what my brother Barry, and I, would do to their ass. But at this current moment, I prayed that GOD could change me. Because I was lying in a hospital bed, damn near dead, and in a state of shock. It seemed like just a moment earlier I was in a fucking gun fight and dealing with a life or death situation. I remembered being surprised by a flash of light, then fire and darkness, followed by a silence that lasted one second. Then I began to have these

vivid dreams in moments within the blink of an eye. I can't remember them all, but each dream felt like a lifetime in a glance. After the flash video under my fucking eyelids, I woke up. I just opened my eyes and to my surprise, all of my family members were huddled around me looking at me. My brother Barry had his mouth wide open in shock. I wanted to laugh because he didn't even look that surprised in the courtroom, when the Judge handed him 20 years in prison! I thought I was still dreaming. Then Barry began telling me this long ass story, but I could only hear every other sentence. He said something like, "Wow he's awake, call Doctor something and something!" I closed my eyes for a few seconds and opened them again in order to see if I was still dreaming, but I wasn't. My entire family was standing over me, and it looked like they were all waiting for me to say something back. I guessed the facts would unfold shortly. But at that very moment, I was too tired to speak. I was also too damn weak to keep my eyes open for any period of time. I decided to just sit still for a little while and rest. Yeah, that sounded fine right at that moment. My name is Shawndre Allen Brown, also known as "Shawn-Smoove".

I got the nickname a little later, but I started out as plain ole Shawn, a nickel and dime street thug. Back in the day you could catch me on the block slinging dope and holding a pistol. Even though I was considered White Trash, I was built like an

NFL running back; I wore the finest gear and kept a fresh pair of Gym Shoes on. Plus I got a big ass dick, so I kept the hoes blowing me up on the cell. Whoever said White boys got little dicks, must have been a player hater. Shit cause I be putting it down, and the ladies around my hood knew about me! Selling drugs ran in our family, I was born with connections. But that became much too risky after a while. The strange part about me, is that I was also an A student. I loved to read and write poetry, and I had a vocabulary that enabled me to switch dialects and talk over my homeboy's heads when I wanted to, just like that. As a matter of fact, everyone in our house was smart. We just chose not to be, in order to fit in. But us being smart made people bring illegal opportunities to our doorstep. My brother and I were the smart dudes always willing to do dirt. But I eventually came to a place in my life, where after hearing my teachers tell me I was too smart to go to prison or end up in the cemetery, I decided not to die young. I figured maybe I'd go to college or join the army or some shit. For a while I was really getting my shit together, but every single time I got going, I found myself back in the same trouble I was trying to escape. As I look back on my life, I tend to think of the bad times more than the good. And speaking of bad times, I always had the most terrible dreams at night. I remember this one in detail, when I'm in a dark place; where the stench of death's breath burned my neck, and

the heat of the fiery pits of hell scorched the soles of my feet. I'm on my poetic shit right now, feel me? Because the only way I can explain this feeling, was that the grasp of heaven was beyond my reach. It was a place where no person should ever be. That's some deep shit, but my reality was even deeper. I had to face my own personal demons in order to defeat them and take charge of my life. So there I was, laid up in a hospital bed, thinking, barely awake and obviously a remnant of the man I once was. I kept thinking, "Damn I can't even move my fucking toes right now!" All my life I stayed in some type of trouble, like it was meant to be. I admired the ideals of the stereotypical hardcore thug image. For much of my adolescent years I just didn't give a damn about anything or anyone. To me, High School was just a place to hang while I was trying to come down from my morning high. I always had to smoke weed in the morning, the afternoon and after I got out of school, it was just a way of life. I stood on an old shabby corner right off Durgans Avenue, next to a condemned broken down building, with an abandoned parking lot across the street.

The parking lot hadn't been used in so long that it had 2-foot weeds growing through the cracks of the cement. The sky around that place was always dull and gray. When I looked up to see if the sun was shining, it never did. Sometimes I thought the sun never shined in that part of the ghetto. There were wine

heads and bums walking up and down the streets, in a scurry, as if they had some important engagement to make. And the police circled around that block every hour on the hour. Across the street, there was an old record store that stood about two stories high. It was one of those places where you never quite knew the name, so you just called it the record store. The drug ring was composed of this record store, which was our supply house, and the parking lot area. If the police gave a damn, they could catch any one of me and three other kids walking around that area with 1000 bucks worth of dope in our possession. We didn't care too much about getting caught by the police. The guys on our block sold out of dope so fast, that our minds were mainly focused on the crime rather than the time. It was seldom that a drug dealer on our block had to look for a sell. I could barely take 15 steps before some crackhead was trying to get served. Sometimes I felt bad when the crackheads sent their kids to cop some dope for them. I hated to give drugs to little kids, but business was business.

We kept our drugs hidden in inconspicuous places. My favorite spot was under a garbage can, near the exit of the parking lot. I would stand in front of the lot for hours at a time, seriously acting like I was waiting on the bus, or someone to pick me up. Every time I saw a cop I would start looking at my watch. You see if the police ever picked me up I would say, "My cousin is

on his way to give me a ride to work and he never showed up, so I'm trying to see if the bus comes here". I know that's some serious bullshit, but hey, I was a teenager. However the cops never stopped, they just drove past and picked up packages from the bosses. Some people on the block thought I was way too courageous for my age. For example, anyone on our shift had access to a 38 caliber pistol that was hidden by the sewer, in between the candy store and the parking lot. But I was the only one with enough heart to put it to somebody's head if they were short on our money. The crazy part about this whole set-up was that we were in the middle of a highly populated residential area in the middle of the ghetto, and everyone knew what we were doing! Nobody tells on you though, that's the code of the ghetto. Nobody knows, you forget, and it's quite as kept. I was known to pop off gunshots in broad daylight when a fiend tried to snatch and grab my crack. My life was one crazy ass rodeo ride in those days! One time I was serving up two cracks and a blow to a hooker, and her friend walks up and says, "Hey baby, I will give you some of this here pussy, for a 20 dollar rock." I looked down at this bitch butt and she was built like a race horse! More ass than a donkey on the real! Well hell, I worked for this crazy dude named, Flame, and he didn't give a damn what I did with my drugs as long as I turned in the appropriate amount of money at the end of my shift. So my

little dumb ass followed her into this apartment building. It was about a half a block from the set, in this little shoebox sized hole in the wall. The building stood between two burnt down houses and crack heads were walking in and out of it like a seven eleven. So anyway, I followed her into this apartment, only because I was feeling kind of horny lately, and to my surprise, the apartment was phat as hell! I mean this dope head had furniture, a T.V. and all types of vases and stuff up in there. I was very impressed! So I started looking around, browsing the area and I noticed that she wasn't on any of the pictures in the place. Not on the walls, the stereo, or nothing! I started to wonder if she broke into someone's house? The last thing I needed was to get caught in someone else's house with drugs on me. That's drugs, breaking and entering and God knows what else type of felony!

