

# The Rise of David Robinson

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Submitted: April 17, 2009

Updated: April 17, 2009

*A story of a man's life of crime from the 1940s to the 1990s. People he met and people he lost. As life goes on for a criminal time passes by and the world changes. One of the longest stories you may ever read on FunArtCentral.*

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# 1. From Child To Crook

Everyone has a story. Some stories are great while others are simple. Some expand over one's life while others last five minutes. And there are the stories that benefit mankind and others that only benefit one individual or the one he cares for. This story, is my story.

My name is David Robinson. I grew up in the state called Penale. I'm your average Caucasian male, born and raised in an average family that you'd have in the roaring late 1920s to the 1940s. Lucky for me I was a young child when The Depression hit. My father was one of the million Americans who worked in factories and my mother was one of them stay-at-home types. I was born on October 7th, 1927, in Taudis City, Delitta. Taudis wasn't one of your mega-cities like New Dominer or Los Devilist. No. Taudis was just a small city with its share of street thugs and small time dealers.

My life went fine for a while living off an all right paycheck that my father got for his hard work at Hord Motor Company, a business that constructs cars to sell to the public at an outrageous price. My life changed however, on January 14th 1940. Everyday my mother would wake me up at 6:25 a.m. with a "Dave. Wake up it's time for school." And everyday I would lazily maneuver my body around to the point I could actually feel my feet, I would gather my clothes and head to the shower. At 6:50 a.m. would be about the time I'd finish showering, with myself dozing off numerous times, then I'd grab a quick bite to eat for breakfast. At 7:05 a.m. I'd be out the door heading for another day in the large concrete building with adults who think they know everything-giving grueling assignments, students ridiculing one and another, and bullies trying to be the alpha male in the whole deal. Like many students I lived close enough to Taudis Junior High to walk there. I'd arrive to the child's prison by 7:25 a.m. Upon arriving I'd usually catch a group of three fifteen year old bullies just outside the main school entrance hanging out by the wall smoking. These three boys some large kids and all of them friends, Butch was the head honcho of the gang, very intimidating with his nice amount of strength to back him up. Butch had long, blond thin hair. His nose curved slightly down with a faint mustache underneath it. Butch eyebrows was nice and thick, but not too thick. His eyes had a distinctive sense of yellow. Butch had a way of expressing his thoughts with a quick, sharp tongue, which helped him shake someone down. Behind him was the second in-command, Zachary. Zachary was a bit more heavysset, his weight gives him a less intimidating appeal, but those who thought he was a push over learned quickly that he was a force that needed to be reckoned with. Not only is Zachary a powerhouse but he was also an intelligent individual, he knew the best ways to make money and the best way to keep the heat off of him. Zach had short jet black hair with dark blue eyes. Then there's Rocky, the dumb muscle of the group, he had more bronze than anyone in the whole damn school who had a brain. He could lift up a car off its two back tires. Rocky put the fear of God in the hearts of many students, or at least the next best thing. Rocky head was shaven, his eyes were brown. This dynamic trio of heartless, young crooks were the entrepreneurs of a small time extortion racket, called Triple Threat, they were soon making more money than most of the janitors.

It was nearly time for the bell to ring, signaling for the students to head to our new homes for the next eight grueling hours. I watched as the bullies here turned to other students far more weaker than they were and demand money from. "Hey, punk, pay up!" Butch demanded to an extremely scrawny kid, with a black hair in a typical combed over 'Good Boy' style. The kid paused he glanced down at his text-book, with a picture of The Thinker on it and then redirected his eyes back at them, he snickered and replied to them, "Why should I pay you

crooks anything? I bet if I refuse to give in your little extortion game your playing it'll give some of the other kids some backbone and there goes your whole operation!"

The bullies looked at each other and laughed. "Boy, you just dug your own grave!" Butch remarked at the nerds' futile attempt to stop their business. With that Rocky and Zachary popped their knuckles, Rocky gave the first blow, a swift strike with a curled, hard fist to the nerd's jaw, I believe I heard bone brake. The kid fell to the ground, like a lifeless doll the size of a human and Zachary began to stomp a hole into the nerds back, every foot to back brought forth the sounds of pain and regret. Five times Zach's foot met the nerds back. Zachary lift him up with ease, the nerd looked halfway like a rag-doll coming up. Zachary held back the kids' already useless arms and allowed Butch to go to town, he whispered something to the kid and began to strike his face, each punch growing more and more painful to watch, with the third strike blood began to spill out, but it didn't stop there the nerd kept receiving the unwanted blows until his face became drench in his own blood. Butch gave countless punches to the kid until his face looked like the inside of a slaughter house. Butch smiled like Leonardo da Vinci would smile at his freshly finished masterpiece, "let that be a warning to ya, kid." Butch signaled Zachary to let him go and the nerd collapsed onto the blacktop. All the children nearby circled around him as he lied there-conscious but not all there, and they knew that the bullies would receive no punishment for their actions, they are Wagner and the school administration is their orchestra. It wasn't an unusual event to see a savage beating, in fact this beating seems petty compared to their past beatings. This was the way for life at Taudis Middle High, here, it really is survival of the fittest. Triple Threat created an omen for the students of Taudis Middle High, this school belonged to them and they were gonna rule it with six iron fists!

The bell sound. Its echoed alarm seemed to be no more than a sign of more daily punishment, a day filled with mind numbing worksheet, long lectures and biased opinions from know-it-all teachers. As the students filed in an orderly line, Triple Threat waited behind to see all the faces of those hear-ensuring they lose not a single profit. I usually wasn't one of the ones they usually extort I kept quiet insuring to not bring attention to myself. When I passed by them I stared into Butch eyes, he looked like a Nazi personal leading a group of Jews into the gas chambers, an event going on as we walk. "Hey! Quit looking at me you shit! I'll rip out your eyes out and feed them to a pack of wild dogs!" Butch angrily shouted. Well, I brought attention to myself. I expected to be beaten, but they forgot about it apparently, nothing happened to me. I walked toward my classroom-room 619. This was my first period class, History, taught by Mr. Hemeyside. I walked in sat at my usual desk and looked around at the white stone walls with a lack of decorations. When the students sat down at their desk that were bolted to the ground Hemeyside wrote on the blackboard with chalk & "What The Future Holds". "What The Future Holds; 40 years ago if you were to say & "in the future I bet we can fly from America to England." You'd be laughed at and probably considered insane. However, Orville and Wilbur Wright made that dream possible by building the very first plane in 1902. Now we are making the metal birds of the sky for war purposes. Who's to say what we can create to fly seemed impossible back then, what do you think the future could have in store for us?"

A girl shouted out, "Phones you can use anywhere!"

Hemeyside smiled, "Good answer! That'll be neat!" He sketched out on the chalkboard & "Mobile Phones". The students raised their hands ready to create with their buzzing imaginations.

"Jimmy." He chose.

"Bombs that can blow up an entire city!" Jimmy said with an obvious love of war and destruction. "Morbid, but okay." Hemeyside wrote out & "Bigger Bombs".

"Phil Crates." He chose next.

"I'm thinking like a type writer-only electric. Something that'll show what you are about to type

out before so, but not yet. Like on a screen of some sort with a image of a piece a paper or something such as that." Teacher looked at him puzzled, "Phil, I haven't the slightest clue on what you are talking about. Also it is very clear to me that the only thing you will ever amount to with that ridiculous jelly-organ in your head is how to flip a burger. The supposed 'idea' that you came up with is no more than an half brain plan. And since you have only a half a brain, that burst of ignorance is less than meaningful." He switched over to his last person to call on, "Yes, Kerry."

