

A person wearing a dark, heavy, hooded coat is walking away from the camera down a narrow, dimly lit tunnel. The tunnel has a series of arches overhead, and the walls are rough and textured. The lighting is low and warm, creating a somber and mysterious atmosphere.

ROBBY
RICHARDSON

DEAD MAN
WALKING
[ER]

Dead Man Walking

[ER]

by

Robby Richardson

Dedication

To all the bridges in my life in the hopes that the one I burn now light my way!

Dead Man Walking

[Intro]

by

Robby Richardson

Step...Step...Step

One foot in front of the other

A feeling so warm it leaves a shudder

Step...Step...Step

A dead man walking on this release

An unquenchable peace

Step...Step...Step

No matter how far I go or how much my lips unfold

The fault being with you...I recall being

A dead man walking

Pull all the tricks and punches

Death's finger touches so let's lose the crutches

With one stomp of my foot poems fall out

We're about to go all out...balls out

Open up the hallowed ground and see what crawls out

Truth is what killed me...fury is what filled me

And this fury is the death sentence when they find me guilty

No defamation here...truth make light appear

Now be prepared for the fire casting your shadow in it's sphere

Step...Step...Step

Through the grit and the mud

The sweat and the blood I trudged

Step...Step...Step

Through fire and flame...through smoke and ash

Fury roared past under a dark forecast

Step...Step...Step

No matter how far I go...you all will know

The fault being yours for the sure thing I'm becoming

A dead man walking

How to express a state of mind in a rhythmic line

That gives it a poetic line to be embedded in the mind

Of those of the same kind metamorphized to a similar time

Convicted of the same crime of speaking their mind

The authority of conformity as it's approaching me

To tell your boss...speak the truth...to just a man in a suit

To know your wasting your breath to be sentenced to death

For something I said and something they read

At the end my head held high as my boss said ...

“Surely this...this is all a lie”

I stare at my book and that hateful look that leaves me shook

And then I spoke about what I wrote

Knowing that upon it's release would earn a trip on Charon's boat

And down the line I hear the talking

Dead Man Walking

Dead Man Walking

Step...Step...Step

My literary path is paved with bones of my foes from my past

Step...Step...Step

Upon this release I'm a dead man walking

With one phone call I know I could fall

Step...Step...Step

But onward I persist through ash and decaying mist

Out from a myth and Hell's very summit

Here cometh the dead man walking

STOMP!

The End

Terrible
[Diss Soulja Boy]
by
Robby Richardson

I figured if one man can make it rich for repeating the same shit

Let me put pen to script and see if I can hit

Anything I flip is better than his rip

What's up...man overboard you washed up

Soulja Boy stay, Tom Hanks, Cast Away

Its called a rhyme scheme, ya mean, mixtapes so similar like vanilla ice cream

Played out like Rodman...Double Team

Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...lyrics are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible

Beats are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...Songs so similar...similar...similar

Everything you do...Terrible

Whether its Obey, Juice series, King Soulja, or Cuban Link

They all stink call you Molly Ringwald cause your Pretty in Pink

Toss me that money, dinero, that paper serve you, Rhymes like Portillos,

You need rhymes don't worry I cater

Even at my worst...exorcise you like a curse even though I'm white

And your money is so bright, it doesn't excuse the fact

That everything you do is shit in people's sight

Next verse I'll attack and show you how it's done

With lyrics so heavy you think it'll weigh a ton

Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...lyrics are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible

Beats are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...Songs so similar...similar...similar

Everything you do...Terrible

Intergalactic planter travels on the moon man with Susan

Get her up so high her clothes fall like pride...I'm the doctor making rounds

Burning rappers and their towns...their claims and fame

The one's thinking that their soaring

Take two of these lines and call me in the morning

At your beck and call an RX mindstate, another Bow Wow or Romeo your originality is like prime 8

Why should your fans have to settle...I know this poems still weak

Not doing it for critique...just mocking your technique

Please don't flex your weak physique giving off that cheek

Compared to you though my lyrics a creek...your up'em without a paddle

I got punch lines in stacks...I got lyrics galore

The Billy Blanks of poetry...BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE

The lyrics I got is all the matters, eat up Soulja, here's a silver platter.

SODMG! SODMG! SODMG! Did I say...SODMG?

You know the label with artists nobody wants to see

You know the label with artists nowhere to be found

You know the label with artists that want to be clowned

Ha Ha

The End

See and Say

(Diss Various Artists)

by

Robby Richardson

KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK

Opening the office door slowly, I heard a friendly “Hello sir!” A man behind the desk waved at me telling me to approach. I came through the door gripping my invention tightly under my arm. It felt like a frying pan as the pulling lever dug into my side. However I didn't care, I was just lucky to have gotten past the assistant. I approached the man in the suit. His legs outstretched over his Oak desk. I watched him lean back in his black office chair as his eyes darted up to me. A mild curiosity played across his face. The room was filled with a large skylight as his office overlooked the beautiful city of Los Angeles. I approached him staring down at his granite stone name tag, Richard Belzer. “Well tell them I am not interested...thanks...good bye.” Placing the phone down, Richard gazed at me returning his legs to the floor.

“Robby,” he exclaimed at me. I noticed his blue eyes narrow slightly. I nodded as he snapped his fingers. A smile flashed over him, “yes my secretary told me about this little invention you had. She said that it was right up my alley. Now do forgive me but I have a lunch meeting in ten minutes, so if you could speed it up for me.” I nod and removing my invention I placed it on the table, “well first Mr. Belzer thank you for meeting me and to get to the point. I know that Belzer Toys produces some of the biggest toys around the world. And I also heard that you were a big fan of hip hop.” Mr. Belzer nods sending his gray hair to go slightly astray, “I do yes.” “Well, I figured that many of the rappers today are...well, needless to say talentless.” I crossed my fingers and pressed on, “so I figured many of them were only famous because of...well, let's call them tendencies.” I saw confusion in Mr. Belzer's face so I continued “you see it's like a child See and Say. You pull the lever and well look!”

I pull the lever on the side and the arrow began to spin. Cartooned pictures of rappers circled the outside like a clock would. The arrow stopped on a man wearing black shades. “The Gucci Mane says...Burr...Burr!” Mr. Belzer tapped his chin in a long pause. I watched the smile flicker on his lips and then began to laugh. “I love it...do another.” Smiling, I pull the lever again and the arrow stops.

“The Jeezy says...Chea!” Laughing louder, “Robby that is hilarious! So, what's its purpose then just to make fun of them...like a joke.” I shrug “well, they kinda do that already to themselves.” “Hmm,” replied Mr. Belzer his interest waning. “Well, they’re a joke already. My hope is to make kids appreciate good talent when they see it.” Mr. Belzer nodded, “play another one please.” I pull the lever, “The DJ Khaled says...DJ KHALED!” I pull the lever for a fourth time, “The Ying Yang Twin goes...HAAAAA!”

Mr. Belzer clapped politely as he leaned forward. He began to straighten himself a bit. “So for kids to appreciate good hip hop huh?” I nod, “I've always felt that good lyrics can truly affect a person in more ways imaginable. Artists like this just kinda pollute the water, you know?” Mr. Belzer nodded, “I agree...I agree indeed. Let's finish it out play the rest of them just to see what I'm investing in.” I pulled the lever again and the arrow stopped at, “the pitbull says...OOOOOH HOOOO!” “You see Mr. Belzer, it's not the beat that changes people. It's the lyrics...words can move people. Words change hearts and minds shaking people to their very core. But when rappers like these are put into the limelight. People aren't going to know the difference between the good and the bad.” Nodding Mr. Belzer gave a soft, “I agree...and quite understand where you are coming from. Is there anymore?” “Yeah just a couple more, I want to make a second one. I think that this is good for a start though.”

Waving his hand Mr. Belzer said, “well why don't we finish it off.” I pulled the lever again and the arrow landed on a bald headed man, “ruff...ruff..ruff...grrrrr!” Mr. Belzer gazed at me confused, “DMX” I said simply. I pulled the lever for the second to last one, “HA HA HA HA HA YOUNG MULA BABY!” Fingers crossed tightly, I watched his face contort into confusion when the last one was played, “BRRRRRRR.” “What the hell was that...sounded like a...a pigeon?” I nodded, “yeah it's Birdman.” “OH,” Mr. Belzer said and paused again. “I think that it would make a great gift for any true hip hop fan. We need more than that though. Can you write up some more and get back to me.” I patted the See and Say, “but this is not supposed to be a toy. It's a joke to show the world what fools

look like. To make them appreciate good writing when they see it.” “And now people will see it.”

Ha Ha

The End

The Last Man Standing

- The Portrait -

[Diss Michelle L]

by

Robby Richardson

Part:1

Paint The Picture

With one brush stroke and off goes this poet
This paper is my canvas...letting myself have at it...I'm going H.A.M. on it
You and me there is no comparison...where is it
Gonna have to learn you a lesson for messing...teasing and testing
A dead man walking committing poetic murder session
So let me write a saga to help sort out all the drama
Show a little class and try to leave out the mama's
Call me a Polite Leader as I write her
Teach her a commandment don't piss off a writer
So god damn her...and god damn it
Hate for me is never underhanded...jealousy I can understand that
You take your shot and I just paint a picture
Jealousy and drama, you're quite a mixture
I know you feel threatened, a moment consists of nine whole seconds
Because you can have your moment...HELL you can take all nine
My moments will be discussed for all mankind

Let's Paint the Picture

Paint a Moment

Paint a Portrait

This a saga about me...for me just to let you know I'm proud of me

Even when you think you're better...you're not
Even when you think your clever...you're not
I have faced my storms when thunder rolls
I have fallen through holes and tumbled down more
And even on those days when I felt like dirt
I'll still be better than all your worth
Now the paint grows thicker as I paint the picture

You lie so much I'm surprised you're not a ghost...decomposition of the body so take notes

You barely qualify as part time
But oh you're stressed can't even get to work by nine
My cards you wish to pull mine
Well, I pull yours right back with no lack in my entire stack
You claim to work 5 jobs...oh my but you want to compare your life to mine
What work...I say again WHAT WORK...errands aren't work that's off time
I'm not even in halftime to leave you crossed eye in this ring of mine
When's my off time...worked 60 hours a week wanted to stop time
Made NO money...worked ONE job, took ONE class, how'd I survive my past
Did it for months and still standing here today, so forgive may
When I laugh at the "work" that takes up your whole day
The color grows richer as I paint the picture

Let's Paint the Picture

Paint a Moment

Paint a Portrait

You call me a dumb ass while you sit on your fat ass
Bragging how every guy makes an advance...yah PASS
“Dat booty doh”, who you kiddin’
While wondering what girl your husband was diddlin’
All the while you lying about the girl that you’ve been hittin’
Marriage needs the last rites so whose the fool in paradise
Cheated so much whose the one paying the price
There’s something so poetic about the track you heading
And I’m the one that’s pathetic

Put ten toes in the dirt, oh that’s gotta hurt
Bury you on the front so your soul can't leave this Earth
Only one way to go and it's straight down
Dance on your grave you're not heaven bound
Smiling a lot knowing your body will rot
You might ask why but I ask why not
My beliefs are different due to my past
Real is real that's why I'm the last
The last of the crop you last to the top
You stopped and dropped while I set up shop
I've worn the black top made money from my laptop
Worked for what I got while dust settles your desk top

As I clap these hands of mine watching you decline
Congratulating the last horse crossing the finish line

FLICK

“Very good put the next canvas up...put the next one up!”

“There’s a good lad in the end it’s not what you have”

Chance Being what the dance being

No catch being moved from shepherd up to king

“And when they kicked you...so shall you kick too”

The Last Man Standing

Now let me introduce to you...

Part #2

Whose the dumbass me or you, how do you do the things you do

I hate repeating myself somebody tell her

My mind could put hers in the cellar

And I'm not here to toot my own horn (Toot, Toot)

Graduate student while you slobbered your ass through life since birth

Everything I have, I worked for it, I come in to work sick

While you can't even decide if you want to stay with the dick

And I ain't dissing gays I'm just saying you can't stick

Are you a supervisor, model, a pool technician

You're no opposition in my competition

I've earned what I have and got what I need

While you struggle to stay afloat in life I mean

Why speak my mind when I can paint a portrait

The Mona Lisa of Revenge and make it a fan favorite

Pen a Mozart opera to your ultimate damnation

While your still chasing scraps like rabbits saying "what in tarnation"

I chased rabbits...white rabbits...hashtag winking face

While your loosing friends with your Foochi face

On top like missionary while your struggling with ABC Pictionary

Call me a mortician, a real grave digger pull back this chamber and squeeze this pen's trigger

You dumb (BEEP) just go to sleep in this dirt heap call it a "ten toes down beauty sleep"

I got Gambit card's I'm talking straight full house

Got you sitting back saying...

“JOKER...you were supposed to take those out“

What a pity...with this bitchy biddy up a creek so shitty

Shovel in hand I hope this grave is suitable

I expect nothing from you but to die and be a cheap funeral

That few will go and few will know

Wondering where you'll go...will there even be grass to grow

I see a petty bitch that got an itch like jock

With one phone call she could make my life stop

And with no heart the shit will start

That's why this portrait has to be art

“I love it...life or death...revenge without grief”

“I love the motif...time outlasting”

The Last Man Standing

The End

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

[Diss Michelle L.]