She could have killed some old folks and stuffed they ass in a closet somewhere. Crack can make a person do some seriously disturbed shit. I stopped and looked at her real funny, as if I was confused, and asked, "who lives here?" she was walking around the house wringing her hands nervously, "Why the hell you wanna know?" I said, "Because hoe! I don't need no cops blasting me up over no crack hoe!" She looked at me sideways and said, "Crack Hoe huh? Who are you calling a crack hoe you dumb White bitch!" Then she looked up in the sky as if she was about to

howl at the moon and hollered out in a Jamaican accent, "Com ear an get dis fool for I knock em down!" And like the sound of a thunderstorm I heard feet slamming down on the apartment floor so hard I thought it was about to cave in! I turned and tried to make it for the door. But when I looked up about 4 Jamaican looking, Bob Marley shirt wearing type dudes with dreadlocks, were busting out the closets like SWAT cops, with Assault Rifles aimed at me! They had me face down to the ground kicking me and cursing and shouting. All I could do was lay there. I didn't say a damn word. The element of surprise is a motherfucker! I didn't know what they wanted so I decided that I would die with my mouth shut and a small amount of dignity. They proceeded to dig through my pockets and my jacket until they found my stash. I had about \$7800 in cash and \$2500 worth of drugs on me that day.

I guess someone was watching my movements, and they were probably counting my money as I made it. After whipping my ass a little, they dragged me outside and told me to get lost. I felt totally humiliated and angry, and actually that was the last day that I ever sold drugs. I knew that I could've been killed very easily. Those guys could have blown my brains out and it would have just been another unsolved mystery. As I walked down the crowded streets to my car, which was parked four alleys away, I shook a little bit of the ghetto off of my back. I shook off a

little attitude, a little ignorance and a little bit of thug mentality. This was real, not a music video. Needless to say, I told Flame what they did, and let's put it like this, I saw them punks on the 9 o'clock news that night. They were found hanging by extension cords on an oak tree near the West Suburbs. It was pretty gruesome. I heard something about them having multiple gunshot wounds to the head, and one dude had his dick cut off. The girl was found dead in a garbage can with both of her legs broken. Flame had to send out a message, don't mess with his dope! Flame let me off the hook because he said he liked me, and he thought I had some heart to be a white boy. He was one scary dude. But fuck him because I got heart to be any color bitch! So anyway, I sat and thought that night, about the dangerous game I was playing. I was always the one to do something crazy and think about how crazy it was later.

At the end of that night, I was lying in my bed and staring at the ceiling. I thought about how close I came to my own death. I thought about dying, and the possibility of never knowing what it is like to have a family and a home. I thought about my brother in Prison, and what he may have been doing when he was my age. My brother had been locked up since he was 18. It had been almost 10 years to date. But the time had come when I was the one who was 18 and unfortunately, I was the only one left holding it down around the house, since he left.

As I rested in my bed, I made a decision to change my life for the better. Maybe school was the key to my success; maybe the Army was an even better choice. So on that night I made a promise to myself. I promised to keep away from trouble! I started to sink down into my bed while listening to some slow jams. I was reminiscing about fucking this girl named Rose. She was a Spanish broad with thick legs and a juicy ass. Rose would pull my dick out in public sometime just to look at it. I remember one time we were at a carnival and we took some Ecstasy, and Rose pulled my dick out in front of her best friend; then both of them grabbed my cock and led me behind the back fence. We laid in the grass and Rose and her friend took turns sucking me. I was so turned on; my dick got so fucking hard, it had to be a foot long! Those girls were some certified freaks! They were sucking and sweating and playing with their pussies at the same time, until her girlfriend stood up and said, "Damn I gotta get me some of that meat Rose!" She dropped her panties and sat down on my dick so hard, I couldn't believe it, because girls never took it in so fast. She yelled out loud, Oh Shit Papi! Fuck this pussy!" So I fucked her, and I fucked Rose for about 2 hours in the grass behind the carnival. We were all rolling around pumping, with cum squirting in the air; cussing and stroking like a bunch of lunatics. I fucked those girls so good, they were both laid out in the

grass, looking in the nighttime sky in a daze. As a cool wind blew over our half naked bodies, We didn't care that we were all covered in dirt and grass and sweaty. That shit was crazy. I started jerking off in the bed thinking about that night. I kept thinking, why did I lose her number? As I busted a nut, I could feel the stress dissolving from my body. It was comforting to know that I wasn't going to be standing on that street corner anymore. Then all of the sudden I heard a crashing sound! Like a door being kicked in by the police. I thought lightning fast and remembered that I didn't have any drugs in my possession. I had to quickly wipe the cum off my leg. Then I considered, why the fuck was I jerking off in the first place? I had issues. I had to use my bed sheet to clean myself off like a dumb ass. And almost simultaneously, I heard my mother screaming to the top of her lungs for help. I jumped out of bed and nearly busted my head as I tripped over my Nintendo 64 and my Air Jordans. I ran down the hallway to the kitchen. Then I saw the man that I have hated most of my life with his hands around my mother's throat! It was my father, and he was drunk as hell! I ran into the kitchen and scrambled through the cluttered drawers to find a knife, I wished that I had put the knives where they were supposed to be. Whenever I washed dishes I didn't really give a damn where they went. I never cooked anyway. My mother yelled at me, "Call the police Shawn! I can't breathe! He's crazy! He's

crazy!" So I said, "Damn it!" and I jumped on his back and tried to pull him off my mother. I smelled the foul odor of stale alcohol oozing through his pores. I could feel the beard stubble and slob on his face brush across my forearm as I struggled with him. He yelled, "Get the hell off me boy! Your mother is a whore and I'm gonna make this shit right!" He released her and turned and looked at me with his fist balled up and a grimace on his face. I backed up in horror; my dad was a big motherfucker! He stood about 6'6 and was around 340 pounds solid. He looked at me so intense, as if he was looking through me, even my soul, and then he paused, turned to the door, and stormed out of the house. My mother was crouched down on her knees crying with her hands over her face; whispering in a raspy voice, "How could he say that in front of you." I never knew what my father saw when he looked at me until many years later. He was looking at a reflection of himself. My home life was pretty chaotic at times. My mother and father split up when I was a baby. When I became older my mother never told me why things didn't work out between them.

My brother once wrote me a letter telling me they always fought because daddy was a gambler, drug dealer and a pimp.

He used to hang out all times of the night and come home with two or three thousand bucks at a time. Then he would go out and loose it all within hours. My dad was a handsome guy in his

day. My Aunt told me that all the women on the south side of the City wanted a piece of him. He was a true gangster. Some people say he may have even had ties to the Mob. According to my brother, it all came to an end on one fateful night. My mother came home from playing bingo and she told my father she wanted a divorce. Being an angry man is the only way I can describe my father, he was an extremely violent person. Barry said he beat Mom so bad, she was in intensive care for 3 weeks. My brother was locked up, for a short stay in Juvenile Detention awaiting trial at the time, so he wasn't in the picture. I was small, so I ended up staying with my Aunt for the whole stretch. My dad however, spent 2 years in prison for domestic violence. He was never the same. He has been a crazy bastard and a very feared man in the community ever since he came back. One time, my Dad punched his fist through the driver's side of my Mom's car window and grabbed her by the back of the neck. That fool banged her head on the steering wheel as she drove about 40 miles an hour trying to get away. When she hit 50 miles an hour, he fell off and rolled about 30 feet on the concrete, got up and walked off. The bad part was that we were just leaving out of the church parking lot, and he was stalking her. But I thought those days were gone forever, I guess not.

