Pain Versus Strength

By: A. Earl "True Hiker" Jones
Introduction

This book is a work that explains pain Vs. Strength, that's Fought every day. Words that painted for people of relfexion, and contemplation of their daily lifes. Message that can be learned And thought to a people who of need of wisdom. Time gose by so fast with out rational words painted for a soul to relate to Leaveing indivisals going some else for the wrong guildings. The other half is a work that's comes from a place that's familiar to many. This half is words to let you know that your not the only one going through a tim of trouble and that's it's hope to learn from vintage pain, and you transform it into vintage stength. Enjoy a book that's writting by a person that's human and just like you.

Sincerely,

Alene "Trove Hikes" Jacobs

Words that be Ir

This book is a work that's a battle that's fought every day.
I would like to say, all thanks, and praise are due to ALLAH.

AND, SECONDLY— I would like to thank, my family who has loved-me, through thick and thin. and, special thanks to the SECOND...

CHANCE Booksteam for giving me the opportunity to get my creativ-ity-out. and, Iusha-Allah help someone blossom or get pass their troubles and grow.
"In the pocket"

Under the singer and plays in my ear.
The play called exhayed before me on the field,
were sweat and blood are on for the very thing what's
being played for... pride.

I signaled for the ball to be hiked,
the ball in my hands.
I step back ioj in motion, to keep steady on my back foot
A hand gose up, I don't see a open to through throu.
A second hand poked my a way for a pass,
but the defense is focus too.
A m hand with detriment to level me,
just got blocked three inches away from my troughing arm.
I'm grateful to have a linemen to save me from sorming angry
bodys in my pocket of offence.
My wide receiver just broke free of a telitent corner back,
along ten seconds just reminded me, or a waked others of
a team and criteds that my arm still flixs.
As the ball leaves my hands, I e say "you see e'm, go get e'm"
My body get's shooking a shake that I may feel in the mroning
times three.
I leave my head up from the ground, and witness a recorded braek
pass.
A receiver thatc compliments a hard work over the years in the po
pocket.
Touchdown was called, the crowd shoots up like a rocket.
braging to their friends, they team could'ny stop victory.
"white Hour Glass"

I was a lonely body, with aimless direction,
not to mention distanation.

Aimless crimes was looked over,
mouths was craving a meal and a sun kist soda.
My head truned, that's when my eyes set on a body shaped like a o
outer shaped of an face of a CORBER.
My nose smelled a fregrence that sent me a state of mind of an al
time high.
At that moment I refuse to be sober,
words rolled off a toung that n I lustfully wanted to be possesse
by.

compilments swing at a brokeing heart,
yet the bows was filling in wholes it hed no knowlędge of
Weeks passed with my hands depertly trying to grip a steamed up s
shower glass.
climaxing in a moment, that slowly passed.

Dinners was enjoyed over drinks, glade to be desdent to met
a silky tecsmme of a touch that's mines to hold.
Looking back.. I'm rejoiced I did'nt cook over a heated stove.
Frist I got god to thank, and then a pushed of an wind that cause
my six sence to wink.
A man who's caused my hour glass worty liming,
I say a giving chance is the cimmis.
I'm reloaded, a couple dollar signs to my name,
Motivation combat dancing in the flames with Jane.
Manning numbers arm tight squeezing in history the same.
Pocket my paper and letting my pain rain.
Riding for progress of the dying cause,
Sums dropping on buildings for what they did to Charles.
Bullshit ain't nothing and baloney?
For sick dogs.
Tangling with and die of the hands of wolves at high noon.
Grab the wheel against this, then meet your glory end soon.
Cross fire hoops stacks with notes,
Hell surrounding boats.
Air bourn adventure for those who prefer Coke floats,
Rule my second chance on stages and won't choke.
Guaranteed brands that are clean, more years of bubbles than zest.
Reading comprehension and sleving mst.
Believing in me, never you,
Milking dudes that moo.
Surprises I'm not happy with,
Firing on prankers who quoted boo.
We flip paper case co. and never mind you.
"Letter of perious stones"

Perspective of it's meaning of shapeing up,
what need to be shaped.
Pressure fromed a stone, that shines volumes of
worth.
Education of a woman that's a few experences away from fection.
Wasn't expecting your presentces, when you pulled me upo
when you crought me slipping.

You know I'm their when your saink needs fixing,
stride for stride I'm with ya.

When my space gets crowded, I'll give a lung to be with you.
Looking at a ring amireing you to be my mrs.,
four letters, and three words I melt receiveing your hugs and kissies.

This open heart never empty of goose bumps,
I had others bottom line and your the love that trumps.
Your battle with this life, I'm here to kiss and take part
of your lumps.

This is a letter of perious stones of words,
that's being reveled to a perious stone that's my heart with
my every trun.
"classic

From a penny to niney nine $'s,
L I'm a word that followed many to their success.

To up hold my name, charts are claimed for weeks,
Sometime mounths of me (classic) fame.
Class is what I bring with work of soul tectsure.
I set standrands that defines's husle and perfection.
Setions was called.. the topic zeroed in on my birth of work ethics.

Some stories are drawn out, to be written with my name being taged on it when theaters lights go out.

Changed life's honored, from the consircretetion with me behind the focus that path the way for works to be notice Controlled by a ambition, that rosed glassies suedeing many romm that put efforts in my brecrett of notice.

from the adsevence of cafts,
I stemped on hand works so they cab be choosen.

Classicale detrunmination, and datacation is what the statue repercent.

A force behide clerk kent's eitugetts of up holding a scrip classic is what they call me, legs crossed as I seat.
"Heisman"

February went by with disappointed expectations, of a rose blooming full circle of acquisition.
mother roped with prouder in their hearts.
Well finish was complimented with ambilious starts.
well said tributes met there mark.
over gater rade team metting was held like heated side bars in court.
First downs crawled for, offence of line men screaming for their opponents for more.
Actemped school pride was hit hard,
a hit that team mates grow to respect for.
Arms put to the game winning test,
confidence was present never the ill less.
Lockers rooms remembered, even when the next level calls for what they saw... your best.
Coaches screaming in ears, that stressed,
seeking for play makers ... simuler to chess.
Iron pumped heated works outs,
muscles behind ever hit aiming to shut stadiums lights out.
All the momentum efforts builded courage, and pain leading up to who gone lank to the... heisman chain.
Smell of a lovely cuisine, cooked over a oven that's stuffed
with a trukey.

to see it's you who cares enough to look after my well nurishment
I witness sun raise through your eyes, I fell in love with you
all over again.
Knowing what love is, puts me on the shoulders of birds that
helps me sore with grace.
Loving it's embrace, and craven it's tease.

Not depair of his mercy, but not takeing for granted what he's
bless me with.

Breakfast in bed, to express the awe I have of a woman who
treasure me and holds the key to a place were she belongs.
Timeless is how I preseive you, and priceless is how you see
me to hold your hand to shild you from the lonelie world

that's filled with pain.

I have sun raise through your eyes, even when it rain.

If I lose my way, I'm exectic to have your foot steps
to follow to integrity, humbulner, and principality
that's over flowing with truth... that was well tested through
what seemed like endless time.

I witness sun raise through your eyes, filled with with

joy wiwy with the tease of chrh charry pie.
"I see you"

As you listen to the nature of the nights,
youself is the one who's holding you back.
That movie you want, you are in it,
set a side your red lights to stop and put
up your green lights..go get it.
Never mind the physical that's negative, your
mirror reflects a winner..never a loser.
Smart never was out of style, more growing
wisdom, less growing pains, and less breathing ignorance.
You fight for the floor that's rightfully yours,
instead of waiting out filled with doubts.
People, places, and things keeps your goals
that's crowned, surrounded by pain.
Beautiful you are receiving your rewards,
while your inner self compliments that dress
that's vera wang.
I see you.. your head up, and independence
full circular side stepping the obstacles that
may hurt you.
"Do-dat N Brutis"

Do-dat: Courght a whiff of prospect on a mission.
Bruce: 9:48am, five years, and two seconds we still winning.
Do-Dat: Clutching my work for peek's sakes, mine called you the high way.
Brutis: It's non-mention cuz, the game called a little to many, dooms day lead by skinlys.
Do-dat: pumps for protection.
Brutis: But when emotion up, and money down it killed many.
Do-Dat: Bog spitting and bul shiting, two broke dogs tryed to hit me.
Brutis: Saw the limp in his walk, he wasn't clear when he talked.
Do-Dat: I had to hit e'm.
Brutis: 9:54p.m., five years, and six minutes.. it ain't fear.
Do-dat: We still standing, with the--.
Brutis: Awsomeness is demanding, and trialers turning out jannets.
Do-Dat: My lether out along with the connon.
Brutis: Pockets michellin, fans in michgan,
Do-Dat: They ain't gone to understand it.
Brutis: Ya Shit cocked?,
Do-Dat: Do the president got a watch?.
Brutis: Answer questions with questions,
Do-Dat: And brutis learning haters lisions, your story fly,
Brutis: We gone check it.
Trenchies (Corner)

They call me the corner, I seen it all but I ain't teeling.

I raised your frist fifth-teen to thirdy felon,
spain me the wrong way get a few shots aginst your melon.

