

*Monsta*



*FFFeyers Collection*

# MONSTA



RH PEPPERS

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RH Peppers Collection





# Monsta

vol. 1

by

**RH Peppers**

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Monsta vol. 1  
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K

Q & A

Why don't you ever talk about your father?.. I mean you have taught me so many lessons he taught you, which I enjoy.. But I still feel like I have to guess how he and your uncles were..

Where would I start?.. They were all very interesting men back then.. I guess I can start on the day we had our first date..

You mean the night you wouldn't let me down on the see-saw.. Haha..

Told you I didn't like your dumb game.. Yea.. That night was the most interesting of all.. From things I have found out since then.. My father and uncle's day started off with finding this dude that had shot up their club house..

That time you told me about when one of the bullets missed hitting you in the head by a few inches..

Fuck a few inches.. I remember feeling the heat from that bullet as it passed.. Anyway.. I remember writing in my journal that day about my father's lesson Sunshine and Shadows..

Q

Q & A

CRE PEPPEPS

## SUNSHINE & SHADOWS

Raised game tight  
Can barely tell the difference of what's wrong or right

Know plenty who do wrong but say they on God's side  
Been raised by some very mean men  
Whom I never heard tell a lie..

I think my Daddy be dead wrong dealing with ladies of the night

He say, "Son, each and all have a choice  
And there are many different games to play

On my side of the fence the sun doesn't shine..  
And things go down in a shady way..

On the other side of the fence the sun shines and glare  
I must admit.. Things can be pretty over there..  
Most people play square and live life by different rules

That's simply not the kind of life I care to choose..

But whatever side you decide to walk on..  
Life is all about Principles..

You've been raised on Code, Son..

Love Life  
And to it be Loyal..  
Gain Knowledge as it relates to whichever game you choose..  
And you will become Wise to what you know..  
Then you may Understand  
Whether living life in Sunshine or Shadows.."

8^/ lil Pep..

CRE PEPPEPS

~If you want me to stay. I'll be around today. To be available for you to see. But I am about to go. And then you'll know. For me to stay here I got to be me..

Hot damn this is my jam!. Let me turn this cat up.. Sly and the family stone.. I'm gonna have to take a couple of these women to his show next time he in town ..



~You'll never be in doubt. That's what it's all about. You can't take me for granted and smile. Count the days I'm gone. Forget reachin' me by phone. Because I promise I'll be gone for a while..

You'll never be in doubt. That's what its all about. You can't take me for granted and smile..



What it do, Captain?.. I hear Hi-Top got a lock on your boy, Carlos..



Yea.. That Hi-Top sho can track a cat.. You would think Carlos would have his monkey-ass two hundred miles away by now.. The fuck is he thinkin, he can't be touched?..

Beats me, Captain.. I say we grab hold of his ass and find out though..



No question about that being the next move..



Bring yo ass on, Top!..

Honk!

Honk!

This cat stay in the face of some woman folk.. Thinking he some type of, Casanova with his dime store card tricks..



What it be like, Captain?.. Black?..

You done playin footzies with them broke down neighborhood trolls?..

You down here fuckin off with brods when we got business to handle..

Relax your old grumpy ass, Black.. Them little trolls got, Carlos waiting at Dolly's for us.. He think some three way freak shii bout to go down..



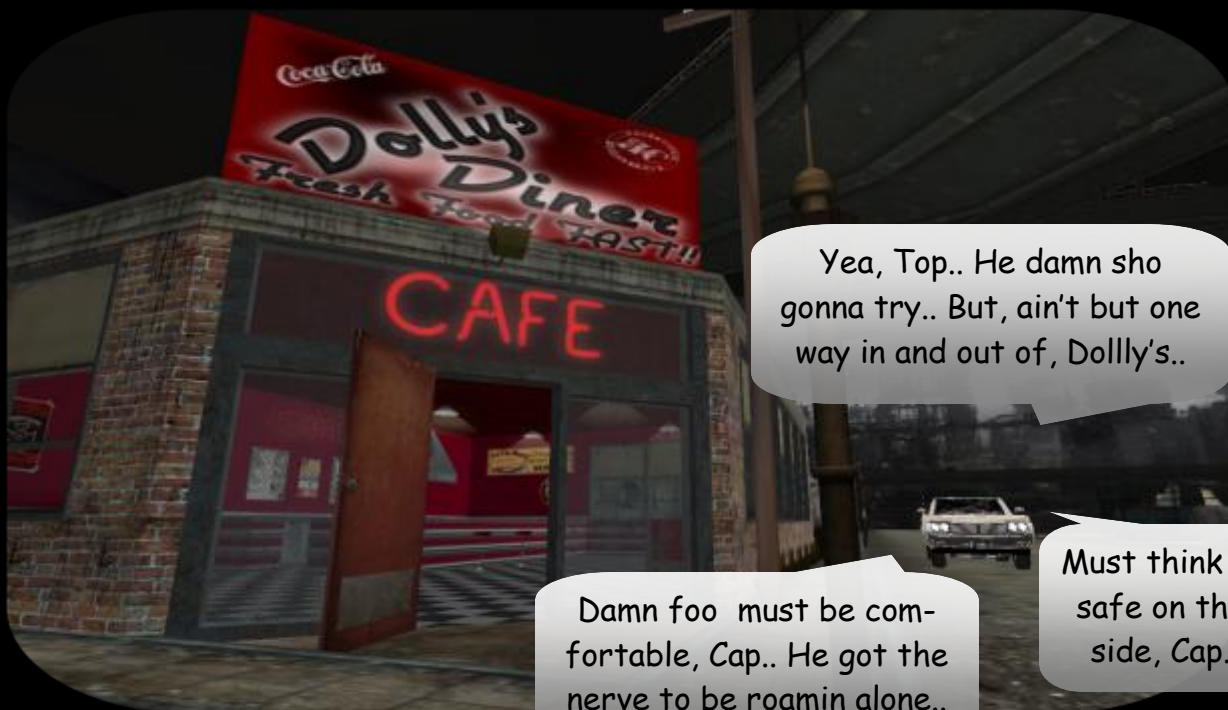
I ain't seeing nobody in the diner,  
Hi-Top.. You sure them trolls you  
was courtin ain't setting us up?..  
Black, can you see anybody?..



Bingo!.. There that boy is  
right there.. None the wiser..

I'm certain he'll wisen up soon enough..  
His new out of town friends must have  
him feelin plenty comfortable..

Yall know that boy  
gonna make a run for it..



Yea, Top.. He damn sho gonna try.. But, ain't but one way in and out of, Dollly's..

Damn foo must be comfortable, Cap.. He got the nerve to be roamin alone..

Must think he safe on this side, Cap..



What the fuck are they doin on this side?..

§ These suckas gonna wanna kill me if they see.. They couldn't know I had anything to do with the club hit..



So what's the play, Cap?..



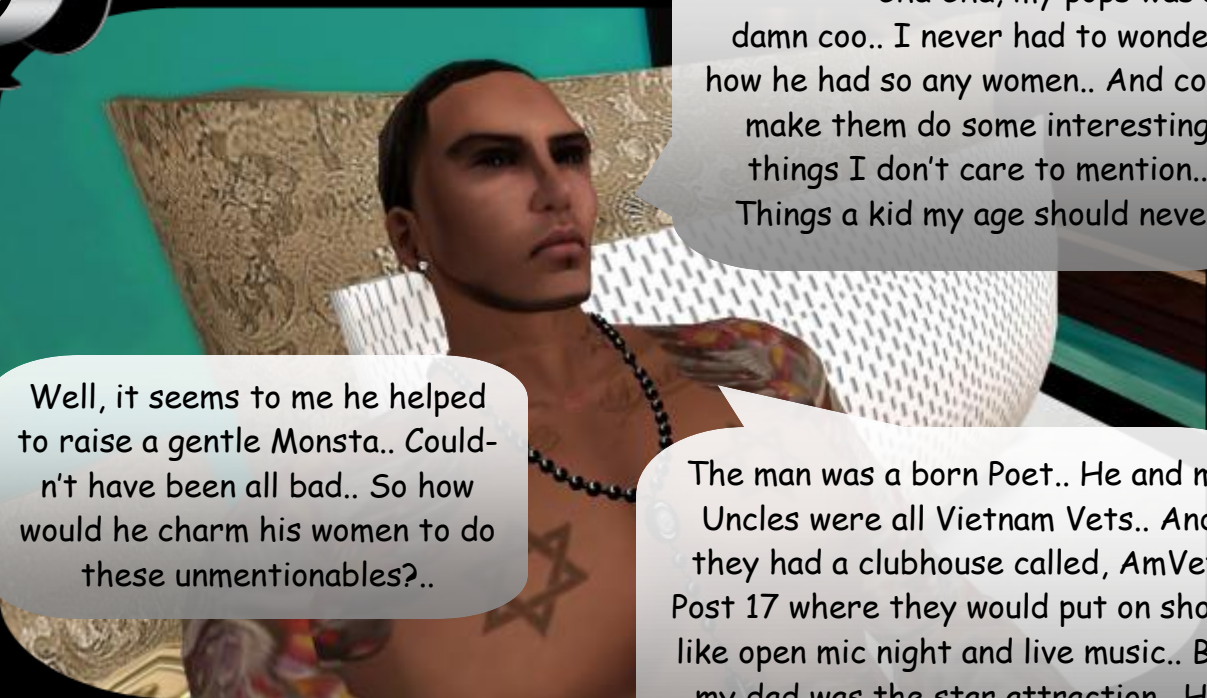
This fuckin clown been doin a lot of backwards ass thinkin.. Black, when he take off runnin, hop out and snatch his ass up then toss him in the trunk.. Tell that mothafucka he put one dent on the inside of ride he gonna have a longer night than what he already in for..