Now I'm in my last year of High School and somehow, I managed to make A's and B's. The only class I really liked was Language

Arts. I liked to read books while I was in class; I just hated to do homework! So at this point in my chaotic little life, the big question was, how to make myself a better person? I made good enough grades to get into college, but wasn't interested in continuing school and I wasn't skilled in anything but selling drugs. So what the hell could I do? Well one day I was at a career fair at the school with one of my homeboys and I saw Sergeant Scott. He was a tall regal looking type of guy. He had on the green suit and a hat with his boots. Those boots were shining like platinum! He was like a black Sean Connery. My boy Damon was with me that day. Damon Rockford was a hardcore thug to his heart! This fool knew he wasn't going to college. Hell, he was surprised he wasn't in Jail or dead yet!

Damon moved to The City, from Boston, and he was always trying to show dudes in The City how they keep it real on the East Coast. You know one funny thing about those east coast dudes is they have some crazy slang! I mean Damon had about 200 terms and phrases that I never heard cats use around our way. He always referred to his homies as "son" or "cousin". I use to tell him, "I didn't know we was related Joe?" Because we called niggas Joe, back in the day. Damon was always so critical though. So I had to make sure I was using mad slang when I spoke with him. He didn't understand anything else. "Yo Shawn, what you doin looking at dis military shit son?" He snarled, as

he looked me up and down in disgust. "This shit is for doze clean nose niggas, nah mean?"

I said, "Dee, I need to get my shit together dog, I aint tryin to see my brother in prison until he comes home, know what im sayin Joe?" Then I pissed him off and I said "Yall niggaz from Boston can't be so hardcore that you all aspire to end up in Jail!" Damon looked at me like I was crazy, with his lip turned up showing his two gold teeth, and his head cocked to the right like a confused dog. "What the fuck you said Son?" then he came close to me, "Shawn, don't you ever try me like that son, I will bust yo ass for disrespecting me!"

I backed up, "Whatever Dee, you know I'm ya boy, stop getting all swoll dawg!" Damon was paranoid and jumpy because he shot 2 people lately and he's already a suspect in one of the shootings.

He probably imagined he would definitely spend some time in jail soon, and I could tell he was starting not to care. He's the type of dude who deserves some jail in his life! I shuffled over to the Display table and looked at the Army brochures. I saw dudes on ropes and running, swinging over rivers on some straight Rambo stuff! Then a dude on the back of the brochure had on the Army dress uniform. He was clean as a whistle. I never wore a suit because I always thought they were lame, but this one was special. As I stood there, I thought to myself, in

the silence of my chaos. I wondered about strange new things, like being a soldier, and I said, "I bet this soldier's mother was proud of him." And immediately, it was then I knew what I wanted to do in life. I wanted to be a soldier.

Damon walked off chasing after some girl he was trying to screw. There was always "some girl" when it came to Damon. I just stood there looking at the brochure. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Sgt. Scott rocking back and forth from the heel of his foot to the ball of his toes like he was ready to take off running. He had his chest poked out like Popeye the sailor and his shoulders were squared. He was staring right at me. His hands were in his pockets. He looked very intent and focused. He was ready and waiting for something or better yet, someone. So I slowly looked up at him, and he looked me dead in the eye and said, "Son this is your lucky day, you have just been introduced to my Army! A brotherhood of blood, sweat and tears!" I thought, what the hell did that mean? It was too late to turn back at this point, so I looked back up at him, "well what do I need to do to get in?"

Sample Chapter 4: Shawn's Thug Life Interlude

I was introduced to the streets at a young and tender age. I wanted to follow in the footsteps of my brother. Before he got locked up, he was the head gangster in charge of our neighborhood, even though he was white. Barry was a strikingly

handsome dude. He had long fine hair that hung to the small of his back. He was really tanned all the time, like our Father, and he stood about 6'4. Barry was naturally muscular and had broad shoulders with an almost disproportionately small waist. He was built like an NFL football player too. He had tattoos all over his body. A panther on the left side of his neck, an AK-47 on his chest and two large tattoos on the bottom side of his forearm that read on the left, "I win some" and on the right, "I loose none." On his back he had an eagle stretching across his shoulder blades with full wingspan from the top of one shoulder to the top of the other in perfect symmetry. On the back of his neck, beneath his hair he had a tattoo of a hand grenade. On his stomach he had a Tattoo that read "MURDERER". And Barry was indeed a murderer. He was the type of dude that walked quietly and carried a big stick. Everyone always said I looked like Barry's twin, without the tats. We were all naturally built that way. Barry moved out the house when I was a little kid. Because once he got in an argument with my mother and he called her a bitch. That was the straw the broke the camel's back. She kicked him out without remorse. I think he scared her that day, because he sounded just like our father, and he looked like him too. Barry had about 10 grand in his pocket the day he left. He was a Captain in the Thug Gangsters, a street gang that populated most of the south side of Chicago.

He got his rank from killing rival gang members without hesitation. He got the nickname "Grenade" because you never knew when he would explode! Once, a dude came to our neighborhood, trying to sell crack on our block. Of all the blocks in The City, this fool had to come around our set. He wasn't out there but three hours before my brother got the phone call. Barry picked the phone up like he usually did, and in a cool and calm baritone voice he mumbled, "What up?" I was sitting on the floor watching Spiderman when he snapped and started cursing. He was yelling and squeezing the phone so hard, I swore he cracked it. Barry had these big ass hands like a farmer or somebody who use their hands alot, kind of like my father's hands. Barry was yelling into the phone, "What the hell that fool doin on my block? He trying to take my motherfuckin business? Nawl my nigga, he gotta go right now!" Barry slammed the phone down and walked in his room. He rambled around in the drawers of his dresser. Then he went in the living room and lifted up the couch. He kept his pistol in a hole in the bottom of the couch, the same hole that I used much later. My mother never lifts the couch up for any reason, not even when she vacuums. Barry kept a sweet ass chrome 9mm handgun with a pearl looking handle hidden there. Damn that gun was nice. My pistol could never compare to the one Barry had. He ran out the house with his pistol shoved in the small of his back under his

shirt. When Barry walked up on that dude he immediately changed his demeanor and was calm when he said, "Hey my nig can I get a bag of weed?"

"Nawl Joe, I'm only serving crack, weed is for them kids nigga, get with this grown shit right here!"

Barry played along, "Let me see what them rocks look like, Damn my nig, you holdin it down out here huh?"

"Yeah hold dat up pimp!" Then Barry pulled out a wad of money that was twice the amount this small timer probably had in his pocket, "Hey I wanna buy about 400 dollars' worth!" The dude almost freaked out when he saw all the money Barry was handling.

"Hold up homie put all that money away, hey lets walk behind that building over there." Barry walked with him behind the building, making sure that nobody saw him. When they got behind the building, that drug dealer turned around with his back to Barry and tried to pull a 22 pistol out of his front pocket. He was fumbling around like he was digging in his pocket for rocks. But he was stupid; Barry didn't come to buy any drugs from him. Before he could even turn all the way around Barry already had the 9mm shoved in the guy's back.

"Turn around real slow player, and drop the pistol!"