Kerry stood up and began here idea, "I'm thinking, like, box in your home that can play movies." He quickly wrote on the board 'Movie Box' "Kids all of these things are possible if we set our minds to it! This may all come in the next decade and-" I began to grow tired of his endless yapping, I soon find myself daydreaming. It helped to make the day go by faster.

Recess came. For most kids recess was a time of play, socialization, and relaxation. For us recess was just another time for the bullies to have their day. I watched the bullies go around to one student after another forcing them to hand over their money. Every time I looked a these three baby gorillas it often reminds of my switchblade I had in my possession. I don't know why I carry this around, but it became second nature to me, I never went anywhere without it. I got it from my grandfather who served in the military three years ago, he said it saved his life more than once, it could save mine. The bullies finished their round today and like always they head over to the tree that was planted in a preserved spot of land in the middle of the blacktop and count their accumulated cash. They'd laugh and threatened other kids for the fun of it, but Butch decided to step out of their normal routine today and tried to pickup a girl. "Hey baby," he said putting his arm around a young pretty lady, about the age of fifteen. She had fiery red hair with baby blue eyes, her breasts were appealing and round, "we both know that I run this school. And I can make your dreams come true." Butch added on flipping through his illegally possessed money. Butch smirked and looked at her breasts and said, "so why don't you stop teasing me and show me what you got?" He gently put his hand on the bottom of her shirt and began to pull it up while tilting his head toward her's trying to obtain a kiss. The girl replied with a fierce slap to the side of his face. Butch eyes widen, his eyebrows bent downward, and his teeth clenched together. "You never ever-" Butch followed this with an even greater slap that knocked her off her feet, "HIT ME!" Butch raised his foot up to stomp and the girl screamed for help and only I responded, "You apes leave her alone!" I demanded walking toward them. The whole playground stopped and stared at me. Were they staring because I stood up to the bullies? Or, were they staring because I actually spoke? I was always the quiet one. I didn't know, but what I did know that this was gonna turn my life around for better or worse. Butch chuckled, "Well, would ya look at this? It speaks! Listen here smart-ass, I don't know who you think you are, but no one tells me what to do! I suppose all that time you kept quiet you were your own little world because you damn well don't seem to know the way things run in OUR world!" I remained silent with an despising look about me. Butch rolled his eyes, "You know what? Fuck it! Kick his ass!" As Butch requested, Zachary and Rocky acted. Rocky delivered a great right punch that freed the blood locked in my forehead, I felt my brain rattled and I collapsed to the ground. My vision was blurred I nearly forgot where I was, I couldn't feel anything for about five seconds-I didn't even know that Rocky and Zach were stomping a mud hole into me. When they finished their stomping, Zach kicked my head in, it felt like a freight train just ran me over. Rocky pushed me over with his foot and Butch began to strike the back of my head while telegraphing insults, "You got the balls to stand up to me?" he gave his first strike, "To ME?" he gave his second strike, "Huh, you fucker?" he followed his profanity with three more strikes. I was too out-of-it to know how to defend myself. Butch slammed my face to the blacktop and scrape my face against it, "Eat it mother fucker! Eat it!" Butch finish treating my face like a block of cheese and asked Rocky to 'help' me up. Rocky halfway lift me

up and tossed me eight feet further. Getting tossed like a rag doll was painful but it gave me enough time to create a defense plan. I reached into my pocket and fished out my switchblade, flicked the blade out and hid it under my body to refrain Butch and his comrades from seeing it. The great giant walked over to me, gripped my shoulder and slowly lift me up into the air. As soon as I could see his white eyes from above I slammed the blade into his right eye. Rocky dropped me and flopped down to the ground-squirming and screaming with pain that I never heard before, that I never knew could come from a giant. Instinctively I climbed over to him and jerked out the blade and began to stab his neck until I heard no more screaming, I accomplish my goal. I sat there with the bloody knife in my right hand-stunned. The playground suddenly turned into a quiet graveyard. I had no idea where I was at, but I was so reminded with a loud shriek from a girl. I jumped to my feet, looked around-I saw Butch's eyes-it showed fear, something else I'd never thought I'd see. I ran as fast as I could out of the campus. I became the second David to slay a giant.

I kept running and running into the middle of town. I knew that if stayed at the school I would be arrested for 1st degree murder. So I ran into an alley way stopped to catch my breath, "Oh my god," I said to myself, "what am I gonna do? I looked at the bloody blade, "I really fucked up!" I continued. I put my back against a brick-wall, squinched my eyes and tried to think, but a million thoughts ran through my mind. "DAMN IT!" I shouted and punched the wall behind me, trying to break it, obviously failing. I covered my fist due to the slight pain. I heard the sound of faint sirens in the background. I knew that it had started, they were looking for me. I looked around trying to find something that I could use but I just find myself running again, sticking to the alleyways. I ran for two whole minutes and stopped at another alleyway, on Jefferson Street. I stopped to catch my breath, and looked ahead of me and saw an old, abandon pizza place, "Mr Pizza Palace". Mr Pizza Palace was one of many businesses that went out during the Great Depression. The windows were boarded up with wood but they've been broken into so one window allowed me to enter. As I jumped through I seen that no one has been here for at least three years, the whole place was covered with built up dust. I ran over to the counter where a cash register may have stood and ducked down to the cabinets, open them-luckily nothing was in there and climbed in. I laid there for two hours-replaying the scene over and over, I also thought about how I'm gonna live my life from now on. However, my thoughts were held up by a sound of voices in the background, "All right, check this one." One voice said. Then I heard the sound of someone climbing through the window and hitting the ground with their feet. I kept quite. I could here foot steps moving around. I knew it was a cop, he was looking for me. "Room one clear." he said. I heard a few more steps. "Room two clear." the cop said after the checked another room, maybe the old bathroom. Then I heard his foot steps getting louder and louder. He was heading my direction. I got even quieter, I slowed my breathing, I even tried to slow my heart rate. Then I heard a faint door squeak. "Room three clear. All clear!" The cop determined.

"No one?" The other cop asked disappointedly.

"Nope," the searching cop responded "kid probably left town. Hopefully, we can give up this damn search after a month."

I heard the searching cop shuffling out the window. I waited five minutes, opened the cabinets, looked out the busted, wooden board and saw no one. I gave a sigh of relief and went back into the cabinet and fell asleep, hoping to sleep most of this off. Obviously, this whole event was my nightmare.

There's an old saying about waking up on the wrong side of the bed. Well, I was sleeping in the wrong side of it. I never felt so horrible to actually wake up. I threw my whole life away. I'd never feel the embrace of my mother again, or the sounds of my father voice telling me about his childhood, my old life was over and a new one must begin. I weakly pushed the cabinet door open, and crawled out. I stood up and stretched. I took a look outside, people were walking the

streets and cars were going by. Yep. It's about eight or nine o'clock I knew that I would need money. I waited until the streets quieted down a bit and looked outside again, no one was out at that moment. So I snuck out the window and ran into the nearby alley and began to walk down the alleyway. I really had no idea what I was doing, I was just waiting for something to happen. After walking for about ten minutes, sticking to the alley I came across a conversation, two workers were out on a break smoking cigarettes and talking about whatever came to mind, they were just in front of the alley with their backs facing toward me. I could creep up on them, and reach into one of their jackets and take what's ever in there. Yes, this could work. One's jacket is nice and thick, he'd never feel it. No. What if he catches me? Oh, I could rot in jail! Well, all or nothing. I needed to be stealthy though. I silently walked behind, each step I took with caution, I evaded small objects that I could step on and would blow my cover.

"So, Johnny boy. Whatcha gonna get your wife for your anniversary?" The man on the left asked. I got behind the coated fella on the right.