Dolly, you got a back door to this joint?!..

No, Sir.. Nothing but a brick wall.. You need me to refill your drink, hun?..


CREPPEPERS



Cha Cha, my pops was so damn coo.. I never had to wonder how he had so any women.. And could make them do some interesting things I don't care to mention.. Things a kid my age should never

Well, it seems to me he helped to raise a gentle Monsta.. Couldn't have been all bad.. So how would he charm his women to do these unmentionables?..

The man was a born Poet.. He and my Uncles were all Vietnam Vets.. And they had a clubhouse called, AmVet. Post 17 where they would put on shows like open mic night and live music.. But my dad was the star attraction.. He would simply hypnotize the ladies with his poetry and storytelling..



Dear, Father in the sky.. I almost died the other night at the hands of some very scary men.. Please show me how to fight such demons..

However the case.. The reason I had to move to the reservation with my Grams.. Is that a week before the day I left, some masked men burst into the club and shot the place up.. They found me passed out near the bar with bullet holes inches from the place I was standing..

My father thought I had been hit, maybe dead..

Now, if you think that I'm a Monsta..

So, Young Pepp.. You bout to make that move to the Grams, huh?..



You should've met my Daddy..

She's pretty pissed about the club-house incident..

Yea.. Uncle Black.. Grandma say she don't want me hanging out with my dad and his hoodlum friends..



He was an old pimp Engine in love with him some, Caddy's..

He use to ride me shotgun..

That's not  
what she says..

We ain't no hoodlums.. We a pack of  
the nicest guys she could ever meet..

Good luck with that thought.. Ma's stan-  
dards are high as an eagle can fly.. And last  
I checked don't none of us have a pair of  
wings to lift us ten feet..

I learned his walk and his talk..

She sounds like the right kind of woman  
to whip you into shape, Nephew..

That she is..

I think I been learning just fine where I'm at.. But,  
Grams did raise my daddy, maybe this gives her a sec-  
ond chance at getting it right this time.. Hahaha..

That's why I swag when I step.. His partnas called me, Young Pepp..

His hoes would call me, Junior..

Hey, Junior.. Looking every bit as sexy as your father.. Where you headed this time of night?..

I have a date with a girl from my school..

Is she pretty like me?..

She's the prettiest girl in school.. Wouldn't be fare to compare you two because I don't want to hurt your feelings..

You are certainly your father's child.. Wouldn't lie to save your life..

A few had even told me if I were older what they would do to me..

Whoever she is.. She should be willing to fly you over the moon.. Lord knows I would teach you a few things to show her myself if you were a little older..

I'm uncertain what the moon has to do with it, but my heart feels like it grows wings the size of an eagle when I am around her..

Oh.. It sounds like she's a keeper.. But, Junior.. Don't you ever settle for less, from someone you are giving your best..

This game ain't knew to me.. Can't say I seen it all..

But in this jungle I'm a panther with some long sharp claws..

Looks like their dope spot is around the corner where all of his homeboys are hanging out..

The main cat keeps running over the abandoned brownstone across the street from the Waffle House.. All by his lonesome..

He seems to run to the spot each evening at this time.. Safe to say we can pick him off tomorrow..

I match my fit to my drawls..

Been taught to get in..

Bonnie.. This boy think we  
here to play guessing games..

Say man!.. I don't think you're playing at all..  
What more is it you need from me, cat?.. You  
got all the money.. If you follow the boy,  
Tyrese.. Him and his crew will be by the Bur-  
ger Joint, downtown.. He's your best action  
at getting close to Bizzy..

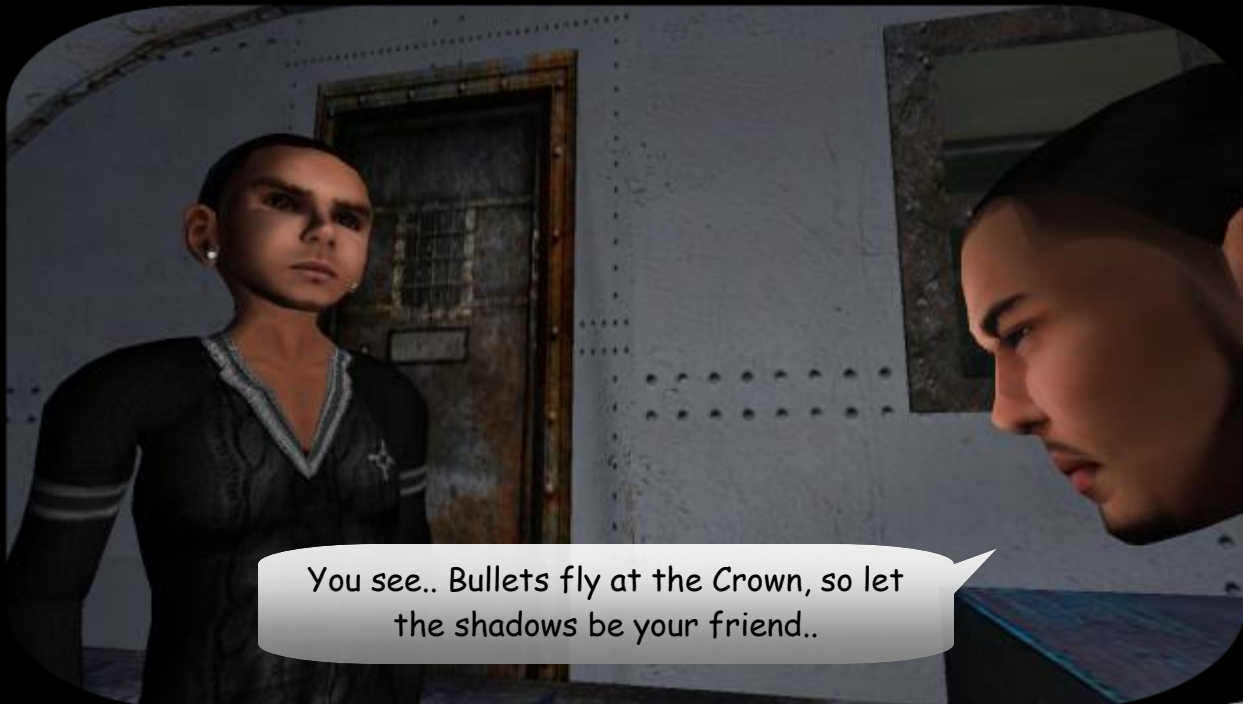
Tie 'um up and take it all..

He said, "Son.. Stack it like you a Factor..



Son, stack it like you a factor..  
But never portray a King..

But never portrait a King..



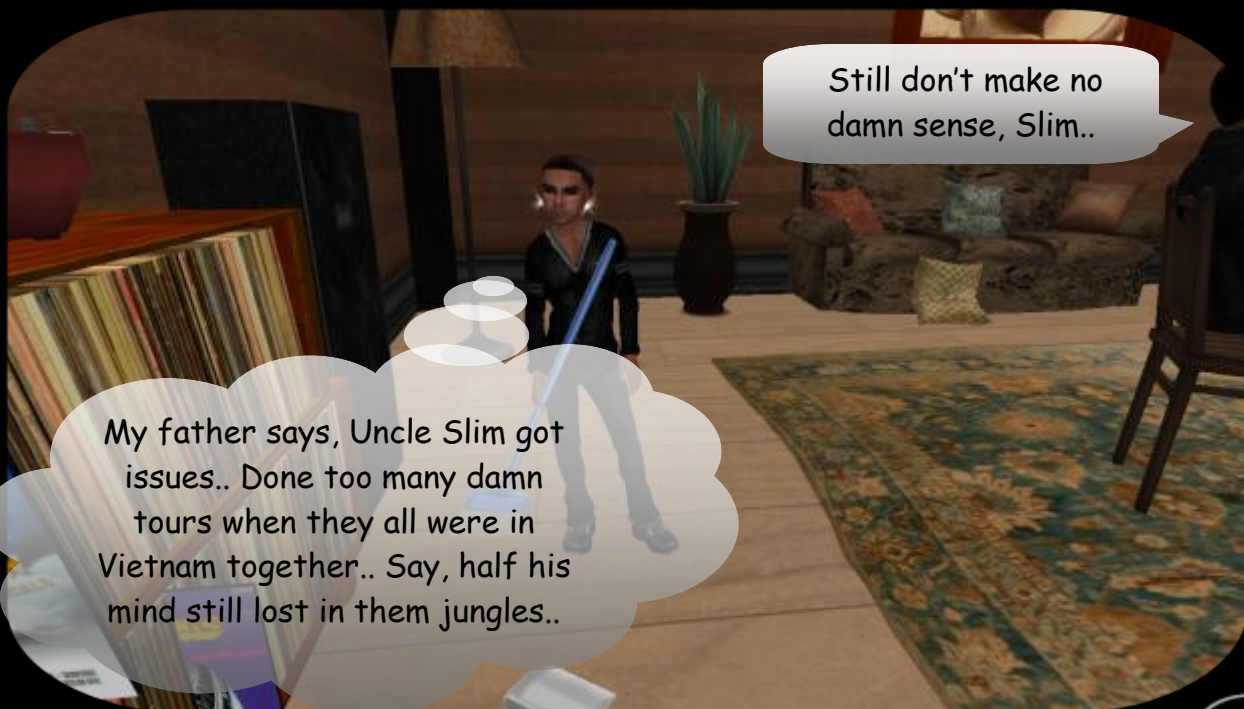
You see.. Bullets fly at the Crown, so let  
the shadows be your friend..

