

Chapter 1

Christmas was finally here! Shay was more excited than anyone should be allowed. Not only was she getting gifts today, but tomorrow as well. The 26th of December was her 14th birthday and there was a separate pile of presents just waiting for her to be opened in less than 24hrs.

"Double, EVERYTHING," she thought as she canvased the living room with her hands on her hips.

Mario on the other hand wasn't doing so well. He sat in his bed and leaned to the right to take pressure off of his left butt-cheek. His arms and legs were covered with cuts and bruises and for the life of him he couldn't figure out how Rene managed to put welts on his feet. There were no presents for him and he knew it. Between suspensions and a hospital stay, Mario was glad he wasn't punished. He gingerly stepped off of the bed and waddled to the bathroom to brush his teeth. As he looked in the mirror, he frowned when he noticed his left eye was black and halfway swollen shut.

"I don't remember this, either. That's why I can't even feel my face..."

He shook his head and spit in the sink, watching blood, toothpaste and loose fragments of teeth wash down the drain before filling his hands with water and splashing his face. Mario limped downstairs and glanced at Shay who was still opening presents. She stuck her tongue out before looking up and noticing the damage her little brother took at the stroke of midnight. When she saw his face, her eyes got big and she cringed before turning around and continuing to open her gifts.

"She kicked that boy's, ASS! I'm gonna pretend he ain't here. He won't fuck up, MY, Christmas spirit."

"Merry Christmas, nephew," Unc greeted from the kitchen, diverting Mario's attention.

"I got everything, son! Bacon, scrapple, sausages, grits, eggs and cheese..."

Unc frowned when his nephew walked into the kitchen.

"DAMN, you got fucked...UP! I should've stayed my ass upstairs instead of moving down to the basement. I missed all the action last night. I take it you want your breakfast blended so you can drink it through a straw?"

Mario stole a piece of bacon, ignoring his uncle's sarcasm as he gingerly chewed like it was too hot to consume. He turned and limped his way back to the living room where

he made sure to get in his sister's face so she could get a closer look of the abuse that was inflicted on him.

"Yo...you gonna stare at me the whole time or are you gonna go open your gifts," Shay asked as she pointed to a pile of presents hidden in the corner behind the tree.

"OH YEAH," he excitedly replied while gently rubbing his fingers together.

He opened several small boxes, revealing new Sega Saturn games like Virtua Fighter 4, Sega Rally Championship and Die Hard with a Vengeance. The rest of the gifts were clothes for school and the latest pair of thirty-dollar bum-kicks his mother picked out for him.

Rene slowly crept down the steps and into the living room.

"You know the only reason you got anything is because I bought it before you got in trouble, right? I wasn't gonna give you, SHIT, but after the present I gave myself last night, I was in a more giving mood this morning."

She began to shadow-box while dancing in circles, displaying her fancy footwork, instantly jogging Mario's memory as flashbacks of last night's massacre started penetrating his psyche.

"Y'all ain't getting, HOT?"

Mario began to nervously fan his face as he watched Rene move around the room.

Rene gave him a quick yet powerful slap on the back of his head before heading to the kitchen.

"Ooh," Shay cheered, her left hand pointing as her right fist covered her mouth.

"DAMN, baby! Those hands are STILL fast and furious. Heh-he-heh...how you like that, nephew?"

"Heh-heh-heh," Mario mocked to himself.

"His old ass is always tap-dancing for mommy. If she wasn't here, he'd be telling me how wrong she is. I hate this dude, sometimes."

"That's what you get, bitch," Shay mumbled receiving two extended middle fingers for a response.

As the siblings quietly went back and forth, the bell rang.

"Happy holidays, Ms. Rene. Is Mario home," James greeted while flipping his hair.

"He's in the living room. If you drip, ANY, of that shit on my carpet we're gonna have problems, okay?"

"Yes ma'am," he responded before walking inside.

Unc stood on the basement steps with his mouth hanging open as James walked past and gave him a head-nod.

"Hey, Unc...happy holidays."

"Fucking, faggot..."

Unc turned two forties of Hurricane up at the same time. He guzzled both bottles and belched in James's face before walking downstairs.

Rene laughed aloud before placing her hands over her mouth and coughing to cover it up.