By

Robby Richardson

I'm like a bulldozer of hate about to tear your house down
Ending of Youngbloodz and shoot you all across town
This is a therapy session let's tear some walls down
Have you come to grips that your a one horse in a small town
Call it a major breakthrough no distractions let's just play straight through
Through hell and high water leading this pig to slaughter
Taught her about the monster the lives behind this author
You're the apple of my eye...when pigs fly
Rotten to the core down to the lard and more
Light you up like propane...what would Hank Hill say
Put out a cigarette in my ashtray now it's time to play

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

One that keeps pressin...spill your secrets like a *Dateline* confession

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

I like to kick'em when their down and why not all around town

I'm petty in the mud...no rising above the sludge

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

I entirely loathe you...no that Grinch heart is not too small on you

I ain't no Jim Carrey but the Pennywise in these lines of mine...a real Tim Curry

Wait...what 's the big hurry stop this shrimp from it's scurry

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

Look up in the sky...it's a liar...a fake...A real Eden like snake

Able to embellish a small detail with a single lie

It's Michelle

Now let's leave in detail...I'm buried under work but your help came to no avail

Fail at the tale of your lies for sale

But I'm not buying...NOBODY'S buying

Except your girl's son whose drugs you are buying

You're a lazy ass bitch ain't got no job with her outstretched claw

Waiting for the money that you steal from your job

Well If Ali Baba had forty thieves your stories put to shame Shahryar's thousand tales

To your make up sales

Time to face facts you've fallen face flat

To stupid to even fake the fame you claim to have

The facts that you face have a face that speak lied facts

Like Dominic Purcell wanting you for Blood Creek

No, no Michelle's you're loosing your mystique

Films have to credit all people on the job

One simple IMDB is all it takes you lying sod

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

Let's pick over ever detail in debt over an addiction to retail

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

Made up with make up to make up the life you made up

Disgust at how you can lift yourself up to look in the mirror it's time to face up

You Ain't Never Had A Hater Like Me

I like to go on and on like the energizer bunny you're lies keep going on and on

Taking money you didn't earn and back stab the friends you do

You're a rat a real life Peter Pedigrew

So how would you like me to hate on you

The Jungle like sludge to be thrown on you

A little Sinclair to clear the air

How about a little from Column A

All about your violent way...how you're so tough

Can't even be alone in a building when security is armed up

How about a little from Column B

The absolute anguish knowing you has befallen on me

Cheating on your lady with your ex

Sneaking into work like a monitor forgetting what we monitor

Lying into your ex's car forgetting about the CCTV camera that WE monitor

The same guy that mistreated ya...beat on ya...creep on ya

Injured your dog and sleeps on your couch

Cheating on a cheater that's cheating on a cheater

OUCH...

Still the guy the likes to kick 'em where they lie

And no bed is dirtier than the one in your sty

An attitude in my mind after all these poetic rhymes

"If she dies...she dies"

So why would I lie about everything I said

I literally sat there and hear you lie about miscarried children

You're best friend confided in me that's your story to gain sympathy

You cost literally six people their jobs because you couldn't do yours

They shut down the entire station and you moved to some "Big Operation"

Fired real quick jerk...now a sale's clerk

Karma is a bitch and I just painted it

The End

[Post Script]

For one more hit...

You still owe me bitch for a *Jimmy John's* sandwich

Thought I would forget..now whose petty

Bitch you crazy...

[Laughing]

Famous Love Forbidden Taste

by

Robby Richardson

Chapter 1

Famous Love

Click...Click...Click, fingers typing frantically over the dusty keyboard as Michelle was spending another long day at work. Leaning back in her chair she ran her hands through her brown hair. “UGH,” she let out a loud groan as the weariness of the day was now starting to fall upon her. It seemed that she had been carrying this load on her shoulders for years. Every time she dropped another, two more sprung back up. It was only a matter of time, before she began to break. Staring at the computer screen the open email almost laughing back at her. The drive that she once had to finish it was now evaporating. “I...I...” she struggled with her words. She raised her hands saying, “I can't...I can't deal with you right now!” She gave a frustrated smile while gazing at her office. The security company that she had been a part of these last 15 years was starting to become more like a prison than a job.

Straightening her glasses, she stared at the empty chairs in front of the monitoring computers. She knew that an operator had to be watching one of those monitors at all time. Was she supposed to be operating tonight? “No,” she whispered searching through stacks of papers for the schedule. “God damn it,” she whispered searching through the endless piles of forms and work orders. Turning back to her computer, she checked the operating program used for monitoring. It was red meaning that she was offline. “Oh shit,” she whispered snatching the mouse. She ran it over the green button labeled, *START*.

SCREECH...Nearly falling out of her office chair in surprise. She stared at the door leading to the central office. There came a rustling from the other side of the door. Michelle sighed in relief there was the operator, “get your ass in here! What the hell are you doing?” Placing her forehead in her hands she gazed down at the desk. She needed to go home. “Babe,” came an unfamiliar voice. She raised her head and felt her mouth drop. Standing in the door frame was a male Adonis. Brown hair and athletic body dripping water over the fake wooden floor. His body rippling as his brown eyes

widened in frustration. “Do you have any other towels? How am I supposed to dry myself with this?” Holding a tiny wash cloth over his man area Michelle smiled. “No sorry John that's all we have,” his chiseled face stretched with a pearl white smile. “I'm sure! This happens every time I come here.” She shrugged, “I'm sorry, you always shower at the weirdest times.”

Nodding suspiciously at her, “alright then give me your coat.” Making his way around the desk, “John...no...come on you're getting water everywhere!” Reaching for her jacket hanging on the back of her seat, she bolted upright holding him back. She laughed, “I need that John...stop!” They both were laughing, “I'm going to catch cold! You want me to catch cold?” “You're a hockey player...your whole life is cold.” Putting his arms around her, “not with you. Since you came into my life. I feel nothing but hot, hot, hot!” “OH MY GOD,” Michelle laughed as she put her hands around his neck. The heat between them growing as he stared into her eyes. “You are so cheesy,” she giggled. “Yeah,” he leans in closer, “but you like it.” His hands moved up her body and ran down her cheeks. His hands were soft like velvet and knew how to skate down her face. He leans in closer as she puckered for his lips waiting to taste him. Her eyes narrowed slightly when he opened his mouth slightly. His breath smelled like he hadn't brushed in months. This was something that she had not expected from such a gorgeous man. However all she wanted to do was kiss him no matter what.

“John,” she whispered when his hands gripped her face tightly. “John what the...” He leaned in and began to lick her. His tongue dragging up her nose and over her lips. Her words spluttered as he continued, “Jo...hn...st..op...cut...it...out!” His slobber covered her face as she tried to push him away. His body felt hairy despite its smooth complexion. “John...I...can't...brea...” Over and over repeatedly licking as his tongue danced over her face.

Shooting up in her bed, Michelle stared down at her brown Pomeranian dog. “Damn it Luigi,” Luigi's black eyes stared at her curiously as the sun rose over the horizon. His little tail wagging as his ears pricked up higher. “What's going on,” cried a voice from next to her. It was her husband Hichem, “Luigi woke me up.” “He probably needs to go out Michelle.” “He doesn't need to go out Hichem it's

too early!” Laying back down in bed, she gazed up at the ceiling. Luigi curled up next to her, “god damn it!” “What're you so mad about? Did he ruin your dream about you and me?” Darting her eyes repeatedly she gave a false, “ye...yea...yeah sure...you and me.”

(Two Hours Later)

“So, you had another dream about him?” “Yeah Jaime it's really getting out of hand.” “I'll say,” Jaime giggled slightly before returning to the window. Jaime was Michelle's best friend since she could remember. Usually brown hair, but had recently dyed it dark red. Both were full figured women, Michelle did the modeling and Jaime took the pictures. They were a perfect duo and had been gaining quite a following. Michelle always had an “easy on the eye” look and her mother always made sure she knew it. It started out with a simple, “look at that face,” with the added pinch on the cheeks. Michelle hated it. She always did it too hard causing her cheeks to turn bright red. Her mother used to tell her that it was the secret to her “rosy glow”. It didn't take long for other people to realize her looks. Despite the fact that she never fit into the cheerleader type of girls, the boys never stopped calling. Beautifying herself was always on her to do list. After all she lived by the saying, “if you look good you'll feel good and if you feel good you'll do good.” Her outlook even landed her a career as a *Torrid* model working on they're *Edge* program. This program was geared towards the full figured market, but after a year the program was dropped. Michelle always joked with Jaime saying, “we weren't pretty enough...but I'm not bitter Jaime!” Jaime would always laugh, “no of course not!”

Jaime was always a little bitter in having to take a job with Michelle. They both worked at a security company due to their fall onto hard times. Devoting their life to one company and then being cast aside was a tough pill to swallow. However, things had gradually gotten better for Michelle. Getting her Certification in Make Up Michelle gained a huge following on *Facebook* blogging about make up and fashion. Jaime was always her principal photographer when it came to the fashion side. Michelle knew that Jaime would always be thankful for the work.

The sun was rising higher in the sky as they traveled deep into the heart of Chicago. “So, did

you remember the letter?” Michelle nodded as she felt her body starting to tense up. The city was such a busy place and patience in driving was rare like finding a bathroom when you really needed it. Jaime reached into Michelle's purse and pulled out the letter.

Dear Michelle Larabi,

It is my pleasure to send you this letter to formally invite you to the debut modeling shoot for a new magazine entitled M & M short for Make up & Modeling. We would like to offer you and your blog a personal spot in this exciting new magazine. It seems that a former employee of Torrid remembered you and has kept track of your career. He feels that you are the perfect representative for the overall theme of our magazine. We would like to do an exclusive interview, shoot, and display of all of your talents in this field. Your versatility with not only modeling, make up, and social networking are the perfect reason we think you deserve this spread. Please contact us to set up the shoot and financial restitution. I hope to hear from you soon.

From,

Martha Y. Randall

Senior Magazine Editor & Chief Talent Scout

M & M Magazine

“So who was the guy?” “The guy,” Michelle repeated gazing frantically down the side streets. “Yeah, it says a guy kept track of you and...” “Oh yeah, Raul he is actually a member of my blog.” Jaime frowned slightly, “that's...kinda...creepy.” Michelle laughed, “No Raul's a good friend...nothing creepy.” Jaime shrugged and returned the letter, “Are you sure that it's alright I'm...” Michelle snorted cutting her off instantly, “Yeah I already talked to Martha she said that it was alright if you took some behind the scenes shots. They are just getting started up. So all their money is tied up in this shoot.” “So how much am I going to get...” Michelle groaned, “Jaime you're gonna get paid. I have to find

somewhere to park ok? We can talk about all that later.”

Screeching down an alley and then hitting traffic down another. Michelle was lucky enough to find a parking structure. Unfortunately, it meant that she would have to walk two blocks to the building. Carrying several cases of make up down a busy morning street was not an easy task. People pushing and shoving as everyone had places to go. “Watch it,” yelled a man as Michelle turned to gaze at the street sign. Horns honking, cars rumbling, somewhere Jay-Z was rapping in the distance. Gazing down at her watch, she had only fifteen minutes to report in. “Damn,” she whispered as she gazed back up and down the streets. “I think it's this way Jaime.” Shrugging Jaime followed in toe helping Michelle carry whatever she could. Eyes stared at them as they both gazed like a tourist over the tall buildings. Crowds did not sit well with Michelle. She missed the suburbs and the quiet of her house. Curling up with Luigi on the couch, who liked to gaze up at her as if waiting for a toy that would never come.

“This is it,” she cried feeling a smile spread across her face. They entered the tall black building and luckily found their way inside. The receptionist, a friendly woman who took on the shape of a pear showed them up to the top floor. “Score,” yelled Michelle's brain as the elevator climbed higher and higher. She had made it and was on time. Despite every obstacle that was put in her way she had made it. The double doors of the elevator chimed and opened to reveal a giant loft. Windows surrounding every inch of the wall as people were scurrying about like ants in a hive. “Move,” screamed a woman as she was carrying three sacks of oranges. Now came the challenging part, what did Martha look like? Jaime seemed to pick up on this as the double doors of the elevator closed behind them. Michelle gulped starting to feel nervous and a bit out of place, “now where is Martha...or Raul?” She was gazing through the crowds of people. Make up stands and large back drops, expensive cameras on tripods with men pushing dresses on wheeled stands. A broad shouldered man with a chiseled face and a five o'clock shadow walked by in tight jeans and no shirt. He smiled and gave a soft southern, “miss.” Lost in his blue eyes she smiled back and watched him disappear.

“Michelle,” came a cry as she turned to stare at Raul. It took a minute to remember why she was here or why he was here. Raul was still skinny like a twig fitting the definition of the word small. His blue jeans were tight, his pink shirt even tighter, and his whole body had the general look of being shrunk. Small green eyes, a nose too small for his face, and a tiny smile like you would see on a toy poodle. He came up to her, “girl you look incredible!” “Thanks Raul,” she said as they exchanged a quick hug. “I can’t thank you enough for this wonderful opport...” Raul waved her statement away like a fruit fly. “Please Michelle, you’re so talented that *Torrid* was a fool to get rid of you. I told them that the day they let you go. And who is this enchantress...” He said staring at Jaime, “this is Jaime. You remember her, right? She did all the small stuff for *Torrid*.” Raul smiled, “I’m sorry my dear, but it is good to meet you.” Jaime shook his hand, “I did mostly product shots.” Raul nodded, “ah yes, I called them the bread shots. Please right this way, I will take you to Martha.”

“So, it looks like your busy Raul, huh?” “Oh very much Michelle my dear. The Hanson’s started this magazine, and they want to get right into the market. They want to go head to head with everybody.” Michelle gazed around more as she took in more of the surroundings. Raul had the habit of gossiping and loved to dish it out. His words seemed to travel through one ear and out the other. The truth was she didn’t really care about the history of the company or how they got started. She wasn’t going to be working for them full time. She was just getting a section or a spotlight. However, Raul was a good friend to her. So, she contributed when she could. “And *M & M* snatched Martha and I up just as quickly. *Torrid* and the Hanson’s had a bidding war for the both of us.” “So, do you think that they will be a big competition to *Torrid*?” “OH yes Michelle, the Hanson’s are exceedingly wealthy and are pulling all the punches. We have the best in the field here today, and I’ll introduce you around.”