You see bullets fly at the Crown.. So let the shadows be your friend.."

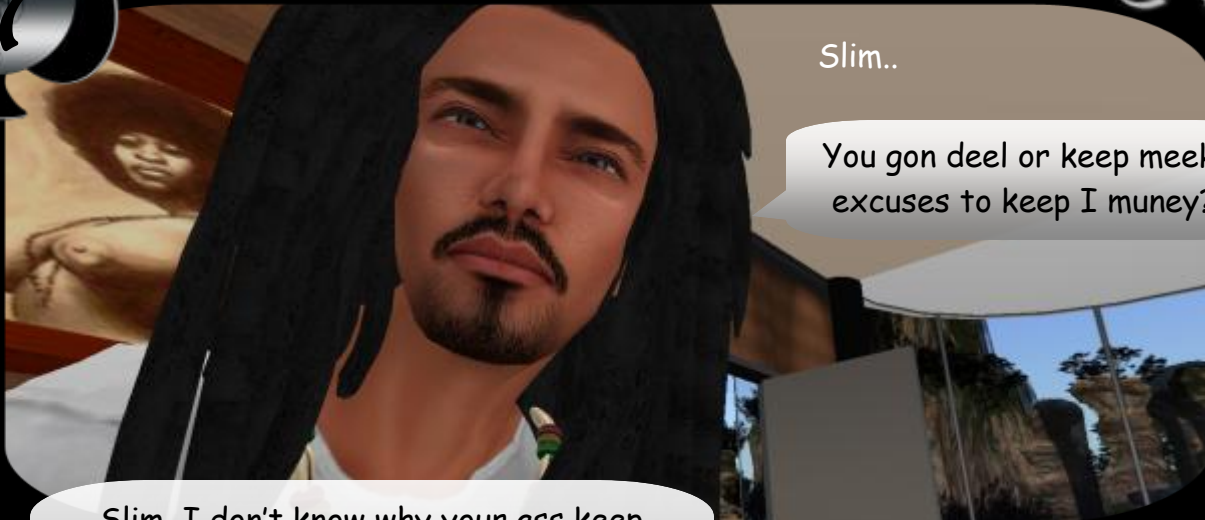
He'd take me to his gambling spot..



Where I would sweep and mop..



And soak up game from cats like;..



Slim..

You gon deel or keep meekin  
excuses to keep I muneey?..

Slim, I don't know why your ass keep  
choosing to play with this shark.. Who I  
wish was as good at laying down cover  
fire in the bush as he is at gambling..



Black..



Hi-Top..

Jive fool please.. I stuffed  
way more body bags than you..

It's not how many you killed,, but who  
you killed that counts, foo.. Would you  
like to compare bars and stripes?..

These lessons don't stop.. And I'm still learnin..

They say, Young Red Hot.. Keep these fires burnin..

Whatever!.. I still don't know what we was fighting for..

Freedom!.. You the type to just pick up a gun because some foo told you to?..

What you know about freedom.. When the white man got a lock on it.. They don't want a black man to have nothing worth having..

Now, how damn ignorant do you sound?.. What's the name of the white man that stopped you from handling your business today?..

The system is rigged for us black folks..

Only in the minds of those who would agree with that bullshit..

Now, Slim would tell me.. "A yung boi.. Meek sur you keep you coo"..

Never been a place in the history of the world like the, United States, Where freedom has had a chance to show what it can do.. It ain't perfect because people ain't perfect.. But what we have in our Constitution I agree with.. And is damn sure more perfect than any other I know of.. Unless you can show me one better..

Dun't know bout de two of yous.. But I fought for my bredren.. You and you.. An we meed it out, me brudas.. Dat we did.. Meed it out..

See he, Jamaican but he known to act a damn foo..

Black.. That's my Dad's, ace boon..



Young Pepp, it's important that you read nephew.. Read books from and about the best folks you can find, that like to play the same games you do.. You don't want to go around sounding like your, Uncle Hi-Top.. Talking that same woeful talk handed down from one generation to the next.. Game has been around since the beginning of time and it has its own set of rules. It don't play favorites to folks skin color, only their state of mind while playing the game they choose.. Take time to read at night, it will also set your mind at ease..

One day I saw them preppin for a job..



We're going to have to brake into their warehouse lot to see how they're bringing the ish in town..

When, Young Pepp leaves, I say we turn up the heat and walk right through the front door..

No, my friend.. We need a little more tact than that.. It will be easy enough dropping in through the roof..

lookin like two raccoons..

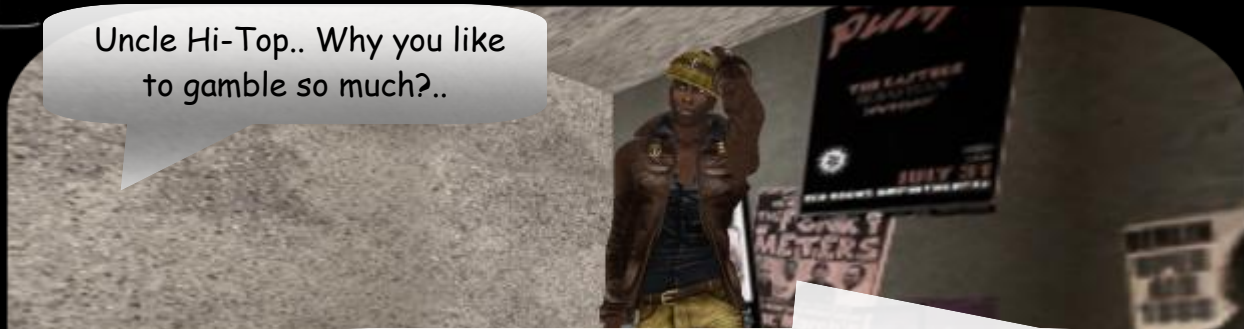
Now these are just a couple lessons that I learned as a youth..

Uncle Hi-Top seems to be the best at all the games he like to play. I'll ask him some things.. That's even better than reading a book..



Like when I cornered, Uncle Hi-Top in the pool room..

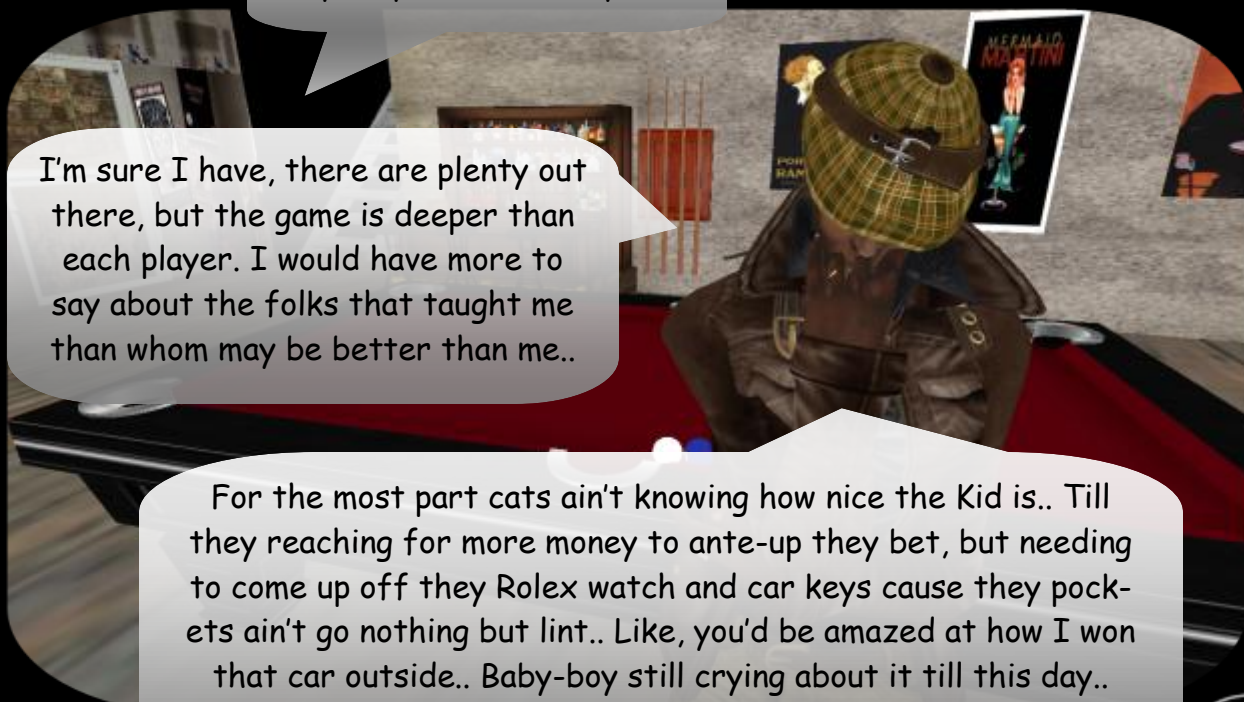
Uncle Hi-Top.. Why you like to gamble so much?..