Many was found beside me, because they was quick with the teeling teelin g.
They gathered around me, after a bid smokeing and jokeing just jailing.

Some craped out, jumped out and got they egg rolled.
Task force post up, they hold the money up.
Love got found around me, and some love got downed on me.

Movies was about me in diffent citys,
take a look in some parts i'm still sitting prettie.

Trenchies formly known as me (the corner),
about me,your love ones warned ya.

One hit of me you can"win" or lose out.

No were to go truned out, Trenchies I'm what them long talks was about.
A dream once dreamt

Once upon a time on Washington, D.C. streets,
walked a man with a man of a beautiful outer outlook on
an unjustis done to a nation.
He dreamt a dream of a work,
That's only rewarded by a heart that's worthy of
the blessed efforts.
A bigger battle awaits with self,
complimenting and appreciating a blessed dream captured.
How can words recited so vivitly,
strongly and with every exsions of the word...compasion
be ignored?
A dream dream once dreamt was a dream,
that was dreamt expressed character judged by character.
Yet we're held hostage ..by a history that's pleged us for gene
generations.

A dream once dreamt diserving of reconition, and execution of a
state of emergency that's leaveed tears and blood caused by injust
Flustration as a whole throu styr streets.
A dream once dreamt hands was up, yearning for a nation to
strive for a worthy verdict of integritiy.
They may cause a nation of a whole, to trun away from the
evil sneers that brung many nations of unjustis to their knees
in humiliation.
A dream once dreamt still can be lived, instead of misunderstandi

causing neighbors to face off in rage, adsrising, learning, and
truning the page of a chapter that was held with courage.
Because a dream once dreamt went against ties and knowledge
"work behind art"

Finish touch shins the presentabien,
in a well hunger with ambition work ethic.
People amired the crath cafth like when a onion sets
off the taese tease buds in your mounth.
Do you wounder why, you can see yourself on the floor
afth after a wax and a mop work.
A requested painted artwork, the tour eyes melt
from resplendent consatration of condlidence spened.
Words painted with ink, your humbled by the compliments
of what you think.
The mind set of one, when the resilience take the doutbs
away from the uper hand.
The mind set of a gemologist, when shapes the
domonds that's pertention gone sit perfect on
a wife to be hand.
A drawn out play, to sand a team to a well deserving decalo
decoration called campionship.
Character build a roio room full of class acts,
to go aginst the odds to learn... to give back.
vintage grasp grapes that finished off the cuisine that went vigi
rightfully so.
Seal menship drive to bring in co-mention, that spingss a
art behond a work that's prevalent.
"A Million Dirhams"

Death before dishonorable, I blacked out for my brothers.
Now it's nightmares, sleeping with my louie bag under covers.
Misunderstanding broke hearts, it was loyalty there from the start.
Gripping my k every time, I'm hearing the dogs bark.
Leave people sicker, than smoker's glass hit farts.
It's mess up when you man, promise yes ain't hitting their mark.
Open hearts under locking key, people gone with the wind sifting candy.
Side hugging grads, taking quick pics, with tammie hugging grammys.
When I can stand neck to neck with my reeks, I'll leave dudes with their grannys.
Intill then black vans takeing E'm away from they familys.
I'll put up five titles, saying they ain't gone stand me.
Can't sleep intill a hundred million dirhams in the safe behind the cantree, lost pop and down one is how they found me.
Eyes glazed over with fire, I'll cut myself before I let pass another lier.
Cup full of mud, and a pin writeing out maury sand wired.
Blame it on the land lord's intentions, and my mother getting firied.
It's a sequel hundred million people suaidi... it's packed up work.
I'm dirk water behind the arch see!
Companionship 1.1

Careing is something the heart can do with out limit.

Companionship is something that can be detected volubly and in depth through trials, and tribulations.

On a journey were there's rain, sun shine and even fog.

But through it all it's nothing like a soft touch, speech, and eyes saying 'if gods willing we will make it, and i will be your best friend when your up and when your down'.

Companionship is a meaning that people want to lead they life with and share they last with...
Caring is something the heart can do without limit. Companionship is something that can be detected vacuously. In the depth through trials, and tribulation.

On a journey where there is rain, sunshine, and even fog. But through it all it is nothing like a soft touch, speech, and eyes saying "if Gods willing we will make it and I will be your best friend when your up and when your down."

Companionship is meaning that people want to lead their life with and share their last with...

Peace is where you would like to find within a conversation peace is what you should get when it comes to love. When it comes to pledging to care for someone.

Anxious is how you should feel when it comes to catering to a loved ones needs, and some of their wants. It takes a friend to teach a friend, thats in need of a admonishment, never alone, but together on a journey in search of a new adventure.
Hold on

When I first got the news I was startled that the same thing that cause you to feel good, cause you to die.
The same ambition that you amire, I'm still soaring high.
When I remember, you the same ambition flys higher.
Trying to grasp life of it's totality, seeing your old friends some times bather's me.
knowing that, they never learned from your mistakes.
When they hell your name, walking by the spot you took your last breath takes the cake.
Knowing that you not here, to give me the wise words to follow and never to look down on.
Never in vain in my heart, your memory lives on.
When a song comes on, singing about their own, I shaed tears knowing that you would've been here telling me to hold on.
Money, that's what they call me.

last place don't hold me as often, and frist make me rain.
bottles pop, substance get soke because I'm some times get
used wrong and cause pain.

On lookers feel shame, or some sort of grife because I was owned
by some one who gave me to some one who executed a borrower.
who was late giving me back.

Near a lake I brought some one their frist boat, and their pool
were they float to unwind after a long day at the office.

Every body want me and don't know what to do with me, to make
sure they don't go bake to living with ont me. some call me an
enabler, I say I am who they want me to be.

Years gose by with me exchangeing hands, doing what they want
with me. rule of all evil is what most people call me, I'm just a
noun that they wish I grow on trees. some say moluy, and some say
cash. in some worlds I'll never be last.
Team

Work hard to stay togater, some split up due to mistreatment.

Championships was won, goals was surely met.

His or her's a family member, in they eyes I'm a winner.

I falled after a dalema, my belovett pulled me up and said
life is not finished yet.

conversation i learned from the sincere advice, they showed
up at my hearing after they witness the police reading me my
rights.

Seperateing my friends from my fores, life's a little more better
in this world that's cold.

My team never expect something in retrun, after giveing me
support.

They was there at my grand opening for a grate cause,
their love never gose invoved, diple of my mastakes or how
i may fall to the floor.

They love gives me energy to do more.
Food for thought

Hate is just fuel to ignite the fire, that burns in side of me.

Kill them with kindness, when they want to drown me with madness.

Find what I'm good at, enjoy, and capitalize the plan to claim
the stepping stone to success.

Get better to grab those close to me to lead them, so they won't
fall into the hands of poison.

I learn from self frist and others second, humbleness is one of
my many weapons.

Sometimes isolation is a grate strategy for inventory to embellish
oneself.

Food for thought, it takes growth to imbrace help.
"MY FAME"

Friends turn into enemies, smile in your face
and help others take you down.
Take you to the highest peak of your goals
mean while people are plotting on you to take your soul

Pose for the cameras... now everybody knows what you look like. So if the haters like what they see now the body language of strangers are not looking right.
Pleasant company now, unpleasant faces later. Matters that you thought were family's,
Now faces that you never saw before got their two cents in it. Fan's get hurred, wet spots from tears turn into puddles
Where I'm from fame turns into heavy metal.
Hunger with ambition

Who would have known that I'll be successful, I guess they weren't seeing that far.

All along they had me in the red, face down in my own blood behind yellow tapes.

see me number one, sincerely older ones told me what it take.

So my vision clearer now, hunger with ambition..I gotta make it.

I visioned reject gansters loding up, with weed smoke in the air.

But my third eye seeing jealousy, and envyies ambush.

They saw the cover, and the flosses, but never took the time out to read the chapers.

Now they enemys in they face, homiside finding ever casing that was once packed in the magazine.

fuck it they wasn't paying attention to the hunger with ambition as a clamor.

you acn miss me with the bul shit, and more shit is what you hear when they bring the corses in.

They chances ... slim to none, I'm not buying it.

With weaklinings it's so hard to face the truth, so it makes that much easy to keep lieing.

So them shoots that was met for me, I let it fly so I can keep flying.

My hunger with ambition never dieing.
Growth

I'm a man of many qualities, but people tend to predispose my pass.

Fake smiles, fake hand shakes when I pass through.

But that's just encouragement for me to know, and to do better.

Some were down the line I losted chatter, but I still got streets

Streets let me know that it's family forever... deep down
their's still loyaltie in them three letters.

Change it to the game and keep it moveing, it takes a strong
person to invite growth.

So at the all white party, you invite the broken ties
to let them know you still alive.

Tears compliment's my heart through my troubles.
One Up

The closer I look, the clearer I see my weekly struggles.

I remember the promies very vivid and as days go by they are turning into lies ever day.

They say "mony is the rule of all evil," and yet they work hard to raise that mony mean while killing their own people.

For some fix I was hurryed along through the snow, was I held accountable for what I didn't know.

Once upon a time my mother called smoking crack, and sipping wine "A nice time"

She cashed in her whole check to pay back every dime we didn't have.