“Here is Martha,” he said making his way towards a woman who was gazing over a lit up table. She was pointing at a green dress, “No Marco it’s got to flurry...flurry don’t you know what flurry means?” The man nodded and took off running. “Raul, I swear this day is going to hell and we haven’t

even gotten started!” Raul smiled and pointed to Michelle and Jaime. Hair like a tumbleweed and a face like a beaver. She smiled at them both as if she had found a delicious Redwood. Straightening her striped blouse, she made her way over and shook their hands. “You must be Michelle...and Jaime?” Michelle nodded, “thank you Martha for this opportunity!” “I saw your blog the other day, especially the one on your review of the Chicago Make Up Show. I have to say that you have a refreshing new outlook and perspective that you can't find in these college kids.” Michelle smiled, “thank you that’s a tremendous honor.” Martha nodded, “I'll tell you I had to subscribe immediately and officially made it a requirement for our interns to be members as well. You're like a breath of fresh air, and that’s why we offered you the spot. Please come with me!” Martha made her way into the corner towards two make up stands.

“What we want from you is to dress up two models for a shoot called Fall Harvest. It's all about the eyes this year. So keep it simple for us yet make them pop. We want to show the working women out there that in their hectic lives just a five minute eye routine can make all the difference. Do you understand?” Michelle nodded “and it's still alright that my friend takes pictures?” Martha nodded, “yes that’s fine. I would like to get a couple behind the scenes pictures for our website and *Facebook* page.” Martha gave a final smile and left them to it. Michelle put her cases up on the desk and smiled at Jaime. “I have a feeling that today is going to be a busy day,.” Jaime gave a reassuring smile, “well just remember I am here to help if you need it.” She gave a deep breath and smiled whispering to herself, “and so it begins.”

Michelle hadn't been this busy in a long time. The two models that she dressed were gorgeous looking and after fixing their eyes she felt that she had completed her task. Martha and Raul seemed to applaud her effort. Martha exclaimed with a, “it's so simple yet...” Raul waved his hand, “I told you Martha it's simple but works well with the theme. And if Michelle says it can be done in five minutes then I know it can be.” Pleased and accomplished that everything had gone well. Michelle modeled several outfits with a demanding photographer named Jacque. He liked to yell a lot and was very

uncomfortable to work with. It wasn't like modeling with Jaime. “No you silly girl your hand at ninety degrees...NINETY! Does that look like ninety degrees?” After a grueling hour shoot, Michelle was finally done.

Groaning she made her way to the food table and gazed around. “What an asshole,” her brain seemed to whisper. This was a chance of a lifetime, and she couldn't ruin it by getting into a petty argument. Glancing over her shoulder, she could even see Jacque was mad whispering under his breath to Raul. “Amateurs...I am an artist Raul! AN ARTIST and you bring me...amateurs. Is this a high school paper or a fashion boutique?” Shaking her head, she reached for a sandwich when her hand bumped into another hand.

“I'm sor...” she began but her words seemed to die in her throat. A radiant smile stared back at her. “It's ok,” he said softly. Michelle's heart seemed to drop into her stomach as her legs grew wobbly. Her mouth gaped open stupidly as he motioned towards the sandwich, “you take it.” “Yo...y...you...re...J...Johna...than...Toews.” He smiled and ran his hand through his short brown hair. “Yeah, but you can call me John...you're Michelle right?” “H...H...H...” “How do I know,” she nodded her eyes wide with shock surprised that he even knew her name. “Yeah my girlfriend Tiffany is a model for *M & M* and *Glamour* magazines. She actually is a member of your blog.” He pointed to a woman getting her picture taken in front of a large green screen. It was a girl that Michelle had done her make up for earlier. “She is your girlfriend John,” he laughed and nodded, “please call me John everyone else does.” Her eyes couldn't leave his face and didn't seem to want to blink. It seemed as if her brain had ceased to function. All that mattered was keeping his image in her eyes. He was indistinguishable from her morning dream of him. Realizing her hand was still raised she lowered it quickly and tried to find something to say. The gears in her head began to whir as her brain seemed to be starting up. “Say something, say anything you idiot,” her brain screamed at her. “You're a lot paler in real life John.”

“What the fuck was that,” shouted her brain. John frowned a bit as his eyes narrowed and then

he smiled laughing loudly. “Yeah well playing a wintry sport doesn't really give you a tan now does it?” She smiled as relief come over her, “So what're you doing here?” She asked watching him give a shrug, “endorsement...they're promoting a fragrance of mine and needed some shots.” “You have a fragrance,” he shrugged and gave an unenthusiastic, “yeah well my agent said I should. If Jordan can do it why can't I right?” She shrugged, “I guess. You know my girlfriend watches your videos all the time. I have to say you're very good at your job...very professional. I mean, I don't know much about make up obviously...” “Well, I'm sure they put make up on you when you do shoots and stuff.” He nods, “yeah that is true, but its so complicated...tones, pigments and...” “Says the man that plays hockey.” “Yeah well hockey is not THAT complicated. Wish there was a make up I could use to cover up all the bruises though.” They both laughed, “well I can give you some pointers if you like?” “Yeah,” he replied sounding genuinely interested. “Yeah one of the clients I work with we're selling an all male line of foundations. The profits are going towards *Feeding America*. I would love to give you a couple bottles if you're ok with that? I might even have some with me.”

Smiling wide John nodded, “well at least let me pay for them. I'm not taking money away from the children. I actually wish I had more time to volunteer. Hockey is so demanding, and the time I have off is precious. I wish I could do more to help out the less fortunate.” Michelle bit her lip knowing how crazy she would sound. Although, it seemed as if she had put her brain into time out. “Well if you want I could interview you on my blog. You know get a male guest to show off the male line. That should boost sales and help out more.” She was an idiot. What the hell was she saying? Here was a gorgeous young guy, who had won a two Stanley Cups, and she asked if he wanted to be interviewed on her blog. What was she thinking? His face contorted into thought as he seemed to be going over the offer. It was hard to tell what type of look he gave. It seemed that he was thinking of a nice way to decline the offer. “Well at least he wasn't a jerk,” her mind whispered.

“Yeah that sounds great, I'm sure my girlfriend would wanna do it too.” It seemed as if Michelle's whole world had shattered like glass. She stood there frozen to the spot as he smiled back at

her. "It's for a good cause, and you seem professional." Reaching into his coat he pulled out a card, "call my agent and give me a time. Weekends are usually the best for me." With trembling hand, she took the card. He smiled one more time, "I think it's great what your doing for the kids, and I would love to help out anyway I can."

Chapter 2

Forbidden Taste

"I'm going to cancel," whispered Michelle as she sat on her cushy gray couch. "No you're not Michelle!" "Jaime he's a Stanley Cup Champion I can't bring him back to my little apartment complex!" Jaime smiled, "Michelle, he's not coming over to criticize your house or anything! He is coming over to help raise money for..." "I know...I know, Jaime but I mean this is like..." "Stop, ok...please stop you need to stop worrying about everything! You have everything ready right?" Running her hands through her hair, "I guess Jaime, but I've had to change like three times already! My bedroom looks like a disaster..." Grabbing her hand, "Michelle please relax ok?"

KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK... "Oh my god," Michelle shot up sending her tight zebra dress to flutter. "I...I...I," Jaime smiles, "ok Michelle this is it." Jaime walked to the door and opened it to reveal a dream come true. Black pants with a blue button down shirt, the smell of his cologne seemed intoxicating. "Hello John, my name is Jaime. It's nice to meet you." Smiling he took her hand and seductively said, "it's wonderful to meet you." They stared at each other for a moment until she smiled at him. "Well, I'll leave you two alone." Wiping the red hair from her face she closed the door behind her. "Cute dog," John pointed to Luigi who had hopped to the top of her couch. His tongue lapping out of his mouth stupidly. "Ye...yeah," her stomach had seemed to have taken up dance lessons. Her stomach was doing a fast rumba with her heart. "So, where are we doing the interview?" "Ye...yeah," she said again staring at him. His teeth were white as pearls as he smiled nervously, "yeah what?" She nodded and pointed, "ri...right this way."

Leading him to the side room, a room that she had designated as her studio. The room was literally wall to wall make up leaving only her work space. "So, how are we doing this Michelle?" She smiled finally finding her mind catching up to the her mouth. "This is one of the products." He takes the small tube of make up and inspects it, "and how much do you plan on going to charity?" "Well with your help our potential has greatly increased in all *Limelight* projections." Motioning towards the

seat she had put in front of her webcam prior to his arrival. She started up her computer as John began to rub his hands together. “You know I do have to admit that I am feeling a bit nervous.” Laughing slightly, “nervous...you're on television almost every day of the year.” “Yeah well I'm just playing a game its not like I really know that I am on television.” Brushing the hair out of her face she smiled, “and interviews?” Shrugging, “I'm talking hockey not make up.” Laughing again a bit higher than normal, “Well I'll talk make up, you just raise the money for charity agreed?” He nodded as she focused the camera on them making sure they were both in focus.

Michelle had done many interviews before. However not with somebody so famous and good looking. Trying to wet her mouth, she fumbled over her note cards several times before raising her head to stare into his gorgeous eyes. Her brain seemed to be slowing down again, but with a quick clear of her throat it regained its focus. The introduction seemed to fall from her mouth like a torn bag of groceries. She could feel the electricity in the room and had found a rekindling of her passion. It was like a fire being doused with gasoline. Her questions were on point and his answers precise. His lips curled into smiles at the right moment as a strange new feeling seemed to enter the room. It was chemistry. Like the right molecules coming together to form a perfect flavor. He spoke about *Feeding America*, and how much it meant to him. However, she didn't catch a single word. They seemed to dance around her as her mind began to wander. It was addictive, and his looks were toxic. She came close to his face using a thick brush to wipe on some foundation. For being such a ferocious player his stance was motionless as he stared into her eyes.

She gave a weak smile and continued to talk to the camera. Her words seemed garbled as the tension grew thicker. Their eyes locked on each other as her brush swept back and forth not even caring of where it went. She bit her lip as his face seemed to grow if possible more pale. He was nervous, and his smile read her shaky nerves. The connection between them growing more electric. She was married, and he had a gorgeous girlfriend. He was clearly flirting...nobody seemed this sweet not on first introduction. However that look in his eyes could be easily read, he was torn. It seemed to

catch her off guard. The brush seemed to fall from her hand. Taking a giant leap she leaned in and kissed him softly. His lips were thin, but seemed to fit just right against hers. Hair standing on end she felt his lips kiss deep into hers as his tongue started to trace hers. The electricity of the passion was incredible. Shaking slightly she continued to move in closer feeling up his chest as she started to unbutton his shirt. It was like a dream, but the taste of him seemed so real. He smelled divine and his muscles rippled against his shirt.

One button, two buttons, three buttons, soon his entire shirt was open. She reached inside and felt his ab muscles nuzzling against his shirt. He was irresistible and his kiss was like a drug. She craved more as he seemed to kiss deeper. The camera still going with the computer tower still whirring loudly, but it didn't matter. She didn't want to stop. Stopping would give him a minute to change his mind. To realize his mistake and give her time to see her mistake as well. The moment was historical yet forbidden.

His hands were soft and knew how to love. They moved to her face embracing her closer making sure his tongue tasted every inch of her. Sliding down her cheeks she couldn't stop, her body cried out to him. Dress falling, the electricity making her hair stand on end. She ripped open the rest of his shirt as buttons flew into the air. It was a whirlwind of clothes flying, and soon they fell to the floor only to give into their sudden urge. John knew what he wanted and took what she had to give. He was forceful when he needed to be and delicate when she needed. It was tenderness mixed with unbridled passion. They seemed to both soak it up.

His body was toned as she squeezed on his back letting him take everything he wanted. He kissed her with such passion as his fingers traveled over her full figure. She pulled him in tighter letting him go deeper than any man before. Her nails dug into his back as he proceeded to go faster and deeper. She knew the webcam was going and knew that everything would be saved to the computer. It didn't matter though, nothing did now. The pleasure was perfect, and the love of it so pure. It was better than anything that she had ever had before. He never grew tired as he continued to throw himself

at her. He knew exactly what he was doing and every move was precise. Even when he flipped her over, her mind never had a chance to detour from the act. There was never a break to catch her breath, never a break to regret her actions. It flashed like pictures as he leaned over and kissed her neck. Each flash was like a jolt of pleasure as his hand ran down her hips. His hand pulling at her hair dominating her...possessing her. She never felt pleasure like this, and her body seemed to beg for more. Time seemed to stand still.

“We shouldn't have done that?” Michelle's whisper was soft as she stared up at her ceiling fan several minutes later. It swayed lightly rotating in a circle never detouring from its path. Raising up from underneath the small blanket he wiped his forehead. “I...I'm sorry, this was a mistake.” Michelle gripped the covers feeling a bit hurt now. “What...what do you mean?” His head shook violently, “no, no, no not THAT I mean that was great. It's just I have a girlfriend and well I did come over to help with...” “No, I understand John. I have a husband...oh god, Hichem. What did I do?” John rubbed her shoulder, “it's ok Michelle.” “No John, I am not like this! I am not THIS kind of person. It's just you...well, I mean its you after all. You're a dream come true, and I just well got caught up in everything.” With a guilty smile, he rubbed his neck, “yeah, I guess I did too. Maybe, maybe I should go?” Michelle nodded, “I think that's best.” He leaned over and kissed her forehead, “I'm going to leave you my number, if you need anything give me a call ok?”