As the dude turned around, he stuck his little 22 caliber pistol under his armpit and shot through his coat striking Barry in the ribcage. Barry doubled over and the guy punched him in the eye.

They struggled over Barry's pistol for a short time before Barry overcame him, stuck the 9mm in this guy's mouth, and blew his brains out. Barry emptied 5 rounds into that motherfucker's mouth. When Barry came back home he was holding his ribs like they were about to fall out of his chest. He walked into the bathroom, closed the door and stayed in there for about 20 minutes. Then he came out, made a phone call and left the house again. I don't think he went to the hospital, because he was smart enough to know that the police would be calling hospitals looking for gunshot wound victims. Barry was a titan! I didn't think he could be killed. A few weeks later he was shooting basketball with a bandage around his ribs. That's the type of thug Barry was. The other guy was found with his scalp smoking for about 15 minutes before the police got there. Barry was a man to be feared. I remember once he took me to his Spanish girlfriend's house, and she had this crazy 'baby daddy'. Barry didn't give a damn about the baby's dad though, he felt like he was the man to be respected, not the one to bow down. I remember sitting in this girl's living room playing video games with her little brother before I heard an argument brewing on the front porch. The girl's ex-boyfriend came over and was cursing her out from the sidewalk, calling her bitches and whores and stuff. Her ex was this guy named Nester, a Cuban gang related dude from the suburbs. Nester was known to be a crazy

idiot! Barry and Nester were in opposing gangs, and they had shot at one another on several occasions. Nester walked up and immediately showed disrespect, "Bitch why you fucking with that wanna be Nigger for?" That's when Barry stood up and pulled his pistol out. Nester just stood there like he was fearless.

Barry then placed the pistol down on the porch and walked down to the sidewalk. Nesters homies jumped out of a raggedy old Buick and ran to his aid. So there Barry stood surrounded by 5 Cuban Gangbangers.

Barry whispered, "What's up yall nigz wanna box?" They screamed, "Cracker ass wigger we gonna whip the White off your ass today!" Barry explosively swung with so much force that I heard him break the first guy's jaw. It sounded like when you break a chicken bone. He knocked two of Nesters teeth right out of his mouth! Nester was out cold twitching on the ground. His friends looked in utter amazement as Barry took out two more in record time.

He Body slammed one guy against an old willow tree and broke the other guy's arm by smashing it against his knee.

The other two guys took off running, and as I looked from the screened in front door, a wind gust blew one guys jacket back. He had a pistol snuggly hidden in the small of his back! Maybe he was too afraid to pull it out. Barry was a crazy Motherfucker! It would take more than one pistol to end my

brother's life. Barry use to box when he was little. He joined the junior boxing league, and he won quite a few fights. He was a junior champion at the age of 12. I don't know why he quit; maybe it was the streets that drew him away. He really loved making money. Barry was jumped into the Thug Gang, the year he quit boxing. He immediately became a street icon. Barry was driving a hooked up 1984 Lincoln Continental by the age of 15. He was on the set day and night selling drugs and popping off machine guns. He was in and out of Juvenile Detention on a regular basis. Barry never got caught for anything serious, just petty theft and battery charges.

The main thing he inherited from my father (other than his looks) was a bad temper. My brother didn't speak to me about the street very often. He would always make generic comments like, "Stay in school and don't do drugs Shawn." Or "Don't get caught up in these streets like me little brother."

He would get mad as hell whenever one of his homies tried to let me take a sip of some beer or teach me the gang handshake. He wanted me to be a kid, and he was often very careful to keep me away from the dope spot when he was working. I loved Barry because he never beat up on me. Sometimes I really did shit that deserved a smack or two. Things like playing with his gun, cursing at him, but he never got mad at me. He gave me all the love that I never got from my dad. I think he felt like a

father figure to me. Barry use to slip money in my Mother's purse when she wasn't looking, buy grocery when she was at work and he never once tried to identify these acts of financial support. The funny thing is that my mother never mentioned them either. I think she knew what was going on. She knew she needed the help, but I think it was easier for her just to imagine that it wasn't coming from Drug money. After a while, my Mother started getting really nervous about Barry's lifestyle, and especially after he went to Jail again when he was 16. He spent 21 days locked up for selling weed at the Mall. She started to feel he would never change, and only get worst. They let him off because it wasn't enough to be a felony, and the person he sold it to swore that it wasn't a transaction, Barry swore he was just giving the guy something that he found lying on the ground. My Mom knew Barry was guilty though. She told him that if he didn't stop selling she would kick him out. But unfortunately, Barry was high that day, and he became argumentative.

I think it was a slip of the tongue when he said, "You don't be complaining when I put money in your purse! Why you acting like a bitch now?" My mother wasn't having that at all. So she kicked him out that very night. That's when things started to go downhill for Barry. He had plenty of women in his life. About 4 baby mothers and countless easy screws.

But I don't think he was prepared for that sudden move. He looked so confused when she kicked him out. He must have thought it would never happen. When I think about that day, I will never forget how he shrunk before my eyes when she kicked him out. Barry was always so cocky, so strong and fearless. But when my mother kicked him out his demeanor transformed to something much more helpless. His shoulders dropped down and his arms hung down to his sides like the branches on that willow tree he slammed that guy on. Barry poked his lips out, scratched his stomach and shook his head from side to side as if he was having a conversation with himself. Barry wasn't going to try and fight; he knew what Mom had been through with our father. I think Barry knew that he was going to get in trouble sooner or later.

Maybe someone was after him? He had done so much dirt to people in the past, it was bound to catch up with him. I believe that in Barry's mind, his mom's house was his only sanctuary. It was his only escape from the madness of his everyday life. At times, Barry would sit in his room and just listen to old slow jams with his headphones on. He would lay on his bed and sink down into the sheets as if the bed wrapped him with a false security. As he was lying on the bed, his whole body would go limp, except for his index finger and his thumb. I could always tell the tempo to whatever song he listened to, because he would

tap on the bed very lightly as if he was the drummer in some imaginary band. That was the Barry I knew, a peaceful and docile person who loved me and took the position of protector over our household. I cried as Barry packed two Garbage bags and a suitcase of clothes and personal items. He just put his hand on my head and spoke very softly, "Don't worry Shawn, I'll keep in contact with you, even when you aint even thinkin bout me, I'll be watching over you kid, I promise." I felt as if we were losing a vital and important piece of our household. We were losing the feeling of security.

My father didn't clown with Mom when Barry was around. I wondered, what would happen now that he was gonna be gone? I walked in my room and fell to the floor like a lifeless doll. The carpet on my floor felt like a humongous cushion against my body. But it wasn't comforting. I think that was the second time I can actually say I was depressed.

I felt a sense of hopelessness that overcame my body, mind and soul. And it made me scared. I was just a kid, but I knew how dangerous the streets could be. After about a week, Barry was staying with one of his Baby's mothers when he got into an altercation with her ex-fiancé and hit him in the head with a bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey. I guess the dude didn't go down or the bottle bounced off his head, because he retaliated by stabbing Barry three times with a screwdriver.