So victory is when we can look back on the experience we want through and say 'we made it through that sad times with success in our future to compliment us on our strenghth that make our haters eat their word. when they said "you can only make it but so far".

Bit I'm grateful for my tears, and struggles our lord test us with... A success story, who knew.
A Sister's love

You was there when I weeped, you stood before taking your seat.
A sister's love over over rides the oain any time of the week.
Pride is what I feel,because I got a sister love to help me
find myself.
I have enough pride for, to humble myself before a woman
who grace speaks volumes.
Your face I still see when the rain drops get a little louder.
Because of you, the top of my best is more promising than the
bottom of my worse.
Sis I love you forever more, I'm satisfied to say your love
helps me to get off the ground to begain to soar.
A sister's love put's me in ahead of many other leading sores.
Your turn

Walking though the halls, no one was looking.
You didn't have on wasn't to they likeing... they missed you.
They wanted the one on the court who they couldn't sick.
sirens places you couldn't go with them, but in your heart
loyalty still underlenth.
Around other's attitudes got new, Your love, and pride was greater
than theirs times two.
You picked yourself back up because you knew... it will get
sunnier later after days them days that was blue.
Your eyes is red, lossed in a zone that they didn't bathered to
care for.
The care they throught was, blunt smoke, high fives, and jokes.
mean while I'm still high,off the pain they never saw.
Clear as day in yours eyes, they loved themselves... guess they
was too fly.
Do un to others what you want done un to you... mother I'm
tryed.
Now it's my turn, they say 'go harder for him why didn't I try.
Walking down the street... I'll be thinking of you. When I have a bad day?
I can count on you to hold-me, tight, and turning my gloom-white.

When I can't... You are in my corner, to put up a fight. Friends, tell-me
you, wouldn't... But, your my Knight that supports-me, even when you shouldn't

Keeping your integrity, when we're not getting-along, and the fella's looking
Leaving you along with my valuables, my trust is never-shocking... Still .....feeding you, my best... when no-one is looking.

Raining cats& Dogs of affection... Your words of amonishment is sincerely-embraced... The first time, your my armor... so i'm treasuring the prayer, that was answered
Thousands, was spent on the Bar. Bottles, set to the side... In the haze of weed-smoke, that night—was wild liquor sipped from glasses.

A seed was planted—during the sex that was made. She's still deciding—should she ask him to pay...

Somebody's sunny day, turn'd gray...cause shots to fire at the afta-party. Another finished, that won't make his wedding.

She lost a soldier, that was promised for her Armageddon—a few bags packed at another's house...her reality, just set-in.

Business first, and less—playing—friendly, last. Planning for her anniversary—embracing herself for her adversity.

Another stamp put on the envelope, for her baby's father...Who now sniff pills, who used to snort coke...Her time for a new day, is now. She's praying she don't choke.

She's planning to retire, her playing days...Striving to survive, her life's maze, desire and money...she still crave.
My every turn, I'm seeing dilemmas that potentially can become severe and tragic, at the blink of an eye. The care I give, comes neutral. but, the love I get back, makes me want to fly.

My inner wars, compliment my outlook on life. and, some how life—balances out, my affairs that sometimes can seem hard to handle.

High-fives, pats-on-the-back. I don't strive for—but, the recognition is ... nice to feel-appreciated, for my efforts and time to please other's.... Some get carried away and make me feel un-easy...my humbleness, compliments my heart, that appreciate this short life's lesson.

with my mate on my arm? i embrace the affection that i affix, at times to compliment, my reassurance. My father's sense of humor, has it's way with my mother's laughter...compliments leads to forever affection, treasured hearts to pastures.
Sitting up in my bed... I ponder about your kind words, that got me through the nights, that had me out of my mind.

Did a lot of receive the mis-treatment, to self... that spelled-out selfishness, at the time of meltdown.

I drank to the trips, we went on... We bear witness, love and pain in each other's eyes, while planning our next steps to take care of a love that's decided forever.

You taught me, to lend a head to loyalty— to give back, the respect that's well needed. At the time of ease, or even hardship.

I learned to follow the captain of the ship, who's action doesn't say... the deceiver, on our way to find character that characterized, a heart that... beautiful, genuine August treasury.
I ride through the city, with my head held-high...not knowing the bullets are going to fly, my way.

I know the stakes are high ignoring the risks, that can put other lives -in shambles.

Young lives around me- and never did I pay attention to how I wanted my legacy to live-on...years gone by, and I'm still stanated-dizzy in a haze of my decision.

Now, I do want to listen to reason, and to the hope of a new day-:-). Instead I'm taking a gamble, and content with wherever, my chips may-lay...I Pray that I'm to figure-out this Phase..... troubles that we call life.

But, right-now? I'm in a made-bed,that was decreed for my life, un-aware-while shaking-up, my life's Dice.
Leaves are falling off the trees, as I witness the old me falling behind. Truning into history from my misunderstanding of myself, and the facts of life. Emotions draped over my sleeves, no where to turn trying to escape the madness that seems to never fail to stress me out. I'm to the point where I'm forgetting about the big picture. If the streets don't... the devil will get ya. Words to the wise, as I'm juggling life's lessons. A helping hand got me to recognize my goals, and helped me execute novel excellence along the way. Adversity brings understanding, wisdom, and strength to appreciate the perseverance over obstacles. Thank you for saving me from myself. The work out is grate but the benefits are greater.
Life's Tangle

Love hold a speacil spot in my heart, when it comes to one of god's gife to mankind.

Nights was dull, I whent wild seeing you shine.
In, and out I witness my love expresstion filling in your warmth. I pray forever you'll be my'n, mangleing with time i strive to understand my place in self.

Frantic in a friends expectations, that i;m not sure i'm properly meeting.

under seize with a sex appeal that's overwhelming with affection that spells out elegance.

Ending capsured moments, moments i'm in need of every moment with genuin presence.

words i said to you filled the air, with no where to go but to the angles tablets. a breath a frash air, i'll give a lung to capsure it again.

Times as changed, with your resons to trun my out look on you bitter sweet.

my emotions toward you... it switchs with a up and down sweep. Accurate speeking, expressing my heart felt concerns with a relationship truned cold.

time heals wounds with my hand exposed with you i want a full house that i pray don't fold.

Near a well kept memony with you i want to be, melting with goals forme and you on .

on one knee weak with disapointment... a stronger me and you i do see.

Going is ever in my'n or your furture.. is what i used to dream. but now a days i'm witnessing what they mean when they say...
Rocka bye baby 1984
Change of Evenings into a hated extravagance,
You remember when turtles tunned into ninjas.
now it's money that exchange hands,
prayer said over meals when you gone...
no body miss ya.
you felt a shock go throw your body,
When the electroshock cord whipped ya.
Your hand was forced, hope ya man get to the ball's men in time before the preliminary juges see ya.
feel like your prayers fell short,
because all you seen was body of possiblity mercy of the court.
Your nervous hanging by thread,
On a ash from your report short.
Look into your eyes's of your mother,
Got dem you brought.
Ambition got strong from the slick smulles you caught.
You believed in you and crew,
staring at the rocky statue thin king one day that can be you.
Rocka bye baby 1984, I'm that new comer getting involved.
"I SEE YOU"

As you listen to the nature of nights, Yourself is the thing—that's holding-you back. That movie, you want? you are in it. Set-aside your red-Lights to Stop.Put up your Green-Lights and go get-it. Never mind the physical, that's Negative.

Your mirror, reflects a winner, and never sees a loser. Smart, was never-out of style. More growing, wisdom and birthing Ignorance-more less. You give... yourself. But, not seen!See yourself, So people give themselves to you.

You fight, for the floor, that's rightfully-your's—Instead of waiting-out... Filled, with doubts. People, Places and things—Keep your goals that's crowd-ed, surrounded by pain. Beautiful, you are, receiving the rewards-while your Inner-self compliments that dress that's (Vera-Wang).

I see you, ya' head-up—and Independent. Full circle, side-stepin the obstacl es,that may hurt you.
(I) Akbar Jones, on this day and year—Authenticate the following
Material and manuscript are the work, and personal property—
of Akbar Jones: (Book entitled) under the fictitious name:

Trove Hikes Redemption Poetry.

Authentic Signature

Akbar Jones
2-23-15

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 23 day of Feb., 2015

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

County of Centre

Mary Louise Wyandt, Notary Public
Benner Twp., Centre County
My Commission Expires March 16, 2015
Member, Pennsylvania Association of Notaries

Mary Louise Wyandt
IN A DETROIT MINUTE

BY TROVE HIKE

AKA

AKOAR JONES
CHAPTER 1

On a December night, that was so cold if you dumped a bucket of water on someone, it could be life or death situation. The wind chill was two below zero. No man or woman, no matter how big or small, could bare the freeze that was hovering over the "City of Motors."

Tommie sat in honda, in silence contemplating on how he could change his grades of c's into b's in science class. Ms. Green always knew he was better than he was giving off. She saw through the laziness, the hardcore attitude, as if he didn't care about himself or anyone else. Tommie the third was originally from Chicago, but moved to Detroit due to mood swings and his constant fights in school. He now lives with his father Tommie Junior, who grew up on the streets of Detroit. Tommie will soon move with his grandparents after his parents die from the same violence that he'll find on the mean streets of Detroit, all from a drug deal gone horribly wrong.