I guess you can say it's a habit, Young Pepp.. Been at it since I was a kid.. Started with winning jellybeans from my mom's friends' kids while they all played bid-whist.. I love the roll of the dice but cards be my ace of spades.. Shuffle, flip um, spread um, can even spot a mark's tell sign whether he wearing shades or turned looking the other way..

Have you ever come across anybody better than you?..

I'm sure I have, there are plenty out there, but the game is deeper than each player. I would have more to say about the folks that taught me than whom may be better than me..



For the most part cats ain't knowing how nice the Kid is.. Till they reaching for more money to ante-up they bet, but needing to come up off they Rolex watch and car keys cause they pockets ain't go nothing but lint.. Like, you'd be amazed at how I won that car outside.. Baby-boy still crying about it till this day.. You see, Young Pepp.. Some jokers need to know they limit because deuces are high in plenty games played.. Hahaha..

I always thought you like playing pool more than cards.. You seem more lively when you play..

You may have a point, Young Pepp.. They are truly two different games.. Even before learning to play cards, the game of pool was taught to me at a young age to be a money making tool.. My uncle told me, "the first rule of pool is to know the difference between a Shark and a Fool.. Watch how your opponent grips his stick.. Hear each word that comes out his mouth, be it wine, vinegar or sugar dripping from his lips..

He then told me, "Nephew, let me learn you a little something about proper English when making contact with the cue.. Don't get caught attempting to be fancy and what not.. Because the game of pool is all about the second and third shot".. That day I learned a new word, most important in the game whether dealing with a Fool or a Shark.. Dexterity, Dexterity, Dexterity..

What does that mean?..

Gonna have to look that up in a book like your, Uncle Black told you.. But once you know you'll be amazed at the insight of the inside.. How a Fool know not he a Fool when dealing with a Shark.. How Shark meet Shark with simple eye contact.. No need knowing one another, team up on the closest mark.. Brake bread then go their separate ways.. Always a new mark and plenty more games to be played..

I hear you, Uncle Black.. But why read a book when I have such good teachers like yall?..

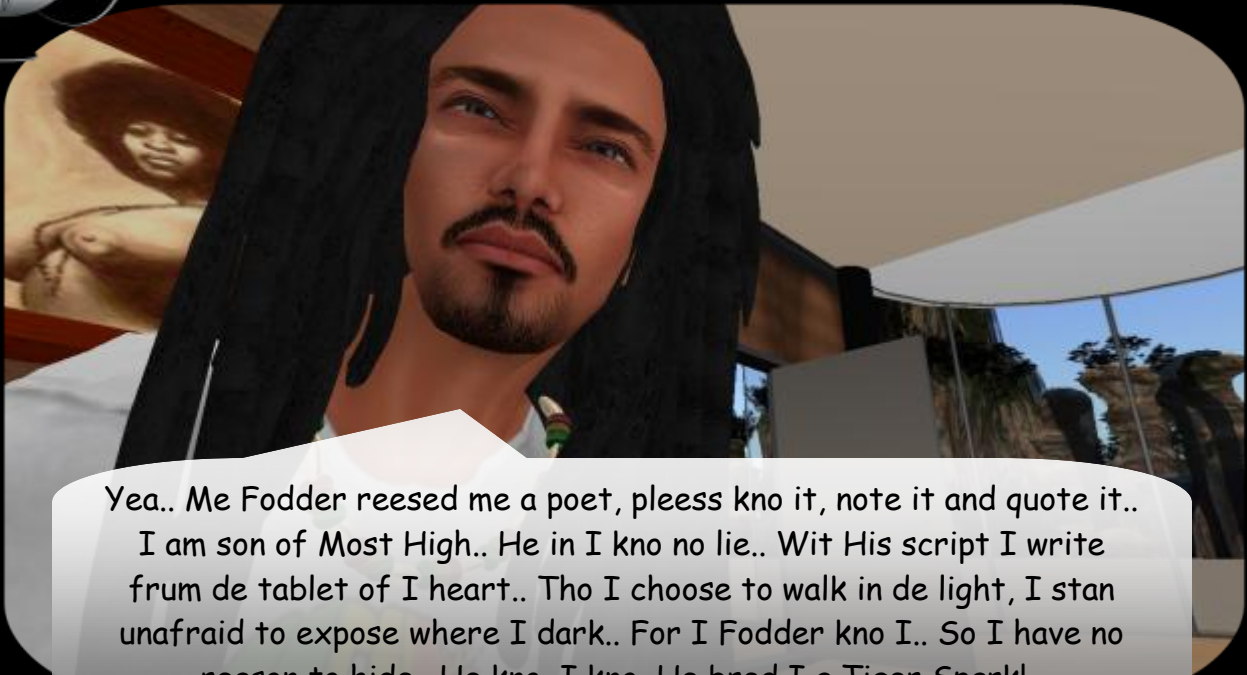
In a way you're right, Young Pepp.. You can learn plenty from the people that surround you.. But the Game has been around a long time and there have been many successful players you can learn from as well..

Your, Uncle Slim is the best I know when it comes to the spiritual.. Why don't you ask him a thing or two?..

Uncle Slim, what kind of good game do you know?..

I and I only concern bout one game.. And dat be da game of I, Fodder..

Your Fodder?..



Yea.. Me Fodder reeses me a poet, pleess kno it, note it and quote it..  
 I am son of Most High.. He in I kno no lie.. Wit His script I write  
 frum de tablet of I heart.. Tho I choose to walk in de light, I stan  
 unafraid to expose where I dark.. For I Fodder kno I.. So I have no  
 reason to hide.. He kno, I kno, He bred I a Tiger Spark!..



You may stay hidden frum He's udder chilren, but kno dar be only One Judge.. Light,  
 dark, black, whit, rich, poor.. Meek any excuse you wan.. Wa He ask be simple, let  
 you word be you bond.. You gon fuck up, we built in dis fashion, but Fodder be truess  
 of compassion tho His math be strange fruit.. Wat is light wit no dark? Black wit no  
 whit? Rich wit no poor?.. Dis list gon foreva, but wat be da reason fa free choosin if  
 not to hav de option of mor din one direction?.. Hmmm.. Yung Pepp.. Da be a lil  
 sometin to tink bout.. Be at de end of de day an all play, we all be One in de same..  
 Strange fruit I kno, but real.. Now you kno much bout I Fodder's Game..



Told you his crazy ass be knowin  
about that spiritual truth!..



Preach that, Slim!..



If you don't wit you slick mind gam  
deestrations, Hi-Top,, deal I  
hand propa like, so I may gadder  
me muneys beek into I billfold..

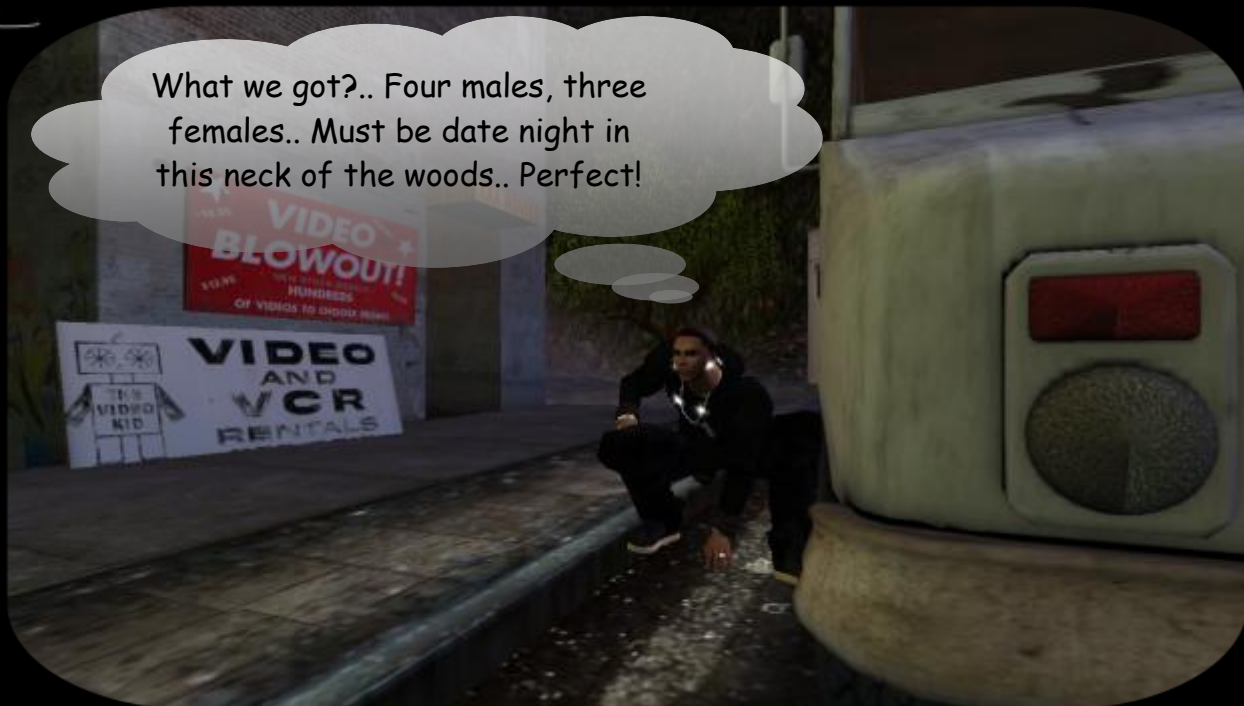
Uncle Black, would sit me down often to train me in ways of handling confrontations.. He'd say things like.. "Never confront a group of thugs like you bulletproof..

