

It was after 2:00am on Friday night in December 1994. Black walked up the empty street until he came to the intersection of an alley. He stopped and looked to his left. Mid-way up the uneven pavement that was filled with potholes, littered with trash and broken beer bottles, he could see several men huddled up and bent over in a dice game. ‘Bingo,’ he thought as he slid the ski mask over his face and cocked back his nine.

He had seen them the previous week when returning with Zulu from another score. Three of the lights in the alley had been out for over three months as the city had failed to replace them. No dogs barked and no security lights illuminated. He stepped closer, slightly leaning forward, while ducking down in anticipation of being caught.

Black took three steps and stopped. The thugs ahead were thoroughly engrossed in their game of chance, as one tossed the dice to the ground and snapped his fingers. Five knelt down while two more stood above as spectators. He continued walking, calculating his steps and marking a trail as close to the fences and shrubs as possible.

“Told you n****s it was pay day Friday! Give me my money n****s,” one of them shouted as he raised up with a fist full of crinkled dollars in his right hand.

“Give it up fools!” Black yelled from the darkness. The men turned and the shiny black barrel of a twelve-gauge shotgun greeted them. “Face down n****s and put your money and your jewels in this bag,” he commanded while tossing the gamblers a dark silk satchel.

“Sh*t man,” one of the hustlers protested.

“Don’t make me ask you twice!” Black demanded from beneath the ski mask before racking his tool of destruction.

Find Black, the self proclaimed star of *The Bounty: A Poet on the Run* by Christopher Williams on Amazon and at ChristopherWilliamsTheWriter.com

\$30,000 by 4am or else...

Meet The Crew:

A Junkie, A Hoodlum, A Country Boy, and A Lunatic.

What could go right?