"You said that they was going to be here at five o'clock, not five o one, not five o two but five o'clock."

Chill Pee Wee! You always go from zero to sixty in three seconds flat," exclaimed Rex. Rex examined the expression on Pee Wee's face and knew the disturbed look meant that he was not in the mood for jokes. Tommie senior was short in height but a giant in stature. He learned to fight on the very streets that he grew up in but it was his uncle whom taught him how to hone in that aggression in the rings of Kronk's Gym. This is where Tommie senior 'aka' Pee Wee learned all the skills along with his natural talents to become a golden glove boxer. Pee Wee later grew to a 6' feet two hundred pound pretty boy type with thick wavy hair and golden brown skin. All the lady's loved it, and him.
"You read me Jim, Are you reading me?" Said Pee Wee making sure Rex had his undivided attention. Now Rex knew that Pee Wee always carried a nickel plated .357 magnum snub-nosed pistol and has seen him use it on occasions. The last thing he wanted was to be at the business end of Pee Wee wrath.

"Pee Wee I didn't mean to raise my voice bro."

"Don't let it happen again!" Said Pee Wee turning his attention to the high rise building lobby waiting for whatever came through the entrance doorway.

"Money up! Money just pulled up." said a seductive voice from the entrance. Her name was Kita "aka" "Kat" Thompson, she also grew up in Detroit. She had to learn fast how to survive on the streets because once her parents learned of her being promiscuous and even trading sexual favors for money they put her out of their house.

That's when she soon met Tommie "Pee Wee" Thompson on her way back from a poetry club on Brush street by the Jeffrey projects. Ever since then, they have been inseparable as Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. And two years later they made it official. Kat was 5'6", every bit of 135 lbs, long wavy hair, she was definitely a radiant light-skinned female, and yes she had eyes just like a cat; that when you looked into her eyes you thought that you really looking into the eyes of a cat. Now she had a walk and a way about herself that just oozed femininity, not to mention sexy. Everyone that looked at Kat found themselves staring at her longer than necessary, but she was used to the stares.

"you strapped," said Tommie making sure Kat was well prepared. She replyed back with a sexy voice, "YES!"

Pee Wee gave her peeved look to let her know that now is not the time for playing.
"Alright get in position and make sure y'all stay alert about this money!" said Tommie, making sure everyone was on point. Kat looked at Rex with a look of confidence. She didn't trust Rex for some reason, but what they didn't know was Rex owed a very large debt to his cousin, Don. He didn't care that it was his cousin that owed him he would still collect, he didn't care about anyone not even blood.

"You ready! you ready! Don't get in here playing games or no hesitation. The first one that does, it'll be "man down" is that understood?" said Don, and everyone was in agreement. the first one went up the steps Rex saw Don approach the door and enter the lobby. Rex greeted Don at that moment Pee Wee and Kat looked at each other with the same concern.

"Who is this?" said Pee Wee with anger in his eyes.

"Pee Wee this is my cousin Don, Don this is my captain Pee Wee." When Rex said this he was fidgeting and had a look of nervousness about himself that Pee Wee just picked up on. This angered Pee Wee and that was when Kat came closer to her husband as if to comfort him as well as calm him down. In the past when Pee Wee misread a situation bodies just started to drop like flies. That was the last thing that Kat wanted was for Pee Wee to start shooting everyone whom he thought was an enemy.

"So let's get this thing rolling." Don said with a sly grin on his face, expecting good things to occur.

"Yeah, I've got the money." Pee Wee pulled out the two bundles of money that they worked and hustled hard for so that they could make this deal happen. Don saw the bundles of money and his eyes lit up. At that moment Don signaled one of the men that he had waiting for the ambush. When he approached with his gun raised at Pee Wee's head. Pee Wee looked from the gun man to Don then to Rex, with a shocked look on his face,
"What Is This?"

"You know what this is, this is a stick up. So don't act like you don't know, Captain!" Don walked toward Pee Wee with a sense of determination that spoke volumes. Kat pulled out her nickle-plated nine with no hesitation, her first shot ringed off hitting Don in his neck, her second shot missed the head of target by inches. The man who she was shotting at was a better shot because when he fired he hit her in the shoulder and one in the head, causing her to slam backwards into the wall sliding down making a gruesome red line as she fell to her death. Pee Wee pulled out his .357 and squeezed off five shots but only hit his target twice, once in the leg and the other in his hip. The wounded man buckled from the shots but he aimed his pistol and shot Pee Wee in the head and he too fell to his death right next to wife.

Tommie was getting ready for school when he remembered the promise that he made Dill. So he went down to the basement to get the bike frame that Dill needed to get back and forth to work. On his way down the steps his eyes caught sight of the picture of his beauty that took him back to the day that it was taken. The memories of that day will always bring a smile to his face. Her name was Clara Anthony whom was 6'0" 152 lbs, she had black hair, and brown eyes that made her caramel complexion have a look of golden honey.

She was sixteen years old with a lot of dreams and goal for her future. She was interested in fashion, culernary arts and she wanted to be a model also. She couldn't choose which of these she would pursue and wondered if there was some way she could do them all at the same time. She hoped that she could apply her love for fashion, modeling and cooking to her most wildest dreams.

Tommie never wipped up the nerves to ask her hand in marriage. He smiled at the thought and knew he wasn't ready to tie the knot just yet, but he did desire her hand to call his very own. Tommie was 5'6", 140 lbs, but a ripped 140lbs. He had black hair brown eyes that females complemented him on
"Loverious"

He set the bar n chanllenged me to reached for it.
A standard of a man, who loved me when Icouldn"t stand it.
Herought Me reapect, and self deetrunmennation that set my self
volu that's unpossable to be counted.
In the arms of a one n a million man,
willing to take a seat as a friend and as a wife take
a send stand.
Hewr heres a canmadate to repersent a declaration of
a dove,
with matching wedding bends.
He's as soft as the rabbit fur coat purchased,
another gife that won't be tooken back.
won't be tooken back because my ,m my forehead he kiss
with passtion, before going out to work...I call him my heart
lock smith.
My heart tokyo drifth's when our bodys intertwine,
from his body I take loverious sips.
Tonight I'm still whighing out...cusure talk over glass
of wine, or a man that's ais one of a milkion hellava mountin
to cliam.
"strashed heel bottom"

Wake up to a wide selection, of a reck of seson styled threds.
Feeling like a m¡st, knowing that the night before you tryed your best.
Putting up another should'n't be worn dress,
grateful to be living in a li‡e filled with deseat,
Walls that used to be up, are now down nieve to niesence degradei degradeing your volue.
Independece ain't the same, makeing it on your own.
Purse fullmake up, and a four fifth crome for sircuirty to make it home.
A strong woman don't heed reassureence for confordence to make it in a cooperation crowded with under cutters.
Anwsers comes awake at the smell of coffee,
and the will to win a love for self lawfully.
Pause before pulling off, to say a prayer that may be costy.

Traffic moveing like clock work,
as you injoy the dime to a work I'm relucked to be takeing apart in.
as I walk throu the open doors, with people smileing gladely to me.

My strashed heel bottoms...A somble of hard work that was fraught for a title.
"under water"

Breath was a prize procession...prizeless, but every day
I find myself fighting for it by it.

It's strength to gain in a war called "slow motion is better
than no motion", of positively growing.
but I found it borring, looking in eyes today...
by tommorrow I'm finding caskets lowered in the ground.

Mother lossed all hope for me makeing it, across town
with all sores of cents abd dollare signs makeing it.
One baby mom, and one on the way. I'm have a Companion who I whan
want two marry.

Still swimming with players, der dressed upp for the occation
wearing layers upon layers.

I look the other way, when others talk about getting out.
Before their souls get captured.
In my own state of mind....adding up nuber numbers on the e-way
I spend a dime too man¥ od ordering that fish flay.

I need mine and no hand is out streched to pay my way.

Shy vay got parked, hitting numbers around the way.
God bless his mother, because all h she did was heran and prayed
for him.
Under watew sea mostars ... By any means going thou all messures
to box you in.
"cookie Crumbul"

F io infatuated with days of éments,
beauty inside shins not out,
why are'nt I'm confident@?
Faux attitudes persuadeing others for a resonde win.
Nine to five has took it's toie,
on the time I possibly don't already have.
I guess more deals involve me in loneliness,
all for self is all they show me.
My crush as a child?... married to me by now,
now I'm settled with head aCHÉ, and relationships that's miserable.
I'm tensed trying to direct troubles in a belligerent crowd.
My expection are on many schools,
but close to home is delasalle.
My expec Zerroed in more on my goals ,
when my mother died.
When I felled short, father cryied just
because hui his child tryed.
Life was the virdec , on the murder thgy tied to rob.
WhenI I look inm my peers eyes,
I'm seeing what can be promised at the very end.
And that's fire, the cookie crumbles some times with your best friend wearing a police wire.
"Soles"

Not understanding of the situation that took
place,
bullets filled a body at the sight of a falling card that
was a ace.
My owner walked away so argereantly,
so much pain other than rocks and fire undernf me.
So many lession e was trought to shild me,
from what?
The thing that got soles before me angerly cut off.
Form from what? Mercy that's needed for mr me to rest,
after a prayer anwsered after a ned needed test.
To protect me, many tryed their best.
I left painfully from a clutched chest,
tooking for grandent I've been never the less.
I'm tournioused at the sight of gloryfied possesstions,
I'm a sole posessed by many.
I'm dws destined to go were ever the lord send me.
"Under Taker"

A million bodys and I'm still digging for innocent and non-innocent.

