

Chapter 3

"Is Buddy there," Davis asked.

Davis "Thunder Cat" Smith, didn't live in the neighborhood but he attended Randallstown high school and was friends with a lot of the neighborhood kids. Davis was tall and slim with a very dark complexion. He was fifteen years old and spoke with an effeminate twang in his voice once he became upset.

"Hold on Davis, I'll call him for you," Betty replied.

"Buddy...Buddy...BUDDYYYYY..."

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT, MA," Buddy screamed.

Rodney "Buddy" Scott, was a fifteen-year old pretty boy from the neighborhood who attended Cardinal Gibbons Catholic, a private school in Baltimore city. He was light-skinned and tall, with the heart of a prison bitch. He had a reputation for being softer than snuggle and was a pathological liar, just like his mother. But he was cool as a fan so everyone had his back no matter what, especially Davis. For some reason it seemed as if Dave wanted Buddy's back all to himself.

"First of all Rodney...Watch your FUCKING, TONE," Betty barked.

"Second of all...Davis is here for you."

"Tell him I'm coming."

"He'll be out in a few," Betty informed Davis before walking away.

A few moments later, Buddy came to the door.

"What up Dave."

"What up Buddy!"

He was smiling from ear to ear. Buddy was his right-hand man. He would do, ANYTHING, for him...Even, DIE! Shay once joked that Buddy could do anything he wanted to Dave and he'd enjoy every second it no matter what Buddy made him do.

"Ain't shit my nigga. Bout to get ready for the school year. I just hit this, BAD, bitch."

Buddy was already in rare form, lying through his teeth.

"I banged her BRAINS OUT, last night! She was screaming and hollering."

"For real? I know you tore that ass up!"

Davis licked his lips as he smiled and made uncomfortable eye contact. Buddy scrunched his face up and quickly changed the subject.

"Yeah, but fuck that. What's good my dude?"

"Nothing much...I came to see what's up with you."

Buddy's face frowned up and he quickly turned away from Dave.

"This nigga breath is, KICKIN," Buddy thought as his eyes began to water.

Dave's breath smelled like someone took a shit, down his throat and wiped with his tongue. Every word with an S, hit Buddy like a two-piece from Iron Mike, himself. He wiped the tears from his eyes and responded.

"I'm about to go over Shay and Mario's house to eat some breakfast."

"Aight, let's get it."

"Here comes these two, BITCH NIGGAS," Shay joked to her brother while staring out of the kitchen window.

"I knew Buddy was gonna bring his boyfriend. You ever notice Thunder Cat is always one or two steps behind him," Mario asked.

"YO...Don't START that Thunder Cat stuff so early in the morning," Shay warned, failing to hold in the laughter.

"Boy, I don't know how you thought of that but you are, HILARIOUS! I guess it's so he can look at Buddy's butt as he walks. Mario...Get yo ass away from my stove and answer the door, CHUMP!"

"Forget you." Mario laughed while doing what he was told.

"What up, Son," Davis greeted.

His breath backhanded Mario away from the door. Buddy laughed, knowing that face all too well from a few short moments ago.

"The FUCK, SON! Davis must have gum disease and gingivitis or something," Mario slurred as he regained his balance.

He shook his head before giving Dave and Buddy dap while holding his free hand in front of his nose. The boys walked into the kitchen where the greeting process repeated itself.

"What up boy," Shay said while hugging Buddy.

"Hey Shay," Davis greeted, standing so close behind Buddy, she could feel the heat of his breath, on her face.

"GAWD...DAMN!"

Shay had to turn away to keep from throwing up. She'd never been caught off guard like that before.

"This kid must've drank a SHIT SHAKE this morning," she thought while swallowing her vomit.

"I should put you out my DAMN house for that. You're lucky I'm saved. Eggs, bacon and grits on the stove. Help yourself, Negroes."

Andre was outside early riding a dirt bike his grandfather had just bought for him.

"It's my turn," Anthony cried.

Anthony “Cyclops” Winton, was Andre’s younger brother. He was ten years old and looked exactly like Dre, only light skinned. He had one blue eye that came from someone throwing a fish hook in his eye when he was eight.

“DAMN...I JUST STARTED RIDING IT! You’ll get a turn when I get done so shut up and stop crying!”

“Oh yeah...I got next,” Ronald yelled as he walked up to Dre and Anthony.

“Damn...You’re back outside already? I thought you were done for the rest of the summer,” Andre said, happy to see his friend.

“HELL NO! The system can’t hold can’t hold ME down!”

Ronald poked his out chest out like he was one tough cookie, but Andre had different views.

“Shid, NIGGA! You ain’t talk tough last night when your aunt bent the corner on you. She literally held you down and whipped dat ass like a slave. She pulled her belt off and twirled it around like a ninja. We were, TRIPPIN!”

“Man...That was, NOTHING!”

“Ronald, you could’ve FOOLED, me. You were crying like a straight up, BITCH! You was like, AHHHH....MAAAAA STOP...PLEASE! You begged more than an R&B singer...It was hilarious!”

“Well, I’m out chere, NOW! I’m a certified, G! You need to recognize and congratulate.”

“So in other words, she let you out?”

Ronald laughed, dropped his head and shook it before replying, “Yup. She said she felt sorry for me after the savage ass-whipping she gave me in front of you, Mario and my bitch. She said my shame and the jokes y’all were gonna have for me we’re punishment enough.”

“ANDRE...PUT THAT BIKE AWAY! It’s too early for that, SHIT,” his mother Zena yelled, as she left out the door and headed to work.