The electricity and passion that once filled the room was now filled with awkwardness and regret. Michelle clenched her knees as she watched him pull his clothes back on. Forced smile and all he put down his card with a little tap, “I hope to see you around.” Nodding she couldn't find words to express, he gave one final look with those puppy dog brown eyes and left through the door. All her dreams and all her wishes of meeting this man did not seem magical anymore. It was the first time in a long time that she cried into her hands. She felt ashamed and embarrassed by her actions. He was a home wrecker, and she was no better. Their passion overwhelmed their common sense. Her mother's words of “the heart wants what the heart wants,” did not make her feel better. She felt used as she

returned her gaze to the door. He left so quickly like he had gotten what he had wanted. Shower after shower didn't seem to be able to cleanse her soul of her destructive temptation. It seemed that her infidelity had coated her with an unwashable layer of dirt. She felt thrown away and discarded, but his actions seemed so genuine.

Towel drying her hair as she walked back into her studio. She decided to clean up the mess or the scene of her current torment. Her brain was on a constant guilt trip, "what did you do? How could you do that?" Making her way to the computer, "how am I going to finish this video blog?" Her words seemed empty as she straightened out the keyboard. "Holy shit," she said as she gazed at the webcam. "It..it...DID...re...record...everything," she whispered trembling completely forgetting about it. She stopped the recording with a trembling finger. She had to delete it. The video was like a memory that she wanted to forget. Her finger wavered over the mouse as she scrolled to the video file. How could a memory that she dreamed about for years turn out to be such a nightmare?

"Michelle, I'm home..." The front door opened to a loud rattling. "Shit," she yelped as she closed the program exiting the room quickly. Her husband standing there throwing off his coat and shoes. He ran his tan hand through his scraggly black beard as Luigi made his way over. "Hey Hichem, how...how was work?" He nodded, "boring and stupid." Michelle laughed, "oh Hichem you're so funny!" "What was funny about that?" She shrugged, "just...that...you...you...always say that." He shrugged, "I guess? You feeling alright?" She nodded and turned away, "just peachy...just fucking peachy."

[The Next Day: 9am]

"Michelle...Michelle, hey Michelle," "huh?" Jaime was sitting on her couch staring at her eyes narrowed watching her. "Did you hear anything that I said," Michelle nodded, "yeah the photo shoot sounds like a great opportunity?" "So you'll do it," "hmm do it?" "Michelle, what is wrong with you?" She was sitting in her pajamas looking oddly out of place next to Jaime. Jaime seemed dressed and ready to seize the day. "Nothing Jaime yeah course I'll do it," shaking her head in confusion. "So, how

did everything go with Johnathan? Did you get the blog...” “Everything went fine alright Jaime? I'm not in a good mood ok?” Frowning Jaime stood, “maybe I should go...” Grabbing her arm, “wait Jaime, I'm sorry...it's just yesterday wasn't what I...” Patting her hand like a small child Jaime gave a soft, “it's ok Michelle! We'll talk later ok? Remember you have to meet with the *Limelight* people today.” Michelle nodded, “yeah they want their order projections. They wanted just an email, but I insisted on going to the meeting to...” She trailed off not having the strength to be able to finish the sentence.

It took Michelle nearly an hour longer to get ready than it normally did. Her body had seemed to have been going at a slow pace. Her feet dragged on the floor as her heart still felt guilty. The weight that they added was like carrying a suit of rocks. It seemingly weighed down her very soul. Even at her meeting with the *Limelight* representatives she felt it difficult to smile. Entering the small business room, she took a seat facing the door. Twelve pairs of eyes stared at her with polite interest. However every seat was not taken, two were still left open. Shrugging it off the man in the middle began to speak. Mr. Barrow was Co-Owner of *Limelight* with his wife. Mr. Barrow was more stern and business orientated. His wife was the one that Michelle got along with. She smiled at Michelle letting her husband speak first. “Thank you for meeting with us Michelle,” nodding politely. He was a pompous man with a face like an old bull dog. Sagging cheeks and glasses several sizes too big for his face, “Michelle do you have a projection of sales?” “Well,” she said pulling out a sheet of paper from the manila folder in front of her. “I have been in communication with other organization *Plus Inc.* and *The New Beauty Magazine*. They are predicting sales to be 30% in just the first couple of weeks.” Shaking his head disappointedly, “I would like to see more of the volume being sold.” Michelle nodded feeling her throat starting to dry. “Well, we're working to get other organizations to sponsor the product and...”

Michelle froze when she saw the door open. Her jaw dropped in horror when she saw John and his girlfriend walk into the meeting. “Hello, sorry we're late can we...” Mr. Barrow raised his hand,

“please, please John and...Tiffany, well the gangs all here!” John smiled and took a seat next to his girlfriend. He glanced over at Michelle giving a little wink before returning back to Mr. Barrow. Mr. Barrow’s disappointment was replaced with a wide smile. “Last night I got a call from John's agent about being a celebrity endorsement. Needless to say, we jumped at the opportunity to have them both on the team. We are sure to raise a lot of money for charity and sell a lot of product.”

It didn't seem the meeting could have gone smoother. Talking seemed difficult for Michelle like wading through waist deep snow. Her words fumbled over each other as she could feel John's eyes staring at her. It seemed to take days for the meeting to conclude. Finally, Mr. Barrow rose from the table. “Well, I think that everything appears on track. I believe with your help we can do a lot of good.” With a quick *SNAP*, Mr. Barrow shut his black leather folder. Michelle didn't know what to do. Should she try to run from the room and never look back? Should she hang back and hopefully everyone would go about their way? Deciding with option one, Michelle lowered her head and tried to make her way from the room. Dodging the chairs like a football player would dodge lunging players. She moved through everyone until John caught her.

“Michelle,” he said softly. “Shit,” her mind yelled loudly. She turned with a smile, “hey John,” he motioned towards his girlfriend. “Tiffany, this is Michelle.” “Michelle, oh this was the woman that snatched you away yesterday, huh? Yeah, she did an amazing job with my make up at the shoot.” Tiffany was a gorgeous blonde with hair similar to spun gold. Her skin was perfect and her figure was skinny to the point of no curves. Everything about her seemed fake from her hair down to her fake smile. “It's nice to see you again Tiffany,” shaking her hand. Tiffany’s smile was welcoming, but her eyes read “eat shit”. “So, yesterday was fun! I hope that I was helpful.” Michelle gave a weak chuckle, “yeah...fun...I um...I think we will sell a lot.”

Tiffany nodded, “well, I'm glad that everything worked out.” “Well you're boyfriend is really considerate in helping us raise the money.” “Mhmm,” she replied as the smile fell from her face. She gave one final nod as they both left out of the door. John gave a quick, “it was good to see you

Michelle. Tell your husband I said hello.” Michelle froze, “my...husband?” She repeated as the confusion must have been clear on her face. Mr. Barrow made his way towards her, “Michelle what's wrong?” Shaking her head, “nothing just...just tired I think.” Jonathan’s last statement had left an uneasy feeling inside of her. Her mind was racing around it and quickly tried to decipher it. Maybe he said it to comfort Tiffany? Maybe to throw her off any suspicion? Michelle nodded, “yeah that could be it...that should be it.” John seemed like a stand up guy after all.

“Hey Michelle,” came a voice from behind her. And to her utter surprise it was John again. He appeared slightly out of breath as he approached her. “Hey Michelle, I'm glad I caught you.” Politely smiling she gazed up at him, “I'm sorry about showing up like that. It must have been weird huh?” Giving him a little smile, “well to be honest John yes. You could have told me...warned me...” “Warned you, Michelle please it's just me. Do you really need to be warned about me...scared of me?” Laughing loudly, “no of course not John...warned was the wrong word to use. I guess prepared would be better?” He nodded, “well I wanted it to be a surprise.” “Surprise,” she repeated innocently. He smiled, “yeah surprise...so, I was thinking that you would want to get together later today.” “John I don't think that's such a good idea. I kinda wanna just move on...” “Move on...are you sure? I mean, it was incredible.” Face turning red she couldn't help but blush. “I appreciate the words John. Although, I'm married...and you have a girlfriend! I'm not the type of person to...” “Whoa, whoa you misunderstood me. I was talking about getting together for marketing and finishing up the blog somehow. I mean, we didn't really get that much done you know? Speaking of which did you by chance record anything?” Swearing loudly Michelle wrung her hands together, “no I meant to. I'm sorry I will do it when I...”

SCREECH... A gray *Lexus* pulled up behind them as Tiffany sat in the driver seat. “Babe, what the hell you said you were going too...” “Be right there Tiff...” He turned back to Michelle, “look I'll be at *Chielos Bar* round six be there ok?” Michelle shook her head, “John I'm not going to...” “Don't let me down Michelle.” He smiled and drove away with Tiffany who seemed to speed recklessly

towards the exit. "Wow...she...is...pissed," she said smiling a bit before deciding to go home. Her thoughts were soon weighing her down again. She was torn about John's tempting offer. It was like an eternal tug of war inside her. She could still feel his touch on her skin. His hands were smooth, so incredibly smooth and soft for his line of work. They knew just where to touch and where her body needed to be held. It was wrong though, so wrong. Her parents didn't raise her to be this way. Her father especially would lay into her if he was still around. Sighing softly, she could really use some fatherly advice at the moment.

It was almost a shock when she arrived at her brown sided apartment complex. She didn't think that she had been driving for that long. The internal conflict was raging and so fierce that she couldn't leave the car. Her hands gripped the steering wheel as she stared at the bushes in front of her. She wanted to go, and it pained her to want to go. However the fact remained that she was still a married woman. Biting her lip, she exited the car feeling her body wobble a bit like *Jello*. She found Hichem on the couch watching television. He stared at it barely noticing her coming through the sliding back door. She paused gazing down upon him as he lay in just his blue basketball shorts. "Hello," she snapped at him hoping that he was just playing around. "Hey," he replied the tempo in his voice barely changed. She frowned realizing that he didn't seem glad that she was home. "How was the meeting," he asked softly seemingly asking more out of habit than mere interest. "Fine," she said as she made her way through the house.

Making her way towards the kitchen, "Hichem how long have you been home?" She stared at their small kitchen that lie beneath the catastrophe that happened while she was gone. Making her way towards the sink, she picked up one of the pots watching old Alfredo sauce clinging to it. "All day...I took care of Luigi don't worry." "No," she said as she made her way out to the living room. "You couldn't do the fucking dishes while I was gone?" Hichem began to click the remote, "I was busy!" "Busy...busy...busy, what the hell were you busy with?" "Well, I...you...shows..." "You left out the bread and everything! You couldn't even clean up after making a freaking sandwich?" "I was going to

clean it up. I just got caught up with my shows and forgot.” “You didn't forget you were just hoping that I would do it for you...just like every other time.” “I was going to do it Michelle! You came home early, before I could get to it.” “IT'S THREE IN THE AFTERNOON!” “Whatever,” he said flipping through the channels faster.

Sighing softly she gave a quick, “just...just can you do it tonight? I have to go into work for a bit.” Hichem nodded as she retreated towards their room. She tried not to slam the bedroom door, but still heard a loud *THUD!* She dropped on the bed and wished that she could cry. Wished that she could just scream loudly and weep in her hands. Was every marriage like this? Was every marriage supposed to be this difficult? Did her parents go through the same issues? Rolling over onto her back, she stared up at the ceiling fan. Watching the wind from the open window slowly spin it in a circle. It seemed for the last three years her life had been nothing but an endless circle. She was traveling the same path, the same road, and the destination was always the same. Her heart gave a little thump when she thought about John and their forbidden affair. It was the first time that she felt out of the circle. Broken from the monotony of repetition, and it was exciting.

“Where are you going?” Hichem was still laying on the couch. He straightened his glasses at her. “I told you I'm going to work.” “It's like five at night,” “yeah well that's what happens when your on call 24/7 Hichem. We can't all laze around all day.” Rolling his eyes, “I will clean up the kitchen when you get back.” Hitching up her large purse she removed her keys, “night Hichem. I'll try to back soon.” “Mhm,” he muttered as she pet Luigi one last time before heading out. “What am I doing,” she whispered to herself. She stopped halfway to her car feeling the guilt starting to take over again. Like cement in her stomach, it seemed to weigh her down. Gazing at her large black purse, which contained her dress and some make up. Her hand traced over the side as her emotions began to war again. Gazing at her wedding ring, she remembered the day Hichem and her got married. Although, he was not the same man that she had married. She was treated more as second class. He was not without his faults, but he never acted upon them.

Gazing back to the car, she knew what would happen if she went. She knew that something could happen. “No,” she said shaking her head. “It's a bar...I'm not ALONE with him.” Her eyes widened, “that's right,” she whispered softly. She wasn't in high school anymore. She couldn't just sneak off like some disobedient child. She was a grown woman and had a life. Despite the issues in her marriage she was still married to Hichem. “Yes,” she said softly and continued her way towards the car. She was going to the bar to tell him that this was it. This was the end of it, she didn't want anymore to do with this.

Feeling a surge of pride fill her again as she made her way towards *Chielo's Bar*. The large two story bar was packed and finding John would be like finding a needle in a haystack. She made her way through the crowd, “excuse me...excuse me!” “Watch it,” yelled a man who nearly spilled his drink all over himself. “Sorry,” she said still making her way through. She continued to scan the first floor as the bartender approached, “what's it going to be love?” Not even remotely paying attention to her Michelle muttered, “Jack and Coke.” He wasn't here she thought as her eyes scanned every table and face. Taking the drink and tipping her a five, she began to sip on it. She began to glance up towards the second floor. Making her way to the stairs she was nearly half way up when she saw a blonde beauty making her way down. “Hi Tiffany it's good to...” “What the hell are you doing here?” “I um...well...I...” Panicked as her words began to falter trying to put together a sentence. Was she supposed to be here? Did she tag along?