Dirt on my boots, and face knowing that noe one day
this will be my destiny of rest or disturbance.

The skies are clear, with a chance of rain fall.

Wife and kids out, shopping for what they want at the mall.

Fourty years plus, and my eyes are wide and my out look on
life still standing tall.

You might be the next one.. who I take under.

From the site of me, goese bumps craw on skin
with fright.

So delicly delicately I put people under,
wandering were do they go in thier lifeless slumber.

I walk away with a sence of appreciation,
for my blessed life.

Ripen the benefits, and understanding the price.
from time to time. He too was into the fashion scene and was always dressed as though he was about to walk down the runway. He needed his grades to be up to his teacher's expectation, so that his dreams can have a chance to come true. How else was he going to get his girl what she wanted and what she deserved. He thought about his father who worked hard for his possession.

He had always admired his father for being there for him over the years, despite the fact that his father wasn't there for him spending quality time Tommie because he had to work so much overtime in order to keep up with bills. Even after the bills were caught up he continued to keep the overtime schedule because it allowed them to have enough money to live comfortable and even be able to start saving for Tommie to go to college.

Tommie went to school thinking about Dill was talking to him about Rich mingling with the trouble makers, dealing drugs, and only God knows what else. He didn't understand because Richard was getting better grades than him in all of his class. He set the wondering to the side, and walked in home room where he looked forward to seeing his high light of the day... Clera.

Homer room was mostly seniors but a few juniors were there as well. They were preoccupying themselves playing pitty pat for dollars and playing spades to pass the time. He took his seat and started to look through his notes to prepare for the questions that Mr. Biley was going to ask him in his first period class after homeroom. He started to look through his backpack when he noticed his best friend approaching, Clera.

"How yuo doing there stranger?" Clera said with a kind voice. He knew this sense of humor from anywhere.

"Oh nothing, just trying to... oh here they are, waving his notes in the air.

"So how was your evening last night?" said Clera smiling at the fact that she knew he was nervous about kissing her for the first time.
"It was lame due to the fact that you were there." when Tommie said this he smiled and she knew that it was completely the opposite, she smiled as well.

"So you did like the kiss? OK" she stated.

"Liked is an understatement it was rich, matter of fact it was 'priceless'." when he said this he touched her hand, this put a smile on Clera face they were then interrupted by the teacher trying to calm everyone down.

"Class, class, class! I would like your attention at this very moment please!" Stated Mr. Belvedere. It was a good chance that he might be the principle next year. "Okay class first of all as we all know homeroom will now be in room 207 next week so don't forget. I'd also like to remind you all that you must always put your best foot forward and make your first impression your best impression because you only get one chance to make that first impression count for you for all the time to come. Please take into consideration that graduation is only seven months away, so pay your senior dues. And remember, stay out of trouble, thank you!" When Mr. Belvedere said thank you he put his hand in the air as if he was running for mayor after he'd given an empowering speech.

Tommie turned around in his chair to find Clera out of her seat, she was in the far left corner of the room with someone being consoled from the news of yet one more of her friends losing their life.

"What's going on?" Said Tommie with a look of concern on his face.

"You didn't know?" said a sad voice.

"Know what?" exclaimed Tommie.
"Rich died last night." When Tommie heard this he knew the rumors were true, his friend was held hostage by the streets of Detroit.

"Don't cry Clera." said Tommie wiping the tears that fell from her radiant face. This affection caused a sincere hug and a kiss on the forehead that came from Tommie.

"I'm tired of all this death that's been finding our friends and for what? So we can suppress our feeling until the next one of friends dies. I'm so tired of this living like this Tommie." Said Clera hugging Tommie tighter, fearing that he might be next to be sucked up by the streets of horror.

Tommie helped her out of her seat to attend her next class at the sound of the bell. When they got in the hallway they gave each other another hug until they saw each other at lunch time. Tommie kissed Clera on the cheek, but she turned to meet his lips to say enough is enough and kissed him as to say I want to be more than just friends. Tommie gave it back to her the same way she was giving it to him. After what seemed like an eternity they broke away from the kiss, but it was all of two minutes.

"You going to be alright?" said Tommie still holding her in his arms.

"I guess I'll get over it, it's just so sad Tommie, it's so very sad." said Clera not able find the words to express how she really felt at the time.

"Well I hope you don't let this bad news ruin your day, you hear me?"

"Yes Tommie, you sound just like my father at times." said Clera rubbing the bottom of Tommie's chin with her index finger.

"Bye Clera."

"Bye." said Clera as they were letting go of each others hands.
While Clera was waiting for Mr. Smith to come back from the bathroom she couldn't help but think about Tommie and his grown man kiss. It made the hair on the back of her neck stand up and gave her butterflies in her stomach just thinking about him. The only one that came close to that kiss was Bobby, but that's another book that may be depressing to the reader. But Tommie was an introduction that's about to get into a delicious story that had to be read.

She thought back to the evening that she would always have in her memories for the rest of her life.

"You can't hit the Bottles to win me my favorite teddy bear can you? What kind of a soon to be boyfriend are you?" she said to him playfully, but hoping that he could win her the giant oversized Tweety Bird doll.

"They made this game hard so that you can't win that's why the prizes are so big, you just can't win. Look at how he's not even worried about me winning because the game is impossible to win." Pointing in the direction of the man hosting the game. It was about cool and chilly forty degrees outside, with the wind blowing and everything when she pointed in the direction of her Tweety Bird over at a Dunking booth. How could you lose at a game where all you have to do is fall in the water. Now if Tommie really loved her then it would be nothing for him to jump into the freezing cold water fully dress for her. At least he would get her her Tweeeety Bird.

"I got a notion." said Clera with her fingers under her chin looking into the distance with a devilish grin on her face.

"What's that?" said Tommie throwing his last ball.

"Look over there. No way over there far left." she said as she pointed at the dunking booth.
"You know that I can't swim right!" Tommie said with a look of fright on his face.

"For real"

"Nawl, but if I get sick you're going to have to visit me each and every day, no breaks. Deal?" said Tommie when he saw the smile that Clera gave him indicating that she knew he wanted to be with her every second of every day. They walked over to the dunk booth and he climbed on the dunk tank and sat on the board over the water that he would soon be plunged. Thinking to himself what else would he do for love, anything and everything. The man handed her the softball and she looked at it twirled it around in her hand taking great care to examine the ball for any defects. That's when she looked down at her feet planting them getting her target in sight winding up and the pitch, bullseye! First pitch and down he goes right into the tank.

Tommie fell to cold and chilled water below happily knowing that she was certainly happier. Walking back towards the parking lot he asked her, "Where did you get an arm like that?"

"That comes from many summers of play softball on the P.A.L league softball teams."

"I watch C. C. Bashen on the mount, and I thought that was going to be in trouble once you started to wind up your pitch." "You plan to play softball again this summer too?" he asked her earnestly.

"I'm thinking about it." she responded.

"For Real!"
As Tommie grabbed and pulled her in his embrace. For a moment they just looked into each other eyes and felt the passion burn within. At that second he could see forever and he certainly like what he saw. He kissed her softly, tenderly with everything that he had within him and it was great. Snapping back into the present from a pleasant reality, time goes by so fast when you're having fun. Yet and still there is always something or someone that comes along and try to bring you down. But she promised herself that she was not going to let it. That's when she remembered that she had an interview in two days for a job at the Gap department store.

She really liked the new jeans that came out, they seem to hug her body just right making her look all the more better. She'd also found a shirt that matched which she thought was cute. White was a color she liked and the shirt was mixed with pink. She decided to pick up the pants and shirt on Wednesday that way she'll be ready for Friday. A day she planned a suprise date to the movies with Tommie. He didn't know yet but he was surely on his way to be greatly suprised. A gentle voice ended her daydream

"Good moring class..."

Tommie was in the second row in the front of the class, feeling like the man of the year after a second kiss from Clara. He was sure that it was the first time every time that their lips locked in on one another. He'd always felt renewed almost like a new man just from a simple kiss. This gave him the feeling that he could do anything, he was Superman. It was amazing after first laying eyes on her, he never thought of any other girl. In fact he had someone else in mind but, his desire for Clara wiped all that away when she asked him to the school dance. That was seven months away and he still didn't know what he was going to wear. He had in mind to wear a polo shirt and pants that matched with the latest polo jacket but, thought that he should wear something new that she hasn't seen him in yet.
His mind then went somewhere else, for he was always in a
daydream or being distracted by his own idea of what or how he
thought that his life should play out. Now his mind took him to
his old eating grounds where he was even hungry just thinking
about one of the burgers that he used to get when he was there.
Elmo's made one of the best double cheese burgers ever. It had
two beef patties the size of saucers, pepper jack cheese that
gave it a little kick to it with pickles falling out of it. It
was just the best burger ever.

He felt bad because now he was thinking of Betty and her
face was imprinted in his mind's eye and not Clera. Now these
days Clera was the one and only girl for him but still he was
thinking of Betty.

