

Drama

Excerpt from: Shaky

By: Keith

This was the first time in a long time I woke up feeling good, felt like a king. Even though Stephanie and me aren't together, she sure know how to give it to a brother, something she wasn't doing when we were together. It felt like I didn't have a worry in the world but, as usual, I was wrong.

When I looked over, Stephanie had already gotten out of bed. Most likely, she went to work already. I jumped out of bed and realized I was right about my assumption last night; she did buy a new bed, a big ass bed. I laughed until I walked in the bathroom and found a note stuck to the mirror.

At first, I laughed because I thought it was cute then I thought, "Steph never leave notes." It was a damn letter. She had left me some new clothes, probably because she felt bad for destroying my shit in the first place, thinking another woman bought them for me. She even left some food in the microwave. The more I read the more my smile and good feeling faded away.

Your ass is a sucka, Lonzel. As long as I've known you, you been a sucka but thanks for the dick anyway. It wasn't all that but it was something. I knew I could get whatever I wanted out of your punk ass if I put this thang on you. You aint even no man. Oh yeah and thanks for paying my phone bill. Those collect calls from prison were a bitch but my man appreciates you taking care of me though.

My jaw dropped. I couldn't believe she got my ass. I actually fell for the shit I taught her.

Thanks for the money too Lonzel. The brand new car, rings, Jewelry and all the back rent you owe me.

I dropped the letter on the floor, picked up my jaw then ran back to the bedroom, picked up my pants then checked my pockets. Yep, she got me, ripped a hole in my ass. Took me for my five grand. What else could I do but take a shower and put on the new clothes she bought for me? Hell, I probably paid for them.

I don't know where the hell that girl came from but when I got outside and stepped away from the building, Stephanie called out my name. When I turned around, she threw that old ass block cell-phone and caught me on the head with it. I knew I should have thrown the fucker away a long time ago. Now I know just what the hell she was holding on to it for all this time.

I screamed out before I took off running around the corner. All I heard her say when I was running was, "where the hell you going Lonzel, you punk?"

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Drama ; Macy
By: Keith

Don't you know I was just telling my other best friend, Syreeta the other day that if any guy put his hands on me or make me cry, his ass is in for some shit that he will not like. Don't you know right after that this fool, Nick, going to put his fuckin hands on me? 'Smacked me right in my damn face. That's where I'm at right now, on my soon to be ex-boyfriend's livingroom floor. I mean, that slap got me bent all the way over and it hurt, too but I'm not about to verbalize that so his fat ass will know. Oh, his ass will get his believe that.

Let me explain the get down to you all before you get the wrong idea about Susan Tiffany Macy and get to tripping, especially the brothers. I'm not a Miss. America, Vanessa Williams, beautiful but I'm better looking than ghetto fine I bet you that much. I don't have extensions in my black silky hair, either. I never said it is long but I still got it from my mommy and she aint hardly Indian either, neither am I. I'm a sister as if you don't know that already.

I don't have to put multiple layers of make-up on my face to even out my brown skin tone either, like some other girls do and I'm not about to call the bomb squad or commit suicide if I wake up with a pimple on my face, so long as it's not a cold sore, shit it'll go away.

When I'm out in public, I don't care about how many people stare at me and turn up their nose when they see me picking my butt. If I got wedgies, they are coming out of my butt, as simple as that. The only thing I'm a little self conscious about is the fact that I can be co-chairwoman of the itty-bitty tittie committee and that's just not all that cool with me but I'm still not going to run out and get breast implants just to please somebody else.

"I mean, damn, I'm a size medium. Not an "A" but a little fuckin ass medium. Hell yeah my ass is pissed about that. How messed up is that. I'm a fine ass sista with a pretty smile and twenty fucking five years old and I got these damn little ass tittie's, damn.

You know what though, my mommy and daddyo taught me how to work around little shit that seemed to turn up and want to get in my way. If you laughed at that, you aint shit.

Like I was saying, this fool, Nick, going to just haul his big fat ass off and smack me across my face like I'm some damn man. I should have known better than to mess around with a white boy in the first place but you know what? Some people, like yours truly, just have to be all up in the kool-aide to see how sweet it is for first hand and that shit wasn't even sweet. I should have known better but at the time I was a weak little girl because I had just finished breaking up with somebody else and I was reaching for who reached for me.

Nick had me fooled so, it wasn't my entire fault. He always dressed real nice and hung out with the brothers. I really thought he was different but in the end, he was just like all that other bitter ass kool-aide that was sweet when you first tasted it and turned out to be spoiled tasting like rotted shit.

What I have in store for his ass you may not want to learn about.

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