“I am talking to you! What the hell are you doing here Michelle?” “I well...needed to speak to John.” “Look you need to get it through your head that John is with me.” Shaking her head, “no...it's not like that Tiffany I just...” “You have done your interview and then you tag along to the meeting today. This is not professional...” “First off Tiffany I was on this project, before you two came along. Secondly, I only came here tonight because John said...” “John told me that he told you to stay away. Now you need to go or I promise you that your boss will know about this! He will pull you from the project.” Feeling the frustration starting to build, “look if I can just talk to John for a second!” “John is

DONE with you! Why would John want to be with you when he can be with..." Starting to shake from her anger, "Tiffany it's not like that! John came to me after the meeting and..." "Yeah he told me all about how you followed him..." Mouth dropping in shock as words seemed to fail her. The arguing began to pick up, "to my OWN car Tiffany! HE came up to..." "Whatever bitch don't come near John again!" Raising her hands in the air, "I'm leaving Tiffany!" "Good that is the smartest thing that you've ever said!"

Slamming her drink on a table she left the bar feeling weak and embarrassed. The entire bar seemed to stare. The mood seemed to lull slightly. It was wrong and stupid for her to come to the bar tonight. Leaning over the top of her small car it took her several minutes to catch her breath. "I should have knocked that bitch out!" "I hope that you don't mean Tiffany?" Turning around Michelle saw to her surprise, "John?" He smiled, "I'm glad you remembered my name." Shaking her head, "you shouldn't be here...Tiffany?" He laughed, "screw Tiffany she's just jealous that I am speaking to another woman." "Whatever John, I'm done ok? I came here to tell you that I am pulling out of the project and just..." "Whoa, whoa slow down there Michelle...please just relax! Let's not do anything stupid." "STUPID," Michelle snapped, "is this because of what Tiffany said? Look forget her ok? She just wants to be the only woman in my life and gets jealous very..." "Well, it's not just because of that. I just don't want to..."

"Hey relax baby," John walked towards her. "I'm not your baby John...this is just wrong. It doesn't feel right. You're an NHL player and I am just a make up influencer. Not much of an influencer to be honest. I work for a security company. What would you ever want with me?" Bringing her into a tight embrace he smiles, "it makes sense to me and that is all that matters. I have never felt this way about anybody before. Why don't I come by later, and we can..." "NO John my husband is home," he smiled his pearly white teeth seemed to shimmer in the moonlight. "I know you want to! You made love to me. I know you did! That wasn't just hooking up." His words couldn't have been more true. He seemed to truly believe them. Was this a fairy tale come true? Or some Dime Store Romance story

for lonely housewives? She did want to more than anything to believe him. However throughout everything that was going on the truth was it was not something she could do again. “John I...I just can't,” “Can't,” he repeated as she pulled away. “I mean if we were both single then of course. You're trying to make me something that I am not.”

“Something that you're not,” he repeated slowly. “Yeah, I wanted to let you know that I will only be talking to you if I have to. The temptation...it's it's...” “So you're telling me...no?” Michelle watched his face grow stern. The gentleness and attractiveness that it once displayed was gone. There was something evil left behind, something almost sinister. “Yeah John I don't want to hurt you. You're a great guy and...” “You...you're telling me no?” His face seemed chiseled from stone. Michelle's face slightly shook in confusion. Her mind began to race. What wasn't he getting? Slowly, she nodded her head, “yes, I am saying no.” “Who the hell are you to tell me no?” “Excuse me,” Michelle said mouth dropping in shock. She had not expected this sudden change in attitude. “I am an NHL champion and make millions of dollars every year. Woman would kill to be in your shoes. I am in the VIP section of this bar getting drunk for free and guess what? I can come back tomorrow and do it all over again!” “Good for you, I'm sorry that you feel that way.” “Feel what way, because I wanted to give some time to a hopeless case.” “Wait so now fucking me was a charity?”

Shrugging, “yeah I guess you can say that! You should feel privileged...honored...hell even obligated to be with a guy like me! I make what you make sitting on my ass at home. You have the audacity to say no...no?” “Who the hell are you,” asked Michelle backing away from him. “I'm Johnathan Robbins and you...you're just a nobody! You'll always be a nobody...” “Babe,” came a soft voice as Michelle gazed over his shoulder to see Tiffany. Drink still clenched in her hand she frowned at Michelle, “what the hell is going on here?” John turned to her and then back to Michelle, “this fat bitch is stalking me and can't seem to get it through her dumb head that I DON'T WANT YOU!” Michelle unlocked her car, “you're insane...you're both are utterly insane!” Slamming her car door shut she sped out of the spot. Tiffany launched her drink at the front window smashing the glass.

“That dick,” yelled Jaime forty minutes later. Michelle had decided to head to Jaime’s apartment rather than head home. “And Tiffany was the one that broke your window,” Michelle nodded, “she’s a bitch!” Michelle gave a weak smile. “What do I tell Hichem?” “Tell him that a rock hit your car. “What like a big rock,” she laughed nodding her head, “yeah like a big frickin’ rock!” Michelle shrugged, “I don’t know. Maybe I should just tell Hichem the truth? Try and stop this guilt for eating me up.” Jaime sat Michelle down on the couch patting her hand consolingly. “Are you ready to loose Hichem, because that’s what’s going to happen?” Michelle shrugged again, “I don’t know Jaime. I want to just forget it. Just take the memory put it in a box and bury it deep in the woods.”

Standing up, “well there is a forest across the street. Maybe you would like to take your attitude over there too and...hmmm,” she stopped by her window in the kitchen. “What was the hmmm for?” “There...there’s a man,” “ok, you’ve never seen a man before?” Shaking her head, “no, he’s just...standing there?” “What,” said Michelle making her way towards the window. “Yeah, he’s just...staring at me.” Michelle came to Jaime’s side and her face almost fell. A man standing three floors below her was indeed watching them. His baggy black hoodie covered most of his body. The street lamp didn’t seem able to penetrate the darkness that this man portrayed. “It’s John,” she said as she stared down at him. “John...you mean Johnathan Robbins?” Michelle nodded, “I don’t know...don’t ask me how I know! I just know it’s him.” Grabbing her phone from the table, “I’m going to kick the shit outta of him.” “Michelle that’s crazy! You can’t do that! This man followed you. You don’t know that it’s John anyway! It could be some guy out there for a smoke.” “I know it’s John Jaime! You didn’t see that look in his eyes. There was something empty behind them. I don’t know I can’t explain it. I just...” “Well, you don’t have to go anymore he’s gone.” “Gone,” Jaime nodded, “yeah he just walked away.” “Ok...good, listen can you walk down with me. I don’t want to go down alone.”

“God it got cold,” muttered Jaime as she stood outside her apartment door. They began to walk

down the sidewalk as the night had grown quiet. “So why do you think it was John? I mean he's famous usually people stalk him. Not the other way around, you know what I am saying?” “I do, but I just know it was him.” Reaching the end of the street, “thanks Jaime. I'm right down this street over there.” “No problem be safe,” nodding Michelle turned to make her way towards her car. Her heels clicking lightly on the concrete as lights flickered loudly above her. Several moths flew wildly under them.

THUD...THUD...THUD, Michelle stopped in her tracks and so did the footsteps. Turning around she glanced down the empty street. The tall apartment buildings to her left, and the row of parked cars aligned next to her. “Hello,” she whimpered softly. The wind rustled the trees as the life of distant traffic died in the branches. She turned and began to walk again to her car. She stopped in her tracks when she heard it again, *THUD...THUD...THUD*. Turning around she saw nothing. Darkness between the street lamps, “whoever is there better knock it off! I have mace, and I will beat the shit outta you!” Watching the street for any movement or any sound that would indicate the source of the footsteps. However the street was eerily quiet. She stared for several more seconds before turning around.

THUD...THUD...THUD, Michelle began to run as fast as she could. A loud *SCREECH* could be heard as her pursuer seemed to be dragging a knife across the cars he passed. Fumbling with her keys, she unlocked the car just as the hooded figure emerged around the corner. She slammed the door shut and fumbled with her keys again. Hands trembling and covered with sweat they almost tumbled between her fingers.

“AAAAHHHH,” she screamed when she saw the figure standing by the door. Jamming the keys in the ignition she heard the man's knife trying to stab through the roof. “GET AWAY,” she yelled slamming on the gas dragging the man with her. He pounded on the glass as his blackened face still remained obscure. She dragged him until the end of the street and flew around the corner. This sent him flying forwards rolling on the street violently. Michelle never looked back.

“Somebody attacked you,” yelled Hichem as Michelle couldn't stop breathing hard. “Is that why your car is all fucked up.” “Well,” she said softly unsure how to tell him the window was from a separate issue. “Why are you in a dress? You said you were going to work?” “Hichem can you cut me some slack ok? I was just followed and attacked!” Hichem walked to the sliding glass door, “did you call the police?” “No, I didn't call the police...” “Why Michelle if you were attacked then you should have!” “I didn't see his face. I don't know who it was. So what am I going to tell the police?” Raising her hand, “forget it Hichem, forget it...go back to your show!” Heading into her bedroom studio, she nearly collapsed on the chair in front of her computer. *RING...RING...RING...* She gazed down at her phone and saw Jaime was calling her. Sliding the green bar over to talk, “Hey Michelle I just wanted to make sure you made it home alright?” “Jaime...” Michelle's voice was barely above a whisper. Her eyes were growing watery, “I...I was attacked!”

The minutes turned into hours as Michelle retold the story over and over until it became a nightmare. She tossed and turned the entire night making Luigi change positions several times. She was driving wildly down the street as the dark figure had punched through the glass grabbing at her throat. The knife was holding him to the car as he gripped wildly to strangle her. “No,” she yelled as she thrashed again, “get off me...get off me!” A brick wall appeared in front of her as she screamed in terror. The car smashed against the wall as she felt pain in her shoulders.

“Michelle, Michelle,” yelled Hichem as he was shaking her violently. “Hichem, what the hell,” she said barely able to see him in the dark of their bedroom. “You were having a nightmare,” she rubbed her forehead, “I...I was?” He nodded, “yeah sounded pretty bad...you ok?” She nodded, “yeah I'm sorry go back to sleep.” She rubbed her forehead for a couple more minutes before retreating back to her dreams. However this time she tried to dream of happier things. Dreaming about the many road trips that her and Jaime used to take when they were younger. Traveling all over the country to see the band *O-Town* perform live. However the road of simplicity was paved with complications.

Chapter 3

What Lurks In The Dark

Michelle had never been frightened to leave her apartment before. However strange occurrence were now happening around her almost everyday. Especially at night it seemed that everywhere she went someone was always following her. She felt as if eyes were always upon her. One night getting up from bed she walked to the kitchen to get a glass of juice. She discovered a hooded figure standing in the frame of the sliding glass door. Shattering the cup, she had never screamed so hard in her life. However Hichem almost tripped over himself sprinting into the kitchen. She pointed to the back door realizing that the mysterious figure was now gone. Only leaving the quiet wind to blow the trees across the way. It seemed that fear had gripped her and everything in her life began to suffer because of it. That night however it seemed that she had no choice. She had to go to the police.

“Wait so who was at the back door?” Michelle had been in the police station for over an hour. She seemed to be hitting dead end after dead end. The ancient officer questioning her seemed to be growing senile or was the slowest man she had ever known. Pepper hair with a graying mustache his eye brows thick like caterpillars. “No, you’re not listening! I don't know who was at the back door.” “Well then it might have been someone walking their dog,” “At 3 in the morning,” Michelle shrieked. Making the officer jump in his seat, “Michelle you say you live in an apartment complex right...ground level? People do all sorts of things especially if they have dogs they might just...” “This was not a man walking a dog. I don't understand what you aren't getting! There was a man standing looking into my house!” The old officer recoiled slightly, “there is no reason to be rude I am trying to help you. Now can you tell me what the person looked like.” “It was dark and he was wearing a hoodie.” “So how do you know that it was this guy John something?” “I just...I just...know that it was ok?”

Pulling out a small notepad, “have you been having issues? Do you know anybody that would want to hurt you?” Biting her lip she hesitated and the officer picked up on it right away. “There is isn't there?” Biting her lip harder, the very idea that it could have been Johnathan Robbins. THE NHL

Stanley Cup winner was even hard for her to believe. After all these incidents seemed to be linked with her recent infidelity, “Michelle you need to tell me everything you know. The don't call me Mike Rudd the blood hound for nothing. I can sniff out a case really easy.” “It's just...you won't believe me if I told you.” The old officer smiled consoling, “miss I have been an officer for over 35 years nothing shocks me anymore.” “Johnathan Robbins,” she said softly. Whatever he had been expecting was certainly not what she said. “Johnathan...Johnathan Robbins,” he repeated as she nodded. “The hockey player...the Stanley Cup champion hockey player?” She nodded again, “we hooked up and well I told him we couldn't see each other anymore. I guess he couldn't take no for an answer. I don't know, but I am sure he's the one that tried to attack me.”

“Look...I know it sounds crazy, but you have to believe me! He IS the one that is doing all of this!” The officer's wrinkled face fell in utter disbelief. He closed his notebook in an impatient exasperation. In that moment, she realized that she was not going to get the help she needed. “Look, I'm not crazy ok? You need to talk to him. It is him I know it is him!” “Michelle, he is a celebrity and it's just odd that a man of that caliber would resort to stalking. It's just out of nature.” “Are you going to do something or not?” Holding up his wrinkled hands, he gave a firm “yes...ok? We will talk to him and go from there.” “Tell him to just leave me alone and that'll be that ok?” Officer Rudd nodded as she left the room feeling as though she had not accomplished a thing.

As she made her way out of the police station, she walked to her car knowing what she had to do. It was going to be hard, but she figured it was for the best. She needed to be dropped from *Limelight*. She wanted nothing more to do with the product line as long as he was involved. Everything seemed to have gone down hill since that drive into the city with Jaime. The best thing to do was to switch paths and head down a different road. This would leave everything in the past. She would truly treasure the moments that she had spent with him. Enjoying the thought of having been with a future NHL legend.

Her mind seemed unable to unwrap from what she knew she had to do. She had promised a lot

to *Limelight* and to help push their product. The money that she could raise would be helpful for the charity. However, she was sure that there were other ways to help. Maybe the road less traveled and maybe that would make all the difference?