“AND CUT THE GRASS BEFORE I GET BACK FROM WORK!”

“Hi, Ms. Zena,” Ronald gushed.

She waved without looking before hopping in her car. After she was out of sight, Ronald was off and running with the jokes.

“BYYYYEEEEEE, BABYYYYY! Did she tell y’all the good news?”

“What,” Anthony asked, taking the bait.

“She’s gon leave your step pops for me. I’M the new man round here so cut that DAMN GRASS...And DON’T give me no lip!”

“FORGET YOU, PUNK,” Anthony cried, hating how Ronald always had something fresh to say about his mother.

"Zena sexy as a, WHORE! She couldn't even say hi. She waved because I took her breath away. I'm gon MARRY that there. She probably got some GOOD PUSSY BOI...GOOD, pussy."

Ronald stood in a daydream as he thought about the prettiest mother in the neighborhood, much to Andre and Anthony's, dismay.

"Man, help me put this bike away before I stab your, DUMBASS," Dre ordered, snapping Ronald back to reality.

"Breakfast is ready," Patrice yelled.

"I know you ain't about to go upstairs and those dirty ass drawers," Kevin asked Christian.

"Forget you Kevin. My drawers ain't dirty, you fat, BITCH! Mind your business."

Christian headed upstairs to the breakfast table while Kevin sat back and shook his head. He was trying to warn his brother about the huge stain in the back of his underwear but with that attitude, Christian was on his own.

"Did you wash your face, boy," Nana asked Billy.

"Yes Nana," he replied while rolling his eyes. Billy wasn't in the mood to hear his grandmother's antics.

"No you DIDN'T...BLACK, MOTHER FUCKER!"

"Nana, I washed my face."

"Then give me a powdered donut."

Billy gave his grandmother his trademark smile before responding, "We don't have powdered donuts, Nana."

"Then why do you have all of this white shit around your mouth? That don't make no sense. You're dark as night, with Michael Jackson lips."

"Leave him alone, ma," Patrice pleaded.

"NO! Either he didn't wash his face, or he sucked a DICK, this morning. And judging by that shit around his lips, he did a DAMN, good job!"

Patrice shook her head and sat down as Christian and Kevin entered the kitchen.

"Christian, did you piss on yourself," Patrice asked.

He stood there and looked stupid. The front of his underwear looked like he spilled lemonade on them.

"GO WASH YOUR DIRTY ASS!"

When he turned around, she yelled even more.

"I KNOW YOU DIDN'T SHIT ON YOURSELF! It looks like you sat on a Snickers bar. Clean yourself up, NOW!"

"Trifling FAGGOT," Nana barked as Christian ran downstairs to his room, crying.

Kelly laughed so hard, she almost choked on the six pieces of bacon she'd stuffed in her mouth, seconds before.

"Slow down, piggy," Nana suggested, disgusted at the sight.

"You've only been sitting at the table for TWO MINUTES and you've already ate THREE PLATES! Your fat ass needs to go on a diet before you have a STROKE! You're fifteen years old and weigh over THREE-HUNDRED pounds. Keep it up and you'll NEVER get a man...Just like your mother."

"I'm gon scare the SHIT out of your old ass one day so you can, DIE," Kelly screamed as she stormed off.

She quickly doubled back to the kitchen and grabbed another plate, filling it with 5lbs, of breakfast. Patrice dropped her head and shook it as she covered her eyes in shame while Nana pointed and laughed so obnoxiously, Patrice, Billy and Kevin, couldn't help but to giggle. Kelly stuffed a handful of bacon in her mouth before yelling at her grandmother and taking off.

"YOU OLD, BITCH!"

"Hi Buddy and Davis," René said as she made her way to the kitchen.

She usually didn't eat breakfast, but since it was cooked, she decided to steal some bacon, before leaving for work.

"Hi Ms. René," the boys replied simultaneously, making her drop her food.

The shitty catastrophe known as Dave's breath was so severe, it made her woozy. She staggered back a little before catching her balance.

"Are you okay," Davis asked, genuinely concerned.

She felt like her face was on fire! Her eyes were watering like she'd been chopping onions all day.

"MY GOD!"

Rene dropped to one knee before shaking the dizziness off and dashing away from the kitchen, and out of the door to her car. More importantly...FRESH AIR!"

"He almost killed my DAMN, momma," Mario quietly joked to Shay.

A moment later the bell rang.

"What up," Dre greeted as Shay opened the door.

"Can Mario come out?"

"What up my nigga," Mario said while playfully pushing his sister aside. His eyes switched to Ronald and he instantly started with the jokes.

"MAAAA...OWWWWW...JESUS HELP...AHHHHHH...NO MOMMY NO!"

"FUCK YOU...Coke bottle glasses wearing, BITCH! You should've warned me. I know you see the future in those. I should've rubbed that keloid behind your ear for good luck like they do at the Apollo theatre."

Anthony and Dre laughed at the exchange.

"I saw it coming you, JACKASS! But I wanted to see it in real life. Let's be out."

"HOLD UP," Shay ordered, blocking her younger siblings exit.

"You gotta help me clean up!"

"They're your friends, TRICK! Clean the dishes yourself, or have Dave breathe on them when the food is gone. Everything will just evaporate into thin air," Mario deadpanned, before flipping her off and walking outside with his friends.

The boys hung around the tree on Mario's front, when Anthony pulled out patches and glue used to fix bike tires and a BBQ lighter. He put the patches and flammable glue on the tree and started to flick the lighter.