"Merry Christmas, fool! Or should I say happy Kwanza," Mario joked as he hobbled over to give his friend a fist pound.

"DAMN SON! What happened to, YOU?"

Rene lowered her gaze and put her left fist up to her eye behind James's back before walking back upstairs to her room.

"I-I-I fell. Stop asking so many, DAMN, questions!"

"Eat a dick, spousal abuse victim," James countered before changing the conversation.

"Are you coming outside? I'm about to get Ronald and were gonna kick it at my house."

"Let me get myself together. I think I need to take a bath in some Epson salt or something to heal some of these cuts. Maybe massage my body with some blue star or A&D ointment. I'll meet you over there later."

"Aight, cool. Later my..."

-SLAM-

Mario knew all too well what was about to happen. James was gonna flip his hair, leaving jheri-curl drippings all over Mario's glasses. Every time that happened he had to soak his eyewear in glass cleaner for a whole hour or he would have curl activator stuck to his lenses all day.

"These people are rude as hell," James thought as he flung his hair before doing a one-eighty. He made sure to stain Rene's door before heading home.

Twinkie was in the kitchen making breakfast for his family. He was in an excellent mood on account of all of the gifts he'd received on his favorite holiday. His mother came downstairs and grabbed some juice out of the fridge.

"Happy holidays, ma...I made you a plate."

She smiled at him briefly before breaking eye contact.

"Don't just look...take the plate."

She quickly jumped back as her son's right hand moved in her direction, spilling juice on her nightgown.

"C'mon ma...that incident happened FOUR months ago. Ever since you walked in on me beating my, I mean...doing maintenance, you haven't looked me in the eye for more than a second. Are you ever gonna get over it?"

"Son...what I saw on that woeful morning, I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy. You're gonna have children one day and you won't understand where I'm coming from until you catch them doing something embarrassing. I'll get over it one day but today just ain't the day..."

She put her cup in the sink and made her way back upstairs to change into something comfortable for the day.

"Whatever ma," he said as he emptied the contents of her plate onto his before devouring a double breakfast.

Christian, Kevin, Kelly and Billy were very pleased with the presents Patrice graced them with on this beautiful morning. Kevin and Christian received a brand new PlayStation console along with ten new games while Billy got a new mountain bike and a 36in television for his room. Kelly was given a radio and several pieces of gold jewelry. Patrice even got the gang brand new clothes and shoes for the second half of school. Even Nana had gifts waiting for them. None of the children could ever imagine receiving so much love for Christmas, especially from their mean spirited grandmother.

"Y'all come here and gather around," Nana yelled from her recliner in the living room.

The grandchildren excitedly sat around her with smiles on their faces as Patrice brought the gifts over and placed them in front of Nana for her to hand out.

"This is a great gesture, ma. I can't believe you brought gifts for everyone."

"What can I say, the holiday bug got to me this year. I'm in a giving mood. I even have a special gift for you, Patrice," Nana said as she winked and patted a box she had sitting in her lap.

"Now, were gonna go from the youngest to the oldest."

Kevin smiled as she handed him the first gift. It was a medium sized box but very light.

"I wonder what it is..."

His smile turned into a frown when he opened it and saw the contents.

"IT'S A SPORTSBRA," Nana excitedly yelled.

"Now, when you run...your titties won't clap like a Seal at Sea World. It also lifts and separates."

Patrice's mouth hung open as she watched the scene unfold. She was so caught off guard, she was speechless.

"Ooh-ooh-ooh...it's my turn," Christian yelled as Nana handed him a present.

"I don't think this is a good idea," his mother warned.

"Girl, SHUT THE HELL UP," Nana scolded.

"Let the children enjoy Christmas...SHIT!"

Christian ripped open his gift and stared aimlessly at its contents.

"Well hold it up so everyone can see," Nana instructed.

He held the gift up, drawing the ire of his mother.

"Ma, what the HELL IS THAT?"

"What does it look like? It's a pink negligee. His little boyfriends will LOVE to watch him strut his stuff in this sexy little number," Nana said to her daughter with pride.

"Christian...Pull the rest of your gifts out and don't be shy."

Patrice put her head in the palm of her hands as her son pulled out a pair of high heel pumps, a wig and a brush.