"What's going on bro?"

"You know." shaking hands with Dill.

"So I'm guessing that you don't need to talk about Rich?
Because everyone and their mama has been talking about nothing
else but Rich since we heard the news." exclaimed Dill with
disgust in his voice. He still wanted to talk to Tommie about
all the things that lead up to Rich's death but, thought that
now was not the best time to do it.

"Mr. Thompson and Mr. Jones, you two will be staying after
class and the next I have to speak to either of you you'll be
going to the principle's office along with a weeks, detention.
Is that understood." Mrs. Wells stated in one of her most nicest
and calmest manners as she continued to write on the blackboard
without even turning around. She seem to have eyes in the back of
her head, and ears that could hear a pin drop several miles away.

"Yes, Mrs. Wells!" the boys said in unison. Tommie elbowed
Dill thinking to himself that he was always getting him in trouble
while in class talking about whatever was on his mind. Which made
it look like they both were talking when all Tommie usually did
was listen.
"that crazy his ending was what it was, due to how ambitious he was about having a life he always wanted. Which was that of the 'Jones'.

"Yeah, but that ambition didn't allow him to stay focused in his school books, may God rest his soul." Dill was looking around for his mother's ride. Tommie was also looking around for Clera to see if he could walk her home that way they could just talk.

"Here she comes now." said Dill.

"Stay up young, how's that bike frame coming? You getting from point A to point B alright?" Tommie said checking to make sure Dill was okay with getting back and forth to work. That's when he spotted Clera coming out of the school building. His mind was on Dill and whether or not he was keeping it together with all of the stresses he was dealing with. He really didn't know the next time he was going to see Dill again.

"Yeah, I'm doing well at work. My boss is giving me compliments about how focused and attentive on my job assignments and all that other stuff.

"Well, keep up the good work bro, that's from the bottom of my heart. You hear me." said Tommie.

"you got it, man. Next thing you know you'll start pulling out the violins and stuff." Dill said while mushing Tommie's head and grabbing him in a bear hug. Dill ran towards the car then turned around and said, "We all we got right?"

"You better know it!" Tommie stated with all the sincerity that he could muster. "See you in the morning." That's when he finally saw Clera and waved her over to him. "Clera over here."

"Here I come." she said.
She walked over to him trying to put on a happy face. She prayed that he didn't read the disappointment in her attitude after she just found out she was just passing her geometry class with only a C. She knew that she was just barely getting by and wanted to do better. What she didn't know was that her teacher was grading her on a curve for her effort. She was doing her best and he overlooked her small mistakes and pushed her even moreso to correct her mistakes.

"Hey you, how long have you been waiting here?" Clera said.

"Oh about two or three hours now." His attempt to use a sense of humor while grabbing her hand to walk past the people at the bus stop.

"You alright? It looks like something is bothering you." Tommie said while putting his arm around her next in an embrace.

"It's nothing, just a little tired." she said while dropping her head onto his shoulder.

"You sure." he pushed.

"Yeah I'm good." Clera didn't know that Tommie was struggling in his classes also. Going pass the bus stop and all the students there they went into the corner store. Tommie got himself two snickers, a pepsi, and a bag of chips, and she got some cookies a pepsi, and a bag of sour cream and onion ships. They left the store and talked about some of the days events in school but, not once did either of them bring up Rich.

As they were nearing their destination of her house they began to talk about walking across the stage for graduation. Now this was their main goal getting out of high school and going to college and ending up like so many of their class mates from previous years who were doing nothing still living at home with their parents. When they got to her house she invited him inside and offered him a drink. He didn't want a drink and sensed that she was just as nervous as he was with the two of them being nic
alone at her house. She was hesitant about her next question for him but she asked him anyway.

"You want to go upstairs?" Clea pointed up as she stared into his eyes to see if he was craving her as much as her craving for him. The feeling of Tommie's touch had her body betraying her in so many different ways that she'd never experienced before now. She would get butterflies in her stomach whenever he would touch her hand or when he put his arm around her neck.

He knew what time it was and really wasn't sure if he was ready but he didn't want to wimp out. That's when he started to studdering as he was answering her questions. "Are, are you sure? What? What time does your mother get home?"

"She get's off at six and it takes her about thirty or forty minutes to get home," she stated sassily with her hands on her hips with her feet standing akimbo. "Do you want to go upstairs or not?"

"Why not?" he finally mustered but not too confidantly.

She turned and started to walk up the stairs then turned around to Tommie who was still sitting on the couch. She walked over to him grabbed his hand and led him up the stairs. As soon as she grabbed his hands her body began to betray her once again and it started with the butterflies in the stomach. It didn't stop there though now she also had goosebumps on her arms and she felt a little flush. But there was no turning back now.

She led him to her bedroom guiding him to her bed. She then pushed him down on the bed. She'd been thinking about the exploration that the two of them would make that would send their bodies to limits that neither of them knew that they had. She knew that she wanted this to be with him because of all the tender moments that the two of them shared over the few weeks
Tommie stood up embracing Clera in his arms. He then looked longingly into her eyes and thought that finally this was going to happen. He layed her on the bed where she took her shirt off, next came her bra. She pulled off her pants and then she decided to let him have the honors of doing the rest.

He did just that as he leaned in to approach first base. Now, he was nearing second base and, she was having a tingling sensation through her body. Every touch seem to start at its origin then take its course throughout her entire body. This made it feel all the more wonderful. Clera's leg was in the air as she layed on her back, her fingers clutching the sheets. Tommie witnessed wetness with every stroke that he delivered to her. She could have sworn that she had climaxed three times in just three minutes. She even imagined them saying their vows right then and there.

Tommie turned her around, and Clera got on all fours and then looked back at him with the same devilous look that she had on her face the day that she dunked him in the dunk tank. Now he was earning her soul desire and wasn't falling short by a long shot. Clera face was in the pillow while Tommie's pipe was finding its target every time. As soon as she felt like she couldn't take any more she climaxed for the fifth time.

Tommie was reaching his breaking point, and then began to go harder and faster. She knew that he was now coming with her as he was panting harder than ever. As the two of them reached their peaks Tommie rolled over onto his back next to Clera on the bed. Clera layed her head on his chest and he put his arms around her thinking to himself that she is the one.

"You is something else." Clera panted out of breath.

"I loved enjoying that water park... Will you marry me Cle?" Tommie rubbed the back of her head as gently as he could.
"In due time, in due time." Clera fell asleep on Tommie's chest.

THREE DAYS LATER

The church was packed with Richard family, his friends, and even his school mates were all there. Second Ebernezer Missionary Baptist Church asat on the corner of Van Dyke and Forest right in the neighborhood where they all lived. It had been used back in the time of slavery as one of the refuge spots for slaves running away from the south to the north before they made their homes whereever they made them. So not only was this a big church but it had historical value to it as well.

Tommie was looking around and began to think that he was at a celebrity's wake. He even saw people he havn't seen since he was elementary school. He saw Danny who he remembered that he had to bring a weapon to school to protect himself because Danny would bully him every chance that he got. It seemed as though he would try to get his friends to help him and it would be at least four or five boys he had to fight every single day.

It finally came to a halt when they saw that Tommie would do whatever he had to do in order to survive. So if that meant that Tommie would carry a knife and even stab someone, then so be it. They didn't want any trouble with Tommie and the knife he carried in the small of his back. To make a long story short Tommie survived with a black eye an a stab wound.

He suddenly seen Clera walking over to him and she took his hand as they walked over to view Rich in the casket. Richard was wearing a black Books Made tuxedo from the new clothing designer Akbar Jones, black Mauri gators, and a Louis Vuitton scarf. When Tommie saw Rich in the casket he thought that he looked so peaceful in the tuxedo that he had planned to wear to the prom. That tuxedo was so expensive that Tommie that he too could one day.
could one day have a tuxedo just like it and the 'Now Later Gators' that everyone who's anyone are wearing. Tommie also was wondering about the all of the struggles that he and his friends were going through on an everyday basis and how this would affect him in his later decisions to become a man.

"How peaceful you think he is?" Clera said as she look the corpse in front of her that used to be one of her friends.

"I don't know but due to all of our sins we piled up in life, I hope he's peaceful with everything that he had to endure within his family and surviving in our neighborhood." Tommie stated matter of factly, as he put his arm around Clera to try to console her.

"You think that we get recompensed for the oppression that we suffer in our lives?" Clera questioned.

"Has to be because it makes no sense to go through hardships in this life... I don't even know if there is a hereafter. So I don't know Clera... I just don't know." Tommie said this with tears falling from his eyes.

Everyone started going to the grave site to put Richard into the ground. On the way there they sat in silence thinking about how they wanted to love, and live before dying themselves. They were about eight cars away from the entrance of Forest Lawn Cemetery when they stopped because people was crying over the casket causing traffic to come to a halt.

His mother along with his three sisters, and brothers stood next to Clera while she dropped two roses on the casket for her and Tommie. The rest of the roses that she had from the bouquet were from her other classmates that could not attend the funeral because, they had gone to school. After the body was completely buried everyone left and went their separate ways.
Over the weekend Tommie got the things that he needed to get done wrapped up and finished. At this point his life was bittersweet because of the lose of one of his closest childhood friends. This along with him gaining what he thought to be a sweet and beautiful life long partner in Clera. Who knows what the future holds?