"I don't know . . . maybe a new husband. I could use the break." they both began laughing. I slowly reached into his pocket, cautiously.

"John, do you think I have a chance to get a woman?" the left man asked. I felt a touch of paper, I hoped it was money.

"Don't know Billy, do you think I can stop smoking?" Johnny asked. I slowly began pulling it out, hoping to god he doesn't feel anything

"Well thanks for the encouragement." Billy replied. It was out! The money was out! And Johnny didn't feel a thing!

"Anytime, Billy, anytime."

I began to walk off stealthily and when I passed by their workplace, I overheard Johnny asking Billy "So, you want me to buy you a drink later?" I couldn't help but chuckle.

I walked a safe distance from the two men and counted the money. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Haha, ten dollars! I couldn't believe how easy that was. I made ten bucks in less than a few minutes. Who ever said crime doesn't pay must've been drunk. Well, I was getting hungry and it was Saturday. I went down to Big Boy's Burger Shop, by alleyway, of course. And checked to see if there was a cop or someone I knew in there. No, all clear. I walked in.

"Yeah, kid?" Some man at the counter asked, smoking a cigar.

"Hey, uh, could I just get as many burgers ten dollars will get me?" I asked.

"Sure." He replied. I waited for the food and kept looking around behind me, making sure no one was coming. About fifteen minutes passed and my food finally finished. "Here, kid." The man said handing me a big bag of burgers. I handed him my money and left. I walked back to the hideout. I got there without anyone spotting me. I enjoyed my feast. I really took in the idea of crime being my life, it was easy and the rewards were great. Plus what else am I gonna do? Face the music and turn myself in? Ha! That was unlikely.

## 2. Good Friends, Better Enemies

Three years have passed and I adopted the life of crime. I stole to live and lived to steal. The cops gave up looking for me a while back, so now I can show my face in public. I believe most of the cops didn't want to find me. They knew how Rocky was like. I upgraded abode a bit buying a table and a chair I put in the back room. Bags I could put into the toilet. Some sleeping bags I put by the counter to sleep. This became my home and I began to enjoy it. I took a walk down Jefferson street. It was a typical day in fall, a bit cool and less people on the streets. Then I heard yelling, "Stupid fucking nigger!" then the sounds of rustling. I dashed to the spot where the commotion was taking place. I saw two white older men beating up on a younger black male. I flipped out my switchblade again ran over to one of the men and stuck him in the arm. He screamed and stood up grabbing his wound. I kicked him in his backside he fell over and scurried away. I looked at the other man pointing the bloody blade in his direction, "You want some too?" I asked full-well knowing the answer. "Damn nigger lovers!" The man yelled then took off. I concealed the weapon and turned to the young black man, he was about eighteen or nineteen.

"Hey, you okay?" I asked extending a helping hand.

"Yeah." he replied accepting my helping hand.

"Who were those guys?" I inquired.

"Just some old, prejudiced, drunks." He reported. He smiled and looked at me he said, "Thanks for your help, by the way. My name is Dwayne Hargrove." He informed while gesturing a handshake. I accepted and told him my name. He then asked me, "Hey, could you walk with me, those guys could be waiting for me when I'm alone.". I agreed. Luckily we arrived to his destination without problem. He was heading to Anna street to an abandon building, he was meeting some of his friends. "Hey, listen Dave, these guys don't really like new faces too well." Dwayne warned me.

"I gotcha." I told him.

We walked in I could see four other guys. One was bald white man with a thick mustache, about in his twenties, he was sitting on a counter drinking a bottle of beer. The other three were sitting in old, worn furniture playing cards around a table. One was in his teenage years, fifteen to seventeen, he had short red hair. Another was about twenty-two to twenty-five, he had blond hair in comb back style. And the last guy was also bald but a bit more plump, he looked to be nineteen. The fatter bald one greeted Dwayne, "Hi Dwayne. Who's your friend?" Everyone looked at me and the bald one on the counter greeted me with a gun to my face.

"Who the fuck is this?"

Dwayne stood up for me, "Put that down!" Dwayne demanded. "This is a friend of mine. He saved my ass. So put your damn weapon up and walk back to your drink, Donald!"

Donald paused for a moment, stared at me with a scowl and walk back to his booze. Well, looks as though I made a good first impression. The blond man spoke up,

"Dwayne. You cared to explain why you violated my rule and brought in a punk from the streets?"

The red haired kid followed, "Yeah. You know Sampson's rule."

Dwayne sighed and explained, "Look, he saved my ass. Plus, he's good with a blade, he could help us." "Takes more than skill with a knife to hang with us, kid!" Donald said.

The red hair agreed, "Yep, we gotta see if he's tough enough."

Sampson laughed, "Alright, hey, if your up for it, we can see if you can take an ass-kicking."

An ass-kicking? Wouldn't be the first time.

"Sure." I responded.

Sampson snapped his finger and Donald came charging at me. He slammed his body into mine against the wall, he threw a good punch to my stomach, he had quite some strength, it's a good thing I toughened up a bit. I grappled his shoulder and was able to force him to the ground using my entire body weight and jerked his head upwards with my left hand and using my right fist I suckered five times. The red head came in and tackled me to the ground and he and Donald began to gang up on me. They began to strike me with several punches, I tried to fight back, but to no use. "Stop." Sampson demand, they agreed and he stared at me with the eye of a judge, ". . . he's in." he decided. Dwayne came in and helped me up, "You did it, Dave." I had no idea what I did exactly, but I was proud, battered and bruised. The entire posse walked over to me. Dwayne pointed out who everyone was he pointed to Donald, "This is Donald Killgore," he pointed to the red hair one, "Ronnie Benson" he pointed to the plumper one, "Gerald Weeks" and then to the Sampson, "and this is our boss, Sampson Ariscoto." Odd name, I assumed Ariscoto was Greek due to his name or somewhere around that area. Dwayne pointed to me and told them my name. Sampson put his left hand on my right shoulder, "David, welcome to the Hot Shot Gang." Woe! A gang?. Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later, I suppose. Donald pointed at me and chortled, "Heh, kid you got some strength. But two things you gotta remember. One, I'm kinda drunk. So, don't get too cocky and start thinkin' you kick my ass. And two, respect your seniors, or we'll beat some respect into ya'. Got it?" he took a heavy swig of his sweet, alcohol and flopped onto the nearest couch. Okay. So he was a bit intoxicated, I still held my own pretty well. Dwayne tapped me on my shoulder, "Hey, man. I got a couch in my room, if you need somewhere to sleep tonight." I accepted his offer, not like there was anything worth stealing at my hideout anyway. Dwayne walked me to his room. His room was filthy, covered with cigarette butts, partially drunk beer bottles, and food wrappings. I walked over to the couch and swept what was on it off. Disgusting, really. After I "cleaned" it and laid down and heard some crunches, I feared to look under the cushions. But all in all it wasn't too bad. As I laid there I began to think how neat it was that I'm a part of a gang. Soon I'll be rolling in the dough! We'll be running this town! I kept thinking for several hours of the court of greatness that has been set before me all I had to do was walk it. I fell asleep playing this over and over in my head.