Walking through the double doors to *Limelight* a couple hours later her head was stuck in the clouds. *WACK...* her shoulder collided with someone, “Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” She said as she gazed up into the blue eyes of “JOHN?” The smile wavered on his face, “Michelle...what’re you doing here?” His puppy dog eyes narrowed nastily. “What are you doing here,” his pleasant smile fell as he gave a firm, “I work here remember...*Feeding America?*” “I know that! I mean, what are you doing here now?” “I had a meeting with Mr...” “John look you need to stop ok? Stop following me home, stop stalking me and just leave me alone!” “Whoa Michelle, you need to slow down! I am not stalking you.” “Why is it everywhere that I go you are somehow involved?” Holding up his hands, “you seem a bit stressed, why don’t you come talk to me when your...” “I am not talking to you ever again! Do you hear me? I came here to tell them that I am done!” His face fell, “I’m sorry is there anything I can do to...” Pointing her finger at him her voice rising, “you have done enough, ok?” “You’re so hostile towards me Michelle, I would think after everything we have been through.” “YOU ATTACKED ME! You tried to kill me just because I won’t put out for you again!”

Taking several steps back, he straightened his suit. “Please Michelle, you’re embarrassing yourself.” “Oh please get over yourself John,” “Michelle I am rich and famous. I don’t need girls like you. Least of all to attack girls, girls attack other people to get to me. Why would I want anything to do with you anymore?” “You arrogant asshole, I should clock you...” “WHAT THE HELL!” A loud shriek was heard as Tiffany was making her way down the large marble atrium. “I thought I told you to stay away from him!” “Relax Tiffany I just came here too...” “I know John told me all about it! John told me about how you are trying to get him to fuck you. It’s not going to happen ok bitch! Why would he want anything to do with an overweight cow like you? Are you stupid? You think Johnathan Robbins would be a chubby chaser?” “I have a video of him fucking me alright! Yeah him grinding all

on me calling my name, slapping my ass all of it...every last moment alright? Your man is not so high and mighty that..." "You're a liar, I'll fucking kill you! I'll fucking kill you do you understand me?"

The yelling grew louder that security made their way over to them. Michelle had to literally be dragged from the building. "Get your hands off of me...get off me!" The guards stood by the door as she straightened her coat. "I have never been so embarrassed in all my life!" Storming away from the building she couldn't believe what had happened. What was happening? She leaned against her car letting her head rest in her hands. Unable to calm her irate breathing, she couldn't drive...not now. The anger that coursed through her body would surely send her barreling down the street without a care. Her eyes closed as she slowed down her breathing. "It's ok," she whispered to herself. "It's done...just go home and enjoy the rest of the day."

After several minutes her breathing began to slow and the boiling anger was now in a light simmer. She nodded, "ok, now everything is ok...I think?" A car pulled into the parking lot and seemed to stop near her. She waved her hand wildly, "go around...not leaving yet!" Her head seemed to throb against her hands as she felt a headache coming on. *SLAM*...the sound of a car door could be heard close to her. "What now," she thought as she raised her head, "excuse me miss?" Her face fell when she saw two police officers making their way towards her. "Yes," she replied noticing fatigue starting to set in. "We got a report of a disturbance on the scene. We would like to have a word." She shook her head, "no it's fine. I am leaving actually." "Well, we need to talk miss please step forward." The cop seemed to radiate a sort of arrogance that one only saw with power. He lowered his shades as she made her way towards them. "You want to tell us what is going on? Why you're waiting out here for..." "I'm not waiting for anybody. I work here. I am leaving, and I was just clearing my head." "Are you under the influence of..." "Are you serious," she asked as the other officer made her way around the car. Blond hair tied into a bun, she was short, but acted superior with her hands on her hips. Her scowl matched her attitude as the officer continued, "the name is Officer Daniels, and we would like permission to search your vehicle." "No," Michelle snapped adding quickly, "what is the meaning

of this? What's going on?" "Alright miss, you need to calm down!" "I am calm!" "Miss if you don't calm down I am going to have to detain you."

That anger that she felt previously was starting to boil again. The truth was her primary "Bread Winning" job was working with emergency services. However, she had never been treated like this. Treated like she was the criminal, "look officer I am calm. You saying that is stressing me out more. I have a bad heart and all I want to do is go home." Officer Daniels reached into his pocket and pulled out a small pad of paper, "do you want to tell me what happened in there?" Holding her forehead, "please officer I just want to go home really." "We will have you know that the people you assaulted in..." "Assaulted," she repeated trying to keep her voice level. "Yes miss, they're pressing charges. As a matter of fact, they have just started the process of putting in for a Restraining Order." "Restraining Order...ain't that some bullshit! I should have a Restraining Order on him! He has been stalking me for the past month. He attacked my car...just look at the damage he did!" Officer Daniels gazed at the top of the car and ran his hand over it. "It looks like puncture marks from...I'm guessing a knife?" "Yeah, he tried to kill me!" Officer Daniels stepped back, "did you get a look at his face? How did you know that it was him?" "Because all this weird stuff starting happening after we slept together. He wanted me to have sex with him again, and I said no!"

Officer Daniels couldn't hide the skepticism on his face. "Wait a second, you're telling me that Johnathan Robbins? Two time Stanley Cup champion Johnathan Robbins is stalking you because you wouldn't put out for him?" "Yes, I know it's hard to believe, but that's the truth." "There she is," came a loud booming voice in the distance. "Oh great," Michelle said as she saw John making his way towards them. "Officers this is the woman that is stalking me and won't leave me alone!" "I'm stalking you that's rich! I came here today to cancel my contract with *Limelight!*" Tapping the pen on his mouth Officer Daniels pointed it at her, "at the same time that he was here in a meeting?" "I didn't know he was here in meeting!" "I want a Restraining Order on that woman!" "Well, I want a Restraining Order on you! Just because I won't fuck you again doesn't give you the right to stalk..."

“Stalk you...stalk you, please I could have any woman I wanted! Officer look you know who I am, right? I don't need to stalk women! Woman like her need to be locked away. They are the reason I can't go out anymore. Flocking everywhere I go. I don't want to see her...” “Trust me John you won't see me ever again...but I can't say the same thing for you. Don't call me, don't follow me home anymore, and get it through your head I am not fucking you again ok?”

“Again,” came a loud shriek as Tiffany came marching around the corner. “John what the hell does she mean again?” “She's lying Tiffany do I look like I would have sex with somebody like her?” “You did John stop...” Both of the officers stared at her, “he did alright! I even have proof. I have it on video on my computer.” Officer Daniels gave one final look and said, “Mr. Toews if you wish to press charges...” Holding out his hand, “no that's not necessary. But I will be putting in a motion for a Restraining Order you can be sure of that!” Officer Daniels turned back to Michelle, “you're free to go, but I don't want to see you near here again...and fix your windshield!” Removing her keys she growled, “I am not a liar and don't ever accuse me of one! Believe me I am never coming back here again!”

Getting into her car, she heard Officer Daniels say, “we will escort her out and make sure she gets to where she needs to go.” Michelle began to pull out of her spot, “as long as she stays away from me I can...” “FUCK OFF JOHN,” she yelled pulling out of the parking lot. The police car followed her until she reached the highway and then they turned around. She sighed in relief when she arrived back home. However lying with Luigi, she felt nervous about the whole situation. Tiffany seemed shocked by the whole ordeal, but shocked near completely silent. It was odd behavior from her being the loudmouth she appeared to be. If John was stalking her, she had apparently made him mad today. Somehow she felt that tonight was going to be different. Tonight all the stalking and all the fear that she had been feeling would intensify. Her reasoning was simple. John was mad and anger was a powerful motivator.

“Are you ok Michelle? You seem on edge,” Michelle had not even noticed that her husband had

been staring at her. “Hmm,” she said turning back to him. “What's wrong,” he asked as they sat on the couch watching television. “Nothing, why do you ask?” Hichem smiled, “because you're all tense and well look at how your sitting!” She gazed down at her body noticing her hands wrapped around her knees. “I'm sorry...long day,” “are you sure that there's nothing that you want to...” “I'm fine Hichem ok?” Rolling his eyes, “very well,” he returned back to the television. The minutes seemed to fly by as her eyes continually darted to the sliding glass door. The clock on the wall spun at such a speed that she had to ask Hichem twice as to what time it was.

“You going to work tomorrow?” She nodded, “I should be there late to make up for all the time I missed.” However, the truth was that she felt safe there. There was no safer place to be then the headquarters of an alarm company. Later in bed, Hichem seemed to fall asleep immediately. He had a habit of talking in the deepest of his dreams. However Michelle couldn't seem to find any. Her belief of a restless night kept the fear in her body. The needless checking and re-checking of the locks and doors kept Luigi from sleeping too. Trailing behind her wagging his tail happily as she checked the back door for the third time. Finally at around two she returned to bed and felt sleep take over. The terror had seemed to subside, but her dreams are what seemed to wake her up. John had called her a liar, and she wasn't. She had the video to prove it. “The video,” she whispered as she stared at her small closet door. “The video,” she whispered again rolling over to see Hichem sleeping.

Slowly getting up from her bed she made her way into her small studio. She would have never expected a man that gorgeous to be such a dick. She knew that he was going to put out a Restraining Order. However she needed to make a copy of her infidelity not just for proof but for safety. The truth was that she was unsure of what John was capable of anymore. He had attacked her once already. What was he capable of when he was upset? It had only taken a couple minutes for her to start burning the video onto a disc. She sat down on her seat and watched the files moving towards the folder. Her eyes slowly growing tired as she struggled to keep herself awake. Bundling her robe around her she had to make sure the file went through. She had to make sure that the movie would be safe and away

from Hichem. Everything seemed to be falling apart in her life. It seemed that it would only be a matter of time before Hichem found out.

Click...Click...Click...Click...Click, eyes opening slightly “damn it...Luigi!” Her voice was barely a whisper, she just wished he would stay in one spot. Her eyes closed again, but she didn't hear the familiar raspy breathing from him. Her senses seemed to be dropping as she heard a rustling from the other room. Was that the swishing of blankets? Hichem was really moving around in the other room. “Hichem either get up or stop moving...Jesus,” she snapped and then he stopped. “Thank you,” she yelled as the burning had already reached 50 percent. Her eyes closed and this time it was for good.

An hour went by as she bundled up her robe tighter. A cold breeze had started to penetrate the house. “Hichem, close the window,” she grumbled seeing the message, *MEDIA COMPLETED*. Grabbing a case she labeled it, *JOHN COURT...IF NEEDED*. She placed the movie on the desk feeling a little better about the situation. Rubbing her shoulder, she felt the wind start to pick up speed. The curtains in her studio fluttered slightly. “Hichem close the damn window...Jesus,” her voice rough and tired as she made her way into the hallway. About to enter the bedroom she stopped when she heard a soft rattling from the living room. Her breath was visible as she started to move towards it. Curiosity seemed to fill her and helped carry her feet forward. She noticed that it grew colder moving towards the living room. Her footsteps were silent as she crept along the wall. The rattling growing louder as she made her way around the corner.

“Oh...my...god,” she whispered. The sliding back door was completely open. She backed up terror filling her body. Hitting the back wall, she stared at the open door. Her hand clenched at her robe trying to calm her shaking nerves. “Hichem,” she whispered making her way back down the hallway. Never turning her back from the living room. Entering the bedroom, “Hichem,” she whispered again. He lay sleeping with his arm draped over the side. “Hichem wake up, somebody is here! Somebody is in...Luigi,” she shuddered seeing no sign of her dog. Walking around the edge of

the bed she shook Hichem, “Hichem wake...” Recoiling her hand quickly, she stared down at her husband noticing how cold he was. Noticing how his body did not move nor his breath permeated the air like hers. “Hi...Hichem,” she whispered hearing the trembling in her voice. Gazing closer at her husband, his body was lifeless. “Oh my god...Hichem,” she mumbled in a trembling panic. The heartbreak in her voice. “This is all my fault!”

CREEEAAA... slowly raising her eyes she watched the closet door opening. And in the darkness, she saw the figure that she had been expecting. The figure that she knew would be coming for her. However her body did not seem prepared for it. Voice trembling as she backed away feeling her body go weak. “Please...John...don't do this!” The hooded figure stared at her and slowly withdrew a hunting knife from within his sweater. The face was blackened out with his features distorted. “Please John,” she pleaded again as her hand desperately tried to grab anything for a weapon. The knife reflected in the moonlight and raised high in the air. He lunged at her almost wildly. The bed creaked loudly as Michelle dashed towards the door.

SWISH...SWISH... the knife lashed and cut through the air violently. Grabbing the lamp from the nightstand, she smashed it into the side of the assailant's head. “Ugh,” came a soft cry as he fell to the ground. Breathing heavily, she gripped the lamp tightly staring down at her attacker. Her heart racing as she tried to find the strength to make her escape. Taking a step she began to move cautiously towards the door. Stepping over his hand and then the other, the front of her now clear. Then out of nowhere a loud yell as Michelle fell to the ground in excruciating pain. “AHHH,” she screamed mortified at the hunting knife impaled through her left leg. “FUCK,” she yelled as pain shot through her body. She felt a hand grip her other ankle as the assailant tried desperately to subdue her. Michelle thrashed with all her fury wildly kicking him square in the face. “AH,” came the voice from behind the hood. As Michelle kicked repeatedly until he withdrew his hand howling with pain.

The knife was ripped from her leg with a spray of blood. She grabbed for the door frame to keep her steady. Blood was rushing down her leg and foot. She stopped when she heard a soft

whimpering from her bedroom studio. “Luigi,” she whispered heavily. Pulling herself into the room, she quickly found Luigi hiding under the desk. “Luigi...Luigi, please come here...Luigi, stop get over here!” Luigi made his way out slowly but then stopped. Retreating back under the desk, she felt a coldness behind her. She turned to see the hooded figure step towards her. The knife plunging deep into her stomach.