"Look familiar, Christian? It's the same getup you had on the day you decided to become a crossdresser and sing karaoke in the bathroom, remember?"

Kevin began to snicker at the memory before looking at his present and shutting up.
"Christian...I saved the best gift for last..."

Nana grabbed the remote and cut the T.V on while using another remote to play a tape in the V.C.R.

*"Early in the morning I put breakfast on the table,
And make sure that your coffee has its sugar and cream,
Your eggs are over easy, your toast done lightly,
And all that's missing is the morning kiss,
You used to give me..."*

"What the hell is this," Patrice asked as she shot a death gaze towards her son, who was running out of the room, embarrassed.

She was about to let her mother have it when out of the corner of her eye, she saw Christian walking back in the room. He snatched up all of his gifts and hauled ass down the basement steps.

Kelly let out a thunderous laugh as Patrice shook her head at her confused son.

"Your turn, Billy-Bob," Nana said as she handed him his gift with a Grinch-like smirk on her face.

"Billy...don't open that damn gift," Patrice warned.

"But ma, I wanna open my present!"

"You know what...EVERYBODY OPEN THEIR GIFTS! I don't even care anymore."

She threw her hands in the air, walked to the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee with no cream or sugar. Her curiosity quickly got the best of her and she soon found herself

peeking out of the kitchen, wanting to see the fail gift her mother bought for her meathead son.

Billy opened the box and pulled out a t-shirt with a custom design on the front.

"Ooh...what does it say? I don't have my glasses on," Nana asked as he looked at the shirt and tried to read the caption on the front.

"It says bitch made," he responded in a whiney voice.

"Put it on so I can see how good it fits you. I might've got it a little snug."

"But I don't want to, Nana," Billy cried as he looked at his mother who was still peeking her head out of the kitchen.

Patrice backed out of his view only to re-appear when she was absolutely SURE her son was no longer staring in her direction, waiting for her to intervene.

"I don't give a damn WHAT you don't wanna do. Put that DAMN shirt on before I knock your BITCH ASS OUT," Nana ordered while pretending she was about to stand up.

Billy sighed as he took off the shirt he was wearing and stood up to put on his gift.

"Boy that's nice! I got it in an extra medium so you can show off your big muscles," she said condescendingly while making muscles of her own.

"Now...show us the rest of the goodies."

Patrice put her hand over her mouth and shook her head. She was very upset with herself to the point of frustration.

"Why is this so funny," she wondered to herself before asking God to forgive her. She wiped the smile she was hiding off of her face and continued to watch this disaster of a holiday unfold.

Billy pulled out two more t-shirts. One was a plain white tee with the word "Heartless" in a cloud like bubble and another was a picture of the cowardly lion's body with his face with the caption "Put em up" underneath.

"I ain't opening my box...FUCK THAT," Kelly wisely yelled as she folded her arms.

"Oh yes you are," Nana ordered as she mean-mugged her granddaughter.

"I put my heart and soul into these gifts, trying to do something nice for the people I love and THIS is how you repay me?"

Nana put her head in the palms of her hands and started making loud crying sounds.

She opened her fingers to see if anyone was falling for it. She smiled as she saw Kelly sigh and decided to pour it on extra thick.

"Well at least I tried. I'm old, so this might be the last Christmas I share with you. At least I tried..."

Nana rocked back and forth, pretending she was trying to get out of the chair but couldn't.

"Don't get up Nana. My gift can't be THAT bad."

Both Nana and Kelly smiled at each other with Nana's becoming more sinister as Kelly opened her box.

"You're a DUMB, bitch," Patrice mumbled almost loud enough for her daughter to hear in between sips of gas station blend coffee.

Kelly shot a worried glance towards her mother who was shaking her head while sipping from her coffee. Unfortunately, Kelly's hands were on auto pilot and before she knew it she was holding her presents in the air for all to see and rage washed over her entire body.

"You old, BITCH! I hope you have a, STROKE!"

She put the gifts back in the box and threw it at Nana before storming out of the living room, leaving a backwoods creek water smell in her wake.

"Ok...I saw the damn pigs nose, but what was on the card," Patrice asked.