I truly miss having sit downs with my, Uncle Black.. That man had a way of explaining things that made so much sense to me, even at such a young age..

I'm all ears.. I would love to hear what he had to tell you.. Maybe I can learn a little something myself..

And since you ain't, just catch that Tony by his lonely..  
Oh.. It's a different story when one doesn't have one's homies..

Like when we had to confront this latest band of brothers that roll deep..

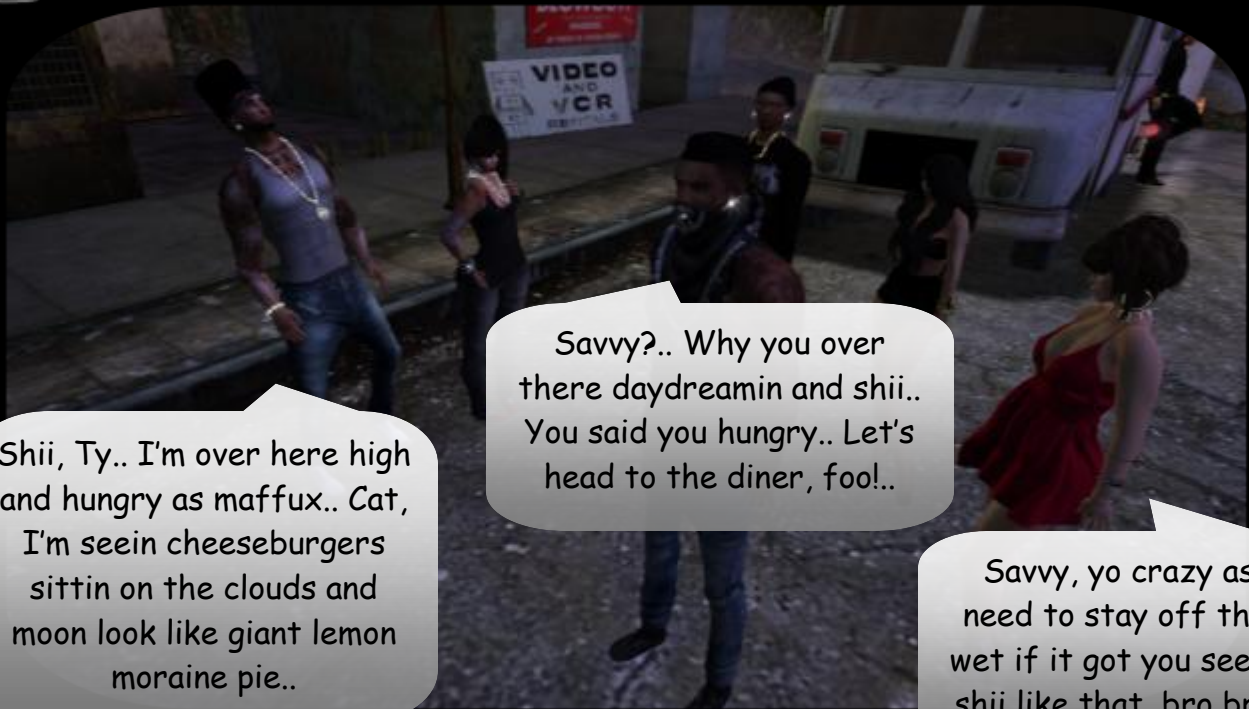


Stickup kids.. The type to case your house.. And may rob you while you away..



But slick enough to lick you while you sleep..

Its bad enough the band be petty thieves..

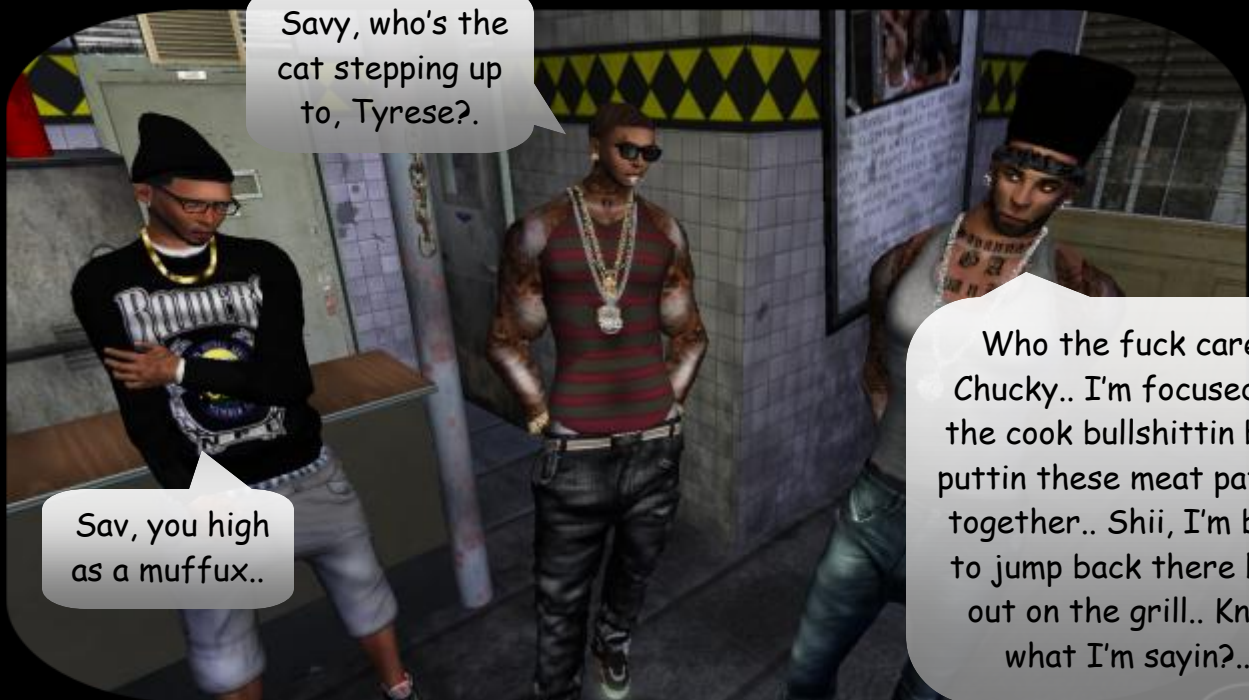


Shii, Ty.. I'm over here high and hungry as maffux.. Cat, I'm seein cheeseburgers sittin on the clouds and moon look like giant lemon moraine pie..

Savvy?.. Why you over there daydreamin and shii.. You said you hungry.. Let's head to the diner, fool..

Savvy, yo crazy ass need to stay off that wet if it got you seeing shii like that, bro bro..

Lately they been gettin strange..



Savy, who's the cat stepping up to, Tyrese?.

Sav, you high as a muffux..

Who the fuck cares, Chucky.. I'm focused on the cook bullshittin bout puttin these meat patties together.. Shii, I'm bout to jump back there help out on the grill.. Know what I'm sayin?..

Stepping knee deep in a game that poetically rhymes with pain..

No need to play.. These D-boyz are dug in South Charlestown's streets..

Say, Cat.. Yo name, Tyrese?..

Who the fucks askin?!..

I'm just a cat from around the way..  
Got a few connects and wanted to see if I could pay some tax to work a little bit of turf in these parts..

Foo, what the fuck is you on?..  
Shrums or some shii?.. You sound about as high as my lieutenant over there..

A shady group of malcontents pushin Cocaine..

No disrespect?!.. Muffuca you been lookin around?!..  
Room to spare?!.. Are you fuckin wit me right now?!..

No disrespect, but I've been lookin around and there seems to be plenty good turf around these parts.. You should be able to spare somethin round this piece for a decent tax..

This here they on bring them from petty thieves to a whole nother level..

Where competition is well funded and stiff..

Shut the fuck up,  
Lacy! You always  
runnin you mouth.

Here we go.. Every time  
we out with these clowns  
some foul shii happens..

I don't take kind to being plotted  
on, foo.. You best check that shii at  
the door.. Whoever the fuck you  
are, if I see you around here again  
it's gonna be lights out, punk!..

An endless war game played between several other bands of devils..

Fuck you, Chuck!..