The wind left her lungs as she gasped loudly. The knife was pulled back and stuck again. Michelle gripped her attacker's hair and threw him from her body. He slammed against the desk crashing against the wall of make up. Blood gushed from her stomach as she gripped her wounds tightly. The warmth of her own blood was eerily soothing against her cold hand. Reaching over the desk she scrambled over it leaving bloody finger prints. Her hand grabbed a pair of scissors as the attacker lunged towards her. “AHHH,” screamed Michelle as she turned quickly sinking the scissors deep into the attacker’s throat. The hunting knife clattered to floor as her attacker gripped his neck tightly. Michelle fell backwards hitting the back of the wall. Dragging her body down leaving nothing but a bloody trail. Her mysterious attacker was wildly smashing against the desk and then crumpled to the floor. Ripping off the hood, Michelle gave a gasp of shock. She stared at the sheets of blonde hair realizing that her suspicions of John were wrong.

“Tif...Tiffany,” she exclaimed as the blood ran down Tiffany's lips. Growing weak herself, Michelle's eyes locked onto hers. Tiffany’s mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. Her eyes were wide with horror as her breathing began to slow. Blood running a river over the floor. Michelle could feel her body slipping too as darkness seemed to take over. Her own blood running out of her hands unable to stop it. “Hello Michelle,” came a soft voice as she stared up into the gentle of eyes of John. “J...John,” she muttered weakly. “Yes...oh Michelle...look at you.” “W...why,” she whispered as John made his way into the room. “I didn't do anything. Although, I’ll tell you it didn't take much for Tiffany to lose it. Jealousy can be a powerful weapon.” He made his way to the computer and found the DVD that she had made of their sexual encounter. He gazed at it and then pocketed it. “Perfect, I

really thought it would have been more difficult...labeled and all!”

Staring at the screen of the computer he read the message, *MEDIA COMPLETE*. He clicked ok and Michelle saw Tiffany gripping the back of his pants. John gazed down at her, “Tiffany I know what you're thinking, but everything I told you about Michelle and me...that...that was a lie...all a lie you simple girl...see?” Hitting the space bar, Michelle saw in her eyes the reflection of her and John making love. Tiffany tried to gasp only making blood gush out more. She gripped his pants one more time. Her hand shaking as if trying to build a rage. Words couldn't be formed as she gave one last attempt and then her hand fell motionless.

“Why...John, why,” turning towards the computer he began to smash the computer tower with his foot. Sending sparks and pieces to scatter over the floor. Straightening his clothes he stared down at her, “I made a mistake Michelle. And I can't have that mistake leaking out...my image...my career. I can't have a pregnancy or that video leaking out. I can't risk any chance of any of it surfacing.” Making his way to the door, “please John...don't do...I'm not...” “Goodbye Michelle,” and without a single backward glance John left the room. Leaving the cold to swallow up the last bit of strength that Michelle could muster.

[Johnathan Robbins]

Exiting out the back door, John made his way around the corner. The cold night air felt good on his skin. His light footsteps echoed over the street as the trees swayed in the breeze. Making his way towards his car he saw a lone woman leaning against it. He smiled when he saw her there, “hello Jaime,” he whispered softly. Smiling widely at him, “hey baby,” she said softly. They embraced in a deep kiss as he made his way towards the driver's seat, “did you get it?” He nodded, “yeah you were right she did burn it.” Opening the passenger door, “I knew that she would.” He stopped and gazed over the top of the car, “thanks for giving Tiffany the address too. The plan could not have been completed without you...I love you.” “And I love you too baby.”

[8 Months Later]

“Hello this is Rick Barnes here with Sports News. I am here in the locker room with third time Stanley Cup champions the Chicago Blackhawks talking with this years MVP Johnathan Robbins. Johnathan tell us what is going through your mind.” “Well it's a great feeling! I have to say that I am very proud of myself and of the team. We worked hard and fought like the true champions we are.” Rick Barnes was grinning from ear to ear, “it must be so hard for you this year too. Loosing girlfriend Tiffany Matthews in that horrible murder of your stalker and now the recent death of fiancée Jaime Kelly in that horrible car accident.” He shrugged, “It just shows me to be careful in giving away my heart. You never know who somebody truly is in the end. I can't express how difficult it has been, but I want to dedicate my own personal win in their memories. The tragedy that has faced everyone involved in the matter is something that will always weigh heavy in my heart.” Nodding softly Rick quickly asked, “If you could say anything to them right now what would it be?” Kissing the Stanley Cup, he yelled, “I love you both and this win right here is for you guys!”

The End

I Like It

[Diss Michelle L.]

by

Robby Richardson

This poem is for that Klepto lying bully pull me in a fight Oh goodie

Set the record straight...no more can I take

Let's lay the cards on the table All – In call should be grateful

Grateful for more exposure because nobody really knows you

Thinking you're King Kong on life avenue but really you just Abu

A couple screws loose a few bricks shy

I got disses like drugs I got the whole supply

So if you want it come get it and if you get it please leave with it

You can take that bullshit on which ya get the picture quote me bitch call it scripture

I like it when you tell me that I am really lazy yet you still gunna pay me

I like it when you text me begging for my help...I'd rather sit on my couch smoking a blunt by myself

I like the talking trash, the working off your ass, the lies against the proof like a pheasant under glass

I like it when you call me cheap got stacks...no blasphemy

While your triple time considering bankruptcy

I like your non-working ass, blatant sass, no class, hoochie momma clothes, no show, rock bottom low

Tit for tat, lyrical combat, you fucking lying rat...yeah, I like that

This poem is for that bitch with the mouth...the only thing she runs

Sitting eating crumbs while I'm cashing in sums

I was open and honest...true to myself while you still hide in the closet

I don't hate that your gay, I JUST HATE YOU now let's put this bitch away

I should charge you for slander saying you got stomach cancer

Claiming three rounds of radiation seeking such remorse but you healthy as a horse

You sick alright...society's parasite

Opponent of my pen, enemy of the page

You're the squire to my liege...the paige to my knight.

They call me the Writer Eater, I could diss all night

Living with your lady while your ex sleeps on the couch

Remember the one that used to beat you...you said it I can vouch

But now cheating on the cheater with this man at your house

While your steadily buying her children marijuana by the ounce

Yeah great fucking step parent...that's REAL common sense

I'm all for chasing rabbits and living Wonderland events

But buying drugs for kids yeah that shit I'm against

You're a selfish spoiled brat that lies through her crooked teeth

Let's not misconstrue the fact...yeah, I like that

I like your half-assed lazy approach hiding from your work like light to a roach

I like when you say I'm sensitive...(Say Again)...I'm sensitive

So quote me (EXPLETIVE), when I say suck my (EXPLETIVE)

You dumb (EXPLETIVE) (EXPLETIVE) again.

Hell bent again on getting in take you to the mountain top teach your fat ass to fly again

Talking crap about making money and "beating" the rap, throw you off does it sound like that

YEAH I LIKE THAT

I like things that you can bank on like a round two off of this poem

I'd love a clap back just so I can snap back another bullet in my pen's chamber

A real artist claimer hit you from any angle

So call this a warning just before it starts storming

Close up the gates of drama and your immature ass should save it for your mama

And we done...case closed because I got a whole lot more in store

So I implore let bygones be bygones like two ships in the night

No lyrical fist fight you're nothing but a pawn...this is the part where you fall down

Because you forgot what the nights like...blow up your bank scamming like two tankers in the night

So give me fuel for my fire I'll leave everything between us like ash after a fire

Give the devil his due and watch what he'll do leave you with more then just a lyrical boo boo

Now I just curse the time that I put into you...damn...Oh wait, I like that...how about that

The End

A Dead Man's Fury

[Interlude]

by

Robby Richardson

Through the dust...the dirt and mud

A fire inside that fear to flood

Paid with blood a Hell's wind is about to come

The breath from a pen that can scorch the land

You've woken up trouble that leaves ash to lumber

Cerberus takes his deathly steps...the Cyclops awakes from his slumber

With a stomp of my feet the ground rumbles

With a clap of my hands the mountains crumble

So let this masterpiece start like so many on nights dark and dreary

Be Prepared for this...this Dead Man's Fury

Knock...Knock

The mournful tune from this prisoner's tomb

Knock...Knock

You've woken up something bigger than anger and bigger than trouble

A Dead Man's Fury

Knock...Knock

Let the ax swing high with a sun gleamed eye

Take you out with every last second I cry

Knock...Knock

El Cuy Cuy of the pen...A monster from a Gen

Crush Coal in my hand and out pops Gems

Knock...Knock

So open up this karma on this bully

Unleash this Dead Man's Fury

Separate

I need to find a way to separate

I fear myself

My own mind can't seem to hear myself

Needing...Pleading

But this fury believe me you'll constantly be seeing

I promise that you will always regret me and with this pen you'll never forget me

It burns inside burning my eyes

While these bridges burn this dead man rise

And its only in the dark do I find my light

Within those ashes I find my wrath

A venom...can't cure...fate secure on path's endured

Unleash this Dead Man's Fury my future once so clear now obscure

Fury of fear...a fury within a silent rage

Inklets of blood across this page

This little piece of me as soft as the sweetest kiss to me

Gentle as the pen traces over this note in me

If loose lips sink ships call me a Jean Grey Phoenix

Final hours of memories remembered

Letting go of the anger that I'm tethered isolating internal debilitating

In the darkness I find this...find my heart in this

A part of this... two sides of this
So quick to death...so slow to life
Stars to find on stolen time
Or to a hope that we seek to cling by on life's peak

When this dead man rise...A Chaucer like glory for me
Death can't subdue this rage or ignore me
Unleash this Dead Man's Fury
Crying...Subdue this rage...this rage unsubiding
The day I'll be free...breathe free is the day this dead man's free
Silence inside this...a prison I find this
Time is timeless...but can the mind be mindless
Silhouetted shadows dance in my vision ponder my decision
To let the bridge that I burn light my way
Let my fury consume me or my freedom fly away

Confrontation overdue hands up you need to subdue
Releasing this fury might help...In the end I fear myself
And even at the end I still won't let it out
Lost a dream because you don't understand team
Couldn't even do the minimum and the price near criminal
I'm on bended knee praying for serenity
Because if my fury wins out your down for the count
A Dead Man's Fury leaves my imprint on your memory
It's the knock at your door, a personal raven

Nevermore on my memory plague you like Lenore

And hell sent for me...the rage that bore me...the fury you won't ignore me

Not scared of the dawn, I'm scared of where we go from here

It is not the fury of fear that one should fear

It is my fury from which you should fear

Even when broken...I fear myself

At the end a penny is a penny and petty is just petty

We've broken that wall unleash this fury over it all

At the end a penny is just a penny and then there's my petty

I fear myself and the fury I bring or is it petty revenge I cling

With hope serenity cures me of this fury

This Dead Man's Fury

The End

The Tapestry

You So Crazy

[Section 1]

By

Robby Richardson

[Diss Michelle L.]

Crazy...Crazy...Crazy

You So Crazy

Girl You So Crazy

You got a couple bats loose in your belfry going through life like Joefree

With a laugh like Gilbert Godfrey not charming just annoying

Can't handle your high...yeah I can tell...too crazy for even Hell

There's no one at your helm...the bang gone from your bell

Out of rhythm do tell...meet the Mitochondria of the cell

I'm a literal powerhouse but your lights are off...no driver in your game of golf

No Quasimodo in your tower...a precious mind state a real Frodo

Watching you float around doing nothing at all but expect it all

You want it all to be worth it all but can't accept mirror mirror on the wall

Revealing the biggest sack of shit of em' all

You pathetic sack of crap...who fakes cancer...yeah I'll stand by that

You're an oddball but no Andy Warhol just a cornball no care at all

At work we call you Casper responsibility can't grasp her

When you there, if you there, you're never there you're presence invisible as air

You're life is my laughter...a LITERAL disaster

It's league night with no bowling lane...a gutter ball in your mind frame

No rain in your rainstorm...a chameleon in the snake form

Something's missing is what I'm insisting

You got ears but no one's listening so let's drop these rhymes while whistling

Crazy...Crazy...Crazy

You So Crazy

Girl You So Crazy

You got a couple screws loose...you're a few bricks shy a load

Now let's unfold the questions that arose about the cancer you spoke

I warned you to leave me alone you said no

Now let me introduce you to this Writer Eater...[Bares Teeth]...and you're my foe

A few fries short of a happy meal...the bad percentage in a crappy deal

You buy drugs to sell to kids and then mooch off them for a thrill

Your elevator is stuck...won't go all the way up

A few bananas short a bunch...a sandwich short in your lunch

The hamsters off the wheel...no happy in your meal

You're just outta touch...your fruit lacks a punch

Simpson's stupid like Hunch...and just like *Simpsons*

This Tapestry goes for days...to complete an entire shift takes you four days

How many different ways or different sayings

Or different phrases to say your crazy

You so crazy...you so crazy...you so crazy

The Mother Goose of insane rhymes

The Pie Eyed Piper of Crazy Town

You so crazy...you so crazy...you so crazy

I know crazy...and I know crazy

And bitch you crazy

Peter Rabbit down the crazy hole

Pocahontas dive off the waterfall

You so crazy...no you crazy

Let me lay it on thick when you switched from the dick

No problem with it just what you did with it

Your a husband cheater and then cheat on that cheater

And even cheat on her with your ex...you remember the supposed wife beater

Marrying him was your mistake while lying to me about your work on *Prison Break*

You're good friends with Scofield...an hour of lying how do you think that made me feel

I can't even trust you with facts... $2 + 2 = 4$

Yeah sanity just walked out your door

Straight up lights and convenience out your store

You closed up...out of business and boarded up

I feel like Mugsy "shutter up"...Mimsy

You can't lie about the adultery the cameras did see

You're the masterpiece that gives me lasting peace

Fulfill an artists everlasting need...one always placed high on my mantle piece

So Mimsy please meet your Leonardo Divinci

Make'em take a step back...Mwah! C'est Magnifique

Girl you so crazy

You so crazy...you so crazy...you so crazy

Humping on the ex of the girl you currently sleep next

They have three kids together...now why are you two together

You so crazy...I know crazy...and I know crazy

And bitch you crazy

Like a *Loony Tune* this ain't a cartoon

It's your life not the sharpest knife

Bird Brain with drama left over from the third grade

With beliefs as wild as mermaids

You so crazy...bitch...you...crazy

The End

The Tapestry

Oops...Whoops...Uh-Oh

[Section 2]

By

Robby Richardson

[Diss Michelle L.]