"It's a husky teen support hotline. I was just trying to help. Her damn body fat just OOOZES out of the top of her jeans and the sides of her dresses. I don't see how she can look at herself in the mirror and hold her food down. I throw up twice a day just THINKING about her. I should've put some trimmers in there too so she can clean up her forearm and knuckle shadow she has. Or at LEAST shave them damn legs. It ain't even stubble no more, Patrice. That girl has a thick, glossy coat on em...It's disgusting. Anyway, here's your gift. I wanted to wait till the kids left the room but you might as well take it now...you'll love it."

Nana winked as she pointed her fingers like a gun and pulled the trigger. Patrice cautiously opened the box. Her mouth dropped to the floor when she saw its contents, a foot-long dildo at least four inches wide, a muzzle, handcuffs, extra-large anal beads, five 4pks of D-batteries and pork sausage flavored, edible massage lotion.

"What the hell is this? I don't know what I'm gonna do with this TRASH," she yelled to her mother in a scolding tone as she walked towards the basement.

Patrice opened the door and looked back at her mother in disgust.

"Ma, you should be ashamed of yourself. CHRISTIAN...KEVIN!"

"Yeah, ma," they both yelled from downstairs.

"GET Y'ALL ASSES UP HERE!"

She stood at the top of the steps fuming as her youngest children made their way to her.

"I don't give a damn where you go or what you do, but y'all gotta get the FUCK OUT...NOW! Don't come back downstairs till it gets dark, DAMMIT! Mommy needs some private time..."

She looked inside her box once more and began to salivate uncontrollably.

"But ma," Christian whined as he attempted to put his arms around her waist and rest his head on her stomach.

"Ma, SHIT! Move the FUCK outta my way!"

Patrice hip-tossed Christian to the floor and mushed Kevin on the side of the head before slamming the basement door and locking it.

"Damn, mommy hauling ass down the steps," Kevin thought as he watched Christian pick himself off of the floor.

"I wonder what her gift was?"

"I wanna go back downstairs with mommy," Christian whined as he stood up and held his lower back which was in great pain.

"I bet you do...soft bastard," Nana mumbled before giving out directions.

"Why don't y'all go in Billy or Kelly's room for a while? Let your mother get a couple off."

"A couple of WHAT off," Christian quizzically asked.

Nana sighed as she looked at her grandson with a disappointing blank stare.

Kevin noticed his grandmother's face and decided to head to Kelly's room before she got angrier.

"Christian...get the FUCK away from me!"

She took off her house shoes and threw them both at him, one hitting him in the face while the other bounced off of his chest.

He grabbed his forehead and cried as he ran off to Billy's room.

James rang Ronald's doorbell then took a few steps back as he waited for someone to answer.

After a few moments, his cousin Skoosh answered the door.

She was 15 years old with a dark chocolate complexion. The house was actually her mother and father's. Skoosh lived there with her two sisters and her cousin's Ronald and Rashad. She was built like a Tom-boy with no hint of a figure developing anytime soon.

"James...what do you want, clown?"

"Man...take your ugly ass away from the door and go get your cousin, trick."

Skoosh was about to slam the door in his face when Ronald came to the door and stopped her.

"Tell your friend to watch his mouth, Ronald."

"Tell your cousin to stop looking like a hype-man in a rap video."

"Sup my nigga," Ronald greeted as he dapped his man up and smiled while Skoosh walked back inside.

This was the first time Ronald saw James's new hairstyle up close and he could tell it was gonna be a good day.

"I'm a roast this dummy later," he thought as he zipped up his coat, grabbed a small box next to the door and walked off with his friend.

"Why you and Anthony ain't stop to say hi to a nigga the other day?"

"Because it was zero degrees outside and you had a vest with no shirt on. We were like one-hundred feet away and your skin was shining. Whatever disease you had that day looked contagious."

"I ain't have no damn disease. That was Vaseline and baby oil."

"See what I mean, James? You gotta cut that weird shit out. You starting to look like a young smoker in these here streets."

"Forget you, Ronald. What's in the box anyway?"

He winked and remained silent as they continued to walk. Knowing something funny was probably about to happen, James let it go and changed the subject.

"So what you get for Christmas, son?"

Ronald stopped in his tracks and gave James an evil look, instantly making him regret the question.

"Let me guess...that's the I ain't get shit look."

"Nah, this is the I didn't get anything worth mentioning face. Did you see Mario, today?"