I was awoke the next morning with a kick to my side, "Wake up kid!" a voice demanded me. "Dwayne says you're pretty good with a blade," the voice continued. My eyes focused on the owner of the voice, it was Donald and he was holding the gun, "but like I said, 'takes more than knife skill to hang with us!" Donald pointed at the gun, and proceeded with his statement, "This is the Bolt NT1940, semi-automatic .45 pistol. Now, let's see if you're any good with a firearm." Donald handed me the gun. I took it and stood up. "Now you see them bottles I stacked on the counter? Shoot em." He explained, "Let's see what you got." I saw the bottles, I was about fifteen feet from them. I gripped the gun, the metal cool to the touch, it was heavier than I expected, about five pounds more. When I held it in my hand I felt power more power than I could ever imagine. "Hurry up, junior!" Donald impatiently postulated. I lined the gun up to the first of the bottles stack up on the three counter as best as I could and pulled the trigger. The gun gave a sharp, distinctive burst that rang my ears. But I realized something, I missed. Donald smirked and asked, "What kid? Is this the first time you ever fired a gun?" Actually, yes. But I didn't want to tell him that. "Boy, this is an easy target. Try again!" Okay. This time I tried not to look like a fool. I realigned the gun up with the bottle and waited for the right moment, I felt it. I pulled the trigger once more and again the blast of the gun ranged my ears. But this time the bottle shattered. Donald nodded and said, "Okay, Dave. Now let's see if you get the others without missing and I'll give you a wee bit of credit. Oh and try not to sit there and aim for

five minutes. Cops don't wait that long before they open fire on you." With more confidence I quickly aimed at the second bottle-the right time came quicker and I fired the gun and watch the second bottle burst. "Nice." Donald replied. I repeated the same act with the third bottle, it too collapsed."Now, Dave, from here to the next room there's a bottle on a dresser, can you see it?" Donald asked, I turned and found the bottle, it was three times the distance as the other bottle. "Hit it, if you can." I point the gun once at the bottle and fired. I missed. Donald laughed. I tried a second time and failed. Donald gave an irritating whistle. I aimed the gun at the bottle a third time and waited for the good feeling to comeback, it did, and the third bullet found it's way home. Donald gave his grade, "Alright, Robinson. You have some skill. But you defiantly need to practice." He reclaimed his gun and said "Oh, Sampson wants to meet you in the living room. He wants to give you your first inductee job." I proceeded to the living room and found Ariscoto in big chair.

"David." Sampson started off, "so far you sound like a useful boy, even at the age of sixteen, you can take same pain and dish it out, got skill with a blade and I overheard Donald say you can shoot. Now here's your next big test. Let's see if you got some balls. Me, you and Dwayne are gonna drive down to FeldTup gas station. I want you to go in there and rob the joint, anything goes wrong exterminate the problem, got it?" I agreed and he put in a few last words "Oh, when you get the cash don't be stingy, share." Sampson jumped out of his chair, "Alright! Let's go!" Sampson and Dwayne headed out the door, I followed them to their vehicle, a Boxy 1940. Dwayne got in the driver side and Sampson hopped into the passenger side. I, of course, got the backseat. The drive took about five minutes. On the way Sampson asked me, "So, David, tell me. Do you think you can actually pull this off? Or are you just gonna be a pussy, like Gerald, and chicken out?"

Before I answered Dwayne already jumped in, "Sampson, he saved me from some drunks and took on Donald and Ronnie, I think he can handle this."

Sampson then arrogantly added, "I hope so. As soon as I saw him I took him for a coward."

Dwayne responded in a hostile tone, "He's not a coward!"

Sampson quickly reacted with fierce anger, "Don't you fucking talk to me like that, Dwayne, I swear to God I'll blow your fucking head off!" Dwayne remained quiet throughout the whole drive up there. I was sorely tempted to shut Ariscoto up, but he had a gun, and he had friends. We arrived to FeldTup, Sampson handed me the gun. "Okay, Dave, it's simple. Take the Bolt, threaten the shop keep, he gives you the money, we go home and we all get some cash. See? Any idiot can do it. Even this idiot." He shoved Dwayne's head. I could see Dwayne wanted to rip him apart, but we both know what would happen if we tried, Sampson had too many friends. "Alright, David, Go get her!" Sampson said signaling me to do the job. I hid the gun and jumped out of the car. I walked into the shop and started a conversation with the shop keeper.

"Yes sir, can I help you?" He asked.

"Well," I started off, "I was looking for some money!" I pulled out the gun and started screaming and cussing, "Hand it over!" I yelled.

The shop keeper began to act nervous and stuttered, "O-o-okay, j-just calm down, f-fella. D-d-don't shoot me!" He reached downward, I expected him to get the keys to open the cash register, but he came up holding a gun as well and stated his threat, "Do you think we're some kind of pushover? Huh? I dealt with bigger dogs than you! Get out of here, before I start shooting." I really didn't have time to deal with this, but I wasn't so sure if another homicide is what I needed. But, there also was Ariscoto. So, I decided to pull the trigger and watch his head explode and his brain splatter on the wall. I got the key and open the cash register and accumulated \$600. I ran dashed back to the car and Sampson congratulated me, "Well, David, didn't think you had in you to do the job ad even less kill the fool. Hand me the money!" I gave him the cash and he counted the dough. After he counted the cash he proceeded with "Wow, a

whopping six-hundred. Time to break it down." He handed me a hundred bucks, he gave fifty to Dwayne. Then Ariscoto said, "Now, the other boys get a hundred as well and I get a hundred fifty."

Dwayne turned to him in distraught, "Wait, hold the fuck up! Why do you get \$150 and I only get fifty?"

Sampson answered him as honestly as possible, "Because I'm the boss and you're pissing me off!" Dwayne shook his head and drove back to our hideout. At 8:00pm I was listening to the radio and something came on that caught my interest; "Now in other news," the radio news host, Benjamin Dover, stated "In FeldTup gas station located Taudis, Penale a man was shot directly in the head. However, there is a lack of evidence to confirm if this was a robbery gone wrong or a suicide. The only evidence that was found was a gun in the cashier's hand and the empty cash register. Police say that this was indeed a suicide case, for the gun was empty, and it is likely that a bystander took the opportunity to take some money from the cash register as well as get free gas. However, others are more skeptical." I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe it! Cops were actually dull enough to think this was a suicide case. Looks like I'm free for another day.

About a year and four months passed from that day. Sampson, Ronnie, and Donald went off to somewhere. I didn't really know where. Meanwhile Dwayne and I stayed back at the hideout playing checkers and we were talking about random subjects. Gerald was with us too, however he sat on one of the other couches remaining silent, half the time we didn't even know he was there. Dwayne jumped one of my checker pieces and put in his opinion on our current subject, "I'm just saying, aliens could be anywhere, at anytime."

I moved my piece ahead and jumped two of his guys, and replied, "Yeah, right. Where do you suppose these extra terrestrials are?" I asked.

"Man, anywhere and everywhere." He said, "I talked to this one guy. He was standing outside a store, naked, with a sign tied to himself, it said 'the end is near'. He told me some shit that blew me away. How the aliens are controlling some of our government, how they were gonna help Russia take over America and spread communism. And how he, himself, was abducted by aliens and anal probed."

After he finished I rolled my eyes, "You seriously don't believe that, do you?"

He put a cigar up to his mouth inhaled, waited a while and exhaled. Dwayne looked at me and answered me with a question, "Why not?" He sat up straight, "How would we know if the government wasn't controlled by aliens? I mean it all makes sense. How do you explain, learning to develop planes? Aliens. The pyramids? Aliens. And Russia developing a plot for our demise? Aliens." He settle back into the couch in his typical relaxed position, with his body sunk into the couch with his arms behind his head and his legs stretched out and crossed.

I then answered "I don't know, man, I think you just ran into a drunk . . . or a nutcase."

Dwayne shot back up, "Well, you may think the he's insane . . ." He grabbed one of his pieces and from the very back and jumped everyone of my pieces until he reached the other side of the board and carried on with his statement, ". . . but I think he's speaking with some sense. King me!" I couldn't believe it! How did he? When did I? Huh? I kept looking at the board, puzzled. Dwayne repeated his relaxed position and gave a smug look.