OOPS

There goes the dreams you never dreamt

WHOOPS

Snitching about the hours that you stole

Uh-Oh

Dropping this A-Bomb load

About the lies you unfold

And I'm a walking dead man or so I'm told

OOPS

There goes the rat that wouldn't leave me alone

WHOOPS

Human cockroach has left me provoked

For every lie you spoke and shit you on

UH-OH

And I'm a walking dead man weird like Roanoke

A Writer Eater you woke

And I see my foe

Drop every last secret and figure which one cuts the deepest

Trying to decide which lie was the sneakiest

Was it the lie about your heart attack

Or about the cancer that supposedly kept coming back

And while you're just braggin' I'm just sitting back clappin'

At your Munchausen performance with song and dance

The lies and lies of an exaggerated past...claiming illness's you never really had

Oh and the work that you did gave...I didn't do I'm underpaid

Cheated me out of some serious cash...so no more work for your selfish ass

OOPS

53 Hours in a month

Salaried employee paid upfront

Whatever your worth they should get a refund

WHOO P

I just let it slip about your chick

Dropped your whole bonus on a ring she won't get

Uh-Oh

Too busy screwing her ex hub to keep your money up

Spent all you had until the very last dime on crap you didn't need

Now it's time for bankruptcy...so this

OOPS

Is all you'll get from me

It's a shame you're playing high school games

While I'm sitting plotting more financial gains

Awoken this Writer Eater who won't let go

Dissing everything that you own

Remember when you said you didn't care about my life outside

But no I misunderstood that lie that was clear in your eye

So OOPS credit shot can't get a car loan

So whoops dodging creditors for the money you owe

So Uh-Oh to the lies you spoke where'd your best friend go?

All of the lies that you sowed I sit back and watch them grow

Let this Tapestry unfold for years on this road

You dissed a writer for a laugh just to get some easy cash

Some things are worth more than money like me laughing

While you straight grasping about how long this writing is lasting

And with certainty I will be laughing for eternity

So when your gone I'll still be laughing for years to come

So in the bed you lie because the last laugh is sweeter than a last kiss good bye

OOPS

Scamming your credit card...talking straight fraud...skip out the bill for your blog

What about the money you owe me that's an oops on me

Civilized we can't be

Whoops

With the company credit card you keep

With one little peek they'll see how you sneak

Uh-Oh

Exposed the wolf behind the sheep

So like Covid-19 my distance I'll keep

The End

The Tapestry

11 Hour Shift

[Section 3]

by

Robby Richardson

(Diss Michelle L.)

My ten hour shift just went to eleven
That extra hour leaves a sour taste like fresh lemon
But it's overtime and I know the grind
Like an old friend maybe I'll introduce you in time
In the mean time unwind with these rhymes of mine

Time to throw some shade and let the rain douse your parade
I got time today...11 hour shift

Can't work a seven hour shift now just went to six...dumb bitch

I got time today...11 hour shift

Time to respond in kind and you're not even close to working part time

But today...TODAY I got time...11 hour shift

Pop your ego like a bubble now you in trouble

Now I got an hour to waste on this Grumple

You don't just stumble you tumble

I don't want your life to burn I want it to crumble

I got time today, an hour to play, oh what to say

The lies I bought...knowing you is the cost I pay

So let's toss this grenade and bury you in the foxhole I made

And let the explosion last the rest of your days

It's time to sleep in the bed that you made

Time to milk that clock for a 40 hour drop whose dick you sucking at the top

I got time today...11 hour shift

Departments hemorrhaging money...I just think it's funny...can't my days also be sunny

I got time today...11 hour shift

Fat ass Governor Ratcliffe on her high horse "I run this place" but we're clearly off course

But today...TODAY I got time...11 hour shift

Expose your claim...gunna dog walk you today

Like we're on one of your claimed make up run ways

For two fucking hours I sat in your car...oh so long drone on and on

Listening to you make up stories about make up stories

For *Prison Break* when they were filming in our state

Oh wait...you did the make up for Sarah Wayne on her wedding day

Season 1 was in 05...Sarah was married in 02

So how hell would she have known you

Make up burn stories with Amaury

And when your best friend left because she couldn't stand it

The lies upon lies and spilling all her bullshit

Did she let slip about the lie she kept hidden

Just to fuel your ego's addiction

Bitch can't even work a six hour shift needs me to fill it

I got time today...11 hour shift

I bet even HR wouldn't believe about the central station you leave to smoke that green

I got time today...11 hour shift

I see you out there puffin to a state when you already late

But today...TODAY I got time...11 hour shift

Got your ex husband on the couch or is that your girl's ex

Now which one was there for sex

You the idiot that injects liquid to disinfect

As matter of fact why don't you do that

See how long it takes me to call Poison Control back

Having a go on your coveted fake plaque

That's like Sun Tzu NOT on the attack

Sherlock Holmes break down in a literary mind set

[First Encounter]

"Yeah we have her cousin living with us I think...I think she wants to fuck me"

[Second Encounter]

"Yeah I have been hanging out with her ex-husband. He's living with us...I think he wants to fuck me"

[Third Encounter]

"Yeah Hichem almost got into a fight with somebody while we are at Disneyworld. We're over in the *Star Wars* section and this guy came up to me. Started hitting on me...he totally wanted to fuck me"

[Fourth Encounter]

"Yeah I think that new guy...um, Michael...yeah I think he wants to fuck me"

I'm sorry I got off track...I tend to do that...now back to that plaque you overpaid hack

Best Trainer of the Year, I say what training...you didn't even pay the person that was doing the training

How about the three year hand book of the credit you took

Overstepping your best friend who left to go home again

Tennessee she ran from thee...now claiming a stoner you be

I got time today...11 hour shift

I was on that fruity blend when you were picking at seeds and stems

I got time today...11 hour shift

Dishonoring the blend while I'm writing a new *Of Mice and Men*

But today...TODAY I got time...11 hour shift

Air out your dirty laundry like my high school hoodie

Ask anyone I ain't changin' middle finger to you

And a black flag still raisin'

How you going to come back after this come back

I worked 31 hours over three days that's more than you can say

53 hours a month almost lapped you c@\$!

A dead man's mission and I haven't yet jumped

Geronimo... you're not even good at being a dumb hoe

You made the schedule what you late for

So many mouths whose the plate for

That's your handwriting...I know you're lying why you still trying

Lies like snake oil...nobodies buying

I see you blowing smoke in your Marquis claiming you a G

All you are is flunky and trashy

You know who told me your best friend Jaime

Deciding that her residency would be better in Tennessee

It's called a bra you're at work struttin' around like you even got work

Since you're giving away money here's my open hand

Show you how to stack money wrapped in rubber bands

It's called save...not spend, spend, spend
Not which company can I default on the loans they lend

So I got time today...but I'll be on my day
Wasted this hour on a scarecrow with no brain
Wasted this hour on something that doesn't pay

But today...NO, I got time today

10:59:58pm...10:59:59pm...11:00:00pm

(Pen Clatters)

The End

Arise Pink Frankenstein!

[Diss Nicki Minaj]

by

Robby Richardson

“IT’S ALIVE...IT’S ALIVE”

I’m frank with my steins like I am in my rhymes

The Einstein of poetic lines

You’re rhyme with your vacant eyes and vacant mind

Part Mary Shelly and believe me this can get really messy

The weight of your ego can get real heavy but don’t think I’m green with envy

Created by a modern day Shelley your built like a Chevy

I’m writing for Makaveli and your just trendy

The form of the monster unable to endure

Fake and plastic...very well paid...created like a web page for teenager spank page

Invisible hands from ghosts like strands from your puppetmasters in the rafter stands

“It’s Alive...ALIVE”

Pink Frankenstein in that bee hive stiff when you walk in those knee highs

And if ghost writing is credit with my works...does it matter who really did the work

Then my face is red and we belong dead

I once had a friend who said to know their worth

Then gets up on stage with her tongue in her own hearth

H & M Christmas Campaign really says abstain

Role model to sell your coochie for fortune and fame

You’re the last person to preach about pussy over brain

It may appear very strange but THIS is the woman to talk about how female equality is gained

Arise Pink Frankenstein

With fake hips and thighs...Nose and eyes...Ass and teeth

Pink Frankenstein arise on your feet

“It’s Alive...ALIVE”

Why are you always threatening to take shots pointing your fingers like you’re a tough thot

Lyrics on the back burner...talent is no Will Turner

No...you’re not obsessed with treasure

Just sell off your image for more than pleasure

If someone else rhymes my words will I get some hits

If I talk about hits and walk with fake hips will fortune I sip

With money I’ll flip seemingly freeing us while leaving the soul meaningless

Maybe this will help you understand this

“I write better when I’m drinkin’...I write better when I’m smokin’”

Kamikaze going down...Kamikaze going out

All I see you doing is running your mouth

If you got such a nasty flow why do I see such a plastic flow

So many writers on your work seems so vast and hollow

If you Megatron then you a Decepticon

Decept with your lyrics and a con with your image

And this image you have reaches millions

Arise Pink Frankenstein and it terrifies

“Mind over matter, I don’t mind and you don’t matter”

And then turn around and say

“That ass clappin’ on the D, Hercules on him”

I don’t bring out names in a diss to be on my list of you who I know won’t give a shit

In the mirror I see real every word is true...can you

Like an icy breeze a poetic Poseidian like titan
Bring drama as light as an empty day...Dryden

Arise Pink Frankenstein

“It doesn’t define me”

Well CLEARLY you’re lying

Average three other writers on every song

Everyone is buying and people will say what’s wrong

So Pink Frankenstein arise on your feet

“It’s Alive...ALIVE”

How are you a queen in someone else’s sunshine

Your career is nothing short of a visible tan line

I’m over rainbows dreaming L. Frank Baum... You’re just a Scarecrow in my *Wizard of Oz*

So here’s my heart and a piece of my soul

To fill in that cavern like hole to bring some console

To the drive you had but sold out for cash...but blame you I can’t

Tainted is your rep and forget that I can’t

Tied in a pink bow...it’s time to make dough

Famous for uselessness...Marilyn Monroe

So let’s let this monster rise tall still a classic after all

And yes I’ll still applaud at the creation of the Pink Frankenstein that the music industry calls

Arise Pink Frankenstein

“It’s Alive”...impressive with fake lips you lie

Every twitch of your limbs I switch my lines but I don't disguise

The truth inside of my poetic image or lines

No ghost writer here no other name on my career

I am a Mary Shelley of literary rhyme

So Arise Pink Frankenstein

The End

A Dead Man's Embers

[Outro]

By

Robby Richardson

Silence

That's all there was silence...

Fingers crossed silence...

And only in the silence...in the peace can one hear the dead speak

No words were said I knew I was dead

Even a once raging fire was once a legend

Leaving nothing but a reminder a bleak December...

A remembered ember

A dead man's ember

I had lost my job...I had lost it all

Risked my family for a petty squabble

When I should be supporting my family and not a petty problem

You're a waste of my time...a waste of my rhyme

A waste of this ink in this pen of mine

Such a colossal waste on this waste of space

Free of this place and free of this hate

And free of the cost of this literary mistake

So around this noose to the ledge I stand do I understand

That upon this release do I find my release from a company whose company

I do not want to keep...to be the sheep or the shepherd

I guess is life's ultimate dilemma

Do I raise above...take the road less traveled

Have a world fall apart like twine unravels

From this fury can I be truly free

From this fury can I be truly saved

From this fury I found freedom

A dead man walkin'...a dead man free

A freedom remembered...A dead man's ember

Does the last light not still cast shadows

Dancing and calling

Finally find rest in this bed made like my coffin

Walk through fire and a wind storm of ash

The fury that fueled me and seemingly ruined me

The embers that consist from once blazing foot prints

A dead man's insurance a dead man's revenge that never surrendered

Remember my ember

This dead man's ember

The End

SUMMARY

**ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO READ ON
DIFFERENT TYPE OF BOOK DOES THIS ROAD GO ON
A PATH OF FURY...A PATH THAT TELLS A DIFFERENT STORY
REVENGE AND WRATH CAUSE A BLOODBATH ON MY LITERARY FOOTPATH
HERE DEAD MEN'S TALES PREVAIL AND UPON THIS RELEASE I JEOPARDIZE
THE FINANCIAL WIND IN MY SAILS AND THE SUN IN MY BLUE SKIES
WRITTEN IN CHALK SENTENCED THIS DEAD MAN WALK**

OTHER PUBLICATION

- BOOKS -

BLOODLINE SERIES

MONSTERS UNDER THE BED

HAIR RAISER TALES: THE FORSAKEN FOREST

HAIR RAISER TALES II: MUERTE

HAIR RAISER TALES 2.5: CARNIVAL DE MUERTE

DEAD WATCHERS: THE BEAST OF CHERNOBYL

HYDRA

- ER -

2012: CULT DE MUERTE

BIOHAZARD: THE WRITER EATER

ROTTEN APPLE

HAJJ

- COMING SOON -

EVIL LIVES : LIVE EVIL (ER)