"Yeah, it looks like Santa-n-em beat the HELL out him for Christmas! He looks BAD, son. He gon holla at us later after he get out of the shower."

"Mario know DAMN WELL he don't take no showers. That nigga be having dust clouds surrounding him like that dirty dude from Pootie Tang. Even his glasses stink."

James started laughing his heart out. He hasn't been with Ronald less than five minutes and he was already in tears. After a few more moments of laughter, the young men soon found themselves at Dre and Anthony's door, ringing the bell.

"Merry Christmas, chumps," Anthony said as he smiled and gave his friends dap.

"Sup," James and Ronald responded at the same time.

"What's in the box," Anthony asked.

"Just a little present for Billy," Ronald answered as he tapped on the side of the box with his fingertips.

Anthony's eyes got wide before anger and rage began to fill his heart.

"Ronald, you better not have gotten me that blue contact."

"No, yo," Ronald assured him while laughing.

"Where is your brother at," James interrupted.

"He's..."

Anthony's words tailed off as he finally took a look at James' head.

"ANDRE," Anthony yelled at the top of his lungs, never once taking his eyes off of James.

"I'm coming..."

Dre jumped down the stairs and greeted his friends as he approached.

"Sup, lil dick," Ronald immediately joked.

"You coming out or you still punished?"

"Yeah, I can come outside today...why?"

"Cause, DUMMY...we ain't chilled with each other in like a month," Ronald answered as if he was stating the obvious.

"You're right, let me get my coat right quick, Dre said as he ran back up the steps.

"You coming out, too," James asked Anthony.

"HELL NO! With all the stuff mommy got me for the holidays, y'all might never see me again."

"Ard, lets bop," Dre suggested as he walked out of the house before closing and locking his door.

"Yo, I gotta drop this off to Billy-Bob right quick," Ronald informed his friends as he continued tapping the sides of the box.

"Yo...WHAT is in the box," James inquired once again.

"Hold tight, Lionel Ritchie. You gon find out when we get where were going."

"He does look like a mini version of him," Dre agreed as he and Ronald shared the biggest laugh of the day.

"Man...BOTH OF Y'ALL can jump in front of a car," James retorted.

The boys soon arrived at Billy's house and rang the bell.

"This is about to be so worth it," Ronald thought as he put the gift down and rubbed his hands together.

Kevin opened the door and stepped back nervously. He didn't want any trouble with Ronald.

"Don't shit yourself, tubby. It's Christmas and I come in piece. Tell your goofy brother we're looking for him."

Before Kevin had a chance, everyone's attention went towards the noise in the background.

OH GOD...OHH GOD...OHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDD..."

"What in the hell was that," Andre asked with fear in his voice.

"It's my mother. Nana gave us all terrible gifts this morning. Mommy was calm before she looked inside her gift box...then she LOST IT! She called me and Christian out of our room in the basement, hip-tossed Christian, slammed the door in our faces and locked the door before she went downstairs. She's been in her room screaming oh god for the last thirty-five minutes. You can feel the walls trembling every time she screams. I hope she feels better."

Dre and Ronald glanced at each other with quizzical looks on their faces. James, being a man-whore in the making, smirked as he exchanged eye contact that was a little too uncomfortable for Kevin's taste. Wanting to shake the way James made him feel, Kevin did what he was originally requested to do...call his brother.

"BILLY...RONALD-N-EM AT THE DOOR FOR YOU!"

He soon arrived at the door with a big, goofy smile on his face and his hand in the air, expecting hi-fives from his friends. His patented smile did a one-eighty, and his hand slowly descended to his side as his friends begun laughing at first sight of him.

"BITCH MADE...that slogan on your snug ass t-shirt fits you like a glove," Dre managed to say through obnoxious laughter. He frantically jumped up and down and pointed like a snitch in court, happily identifying the perp.

"Now-now, Dre...it's Christmas. Happy holidays, my boy. I got you a gift today because I wanna get back to how cool we were before I beat that ass...I mean, when we fought. This is my peace offering to you, my friend," Ronald sincerely said to Billy while shedding a tear.

"The fuck," James mouthed to himself as he looked on with disgust.

"FOR REAL...AWW MAN! The team is finally BACK," Billy shouted for all to hear as he aggressively grabbed Ronald's hand and forcefully pulled him in for an embrace.