Gerald tapped in to our conversation, "Well, you know, there could be aliens." Dwayne and I both looked at him as if he we have never seen him before. I could see he was growing nervous and he continued, "I mean, I don't know if they are controlling our government or not. But with all the other planets you can't possibly say that we are the only living beings here, right?"

I shook my head while giving a soft laugh and replied, "Well, if you two come across any little green men or flying saucers let me know, okay?" About that time Ronnie, Donald and Sampson showed up shouting stuff like "Yeah! We're the toughest" or "The Hot Shots will own the whole

city!"

Sampson decided to fill us in, "Alright girls get up! We are about to get into a brawl!" I asked him what he was talking about. "I'm saying we are about to get into a gang fight with our sworn enemies: The Gators! We beat them tonight, we are one step closer to owning the whole damn town!"

In confusion and asked him another question, "Uh, The Gators? Who the hell are they? Since when did we even have an enemy?"

Sampson didn't take this question very well and began to mock me, "You're serious? 'Who's The Gators?' 'Who's The Gators?' Hey, Dwayne you found your self a real winner here; a fucking imbecile!"

Dwayne, as usual when Sampson began to ride his high horse and trample over me, quickly stood up for me, "He's not an imbecile I didn't even know we had a rival!"

Sampson laugh arrogantly and gave yet another insult, "Well, I should've known. One waste of food is obviously going to recruit another waste of food. It is hard to find good help these day, isn't it?" Dwayne finally told him what he truly thought of his leader, "No Sampson. It isn't that we are useless. It's your horrible leadership skills! You're the sorriest excuse for a boss that I have ever seen!" Dwayne just got under Ariscoto's skin. I could see in his eyes, the look of insanity. Sampson snatched up the Bolt and rammed Dwayne into the wall and pointed the gun upwards under his chin and said with condense anger, "Don't ever call my leadership into question or I swear I won't think twice about killing you." Sampson looked back at me, I was ready to jump into the fight. He released Dwayne, and gave a fake laugh and stated, "Why are we gunning after each other? We are this close to wiping The Gators off this earth and we are trying to kill each other? Heh. Look, Dave, I'm sorry I didn't fill you in about The Gators, there a bunch of punks who banded together to try to control Taudis they made a hideout at Mr Pizza Palace six months ago. Anyhow, they challenged us to a gang fight at Central Park. We win, we're closer to domination. We lose, well, that's not an option."

Donald walked up and started his statement hold a large, metal pipe in his hand, "Okay boys. It's time to get moving grab a weapon if you want one. No guns, trying to avoid the cops." Sampson didn't take a tool, he probably thought he was too tough for one. Ronnie, the suck up that he is, likewise took nothing. Dwayne grabbed a truncheon, a small bat-like object used by the police. I decided to use my switchblade but kept it hidden. Gerald remained on the couch and acted as if he wasn't there.

Ronnie shouted at him, "Hey, Gary! Sampson said we have a fight coming so let's go!" Gerald remained quiet and twiddled his thumbs. Ronnie continued, "Hello? Ronnie to dipshit. I'm giving you to the count of three. You don't get up I'll lay you out myself. One. Two. Thr-"

Sampson interrupted Ronnie's countdown, "Leave it Ronnie. I knew Gary was too much of a coward to come. If he enjoys being a pussy let him. I'll just allow him to sit here and realize how pathetic he is. The rest of you, let's go." We left and entered the Boxy, I was in the backseat alongside Donald and Dwayne. Sampson was riding shotgun and Ronnie was driving. Everyone remained quiet for about two minutes. Sampson, obviously, was the one to break the silent. "Okay, here's the deal: The Gators probably have their whole crew in on the action. We weren't as lucky, somebody decided to pussy out. We all know who. Anyhow if we are gonna win we going to have to be tough. So. I don't want any of the wimps and you know who you are . . ." Sampson glared at Dwayne and me " . . . trying to take on more than you can chew. Stay in your league. Don't take on the big muscle bound guy with the sledgehammer. Go for the little toothpick with a daisy for a weapon. Got it? Good." Damn, I wanted to slap him in the back of the head, everyday he seemed to grow more and more cocky, stunting that growth would be very enjoyable.

We finally arrived at Central Park. Central Park was a like most recreation parks around the

country. Only more ran-down, dying grass all around the park aside from the playground that had no grass in it, broken swings, a slide with missing steps and tilted to the side, and a rusty jungle gym. We found The Gators hanging around in the playground. Their gang consisted of two black men, one Asian, white and Hispanic man. The Asian man walked up to Sampson, I assumed he was their leader, he said "So, you finally showed. Good. We were just about to leave we thought you chickened out."

Sampson replied, "Well, it's a good thing we didn't. Isn't it?"

The Gator leader agreed, "Yes, now we can show you why The Gators are the best in Taudis City."

Sampson then asked, "How about you just shut the fuck up? Blah blah blah yakitty yak yak. All you do is fucking talk"

The Gator commander responded with, "Your arrogance knows no bounds does it?"

Then Sampson responded with, "Arrogance? What do you mean? Look. All I know is after we kick your ass I'm gonna go give your woman something she obviously has been missing out on: a nice, long, har-" Ariscoto's insult was cut short with a right hook from The Gator boss to the left side of Ariscoto's head. This attack signaled for the rumble to begin. Too bad I wasn't paying attention to my enemy. I was tackled down by the Hispanic man. He had a metal chain wrapped around his right hand and began to beat the left side of my face, every strike drawing more blood and pain-tearing the skin from my face. After the seventh blow I snatched his offensive arm and jerked him down-temporarily disabling him. I took him to a headlock and beat his head in as much as I could with my right fist. After a number of strikes from me he got me with a swift left jab to between my eyes. I quick white flash appeared before my eyes. I had no idea to where I was at. Then I was reminded with cold steel wrapping around my neck, tightening and pinching my skin. I tried to struggle my way to freedom from the metallic anaconda, to no use. The chain squeezing tighter, my head grew heavier, my body grew weaker and my heart pumped faster trying to give my body strength but failing. I heard a dark laugh in the background, I couldn't tell if it was my choker, my own or the devil's. When you're dying your life flashes before your eyes, lucky for me. Because my life blinked before me and I was reminded of my switchblade. I slowly took it out from my pocket, flipped out the blade and jabbed him in the leg. I heard him yell and jumped away-releasing my throat constraint. With a few coughs and heavy inhales I was ready to continue the fight. I took the chain that was laying across my throat. Stood up and marched over to my opponent. I found him nearly tearing up, trying to pull out the blade that was lodged deep into his leg. He looked at me with fear and pain, he beg for mercy but found none. I took the chain and began to whip him. I don't know where the most of the metal found itself striking but the marks told the story. Every strike put another mark on his body and every strike grew the sounds of pain-screams and yells. I tried to even aim for the eyes if I could hit it. I hit harder and harder trying to rip off skin. This was very satisfactory. I kind of only wished that I had the cat-of-nine-tails instead of a chain. I kept beating him harder and harder listening to him scream and cry, enjoying every bit of it. I never felt more psychotic. I finally stopped after my arms tired. I looked at my work-he almost looked like Jesus after he was scourged. His eyes were ever more fearful and even more desiring of mercy. I again was heartless and I stomped on the blade jamming it farther down-possibly scraping bone. He shrieked with tears running down his eyes. The only mercy I gave him was a sharp kick to the side of his temple-knocking him out, possibly even killing him. I gripped my switchblade and jerked it out and watch the blood ooze out my psychotic lust was at it zenith. I turned to the rest of the fight. Sampson and Dwayne were fighting with no side taking control. Ronnie appeared to be losing his battle. And Donald at first seemed to be holding his own against his two opponents but the tide suddenly turn with one Gator grabbing the pipe, kicking him in the stomach and tossing the pipe to their side. This allowed for the assaulter to gain the upper hand