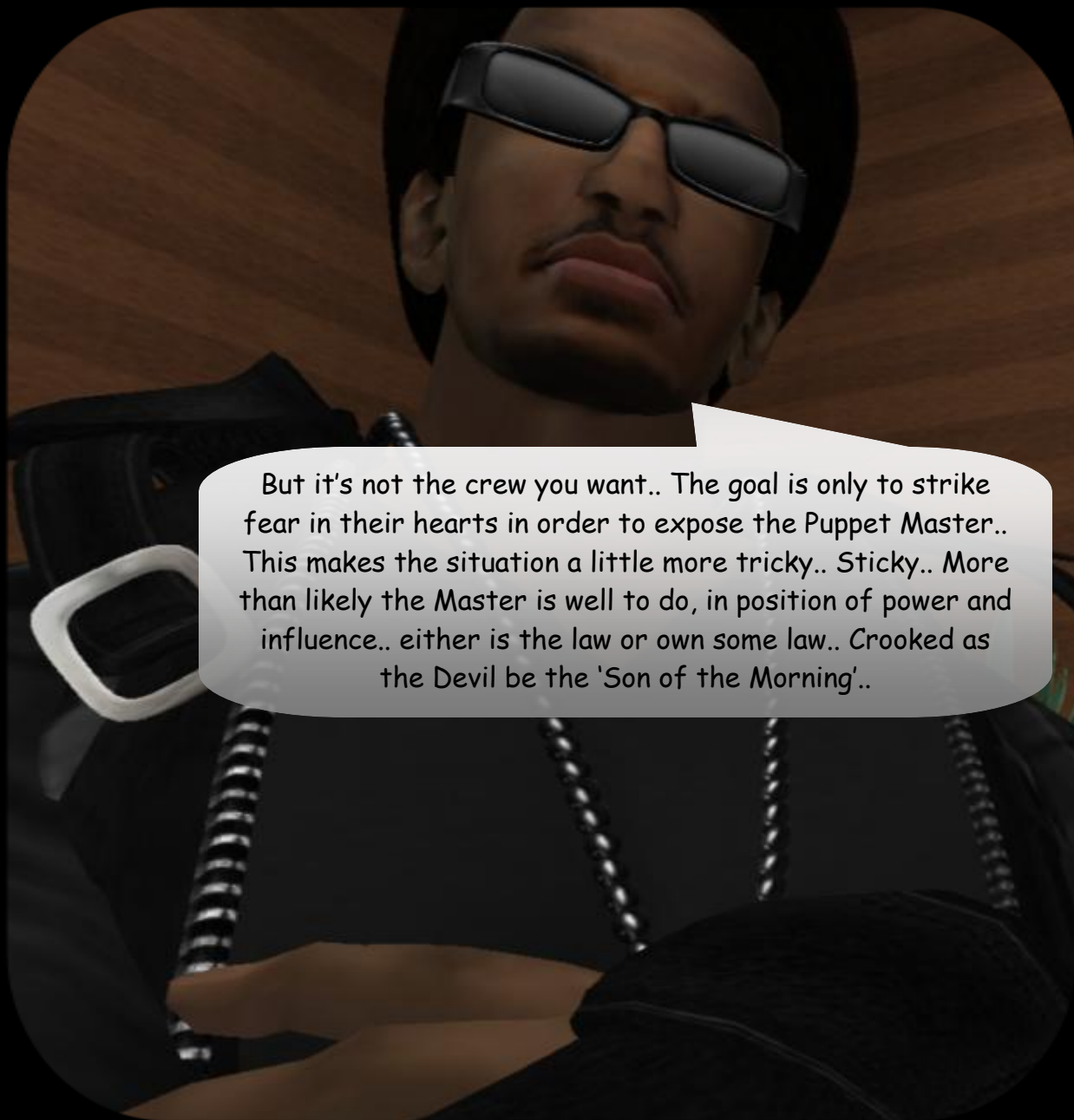
C'mon, Shea.. We got  
better places to be.  
I'm tire of this shii..

You hear what I'm  
sayin, pretty boy?..

I ain't goin a damn  
till my food ready..

I hear you, bro!.. I hear you!..  
It ain't even got to be like  
this.. I can move on, bro.. This  
shii ain't necessary..

Black say, "For these types bring the pitchforks and shovels..



But it's not the crew you want.. The goal is only to strike fear in their hearts in order to expose the Puppet Master.. This makes the situation a little more tricky.. Sticky.. More than likely the Master is well to do, in position of power and influence.. either is the law or own some law.. Crooked as the Devil be the 'Son of the Morning'..

Very important to know who they are..

...And this little  
piggy was left all  
alone..

Where is this braud  
at?.. She damn sure  
best not have left  
with, Shea and Lacy..

The wheres, whens and whats they so busy to do..

"The higher up you go..

Ain't so tuff without  
your friends.. Now..  
Where's your cousin,  
Bizzy at bitch-boy?!..

I can't breathe!.. You're  
crushing my ribs.. Give me a  
chance to talk main!..

The more secrets they will know..

You know what?.. I'm a do you one better.. Fuck where your cousin is.. We gon make this first meeting of ours pleasant.. Meaning I'm gonna allow you to leave with your life.. But give this message to your boss for me.. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF SOUTH CHARLESTOWN!".. Now.. Tyrese, you and your crew have been warned.. If your cuddy doesn't heed this warning, next we meet, the situation will be much more dire than you barely being able to breathe.. Trust.. My word is my Bond..

Be very selective.. Apply pressure and stay calm.. For there is strength  
when learned to perform just the proper amount of patience.."

My father would teach that if at all possible it is best to avoid confrontation..



My father was a bit more suave than, Uncle Black.. His main focus was that if you stick to the rules of the game you would naturally avoid confrontation.. But some situation will need to be addressed head on..

Keep talking, Bae.. I am thoroughly being entertained by your youthful scholarship..

Because in the games many play, they play for keeps, and even the smallest of problems have the potential to escalate quick.. He said...

Son, I seen um cryin..

Sampson!.. You got it all wrong man.. I didn't have nothing to do with the club getting shot up.. I'm telling you the truth!.. I can help you find out, but brother you got it all wrong..

You ain't my fuckin brother you dope dealin son-of-a-bitch.. You ain't noticed them boys you sent haven't been around?.. You think they didn't tell all before they disappeared?.. Damn clown, me and my soldiers survived in the jungle under conditions you couldn't imagine.. And you think your sorry ass got what it takes to take us out?..

I would never try to play you, Sampson!.. I know your crew got their shii together.. We've been dealing with each other for a long time now.. Why would I try to play you..

Snottin.

For the same reason you tryin to play me right now.. You think you're slick.. But I got news for you.. Your ass ain't slick enough to weasel your of this.. Your story ends tonight!..

Shittin and pissin..

Hopin and wishin

Captain.. I think I hear, Young Pepp knockin at the daor.. You want me to let him in so he can how to handle this type of shii?

You gonna do this shii in front of, Little Pepp?.. C'mon, Sampson.. We can work this out like we always do..


Naw, Black.. This bitch made D-boy has already caused enough commotion with my son's mental.. Ain't no need for him to see a grown man beggin for his life..

You got it, Cap..

You'll do best to keep my son's name out your mouth.. I know you know your boys about killed my little man.. And I swear before, God that if my boy wasn't at the door right now I would be guttin your punk ass like a fish.. Black, take this boy and put um in the trunk.. After we talk with little man, slide his ass to warehouse and take care of business.. I'm hear from this chump another word or, Young Pepp will witness a killin this night.

That they wasn't in this position..

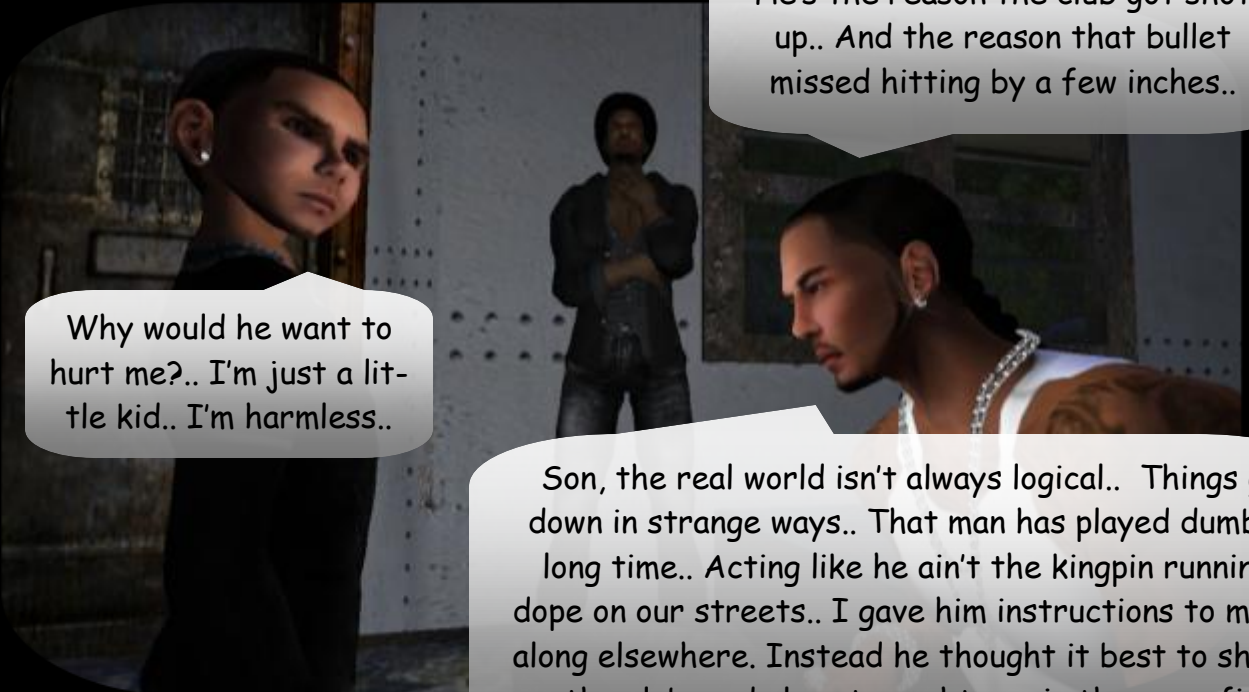
But the Game is live and ain't no puttin it on pause..