Barry ended up in the emergency room as a result of the fight. My mother wouldn't allow me to visit the hospital to see him and I was very upset about that. She told me, "You don't need to be around that shit little boy! Stop bothering me about seeing that fool! He'll live, simple minded thugs like your daddy and your brother live to be 103!" I felt so bad when she said that, and I didn't understand how anyone could live to be 103 years old! About 1 month later I was at home by myself eating some captain crunch on a Saturday morning when the phone rang. My Mother told me to never answer the phone, so I sat there and ignored it. That damn phone rang about 30 times! I decided to knock it off the hook and act like I was picking it up.

"Oops! Umm hello who this is?" Then I heard my brother, "Ahhhhh! What's up little brother? I knew your little butt was gonna answer that phone sooner or later, you never listen to Mama" I almost started crying because I was so overjoyed, "Hi Barry!! I wanted to see you but Mom wouldn't let me I swear! I swear!" He paused, then replied, "Oh don't worry about it bro, I wouldn't want you to see me like that anyway, I was looking pretty bad." Hey hold on one sec." I could hear him talking in the background. It sounded like he was in a car or something because I could hear the wind from his open window beating against the Brick cell phone. It sounded muffled like a sheet being blown in the wind. Actually it kind of sounded like that

flag on the flag post at my school, when we stand outside and sing the pledge of allegiance. He was talking to one of his buddies in the background. I heard him say the name "Roscoe" and I felt really scared because he only hung with Roscoe when he is going to do something really bad. He was holding a conversation with Roscoe and talking to me at the same time, like he always does people when he's on the phone. He said, "A Roscoe, pass me that Joint, Ahum! hey is this shit cocked? Hey just chill for now, Roll over there and park." Roscoe was the only person I knew that was as fearless as Barry. The two of them have busted into clubs and done stuff that made the front page of the newspaper. But whenever the police tried to identify the two individuals who caused the commotion they couldn't. Roscoe and Barry would always flee on foot and they never got caught. Both of them were so athletic. I don't think there was a fence made in the entire city that those two cats couldn't jump, scale or just plain ole knock down! When they were together they made an intimidating couple. Roscoe looked big and mean, like the rapper Rick Ross, but on steroids. First of all, he was half Nigerian and Half Jamaican. Now I love black people like anybody else, but this nigga was so black that he was purple! He had a big beard, and these long thick forearms. He was so muscular, and compact that he looked like it was hard for him to breath. Roscoe had these huge fat

hands that were burnt dark at the knuckles from years of fist fighting. His head was shaped like an upside down combat boot! His forehead protruded and the back of his head hung over just enough to cause it to look like a cliff. I mean if you poured water over his head it would probably run straight off his head to the ground and not even get his clothes wet at all. He was one mean looking bastard though. He had a temper that was almost as quick as Barry's. I never saw Roscoe and Barry argue though; I think they were childhood friends or something. I could tell Barry was plotting something that morning. He was stalking someone and trying to figure out their every move. The only thing that I regret is that I was too young to figure that out at the time. I didn't know the streets at that age. Thus I didn't understand that the guy who stabbed Barry with a screwdriver couldn't live to see another week, according to Barry's law. Barry got back on the phone, "Hey I'm back bro, listen closely now. I'm gonna be gone for a few months because, well, I'm going on a little vacation." I yelled out, "a vacation!" I paused and sighed, "Where at?" "Don't worry about that right now, but I just want you to know that I'm gonna be thinking about you, and I wanted to tell you to take care of Mom okay?" "Alright Barry" I said, "I love you" Then he warmly replied, "Yeah, me too kid, I mean, me to you. Bye." That was the last time I talked to Barry for many years. I was just a

little kid. Later that night Barry and Roscoe kicked in this guy's front door. He told me about the whole ordeal in a letter, years later. Barry pistol whipped him for about 15 minutes.

"Bitch you must have lost your mind stabbing me with a mother fuckin screwdriver!"

The guy screamed out, "Barry please!"

Barry told him, "Shut the fuck up!" The guy jumped up and tried to run to the rear of the house. That's when Roscoe shot twice and hit him in his shoulder and his leg. This guy must have been on cocaine, because the newspaper said he still ran 50 feet to the back of the house and jumped through a 2 story window. Then he landed on a Ford Escort, rolled off to the ground and took off running. Barry and Roscoe jumped through the same window like two cowboys. They gave chase and Barry wildly swung the gun sideways and shot him once more in the back. That shot took him off his feet. It was also the shot that paralyzed him from the waist down for life. When Barry and Roscoe finally caught up with him they were going to finish the job, but the police were hot on their tail. A neighbor heard the argument and called the cops when Barry was whipping the dude's head inside out. Barry and Roscoe tried their infamous escape act, but this time they ran out of luck. Barry jumped a gate behind a retired couple's house. His leg was slightly injured from that cowboy stunt, when he jumped out of that second story

window, so it took him a couple of tries to get over the fence. Then to make matters worse, he landed himself in a fight for his life in the backyard with two huge junkyard Dobermans. But that wasn't the most unfortunate turn of events for the night. Roscoe ran into a coffee shop waving his pistol and cursing. He put his gun to one of the waitress's head and tried to hide in the rear kitchen. If it wasn't for this waitress, who hand signaled police through the window, he may have had a fighting chance at getting away. Instead, he was gunned down and killed in the alley trying to make a backdoor escape. The guy who Barry tried to kill lived to testify against him in court. I think the Judge tried to make an example out of my brother. Barry was given 20 years in the State Penitentiary for attempted murder; because he was a repeat offender. When the judge announced Barry's sentence, he slammed the gavel down with a smile on his face. But he wasn't happy, it looked more like a smile of contempt and malice. He was an old black Judge, probably in his late 60's. I could tell he was sick of murderous gang bangers in his courtroom. People like him fear that folks like Barry and I make the city look bad. In the courtroom Barry just stood there, shackled up with a stone face. He was so stoical. He didn't even flinch when the Judge gave him all that damn time! He looked over at Mom and I saying, "Just a vacation, see you in a while." He turned to the judge and gave

him a dirty look.

He tried to lift his hand shackles up and give the judge the middle finger, but the Bailiff realized what he was doing and walked over to him waving his hands. Then the Sheriff's grabbed his arms and rushed him out the courtroom. Damn, that was the longest vacation I ever heard of in my life!

Sample Chapter 9: Devilish Details

As I was leaning against the garage, I peeked into the window and saw there was no car parked inside. The garage was perfectly empty and neatly swept. I ducked down and quickly ran over to the backdoor of the house. It was a red brick duplex with long weedy grass in the backyard. My first thought was that maybe the family was away on vacation. It had to be 80 degrees and cloudy outside, which means either late spring, summer or early fall in Chicago. I knew this community pretty well; Barry had taken me there before when I was a kid. When I got to the door, I rested my hand on the knob; then twisted it off like aluminum foil. I was incredibly strong now, from the procedure. I paused for a moment to listen for an alarm, but it remained silent. I pushed the door open slowly and peered into the house. I felt much more mentally alert than I remembered being before the coma. My internal voice was much different than before, I felt like my thoughts and memory were sharper than ever. I found myself

evaluating my environment like a high speed computer. I quickly deduced the house was empty and even though it was fully furnished, it hadn't been occupied in weeks, based on the amount of dust built up on the glass cocktail tables.