and beat Donald down. I tied my fist with the chain around my right fist and dashed over to one of the assaulters. I struck him in the back of the head. He fell and I stomped on his hand. He gave a powerful kick to my abdomen which knocked the wind out to me and I too fell backwards. My stomach was in much pain. My digestive felt like they were squashed. I struggled to my feet and saw my new enemy also standing. I turned to Donald and sure enough he was teaching his opposition a lesson. My opponent pulled out a knife. In response I too pulled out my blade. The faint sound of police sirens could be heard ringing in the distance, but it grew louder and louder. I knew they were after us. I ran off. In no time I was out of Central Park. But I kept running and running. I passed down three blocks and soon ran behind a building. I could barely hear the sirens but I knew they stopped at Central Park. My heart felt as if it was bleeding, my side hurt and my lungs felt as if they were about to fall off. However, this was just from running. My stomach and left side of my face was affected by the fight. But in the end I've never felt better. I looked around to see if anyone ran with me. But I assume if they did they probably landed up elsewhere. If they didn't it looks like they're gonna end up in jail, Gator or Hot Shot. I began to take a trail back to the hideout. I'd soon find out who made it and who didn't.

Twenty-five minutes passed by and I finally arrived. I was taking my time getting home. I walked in and found Dwayne and of course Gerald sitting on the couch. Dwayne greeted me, "Hey, you made it, good." Dwayne's right eye was swollen.

"Yeah." I replied.

Dwayne then asked, "Well, what about the rest, you know?" I told him no and sat on the couch. Dwayne was telling Gerald about his fight, I was only fortunate enough to catch the last bit, ". . . anyhow he grabbed my arm and twisted it, see? Then held it behind my back pushing it upwards. It hurt, but you know. I began to jab him in the stomach with my elbow, he let go, then I began to punch him in the face. Trying to work him over. Gave three shots to the face and one good one to the nose, it busted open then I kicked him in the shin and shoved him over . . . about that time the cops showed up and I ran off. I saw Dave over here already heading out." I smirked at his story. Dwayne asked me about my fight, I was about to tell when Donald and Sampson showed up cussing and screaming, "Damn it all to hell!" Sampson shouted and saw us on the couch and filled us in, "You two made it? Good I suppose. Looks like Ronnie won't be with us anymore that bastard got arrested. Shit! Well, I guess I shouldn't have expected more from him. He was always a fucking suck up. Well, good news is only two of their boys made it out. Walls are closing in on them but with me in charge and Donald with us we aren't going to lose. Uh, yeah. You two did okay too, I suppose." Sampson then departed to bed. Well, Ariscoto gave us a small compliment, I think. Not the best anyhow. But maybe things will be different now, we seemed to earn a little bit of his respect, then again maybe not.

Two more months passed since the brawl and we haven't done much of anything. Dwayne and I seemed to finally have earned some of Sampson's respect, however he was still a dick. Oddly enough he's been praising Donald more often now. I guess without his yes-man his ego died down. Dwayne and I sat down in the main room of the hideout talking about random things that come to mind when Donald told us to come with him to get some beer, "Hey pricks, you wanna go with me to get some drinks? Been out of Drunken Monkey for a while-it's time to fill up." We decided to go with him, didn't have much else to do. Drunken Monkey was the latest establishment of alcoholic beverages to come out which took off, for Donald, like a military plane. We decided drive the Boxy down to Drink Stand, which was merely a booth where drinks were sold. This day the Drink Stand was amazingly overcrowded. When we found the line Donald had only one thing to say, "Oh for fuck's sake!" Couldn't said it better myself. He had to wait in line for over a half hour before we even got close to the front. Some man in front was in his thirties and had a growing beer belly. This guy began to whine and complain, "For the love

of God, does this line going any fucking faster? I'm dying of thirst here! Come on!"

"Yeah, whining is really gonna make the line go faster." Donald said sarcastically.

"Piss off, you fucking pussy!" Demanded the disgruntled costumer. Donald eyes quickly shifted from content to anger-as widen and targeted the one individual at this moment who just laid an insult on him.

"Don't you ever call me that again or I swear the fucking FBI won't be able to identify your body!" Donald threaten.

The man moved closer to his face and looked Donald straight in the eyes and said, "You're a pussy, bitch." I waited for Donald to slug him, but it didn't happen. The man just turned while saying, "Yeah, that's what I thought." He walked over to the Drink Stand taking well over two minutes to order his alcohol and walked away. Donald told us to get him three cases of Drunken Monkey Beer and meet us back at the hideout he felt like taking a walk, I guess he needed to calm down. So we ordered our drinks which cost a total of \$55 and headed back to the hideout.

Two hours later passed by and Donald showed up with a bottle of his favorite alcoholic beverage in hand and spoke to me, "Hey, Dave, get out here got something I need you to take care of."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I told you to come outside!" He reminded me. I followed out and found another car parked outside, a Hunk-O-Junk 1935 Model.

"What's with the new, well, old car?" I asked.

"Exactly what I needed you to take care of. Here have a look back here." He said. He slowly opened the trunk and what lied inside was a body mutilated from head to toe, disfigured every inch that could possibly be done! Face literally smashed in, limbs broken with the bone sticking out, blood covering every part of his body and filling the floor.

"Holy shit! Who the fuck is that?" I screamed.

"Was you mean." He corrected.

"What? Fine. Who the fuck WAS that?" I asked with my vocabulary corrected.

"Well, you remember the prick at the Drink Stand?" He asked me.

"Oh no."

"Yep."

"Sheesh. And here I thought you were taking a walk to cool off."

"Nope. I just figured if I'm gonna take that prick out might as well take his car too. Oh and his booze." Donald took a swig and turned to the-what used to be-a body, "Ah, Drunken Monkey. Nice choice of brand, my man."

"Man, would you at least close the damn trunk?" I slammed the compartment close and continued, "Damn, looks like a fucking slaughterhouse in the back of your vehicle."

"Yeah, doesn't it? Anyhow you know High Point Cliff up there by Submerging Beach?" He asked me.

"Yes." I responded.

"Good. Because I need you to drive this ol' boy up off of the cliff and into the water to get rid of him." He informed me.

"Yeah, okay? Why can't you do this?" I asked him.

"Oh, Dave. Isn't it obvious?"

"Not really."

"I'm drunk! The last thing I want to do is put the lives of innocent pedestrians in danger." He told me.

"Of course." I sarcastically agreed, then took a long hard look at the trunk.

"Oh, come on. That dick had it coming."

"Alright, fine. I'll do it." I finally agreed.

"I knew I could count on you." He said. I hopped into the front seat, started the car and drove off. The ride took well over five minutes. When I arrived at the drop off point, I found another problem. How am I gonna get this rusty crappy car into the ocean? I got out of the car and tried my hardest to push it into the water but to no prevail, it wouldn't budge. "Ah damn it, Donald." I said to his absence. I looked for another option. I found a large rock near by the car, "Well this could come in handy." I opened the driver door and kept it open with my left hand, and hovered the rock above the gas peddle with the right. I weighed the rock down on the peddle and it dashed off over the cliff and into the water below. I heard the splash and watched the car sink below. There that drunk would stay in his gas guzzling coffin, covered by the ocean forever. I laughed a bit and turned around noticing something; the only reason that bastard sent me to do his dirty work for him was because he didn't want to walk back, the dick! Sadly I had to, it took me at least forty-five minutes to arrive back at the hideout. Oh well, I suppose I needed the exercise.