Isn't that the guy I saw you talking with the other day in your office?..

Yeah.. That's the same cowardly bastard you seen at the club..

Just watch your mouth.. Its them sharp tongues that start these wars..



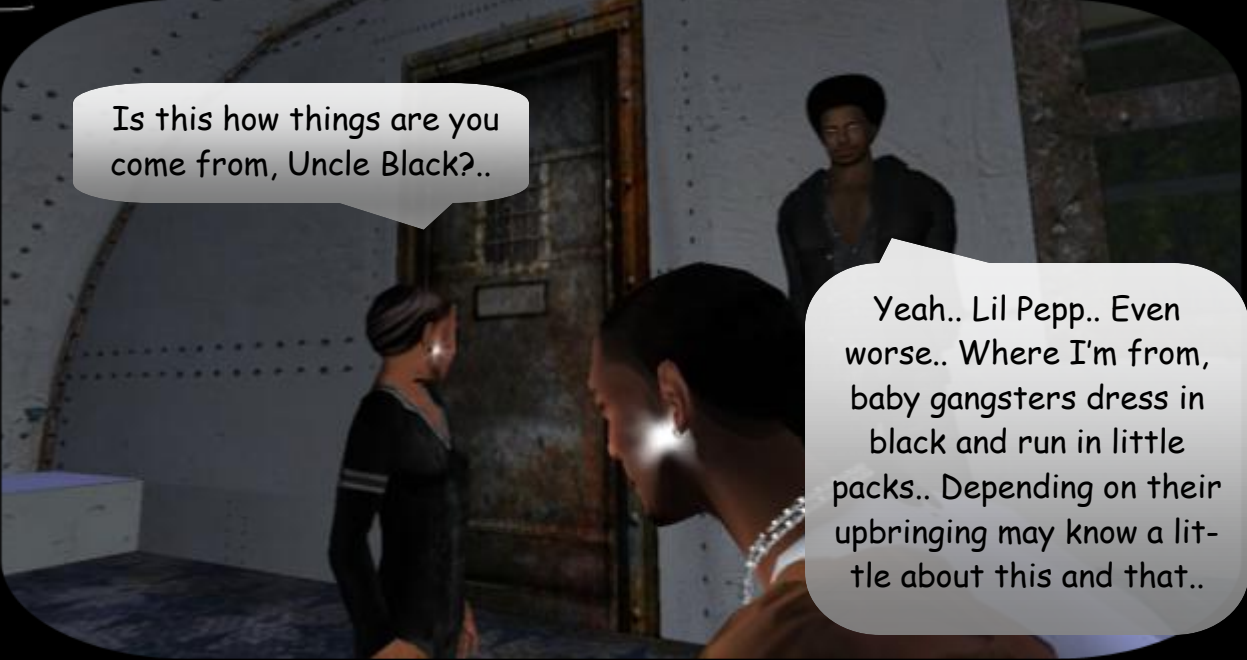
He's the reason the club got shot up.. And the reason that bullet missed hitting by a few inches..

Why would he want to hurt me?.. I'm just a little kid.. I'm harmless..

Son, the real world isn't always logical.. Things go down in strange ways.. That man has played dumb a long time.. Acting like he ain't the kingpin running dope on our streets.. I gave him instructions to move along elsewhere. Instead he thought it best to shoot up the club, and almost caught you in the crossfire..

Say what you mean.. Mean what you say..

Son, there's killers out here, these boys don't come to play.. So..



Is this how things are you come from, Uncle Black?..

Yeah.. Lil Pepp.. Even worse.. Where I'm from, baby gangsters dress in black and run in little packs.. Depending on their upbringing may know a little about this and that..

Mind your business.. Get you some hustle.. Make you some money..



Why?..

They start as kids with sticks.. Them sticks turn to bats.. Them bats turn to gats.. Dishonorable types of soldiers.. Simply don't know how to act.. We gon pray for all the misguided hoodlums in hopes that Father points them in the right direction, that place them on a better track..

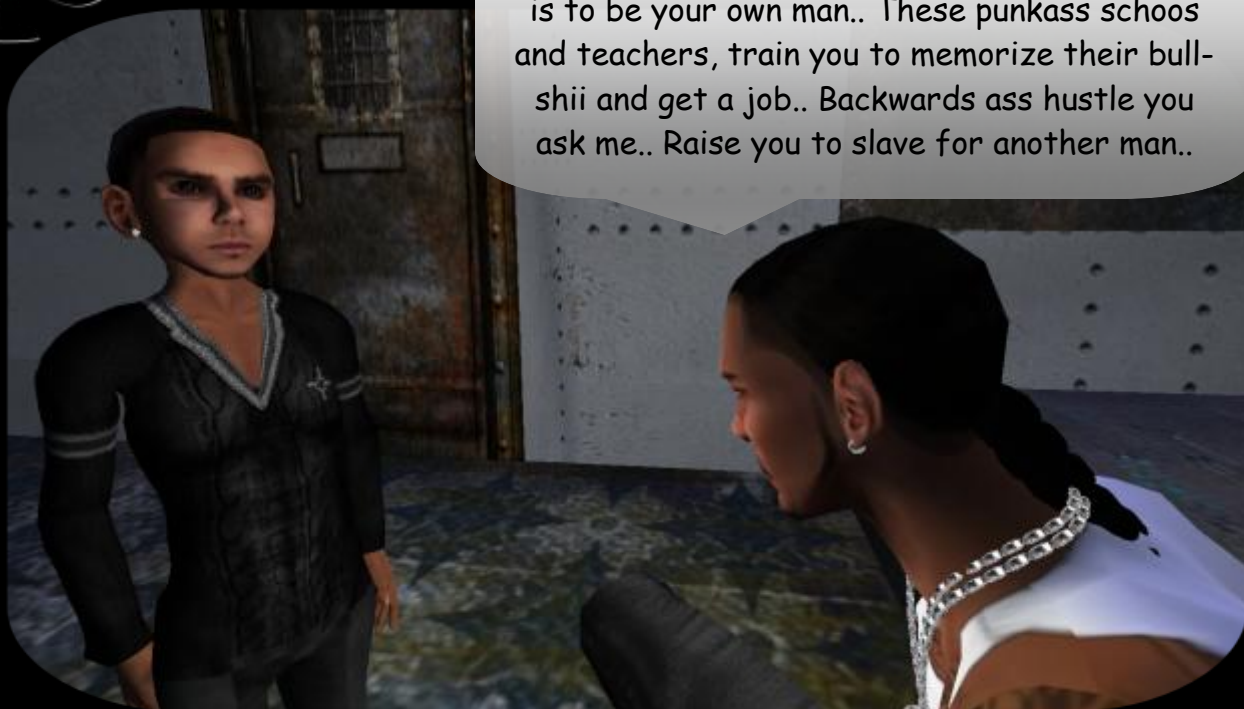
Then hire you some muscle..

Before I moved to the Reservation with my grandparents, I would often sit up in my bed thinking about all the lessons I had learned from my father and his friends..

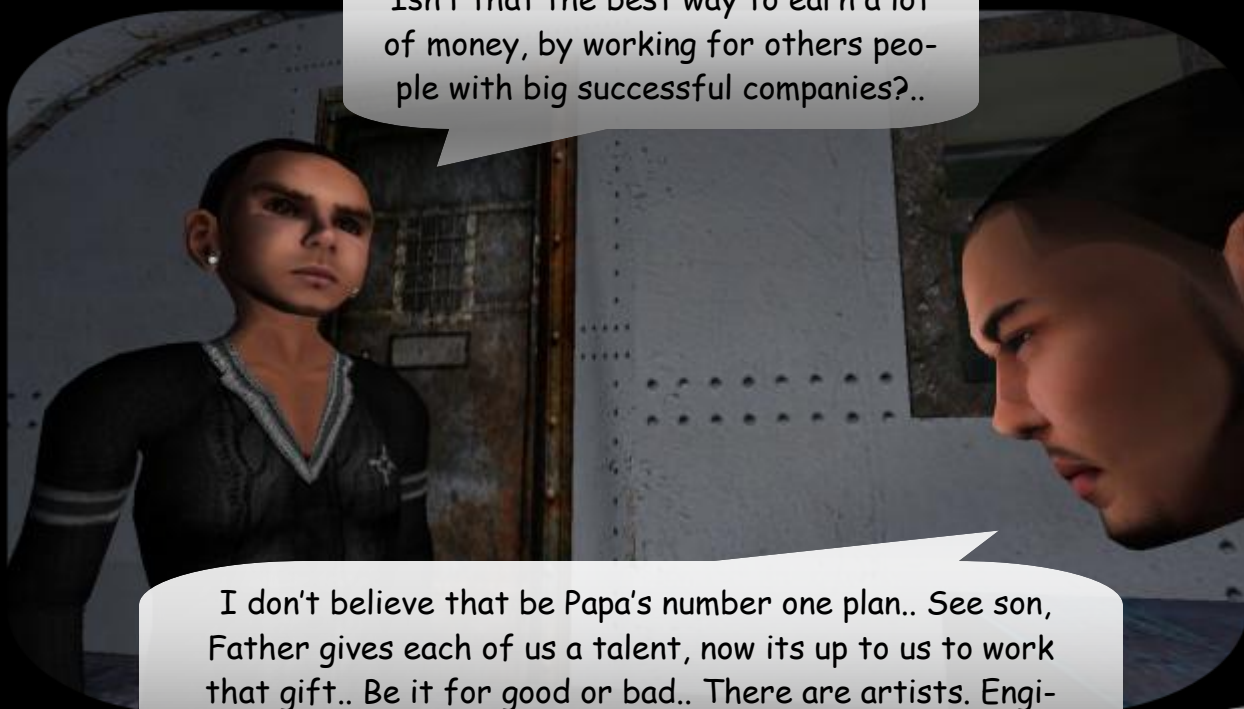
That guy was so nice to me,  
even told me a funny story  
about two dogs and beanbag..  
What's his name again?...  
Mr. Carlos!.. Yeah, that's it..