I went over to the refrigerator and looked inside; it was bone dry empty. As I scanned the room, I noticed the furniture was pretty decent. I couldn't figure out why there was no alarm system? I saw leather couches, plush cushions, a huge TV set, glass art, paintings on the walls, it just didn't add up. So I walked upstairs to check the closets, I needed some clothes quick. I walked up the creaky wood staircase, pretty sure nothing was going to surprise me at this point. As I walked into the master bedroom, there was a huge black bedroom set, with fancy gold trimmings and a large king sized waterbed. It had a jumbo sized headboard which was elaborately decorated with a large mirror in the center and two cabinets on each side. As I walked over to the walk-in closet, there was a large wardrobe of dress suits, jogging suits, shirts, slacks and shoes. I checked the sizes and they were mostly XXL shirts and 32 inch waist pants. I thought to myself, this was my lucky day! In the corner I saw a backpack, so I stuffed some clothes in it, looked in the drawers of the bedroom set and stuffed some socks and underwear until the backpack was tight. I stripped down and stood in front of the mirror. I was slightly smaller than I remembered,

but I was also more cut and muscularly defined. My face still looked 18 years old, except it was covered with beard stubble, and my hair was buzz cut, real low like it was in basic training. I looked closer at my face, and my eyes were bloodshot red, like I had been smoking a lot of marijuana, or like I hadn't been to sleep in days.

I looked rough, like a street dweller, which was good because I wanted to blend in to the streets as much as possible.

I turned on the shower, with the heat all the way to the maximum, and took a long, hot, steamy shower. I think I stood in the shower for 30 minutes, just thinking about everything that was happening. For a moment, I forgot I was just in a coma, because I felt more rejuvenated by the moment. I kept seeing Dee-Dee in my thoughts, smiling, laughing, crying, and I realized that I was really heartbroken and missing her. I wondered did she have something to do with what happened to me. Then I thought about how weird my family was acting in the hospital. Something was truly wrong, because my Mother would never marry my Father again under any circumstances. Plus they were moving funny, kind of like robots, like the Stepford Wives on that horror movie. They were too perfect, their facial expressions were all wrong. I wondered if the military was fucking with my family too! I've seen movies where they took control of people with drugs and shit. Another strange thing I

noticed was there were no Police sirens. Even though I just jumped out a hospital window, and ran down the fucking street in my hospital gown, I didn't hear an ambulance, fire truck, police car or shit! I was only a few blocks west of the main street; the police were always heavy around that area. I scratched my head and considered that maybe someone was controlling this entire situation? Maybe they had some type of built in damage control ready for when I woke up. I turned the shower off and started contemplating my next move.

Suddenly I heard a creek in the stairs! I ducked down and crawled across the bedroom floor naked. Then I peeked out the bedroom door and to my surprise, there stood a stray cat meowing at me. I must have left the front door wide open, with that doorknob twisted off. I pushed the door open and the cat fearlessly came closer to me. As I visually inspected it, I notice it had a collar with a note stuffed under it, concealed by its scruffy fur. I reached out and rubbed its head, then pulled the note out and opened it. My eyes opened wide as I read a typed note that said, "They are following you. They have implanted thoughts in your head. That's why you came to this house. Look downstairs in the DVD collection, find and watch the *Sanford and Son* DVD." My first thought was, if somebody sent me this note, they must know where I'm at this very moment. I stood up and listened as intently as I could, and my hearing was very

powerful at this point. I didn't hear anything creeping in the house. I quickly ran in the closet and threw on some boxers a jogging suit and some sneakers, in case I had to take off running or kick some ass. I slowly crept down the steps in combat ready mindset. If somebody was downstairs trying to fuck with me I was gonna rip their head off. I carefully searched the whole house, from the basement to the attic. I was also looking for a piece of mail, or anything with a name on it in the entire house and found nothing, not even a picture. Then I went to the DVD collection in the living room and looked through till I found the Best of Sanford and Son. There were about 100 DVD's so, the fact this letter was so accurate, once again confirmed, someone was pulling my strings like a puppet. I thought about making a run for it, but I kept hearing a voice in my head softly saying, "Don't run from us Shawndre, don't run." I started thinking I was losing my mind; maybe I was still dreaming? But that was impossible, the sensations, the shower, it was all too real. At this point, I figured even if I ran, somebody would know where I was, and I had to get to the bottom of why and how? I turned on the TV, popped in the DVD and sat down. Suddenly my name, social security number and birthday showed up on the screen. Then a series of short video clips started playing consecutively showing me in various stages of my life, birthday parties, at school, in the backyard playing, at

the hospital, in the group home, standing on the corner selling crack. They even had a video clip of me having sex with two girls in the grass behind the carnival. I felt violated and angry but for some reason, I was not afraid.

Then suddenly, the video switched to a black background, and a woman walked on the camera and took a seat, and it was Dee-Dee! Only now she looked about 10 years older than the last time I saw her. She was crying as she nervously began telling me a story about how she was a secret agent from Saudi Arabia and she was given the mission of destroying America's secret weapon, until she started falling in love, with me. She said her associates came to finish the job, and after I killed them all, she torched the hotel. But she couldn't bear to see me burn to death in the fire and pulled me to safety when she saw I was still breathing. Dee-Dee said some powerful Generals in this Special Operations Committee, which I had never heard of, were also double agents, and wanted to see me dead. I was never supposed to be deployed to Los Angeles, it was all a set-up. She told me Iron Bird, from the island, was dead and had been killed as soon as I stepped foot on the flight to Los Angeles. She said the only reason I was still alive today, was because she informed the committee of my whereabouts the night of the fire. She spoke of how this committee was a clandestine organization that reached to the White House, but it was riddled with double

agents, rogue agents and a lot of internal turmoil about whether someone with my abilities should be allowed to live after being studied, or used in battle. Dee-Dee said the only reason I was alive today was because certain people who hadn't flipped sides, were amazed that I survived having my brains blown out. She told me how Saudi Arabian Intelligence hacked into a computer system and learned all about who I was, and what had been done to me. I was eventually supposed to be deployed to the Middle East for still unknown reasons. Dee-Dee talked about Molecular Nanotechnology, and how I had been injected with nanorobots that kept my heart beating and rebuilt my brain, even repairing it on a molecular level. But they began to self-replicate in my body using materials from the bullets, and kept repairing me while I was in the coma, even changing my DNA, which was some type of self-preserving anomaly that had not been anticipated by any of the scientists. The U.S Government was tracking me with an RFID chip that was implanted somewhere in my body, but she hadn't figured out where, since the nanorobots had repaired any wounds or scars I had on my body. Then she blew my mind, when she said, I no longer needed the bots in my body, they had turned me into an indestructible creature, a unique new species in all of mankind. She said the only way I could disable the tracking device in my body, since I probably would not be able to cut into my flesh using conventional methods, would be to somehow