The months kept racing by, seven to be exact and all this time Ariscoto's had one thing on his mind; drugs. He keeps on talking about how drugs will help us dominate the city. One particular day he had us all in the main room for a meeting, "Alright girls, listen up. We all know what this is, we beat The Gators and they ain't comin' back. So, why don't we own this town? Because we ain't got the fuckin' money, and if we ain't got the fuckin' money, we don't have the power! So, how do we get the money? Simple. We need to start pushing some drugs!"

Dwayne butted in, "You've been throwing around that idea yet we haven't done a damn thing."

"You know Dwayne, I really don't want to hear your fuckin' mouth right now." Sampson replied.

"I'm just saying-"

"And I'm just demanding you to shut the fuck up!"

"Fine."

"Good. Now listen, we since we don't have cash we can't buy the drugs, but there is hope. Lately a group of three have the right idea, they've been selling heroin on Painless Drive. If we go in kill the fucks and take their stuff, we can rake in a lot of cash. So, whatcha boys think?"

Donald answered, "Sounds like a plan to me."

I answered, "Whatever."

Dwayne answered with a question, "Why do I get a bad feeling from this? Shit. I'll do it anyway."

Sampson said, "Alright. I assume you're gonna stay back and coward, Gerald?"

Gerald nervously, "You guys are always calling me weak and a coward. I can be just as tough as you all. I'm, uh, I'm going."

"Really? Gotta say, I'm surprised." Sampson commented.

"Well, I guess I'm full of surprises." He said.

"Full of shit, is more like it. Even if you do come you're gonna hide back behind us while we take care of business." Sampson said in his almighty tone.

Dwayne spoke out, "Really, why do you got to be such a dick, Sampson?"

"The same reason you don't know how to keep your fucking mouth shut when I fucking tell you to!" Sampson answered.

Donald agreed, "Yeah. You don't seem to know when to stay quiet."

"Alright, enough of this tea party. It's time to get down to business. There is usually about two or three boys hanging around the alley by, Happy's Drug Store and Phat Fook Chinese Food around Five to Eight PM-it's Six now. All we gotta do is swing by these guys, open fire and take all they got and sell it for ourselves. And there you go; cold, hard cash. Easy pickings." Sampson explained.

Dwayne wasn't was a bit more skeptical, "That simple, huh?"

"Maybe not simple enough for you, Dwayne?" Ariscoto taunted.

"Too simple." Dwayne replied.

"And that's why I'm boss and your not." Sampson stated. Dwayne gave him a hard look, Sampson ignored him, "Let's roll." He said and left his seat, heading to the door. Donald was the first to follow, then Gerald and then finally Dwayne and I. We gathered in the Boxy, Sampson on the passenger side, I drove and Gerald, Dwayne and Donald stuffed in the back. "Okay. Donald and Dwayne you two got your Bolts, right?" Sampson asked.

"Yes." They both replied simultaneously

"Cool. Now, Dave and Gerald, since you two are the biggest fuck ups and cowards I have ever seen I want you guys to hang back and only act when I say so. I don't want this shit going wrong! Now me, Donnie and Dwayne are going to shoot these fucks and I want David to drive us out of there if the cops show up and only if the cops show up. Got it? Good." Sampson finished.

"Uh, boss?" Gerald asked, "What can I do?"

"Oh, Garry." Sampson started, "You can sit there and keep your fucking mouth shut! How's that for a helping hand?" Gerald put his head down and kept quiet. "You're already on your way, kid." Sampson added. The drive quietly lasted approximately five minutes until we arrived, we came to a stop on the other side of the street, this way we could simply open fire from across the road. There they where, three males-two Caucasians and one African American, standing in the alleyway wearing similar attire-green shirts with black pants. Sampson snickered, "So, bitches, was I right or was I right? Okay, so here's the deal-we need to jump out-pump these fucks full of lead-s snatch the shit and head out!"

Dwayne, as usual, disagreed, "Look, Sam, this doesn't seem like the kind of thing that's going to blow over too easy. We need to actually think this through!"

"What we need, Dwayne, is for you to shut the fuck up and do what I say before I finally blow your fucking head off! And don't call me Sam, dick-head, it's Sampson to you!" Sampson stated.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize your name was too holy for me." Dwayne sarcastically replied.

With a death stare Sampson said, "Dwayne, if you say so much as one more word to me, I swear to God, your brain is going to all over the floor board!" With that a sound of a Bolt cocked and Donald followed with, "You best listen to the man." It became official Donald now became Sampson's new boy.

". . . Fine." Dwayne said, that finished the commotion. Ariscoto examined the battle field and gave the orders, "Okay. We are about 100 feet from these shits, they're on our left so if we jump out from our right and open fire we'd be able to cap blow they're heads off in no time. They'd never see it coming!" Ariscoto never thought shit through, but once he made up his mind there's no turning back. Sampson left first leading the rest, they moved slowly, stealthily. I turned my attention from them to the dealers. The dealers were talking to each other at first, then I made a gesture."Uh . . . Sampson!" I tried to warn him.

"Shut the fuck up, David, you'll blow our cover!" He said. I looked back at the dealers, one of the white and the black guys equipped their selves with bolts and the last white equipped himself with a sub-machine gun, Oil Gun 42. I heard Sampson count down, "Three . . . Two . . . On-", this was interrupted with a with an army of bullets-raining down upon the vehicle, I ducked my head under the door-trying to keep myself safe, "Shit!" Sampson yelled, "How fuck did they know? Shoot these fucks, shoot them!" Our crew returned fire. The sound of bullets stopped its onslaught on the vehicle and turned to our force. A few shots ranged from our side and stopped and ranged again. It wasn't long before the ineluctable happened, "Shit, my clip's empty!" Sampson stated!

"Mine too!" Dwayne added! Another argument rose between Dwayne and Sampson, which seemed like the worst time for that. The gun fire from both side ceased. I heard movement in the back of vehicle and turned my head and saw Gerald entering the battlefield, he was caring

a Puggy .8, which is a snub-nosed pistol. Sampson saw this and shouted, "Gerald? What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"You think I'm a coward? Let's see who's the coward!" He stated. I waited and listened a few seconds passed and then the silence was broken when Gerald jumped up and emptied his entire clip on the dealers! But it came to no use, this wasn't an action film where the hero was unbeatable, the dealers used him as a target practice, he fell with his body mutilated on every which part on his upper body. Donald screamed, "Ah fuck, we ain't gonna get them, you two get in the car!" Donald fired his last three shots while Dwayne and Sampson jumped in, then he jumped in. As soon as he jerked the door shut I slammed my foot on the gas peddle and we dashed out of there. A few more bullets hit the back of the car and one found our back left tire, but we found safety. Sampson told me to park in an alley by an abandon store so we can discuss what happened. I did so. He jumped out and began cursing, "What the fuck was that? Man, Gerald should have stuck with the plan and we would've been fine! But, no! He had to be the hero, but look where it got him, dead!"

Dwayne butted in, "Hey, it wasn't Gerald's fault"

"You know what, you're right, it wasn't Gerald . . . It was your fucking recruit, Dave. Some fucking help he turned out to be!" Ariscoto blamed.

"You know what? Fuck you! Whenever times are good, you're taking all the credit! But when something fucks up it always someone else's fault! I'm fucking sick of it!" Dwayne shouted.