"Ronald just got hit with the Scorpion move from Mortal Kombat...GET OVER HERE," Dre joked before remembering his mother doing the same thing to him.

"You KNOW I didn't mean that shit the other day, Ronald. I got caught up in the moment."

"Billy...it's NOTHING my nigga. Now get the FUCK OFF ME!"

Ronald shoved Billy with all of his might, pushing him down the steps. He quickly regained his composure and helped him up, playing it off as a joke.

"See...we just had a friendly shoving match. That should tell you everything's water under the bridge. So we cool?"

“HELL YEAH,” he screamed as he gave Ronald another hug.

“Cool...now let me go, friend.”

“THANK YOU JESUS...THANK YOU JESUS...THANK YOU JESUSSSSSS...”

“Even mommy is happy the beef is over,” he proclaimed to the group while releasing his grip.

James rubbed his hands together and licked his lips at the sound of Patrice’s trembling voice.

Kevin looked at him with hate-filled disdain. He didn’t know why, but James’ reaction to his mother praying wasn’t sitting right with him. He was a little too into it, and that creeped Kevin out.

“Here,” Ronald said, breaking James and Kevin’s separate trances as he finally handed Billy his gift.

“Just do me one favor.”

“ANYTHING,” Billy replied loudly as he intently listened to his new best friend’s request.

Ronald rested his face in the palm of his hands before picking it back up with a smile on his face.

“When you open your gift, hold it up so our whole crew can see”.

“Of COURSE! I’ll hold it in the air like a proud patriot waving the American flag in the face of injustice.”

Billy cheesed on as he eagerly tore into the box. Without looking, he threw the box on the ground and raised the gift over his head proudly like he was showing Simba to the animals for the first time in the Lion King. Nana happened to be walking past the door when the contents of her grandson’s hands piqued her interest. She doubled back and walked outside to the porch to observe what was going on.

“Ronald...What is this,” Billy asked after finally looking in the air.

“It’s a pair of royal blue booty shorts just like your favorite teacher Mr. Forman wears...you like,” Ronald asked with a smug smile on his face.

Billy lowered his arms and held them out as he looked at the custom design on the shorts. There was a hand grabbing the crotch on the front. When he reversed them and saw the words “Booty by Forman” sprawled across the ass-cheek area of the shorts with another hand that covered the top-left pocket area.

“OOOOOHH...Billy, these are CUTE,” Nana said excitedly.

“It even matches your shirt...put em on.”

“Nana, I can’t do that,” Billy cried as he looked on, heartbroken.

“Boy...your friend went through all of this trouble to get these beautiful shorts made and you don’t have the decency to show them how good they fit? You better PUT those DAMN shorts on!”

He sighed and his shoulders hunched as he walked behind the door to change. Dre, James, Ronald and Kevin were ripe with anticipation. Nana walking past when she did was icing on the cake. Without that happening, Ronald knew in his heart that Billy wouldn’t have tried his gift on.

Billy reluctantly re-appeared with his head hung as low as it could possibly go as he modeled the shorts for his friends and family. Everyone, including Nana erupted into laughter as she made him turn around, revealing over two-thirds of his ass hanging out of the shorts.

“Dance you punk, BITCH! Show your friend how good they fit you,” Nana ordered. He sadly did what he was told and started to shake a leg.

“Don’t half ass it, CHUMP! Put your BACK into it,” James ordered.

Billy shot a quick mean-mug James’ way before sucking his teeth and rolling his eyes at his grandmother. He couldn’t believe she was making him shake his ass for his friends. Then again...yes he could.

“That’s right...just like that,” Nana said as she started a rhythmic clap, causing the other boys to join in and make a beat for Billy to dance to.

“Ard now...your friends are out here making a beat and are expecting a show. You better not disappoint me, boy,” Nana warned.

“Now...MAKE THAT ASS, CLAP!”

Billy closed his eyes and took a deep breath when he heard his mother’s voice.

“SHAMALAMA-LAMA-LAMA...SHAMALAMA-LAMA-LAMA...”

“I know it stank in that damn basement,” Nana thought as she frowned her face up and motioned for her grandson to continue.