allow an enormous amount of electrical current to flow through my body and fry the device. She said the nanorobots would probably survive. And I would heal within a matter of hours regardless. It was an incredible story but I wondered; was it just another trick, to get me to commit suicide? She looked very uncomfortable, like someone was telling her what to say. The last thing she said was that I would be hunted down if I didn't turn myself in, and they had certain weapons they had formulated during the past 15 years, that could be used to fight against me if ever needed. Her last words of advice were to run. Then the DVD abruptly stopped and the DVD player self-destructed. Smoke began to leak from the vents and it started a small fire. So I pulled it out the wall and dropped it in the sink under cold running water. Upon inspection I saw the DVD was completely destroyed, which pissed me off, because I wanted to watch it again, to see my Dee-Dee. I decided it was time to leave, and if somebody had beef with me, I was ready for war. Speaking of beef, I was as hungry as a junkyard dog, and penniless. I had to get a hold of some money fast! My first idea was to rob criminals, who had illegal money, and who wouldn't be interested in police involvement. So I thought, maybe I should jack some of those drug dealers near downtown? The thugs I remembered that hung out right off Michigan Avenue. It wasn't too far away and with the strength I had I could easily peel

their cap and snatch the money. So I started a light jog on a mission to get paid quick, fast in a hurry. I wasn't sure what day of the week it was, but when I got near downtown, the streets were crowded, like something was happening. Maybe a special event or something, I wasn't sure, but as I got closer, I could see it was a cesspool! I saw whores giving blowjobs in the allies, crackheads laying on the sidewalks talking to themselves and drug dealers chasing down cars on every other corner. These streets were more intense then when I was in them. Shit was just crazy, chaotic and people were in a zombie like daze all around. I thought to myself, this ghetto looked like a third world country and I felt like the guy from out of town. This wasn't my hood anymore. I walked up to a hooker and asked what day of the week it was. She looked up at me and said, "Hey White boy what you doin around here?" Then she looked me up and down and licked her lips and started getting loud, "Damn you big! Hmm, Today's your lucky day, so what is you? One of them Chicago Bears? I got what you lookin for baby. Heeeeeeey!" I hushed her lips and grabbed her arm with the other hand, "Shhh bitch don't make a scene out here, just tell me the fucking day of the week or I'm gonna smack the shit outta you." Her eyes got real big and she said, "Damn it Saturday boo!" Then I looked her up and down and said, "You too fine to be sellin pussy on this block."

Then I let her go and walked up the block, ducking into an alley to wait for it to get dark outside. As I walked through the alley, the bums parted and made way for me. They looked afraid of me, like they knew something bad was about to happen soon. I unstrapped my backpack and dropped it by my side. Then I leaned against it and tried to make myself comfortable while I was plotting how I was going to rob these dudes on the corner. I wondered if I was still being followed, then I said to myself, "Get a picture of this here motherfuckers!" I didn't give a damn about anything at this point, I felt fearless. I slowly began to fall asleep with my arms folded on my knees and my head between my legs. After about an hour, I was fast asleep. Then I heard a rowdy crowd approaching, cursing and yelling and rapping lyrics from songs. The sound was getting closer and closer until I looked up and saw the hooker I spoke to earlier. She was standing with a group of thugs, and complaining about something. They all looked like some rap stars, wearing gold jewelry, new sneakers and fresh outfits. I knew all about this shit, these boys were ballers, straight dealers. She pointed at me and said, "There he go right there!" One of the boys walked up to me and said, "Hey cracker why you in my alley? You the police or something?" I said, "Fuck you asshole. I aint a cop." Then he replied, "Well that's fucked up for you bitch!" I was thinking, today must be my lucky day, because I stood up and counted eight

of these motherfuckers. I was about to get paid tonight! A couple of them were pretty big, standing in the back, but the one standing closest to me had to be about 5'10 and 210 pounds. They all looked alike adults, so I said it was fair game. The kid talking shit went into his coat to reach for his pistol, so I grabbed his arm and squeezed until I heard it pop like a piece of tree limb. He screamed out in agony and the other guys all started reaching in their coats for their pistols. I punched him in his mouth so hard his head snapped back and he started coughing up bloody teeth. The hooker screamed, took off her heels and started running down the alley toward the street. I picked up the little shithead whose arm I broke and lifted him over my head throwing him at the two big dudes standing in back of the group. While they were trying to catch him, I sprinted toward the next guy in front of me. I heard him shout, "Dis Cracker Crazy!" right before I smashed his face in with one punch! I spun around and they all started unloading on me. I crushed one guy's head against the wall.

Then I broke two motherfucker's necks that were blasting me at close range; ducked down broke one dudes jaw with a left uppercut, grabbed the big motherfucker by the neck and choke slammed him to the ground. Everyone I touched was either unconscious or dead and all that was left was me and the last big guy. He had to be 6'5 and 350 pounds or more. He was

sweating profusely and pulling the trigger of his gun, but it was empty and just clicking. So I fastened my eyes on him, growled and started walking toward him. He turned around to run, but I scooped him up over my head and threw him about 20 feet into a fire escape where he knocked his head and flopped to the ground. I went through all of their pockets and collected all the money and jewelry they had. I left the dope; I didn't need that shit in my possession anymore. But I stuffed all the money and jewelry in my backpack, while the bums in the alley hid in the shadows in horror. I stepped over the kid laying there with a broken jaw and said, "You're the lucky one!" I started walking down the alley and stopped when I looked down at my bullet riddled sweatshirt top. I was in awe, as I lifted up my top and noticed my chest had little red spots on it, but not one of the bullets penetrated my skin. I took off running down the street with my backpack strapped on. I tried not to run too fast, to avoid drawing attention, but I was still at a marathon pace. In five minutes I was on the other side of town, and I managed to avoid every police car I saw. After checking into a hole in the wall Motel called the EverReady Inn, I went into my room and counted the money. It came out to \$21,374! Not to mention the chains, rings and watches. Within two minutes the phone rang, I quickly answered it, figuring it was the front desk.

I said, "Hello?"

The voice on the other end was deep and raspy, like an old man who smoked cigars.

"Hello Mr. Brown."

"Okay who the fuck is this? I didn't tell you my last name when I checked in!"

"This isn't the front desk son," He replied.

"Well who the fuck is it then?"

He replied, "Let's just say, I'm the reason you're alive."

"Oh really," I growled.

"Yes, you should be thanking me. My associates and I had to pull some serious strings to make sure you were not terminated while in that long slumber of yours."

"Slumber?" I screamed, "I was in a 15 year coma asshole. What did you Motherfuckers do to my parents?"

Then he paused for a moment, and asked, "Has anyone else tried to contact you today?"

I answered, "Shit you already know everything, answer that yourself?"

He got a little irritated and said, "Our enemies, and your enemies hacked into our secret database, and your tracking system.

We aren't the only people tracking your movements. But we are the ones currently cleaning up that mess you left in the alley on the other side of town."

I replied, "Shit gets messy sometimes."

He replied, "Indeed it does."

I asked, "What did you do to my family? Why are they acting all weird? Who all is involved in this shit?"

He replied, "We need to meet very soon or you may find yourself in danger."

I said, "All you Motherfuckers know where I'm at. Come and get me!"

He replied, "In time Mr. Brown, we will. Oh and one more thing I wanted to mention. Don't believe that cunt Dee-Dee. She still wants you dead. She use to work for us, and she flipped to the other side for money."

I said, "She saved my life!"