Sampson began to threaten him yet again "You better watch your mouth or I swe-" Dwayne shoved him in the middle of his sentence, he didn't fall but the message got through quite clearly. Sampson gave a quiet chuckle while he tossed his gun up into the air-as it fell back he caught it by barrel and clubbed Dwayne with the right across the left temple with the handle. Dwayne fell back onto a pile of trash cans and Sampson jumped on him and club him more. I quickly took a glance at Donald and only caught a glimpse of him charging at me then he cold cocked me right between the eyes, I saw a quick flash of white light before my eyes, the impact was strong enough to knock me to the concrete ground, where I fell onto my stomach. My vision was blurred, I heard a buzzing noise that drowned most everything else out, and my only thought process at the time was, 'Uh . . . what just happened?' When my senses did finally come back I heard Donald say, "Get up, Dave, stop being a pussy." following that was a stomp to my upper back and then, "Come on, Dave, get up!" and another stomp. I then tried to struggle to my feet, but getting halfway there Donald kicked me in my stomach, which knock the wind out of me, I collapsed. "Shit, Dave," Donald started, "didn't realize you were such a bitch. Now stand up!" I was barely able to stand on my feet, the world was spinning around me, I saw three different Donalds at that point. I took a full blown swing at one of them with my left right hand. I missed and fell back to the ground. "Is that all you got, David? Pathetic!" I don't know what was wrong with me, it was like my brain just couldn't register with my body. Donald jerked me up by the back of my shirt collar and slammed me against the wall. He backhanded across my head with enough force that I again found myself on the concrete. I seemed to have become a useless rag doll, I just couldn't fight back and on top of all that the sounds of Dwayne's cries of agony didn't help either. Donald kicked me in my belly and stepped his foot on my head, he began to add pressure, he pressed harder and harder it was just a matter of time before my brain popped. I tried to fight back, but it came to no prevail. I just surrendered-I would soon find myself in hell. I could feel my skull beginning crack, it would mark the beginning of the end. I heard a loud, sharp blast that echoed through the city-I though it was my skull. But Donald dropped instead of I. I sat up and found a large hole caving in on the back of his head, blood oozing all over the concrete ground. I turned my head and found Sampson raising his arms up, surrendering to the act of heroism for me. At first, I believed it was a couple of cops who saw the scuffle or the dealers chased us to here but upon examination of the two men who

saved me, it was obvious that they weren't cops and they weren't the dealers. They were well dressed and still seemed relatively young in the late twenties, the one the left had a lot of scars on his face-it was pretty obvious that he had seen quite a few fights in his days, he was holding the gun it was still leaking smoke. The scarred man was wearing a large, tan coat over his white dress shirt, a pair of black slacks and a tan fedora. The other man simply wore a white dress shirt with black dress pants, his hair was black and combed back. The man on the right looked as though as he could all the shots he asked Dwayne and I, "You boys look a little beat up, you two alright?"

"Yeah." Dwayne replied.

The scarred man aimed the gun directly at Sampson's head and said, "Before I shut down the lights in this dick's head, does anyone else want the honor? I'm sure you guys have a bit of history." Dwayne jumped at the opportunity and took the gun and pointed it in Sampson's direction, this would be the last confrontation between Sampson Ariscoto and Dwayne Hargrove-but this time Sampson's almighty attitude was nowhere to be found. Sampson started a plea "Hey, come on Dwayne. Think about all that I done for you! Gave you friends and as friends we became family! I gave you a home and we earned money! You wouldn't kill the man who has done great things for you, would you?"

"You're actually going to try that?" Dwayne started, "Let's think about this; you brought me in and treated me like trash when I first started out. I bring in David, who saved my life, and you treat not only me but David too like shit, you threaten my life at every given opportunity, target Dave, Gerald or me when things go wrong-especially when it is your fault, pulled a gun out on me-more than once and just recently assaulted Dave and I-maybe even try to kill us! Do you really-REALLY expect me to say, 'Yeah, Sammy, you done a lot for me, let's be friends!' No. Here's the thing; when you're an asshole your whole life you can only expect someone to put up with your bullshit for so long. Eventually, someone is going to take ALL those little insults here a little slapping around there a little threat here-roll it up into a massive ball and shove straight up your ass! At that point, you're gonna wish you turned over a new leaf a long time ago."

"Look, Dwayne, I think you're being a little unfair here. I only done what I thought was best." Sampson stated.

"Oh, what you thought was best. Okay, 'boss,' tell me how you thought your asshole-ish was best."

"Well . . . you needed discipline."

"Discipline?"

"Yeah, discipline. And you needed to learn obedience."

"Obedience? Do I look like a mutt to you? You beat a dog if it tears shit up-that teaches a dog! You don't beat a person just because you're shit!"

"I'm shit? You know what, fuck you!" Sampson blurted with anger!

"Sam, you're digging yourself deeper in the hole here."

"Nah, fuck you! You fucking nigger! Big lipped, dark skinned, worthless piece of garbage! Mo-" Dwayne cut him off by thrusting the barrel of the gun into his stomach-Sampson spat out blood and Dwayne responded by striking him in the back of his skull with a hard, downward left hook. Sampson dropped to the ground on his front-side. Dwayne kicked him over so Sampson can stare into his eyes when he finishes the job, he aimed the gun directly at his head. Sampson begged for mercy, "Please, Dwayne! Be merciful!"

"Why should I?" Dwayne asked.

"B-because, it's the right thing to do! What gives you the right to kill me?"

"What gives me the right to kill you? What give Dwayne Hargrove the right to kill Sampson Ariscoto?" Dwayne repeated and began to inch his way towards Sampson while keeping the

gun aimed at his head. "Here's a bigger question; why should I bother repeating myself when it just goes over your head? I'll simplify it, you're an asshole!" At the moment Dwayne stomped his left foot on Sampson's right arm's wrist-holding his arm down. Dwayne pointed the gun at Sampson's hand, pulled the trigger and engraved a hole in the middle of his palm-this marking would last a lifetime and remind Sampson everyday what happens when you let your ego get the best of you start treating people like garbage. Sampson shrieked with pain, he began to move everywhere, rolling back and forth trying to take the pain away. "But really," Dwayne started off, "you haven't done enough for me to kill you. So you're right, I don't have the right to kill you. But let that be a reminder of what happens to arrogant asshole like you!" Dwayne turned to the combed hair hero and gave him back his weaponry, saying "Thank you."

"You're welcome. My name is Robert Stallions and this is my friend Joseph Bonogaurd." Stallions stated.

"My name is Dwayne Hargrove and this is my friend David Robinson." Dwayne said, introducing us.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you two. And I got to say Dwayne, you are a very intimidating person. The way you handled Sampson was sheer class." Stallions complimented.

"What are you saying, Stallions?" Asked Dwayne.

Stallions gave a under breath chuckle and asked, "You've ever been to Los Devilist?"

"No."

"Well, both Joseph and I work in a little operation that takes place in 'The City of Rising Devils,' and I think you'd do quite well working with us."

"Perhaps. May I ask what the 'little operation' is called?"

"The Sedrienos-and let me tell you, it's a lot better deal than what you had going on with Ariscoto over there." Stallions stated.

"Fine, if David is allowed in as well."

"Does he have any potential?"

"More than Sampson."

"Of course." Stallions agreed. Dwayne helped me up. He delivered one last taunt to Ariscoto saying, "Well, 'boss,' I guess you can write a book about yourself; The Rise and Fall of Sampson Arisc- oh wait! You actually can't write a book, can you?" We headed out of the alley and Stallions lead us to his car-it was far classier than the Boxy. Stallions and Bonogaurd opened the doors to the back seat for us and allowed us to get in. Stallions drove while Bonogaurd rode shotgun. Stallions hit the gas and with that we began to leave Taudis and start our new life of crime in Los Devilist-The City of Rising Devils.