

Mystery

Excerpt from: Cinnamon Soul

By: Keith

We drove over and sat in Eugene's car across from the Watertown Arsenal Mall. I didn't have time for Eugene's shit but I figure sense he saved me from getting killed, I can spare a few minutes of my time. Jessica jumped out of the car before it even barely stopped and went over for a pick up game of basketball, so me and Eugene had plenty of time to talk.

"She left me Jack."

I knew he was talking about his wife, Teri. She was a bitch when she wanted to be and boy was she given it to Eugene.

"She shit talked me in front of my girls then took off on me when I was at work. I had peeped through the livingroom window when I got off work, because that stupid ass little voice in my head told me to and I did, like a jackass. You know what I saw Jack? Nothing. No family, no furniture, no nothing, not even a picture on the wall. The only something left was the dog in the backyard and when I cracked the gate open to be greeted, the son of a bitch tore out of there like a damn devil had gotten a hold of him and I swear the fucker laughed at me, too. I hate her jack, I really fucking hate her."

I knew what Eugene was going through because I had walked that same road before. My kid's mother took my two daughters and ran off to California with them without my knowledge. I know his pain real good, like it was my own. I told him that.

"Don't fuck with me on this shit Jack. This is some real sensitive shit. Teri actually had the fucking nerve to tell my brother I needed to see a fucking Psych before I see my own kids again, like I'm some fucking raving maniac. Can you believe that shit, Jack?"

I could believe it but I didn't want to tell him that. Eugene was a loose cannon. I didn't want to be the one to cause him to fire off and I doubt if he would shoot off any warnings. He banged on the steering wheel then pushed the door open and jumped out, banged on the hood of the car, which did not bother me one bit, it wasn't my car. I leaned out the window, feeling safe where I sat.

"You ok, Eugene? I'll help you get your kids back, your wife too if you want."

"Fuck her. I don't have a wife. I hate her ass as much as I hate that damn Levy asshole."

"Ok, I'll tell you what, you help me locate this missing Donna Raymond person and I'll help you get back your daughters and get Levy off your back."

"Deal."

"Good." We shook hands and made it official, even though I hate to work with a cop, old friend or not. There is definitely room for shit to happen, so I tried to prepare for it."

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