He replied, "No she didn't, Mr. Brown the nanorobots saved your life. You got up and unconsciously walked out that building while you were on fire. You were burnt to a crisp. That's why the Nanorobots inside of you repaired your skin tissue, and perfected it, haven't you noticed? Your skin is unlike any human on earth. Just listen to me when I call, and I will be in touch." Then he hung up. As I sat there thinking of all the things he said to me, the one thing that bothered me, is he never answered my question about my family.

His story about my skin kind of made sense, but why would Dee-Dee try to trick me into killing myself? Maybe it was about money like he said. I couldn't believe anyone at that point. I stayed up all night wondering what would happen next, who was watching me, and what would really happen if I electrocuted myself. I figured if I fried once and survived maybe I would survive the second time too? But I didn't want to end up in a coma for another 15 years. I missed half of my life while I was in that bed. I laid there all night staring at the ceiling, in a daze. After about 6 hours I couldn't get a wink of sleep and I was hungry, so I walked over to the all night diner across the street from the motel and ordered steak and eggs with hash browns and orange juice. The waitress was an old Spanish lady, with very sweet smelling perfume on. The scent she gave off made me start thinking of women again. I was scanning the room to see if there were any ladies out late that night, but there wasn't much going on. My ears could hear the sound of a helicopter nearby. I started wondering if that could be someone coming for me, then I laughed it off. I was in the hood, and the police helicopters roam the city nights regularly. I just relaxed for about an hour and finished my food, then ordered a coffee to top it off.

As I sat in the booth, and counted the tip out, I noticed two brown skinned men in the parking lot, wearing all black jumpsuits. They were both big muscular guys, about my size or larger. They could pass for South American, or even Middle Eastern or Indian. They were talking and laughing, as I was watching them; but suddenly they became silent and locked eyes on me. I fastened my eyes on them and they scowled at me, like they wanted some trouble. At that moment I felt like nobody in the world could fuck with me, and I was ready to kill anyone who wanted to try. So I decided to find out what this was all about! I left my money on the table and calmly stepped outside. I played the humble role, and walked past them slowly with my head down, waiting to see what they would say. Then one spoke to me saying, "Hey you!"

I turned around, "You talking to me?"

He replied, "Yeah I'm talking to you! Why were you looking at us through the window; Are you a big faggot?"

I just ignored him, turned around and kept walking.

Then I felt somebody hit me in the back of the head!

I was shocked he was able to sneak up behind me. When I turned around the guy who hit me said, "So what you gonna do Shawn?"

I swung at him with all my might, but he was fast enough to duck and move to the side while punching me in the ribs. Then the guy

who was with him, moved around behind me and pulled out some kind of strange looking long silver gun that looked like a harpoon. He fired it and a sharp long sword like piece of metal came out, attached to an electrically charged wire. I caught the sharp metal thing and turned in one continuous motion, stabbing his friend in the neck with it. As he was being electrocuted, the guy with the gun yelled out, "Oh Shit!" Then he dropped the gun and tried to tackle me! He was as strong as I was, but his skin was not like mines, because when I punched him in the face, he bruised. He swung back at me wildly, then pulled out something that looked like a stun gun and tried to jab me with it. I moved from side to side, using boxing skills to block his attempts. It was glowing and making a humming noise like one of those bug killing lights you put in your backyard. I grabbed him by the wrist, he punched me in the face, and I stomped his foot! I felt his toes break under my heel. He didn't scream like he was in pain, but he kept fighting, even harder. I repeatedly punched him in the ribs, and under his armpit. He knew Krav Maga, and we began going through some movements, but I wouldn't release his arm as I was trying to disarm him. He out maneuvered me and freed his wrist for a brief moment, then he tried to jab that super stun gun into my ribcage, but I moved back quicker than he moved forward and caused him to overextend. I caught his wrist again and made him pay for it this time; as I bent and

broke his elbow backwards and used his own arm to put the device to his eye socket, knocking him unconscious. The spark was loud and so bright it must have jolted his brain! I looked up and noticed a helicopter was coming directly toward me. It must have been hovering about two blocks away, watching us. I ran across the street to my hotel and burst through my door. After quickly looking around the room I grabbed my bag and money, stuffed everything inside and strapped it on. By the time I got to the front door the Helicopter was facing me, it was some type of stealth modified Apache Helicopter, which I have never seen, with 50 caliber guns and fully armed! I was amazed this thing was able to fly around in Chicago without raising red flags with the Police Department. It started firing off 50 caliber rounds into my room, as I ran back inside and burst through the back wall into the room behind me, then kicked down their door and ran down the street. I was trying to figure out who wanted me dead? I ran down a dark city block into an old abandoned apartment building, and the Helicopter started circling the building. I ducked into an old kitchen and ripped some pipes from under the sink, I was gonna take that Apache out! I hid my backpack, and low crawled through the building as fast as I could, the Apache was just firing rounds in the building like crazy! I saw a guy drop down out of the Apache, about 30 feet to the ground without a rope, he was huge and physically enhanced,

like with bionic body parts, and coming after me full speed. He ran in the building and I met him at the door with a pipe in each hand, I smacked him in the face with one, then the other, but I noticed the skin peeled back from his cheekbones, revealed metallic plates. He was some type of cyborg. He did a roundhouse kick and knocked me off my feet. I ran into the next room, and he burst through the wall screaming! I dropped the pipes and we started going head to head and blow for blow.

He reached for a double leg takedown as I jumped in the air and hit him in the nose with a solid powerful blow from my knee, pushing the flesh back and revealing a metallic nose bone. Then his nose began to bleed, so I taunted him saying, "So you bleed?"

He pulled out an electric dagger and tried to stab me in the head with it. I caught the blade with my right hand, before it touched my face. I was growling and holding it with my bare hand. I started feeling strength surge through my body at an increased rate. I felt my eyes burning, like they were on fire! He was using both hands, trying to push the blade into my face!

We struggled at a stalemate for a moment; then I snapped the blade, elbowed him in the face and turned my back to him, running into a hallway. As he came after me, I spun around with the blade clutched in my fist and slit his throat. It almost took his whole head off! He fell to the ground on all fours and

quickly bled out. I noticed he had a gun on his side, which he didn't use, so I took it and ran outside toward the Apache Helicopter; as it was trying to turn and retreat. I jumped as high as I could, and barely grabbed hold of it. As I climbed inside, the pilot was frantically speaking Russian on a cell phone. I said, "What the fuck are you doing with this thing in American Airspace!" He dropped the phone and reached for a gun so I blew his brains out. Then I grabbed the phone, and jumped out the Apache before it crashed into the side of the abandoned apartment building. I ran back in the building and got my backpack before it burned up. As I sprinted out the building, the Helicopter was simultaneously crashing into the Apartment structure and causing a series of explosions. There was not a soul outside; no police cars, no sirens, nothing. Then an explosion rocked the ground, as the Helicopter caused a huge blazing inferno. It looked like the whole block was filled with vacant lots, smoke, abandoned buildings and empty houses. I imagined the police would be showing up soon, because that last explosion was quite impressive. So I picked up my pace to a light jog and started fumbling with the cell phone. Half way down the next block, I smiled, because it was unlocked and full of numbers. I was determined to find out who was behind all this madness, and on my terms, not theirs. Then I said, "Let's start with these assholes here."