Billy drowned out the sound of his mother loudly speaking in tongue and closed his eyes to once again refocus. He envisioned the perfect music to dance to so he could satisfy his grandmother and finally be able to go in the house. He placed his right hand on his

front left hip and begun to sway back and forth. Soon, he was thrusting his pelvis all over the place, making a complete ass of himself. He put one hand on the ground and the other in the air as he made loud clapping sounds with his ass-cheeks. Everyone was whistling and screaming at the top of their lungs while clapping and waving their hands around. Billy couldn't believe it! For the first time ever, his friends were cheering him on and that made him feel great.

"Time to turn it up a notch," he thought as his confidence and heart grew twice the size, just like the character on one of his shirts. He hopped up onto a one-handed handstand and began to throw his ass in a circle like a twenty-year stripping vet.

Ronald uncontrollably reached into his pocket and pulled out five crumbled up dollar bills, threw them in the air and watched the money cascade to the ground, bouncing off of Billy seemingly in slow motion.

"What the hell did you do that for," Dre asked as he looked on.

"I don't know...it just came to me. It felt disrespectful but Billy seemed to like it. I think it'll catch on one day. Let's get outta here."

Ronald, Dre and James walked off still laughing to the point of stomach pains while Billy continued to dance, not noticing his friends had left.

Nana and Kevin shook their heads at each other as the smiling Billy continued to clap his ass loudly on a handstand. He did a quick spin on his head before break-dancing to his feet.

"TA-DA!"

His smile disappeared after noticing Nana and Kevin were the only people left.

"So, what did you guys think?"

"Kevin...you see what your fool of a brother did? THAT'S how your granny used to pop it on a handstand," Nana shouted as she shook her head at him.

Nana and Kevin smirked as they turned around and went back into the house, slamming the door in Billy's face.

"Now his ass-cheeks ain't the only thing hanging out on the porch," Nana said as she and Kevin fist-bumped, locked the door and went their separate ways, leaving Billy to freeze his ass off in the cold winter air.

Ronald and Dre hung at James' house for the rest of the day. Soon, an injured Mario joined them and was teased relentlessly before being brought up to speed about Billy and his gymnastic routine. After that, they shared a long laugh before enjoying the remainder of the Christmas break. The schoolyear wasn't halfway over so they wanted to take as much time to recharge and refocus as they could. If they didn't, more trouble certainly around the corner for these troublemakers.

12:00AM...December 26th

Patrice slowly opened the basement door and with the remainder of her strength and meandered her way through the living room to the kitchen. Her white bathrobe hung open, revealing her sagging breast and large, disgusting, jiggly gut. With her hair disheveled and her energy zapped, she opened the fridge. Patrice shielded her eyes as they slowly re-adjusted to light before grabbing a carton of orange juice. Dehydrated and in DESPERATE need to quench her thirst, she threw the carton in the air and guzzled every single drop. Still thirsty, she crushed the juice carton and slammed it to the ground before looking in the fridge for more fluids.

Nana woke up from the disturbance coming from the kitchen. She slowly rubbed her eyes and looked around her room before suddenly hopping out of bed with more energy than a 5yr old boy. As she walked through the living room, Nana's face slowly begun to frown up.

"What the fuck is that SMELL..."

Nana began to fan in front of her face and dry-heave uncontrollably. She put the front of her night gown over her nose and stormed into the kitchen where her daughter was polishing of a 3-liter of ginger ale.

PATRICE...You wasn't supposed to dip the dildo in the damn heating lotion. It smells like Chinese kitchen in this motherfucker! GOD DAMN...PHEW!"

"I need more batteries," Patrice replied in a robot state as she turned from the fridge with a bottle of water.

The sight of her large, orangutan shaped breast and plus-sized flubbery stomach were too much for Nana to handle. She threw up inside of her night-gown and ran out of the kitchen to freedom. Nana ran past the front door before stopping in her tracks. She moonwalked and opened it to let the room air out.

"I probably should've given her a different flavored lotion. Pork and fish don't go together on ANY menu.

Nana ran back to her room and slammed the door, waking the children up. Kevin and Christian looked around dazed and confused. They still didn't understand why they couldn't go to their rooms and had to sleep on Billy's floor. Patrice couldn't give a shit less. She quenched her thirst and now...there was only ONE thing on her mind.

"I need to get more batteries..."