While putting his whites in the washing machine separating them from his colored clothes he thought of a line from Jada Kiss, "Life's a Bitch and The Devil is a Motherfucker!" He also thought about being focused, and ready for life's many long obstacles preparing himself for the future and all that it holds for him. Besides he wanted nothing but the best for Clera, and only the Best. On his way up the stairs from the basement he wondered why he'd put Clera's picture on the wall at the landing of the basement steps. He took the picture off of the wall and placed it in a picture frame then set it on the mirror right next to his mother's picture. He grabbed the phone and dialed Dill's number. Dill answered on the first ring.

"Hello." Dill answered.

"Yeah." Tommie said looking out the window at Bean pulling up into the driveway of his house.

"Dill I need you to meet me in the driveway of your house in ten minutes... You got that?" Tommie turned away from the window like how Bean wasn't late for the meeting.

"Yeah, no problem bro." Dill stated as he hung up the phone.

"See you then." Tommie said as he heard the dial tone so he turned to the door where he knew his friend would be waiting on him.

"What's happening young?" Bean said checking his alarm on his Audi.
"Come in." Tommie welcomed his friend into the livingroom and at the same time knowing... After this there would be no turning back. Bean took a seat on the couch. Bean was seventeen years old, dark skinned, 5'4" inches tall, 180 pounds, brown eyes, with a short hair cut, and a stroll that gave him a sense of confidence that let everyone know that he didn't play... at all. This is but one of the reasons why he just seem to get things done. And this is why Tommie called upon the young soldier in his time of need.

"You said you know the verdict of the situation at hand?" Tommie stated as his sat down as well.

"Right around the corner were they eat, eat, sleep and shit!" Bean was holding back the tears that found his cheek on that afternoon of January 8, 1999.

"I just called my man Dill and told him we will spinning around there in... three minutes to talk or plead the fifth." Tommie said getting up from his seat to set things in motion.

They was sitting on the wall around the corner from Dill's apartment. This wall was low enough for you to sit on and that is what everyone did. It was right next to an alley along the side of the parking lot of Shopway grocery store and a known hangout for us teenagers, the drug dealers, and the old men that would used their cars as gitney's to get people home with their bags of groceries that didn't own a car or have a ride. While sitting there they started rolling up dutchies and sipping on Henney out of paper cups.

"So two more days and we'll deal with the dilemma that HAS to be dealt with." Tommie took a puff of the B1 and sipped from his cup.

"Dill you'll be copping the bag, then go around the corner to the alleyway where you will wait for us, Bean will pull up
to talk with main man. 'Me, I'm going to be in the apartment on the twelfth floor looking the window where I can see everything. When you see me Bean pull away and that's when I'll come down there with you. Tommie swallowed the last of his drink confident with his plan for revenge.

"Bet." Bean replyed.
CHAPTER 3

They pulled up at the top of the block of their foes. Then put some finishing touches on the plan making sure everyone knew where and what they was suppose to do and when. Dill got out of the car, walked down the block where he was to buy a bag of weed to see what man he was sticking. Soon after, Dill turned the corner and Bean pulled in the car and spoke to one of his targets Tommie walked down the block where he met Bean, and Dill at their assigned positions.

"Ready! Ready!" Tommie locked his forty caliber.

"Let's Go!" Boom, boom, boom. All you could here was the constant sound of shots fired from their pistols. People tried to duck for cover horrified at the site of the bloody carnage. Customers were running in all directions to get to safety. The targets tryed but, just couldn't get away from the fire balls that was coming for their intended targets... THEM!

When the job was executed along with them. Bean, Tommie, and Dill walked away. Something told Bean to turn and he saw that one of his targets was aiming at the back of Tommie's head. Bean thought 'Not Tonight'. Boom, boom, boom.

The rest of Bean's shots went in the young man's body as he lay facedown in a growing pool of his own blood. When they got to the car they each went separate ways of escape. Bean saw a curtain move in one of the houses but he thought nothing of it.

Bean took his car to the old junk yard Richardson and Sons' on the corner of Six Mile Road and Van Dyke Road. He knew he they would chop up the car with no questions asked plus get a few of bucks back to buy another one. Tommie and Dill took different buses just to get out of the area. Tommie took the bus that would bring him close to his house while Dill took one going in the opposite direction.
Tommie called Clera on his cell phone and Clera could tell he was out of breath from the adrenaline rush of his previous actions.

"Hello." Clera said as she was getting ready for their date.

"Yeah, what's up with you beautiful? Are you ready?"

"What's wrong with you? You sound like you're out of breath. What are you doing?" Clera asked.

"I called Dill out to a game of one on one.

Before he could finish talking she interrupted "When are you going to get here? And why are you out playing ball when you should be getting ready for our date. I just called the restaurant to confirm our reservations. They said that if we are late that they will give our table away to someone else and we will lose our reservations period." Clera was taking off her robe so she could finished getting dressed for what she thought was her perfectly planned evening with the love of her life.

"I'll be be there in ten minutes." Tommie said running off the bus and around the corner to his house. Looking at his watch the whole way in a full sprint.

"Okay, love you." she said.

"I love you too." Tommie said hanging up the phone not knowing when he'll show up. A brother was only playing with the hand that he was dealt. He ran into his house, taking off his clothes throwing them as he ran to the shower. Then he got dressed and came downstairs as he ran pass the couch he saw that Bean left his 'work'. Now he had to backtrack, grab the 'work' and stash it somewhere. When he put the narcotics away he got in his car. As he was driving off his phone rung.
Tommie didn't recognize the number or the person on the line.

"Hello."

"That's how you feel?" Came the question from a stranger.

"Who is this?" Tommie asked.

"In a minute, your worse nightmare come true. Champ." Said the unknown voice on the phone before the line went dead.

"Hello, hello..." Tommie said with a confused look on his face. Then he realized that the other line had already hung up the phone on him.

On the ride over to Clera's house he was thinking about who the call could have come from. He just could not get it out of his head... Who the fuck was that? He just could not seem to get it off of his mind. When he got to Clera's house, he found her waiting for on the porch steps.

"Took you long enough!" Clera said rolling her eyes playfully as she got into the car.

"We still got ten minutes." Tommie said as he closed the car door and ran around to the driver's side. On the way to the restaurant their conversation was about everything under the sun. When they got to the restaurant they were seated right away at a table next to a giant fish tank. After the hostess left them a waitress showed with the menus.

"Welcome to Joe Muers' Seafood, my name is Tena and I'll be your waitress for this evening. If you need anything just let me know. I'll be right back with your water, and would you like anything to drink before I go. Tena stated in a most pleasant manner.
Now Joe Muers' Seafood was one of the premier restaurants in the city of Detroit. It has been known to serve some of all of the celebrities that live in and around the Detroit Metro area. Joe Louis, Tommy Hearns, Henry Ford, everyone that ever recorded at Motown Records including Barry Gordy, along with the players of the Detroit Pistons, Lions, Tigers and the Red Wings have all graced their presence in the famous Joe Muers' Seafood Restaurant. Not to mention it was the normal eating and meeting spot for the mayor Coleman A. Young, Concilmen, and polititions and also Congressman Crockett.

So everyone who's anyone goes to Joe Muers' or would love to go to the restaurant because you never know who you may see in their coming and going on an everyday basis.

Tena was also a student at Detroit Kettering High School where Tommie and Clera attended. Tena was 6'0", 136 pounds, with a coke bottle frame with curves in all the right places. She had brown eyes cocoa brown skin but, even though she was beatiful she was insecure about her smile because her teeth were not as white as she would like them. This is one of the reasons she worked so many hours as she could so she would be able to pay to have braces put on her teeth and get them professionally whitened. Even with that she had a way of using her other attributes to exude confidence in order to get bigger tips from the customers.

When Tena finished asking for their drink orders there was a long pause from Tommie and Clera because neither of them could navigate through the menu to locate the drinks. Tommie had been flipping back and forth through the menu when Clera said,

"Could you give us a few minutes please."

"No problem, I'll bring you your water, and the drinks are all in this section here." Tena stated as she pointed them out.
When Tena returned with their water glasses she asked them, "Are you ready to order your drinks now?"

Clera thank her for the water and asked her, "Can we get a bottle of chardonnay please?"

"How old are you?" Tena said knowing that neither of them was old enough to order alcoholic beverages and did not want to get into any trouble with her boss for serving alcohol to minors.

Clera caught offence because she did not want to be embarrassed by the waitress. Little did the waitress know Clera had gotten a fake I.D. card last summer when everyone drove to Ohio to go to the annual Jazz Festival. So as Clera was reaching into her purse for her indentification card she stated with attitude, "I'm 24 years old and he is 23 here is our I.D."

Tena looked at the cards as though she was the po-pcs but, when she handed back the cards to them she said, "We have to card anyone under the age of 35 years of age. This way I don't lose my job and didn't mean any offense to you or your boyfriend."

Clera said, "Oh I understand sometime customers ask you to do things that your boss will not go for and then get mad at you if you don't want to do it."

"Would you like to order now also or would you like me to come back after I bring you your bottle of chardonnay?" Tena said

"No, we'd like to order right now, I'll have the Talapia, with the brown rice, and the broccoli with cheese sauce. A small side salad with Italian dressing on the side." Clera said as though she's been here on more than one occasion. Tommie was looking at her with newfound eyes and, he thought even more to himself that this is why he was so infatuated with Ms. Clera, she had style and grace that would put her in magazines and, she was also just as hood and street smart as one of the gangsters around the way. Yeah she was the one for him.
While stuck in his own thoughts about Clera whom he was growing more and more attached to her. She seemed to him the very girl that he could settle down with, get married to and, have kids with.

"You Sir, what would you like?" Tena said for the third time.

"Um, I'll have the surf and turf, with the alligator souffle and that will be all for me." Tommie said as though this is what he do.

"Okay, I'll be back with your orders shortly." Tena said as she hurried away.

Tommie leaned over the side of the table to whisper in Clera's ear.

"How did you get reservations for Joe Muers'? This is one of the most expensive restaurants in Detroit. I mean everybody who's somebody comes in here. Look over there that is Barbara Rose Collins. She was the politon who pushed for the internal investigation of the Detroit Police Department when Willie Green was gunned down by those crooked cops." Tommie said in awe.

"And look over there coming in the door that's Isiah Thomas and Joe Dumars of the Detroit Pistons. Sitting behind you is the lady from the Channel 7 News cast, man I would never expect to see all of these people here. You are the shit girl!"

"Well, my dad have some of his business meetings here and, has brought us here as a family once or twice." Clera stated with all the mosesty that she could muster.

"I could get used to this coming in here once or twice a week would be all that." Tommie said starting to stick his chest out, he couldn't wait to tell somebody anybody and everybody that he had dinner at Detroit's famous Joe Muers'.

"Didn't I, I mean I'm pretty sure there are many others who did worse." Clera was feeling the effects of the purple haze that she smoked with Tommie in the car before arriving to the restaurant. She then asked him.

"How are you doing in your classes?"

"I'm doing okay." Tommie said looking away from the table.

"There's something wrong Tommie." Clera was concerned about Tommie's demeanor.

"Yeah, I'm good... What's good??? Yo, this haze is on point. Well, there is something that I need to tell you." Tommie stated reluctantly.

"What's that?" Clera asked quizzically.

"I'm being tutored by or waitress, she goes to school with us and I'm suprized you didn't recognize her. I flunking science, math and gym I am even flunking gym. Who flunks out of gym?" He said with embaressment in his words.

"Why her? How did you get her to help you? She started with the questions.

"Well, Mr Valentine our counselor called me into his office and said that if I didn't pick up my grades that I would not be able to graduate. I was so mad I didn't know what to do but, he suggested that if I get a tutor I could pick up my grades and be able to graduate on schedule with everyone else. She's on the honor so she gets work study pay for tutoring me three times a week. And since she's been helping me my grades have improved. Now all I have to do is pass gym." Tommie said releaved to have finally told Clera one of his biggest secrets.
"So Tena is your tutor? She stated.

"Yes." Tommie said.

"Oh! Okay, okay so when was you going to tell me!"

"You said you-"

"I'm only playing with you boy. You know that I trust you." Clera did make a mental note to keep an eye on this Tena because even if she trusted Tommie she did not trust anyone with her man.

"How can I get some tutoring for my classes?" Clera asked as she saw Tena coming with there food.

"Here's your food and here's your food." Tena said as she placed their meals in front of them.

"Tena, I want to introduce you to my friend. Tena this is Clera and Clera this is Tena my tutor." Tommie mad the introductions as he waved his hand back and forth with his words.

"Nice to meet you Tena." Clera said snippily.

"Nice to meet you too." Tena said extending her hand toward Clera for a hand shake.

"Tena, I was just telling Clera that you are on the honor roll and that Mr. Valentine recommended you to be my tutor. And the question came up. Would you be able to tutor both of us at the same time? If that's alright with you?" Tommie asked Tena.

"Sure, you're more than welcome to join our study group. Why not?" Tena said seeing Clera relax before her eyes.
"Thank you Tena. I am looking forward to our study sessions so that I can get better grades. The last thing that I want is to not be able to graduate." Clera said with all sincerity.

Soon after Tena left them to attend to other tables. They found themselves talking about what they would do to fulfill all of their future plans and ambitions. What it be like to be married to each other. While they were going on with their conversation Barbara Rose Rollins noticed Clera and waved at her.

"You know her?" Tommie asked excitedly.

"Well, sort of." Clera stated.

"How???

"I am a member of Congressman Crooker's Junior Caucus and she was at one of our meetings that turned into a very heated debate. After the meeting was over, she and I talked more about all sorts of things. Then she offered to drive me home and we talked more in the car about school, college and everything in between." Clera said this all as though it was no big deal.

Just then Mrs. Rollins walks over to their table and says, "Hi Clera, how are you and who is this young man?"

"Hi Mrs. Rollins, this is my boyfriend Thomas Thompson, he goes to Kettering high school with me." Clera said.

"Nice to meet you Mr. Thompson." Mrs. Rollins said as she extended her hand for the hand shake where Tommie's enthusiasm shows in his grip.

"It's nice to meet me too. I mean it's nice to be you. I meant to say that I am pleased to meet you Mrs. Rollins. I see you all the time on the news; you are always helping someone. I really like how you stand up for the people." Tommie said full of excitement.
Tommie wanted to ask Clera question after question about Mrs. Barabra Rose Rollins but, he didn't know where to start. Seeing that Tommie was anxious to say something Clera took the time to explain how her dad used to bring her family here to the restaurant and how she originally met Mrs. Rollins. They sat in the restaurant enjoying their meal and the atmosphere. Deep in the back of Tommie's mind, he still kept wondering who could have made the phone call to him. He put it to the side so that he could give Clera all of his attention on this perfect date. They continued to make small talk. She asked Tommie.

"Have you seen the new movie with Robert Dénéro; I think it's called, "Be On The Look Out."

"No, but I've seen the previews a couple of times. I think it might be a good movie. Would you like to go see it one of these days?" Tommie said finishing the last of his meal.

"I've planned for us to go see it this saturday. I thought about friday but, figured this way we could spend the whole day together. What do you think about that, Tommie?" she inquired.

"Well, you know that I'm riding with you, so let's do it." Tommie said pushing his plate to the side while taking a drink from his wine glass.

"Really, I appreciate your thoughtfulness, Tommie." Clera said as she too started drinking from her wine glass also. She was starting to really feel the effects of the wine and the haze from earlier which was actually putting her in a 'haze.'

"You alright? You feeling it ain't you?" Tommie asked as he took notice to the droop in her eyes.

"I'm good... A little bit." Clera put up her thumb and index finger to measure an inch smiling the whole time.
"Well thank you Mr. Thompson it great to know that even my youngest constituents approve of my actions." she stated.

"Can we take a picture. Oh, I son't even have a camera but, maybe some other day we can take one. Tommie said.

"Oh, don't worry. There is always a camera around in a place like this. Hold on while I get someone to get a camera." Mrs. Collins said as she walked away.

"Why did you ask her that?" Clera said with a bit of attitude.

"What? I just thought of it. It would be nice to have a picture with her. That's all." Tommie said trying to smooth her over not wanting to upset anyone.

Just then Mrs. Collins came back with one of the waiters and he had a camera in tow.

"Okay, how would you like to take this picture Mr. Thompson? Mrs. Collins asked.

Tommie just stood there when Mrs. Collins took the lead, "How about you stand there and Clera and I stand on either side of you. Now take another one. And now one with just you and I. Now take one with Clera. Okay, one last one with me and Clera."

"Well, I have to get back to my dinner. It was nice meeting you Mr. Thompson and it was nice to see you again Clera. Don't forget we have another meeting coming up at the end of the month. Mr. Thompson I'd like to see you attend the meeting as well." Mrs. Collins said extending her hand once again for Tommie's handshake.

"Yes! Yes I'll be there. Why do I go? But I'll be there." Tommie said full of enthusiasm and excitement.
"It shows, it really shows. Where would you like to go from here?" Tommie asked not wanting this perfect night to come to an end. He finished the last of his wine and, started fishing in his pocket for his dime sack.

"Home."

"Well, I'm trying to roll and smoke something, you with it? We could drive out to Belle Isle and park over near the fountain. I like the way the water changes colors especially when I'm nice like this. I know you over there getting nice too." Tommie said.

"Okay, we can do that but, I don't want to get home too late I have a lot to do in the morning." Clera said.

They drove out to Belle Isle and parked on the street right in front of the fountain. They were passing the blunt back and forth between each other. After the second one Clera wanted to call it a night.

"Where did you get this from?" Clera asked.

"I had got it from my man." Tommie said inhaling the substance into his already black lungs.

"No one but you!" Tommie stated letting Clera know that she was the one and only girl for him. "Thank you for giving me the pleasure of pleasing you the way that you deserve to be pleased."

Tommie made sure that Clera got what she came for, pleasure. Her pleasure meant more to him right now than his own. She was showing Tommie that she could be as versatile as a super model with elegance or just as hood as she wanna be, if the need ever arose. Yes, she was one of the girls that you could take home to mom. Someday she will be my wife, Tommie thought to himself.