Like I said before my last day in South Charlestown had been even more interesting than most other days.. My father had talked to me more in this small piece of time than it seemed he had any time before..

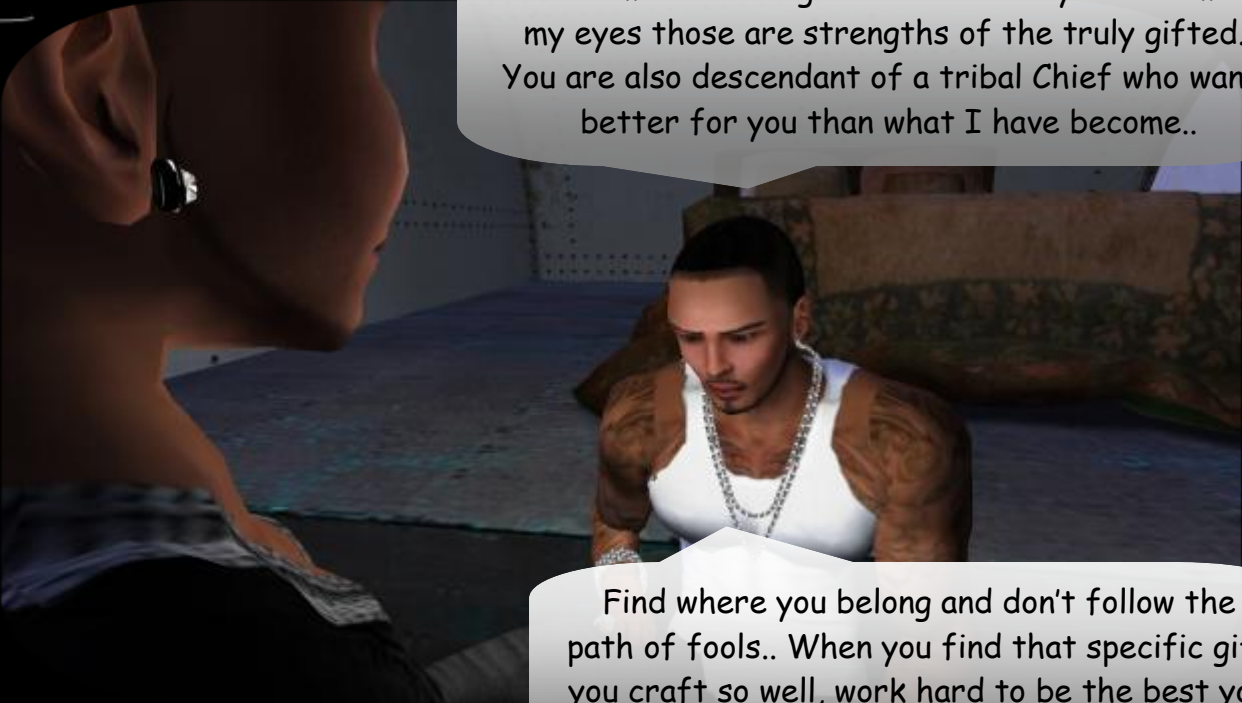


Son, I can't express enough how important it is to be your own man.. These punkass schoos and teachers, train you to memorize their bullshii and get a job.. Backwards ass hustle you ask me.. Raise you to slave for another man..



Isn't that the best way to earn a lot of money, by working for others people with big successful companies?..

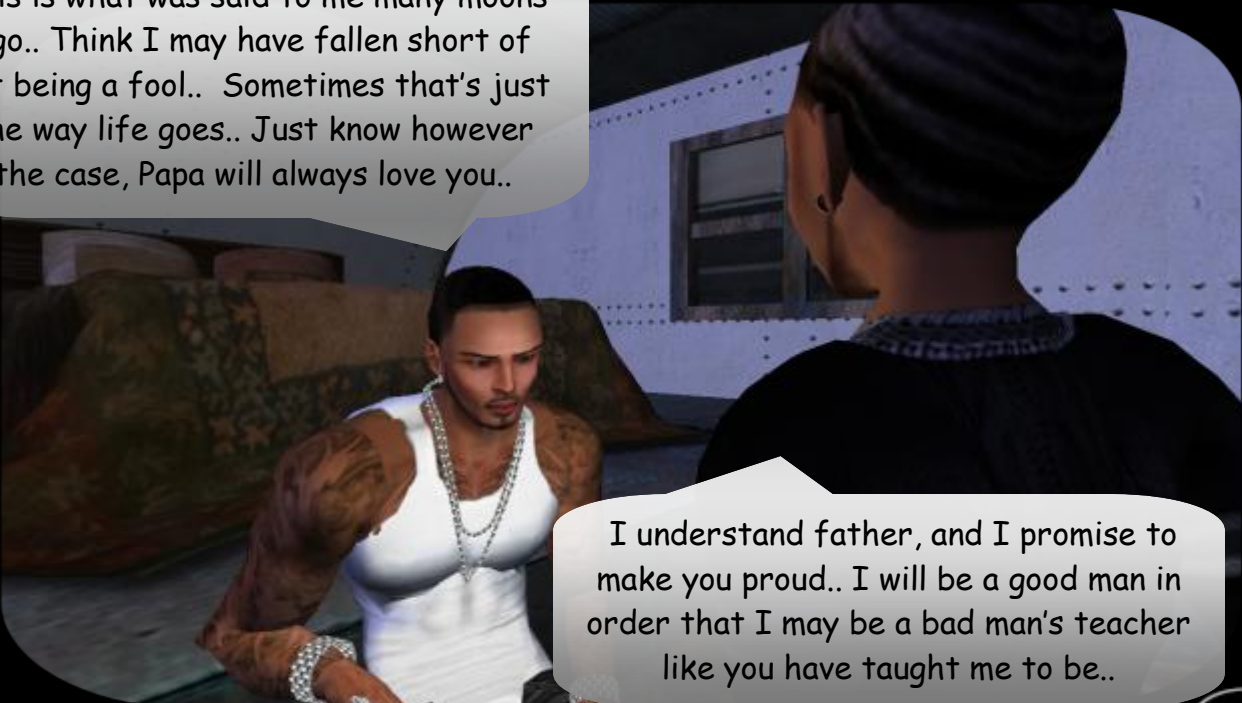
I don't believe that be Papa's number one plan.. See son, Father gives each of us a talent, now its up to us to work that gift.. Be it for good or bad.. There are artists. Engineers. Carpenters and what have you.. Like my gift.. I have a mouthpiece, and you know what I can make a woman do..



But son you and I are different.. You have plenty of talents.. You are a good thinker and you listen.. In my eyes those are strengths of the truly gifted.. You are also descendant of a tribal Chief who wants better for you than what I have become..


Find where you belong and don't follow the path of fools.. When you find that specific gift you craft so well, work hard to be the best you can be at it.. Guarantee you won't lose..

This is what was said to me many moons ago.. Think I may have fallen short of not being a fool.. Sometimes that's just the way life goes.. Just know however the case, Papa will always love you..



I understand father, and I promise to make you proud.. I will be a good man in order that I may be a bad man's teacher like you have taught me to be..

I sat up all that night wondering what my father would do to the man that got the club shot up and almost killed me..



Wus'up, Uncle Black?.. Isn't it a little late for an old man like you to be roaming the streets?.. Haha..

Yea.. But an old dog knows which alleys are safe to walk through.. Haha.. Naw, nephew I just came by to say my farewells before you takeoff tomorrow and maybe say a little prayer.. So get up young man, let's address, Father with bowed heads.

Strange enough I felt no sympathy for him, I was more curious to know what lesson my father would teach the man in order to change his ways.. Later that night, right before I went to sleep my, Uncle Black came into my room and said the he wanted to pray with me. I was a little confused because I had never heard my uncle pray out loud.. I noticed that he would pray before each meal but not to the level of being able to hear what he was saying.. We both kneeled on the side of my bed then he began to pray with me out loud..

Father, every so often You cross I path with another of Your sons'  
The timing explicable, just enough to keep me on one..  
In this, Father I thank you for the present of my nephew, Red..  
Guide him like you do the winds.. In ways of being a good man..

Would you like to say a prayer  
before we end this, Carlos?..

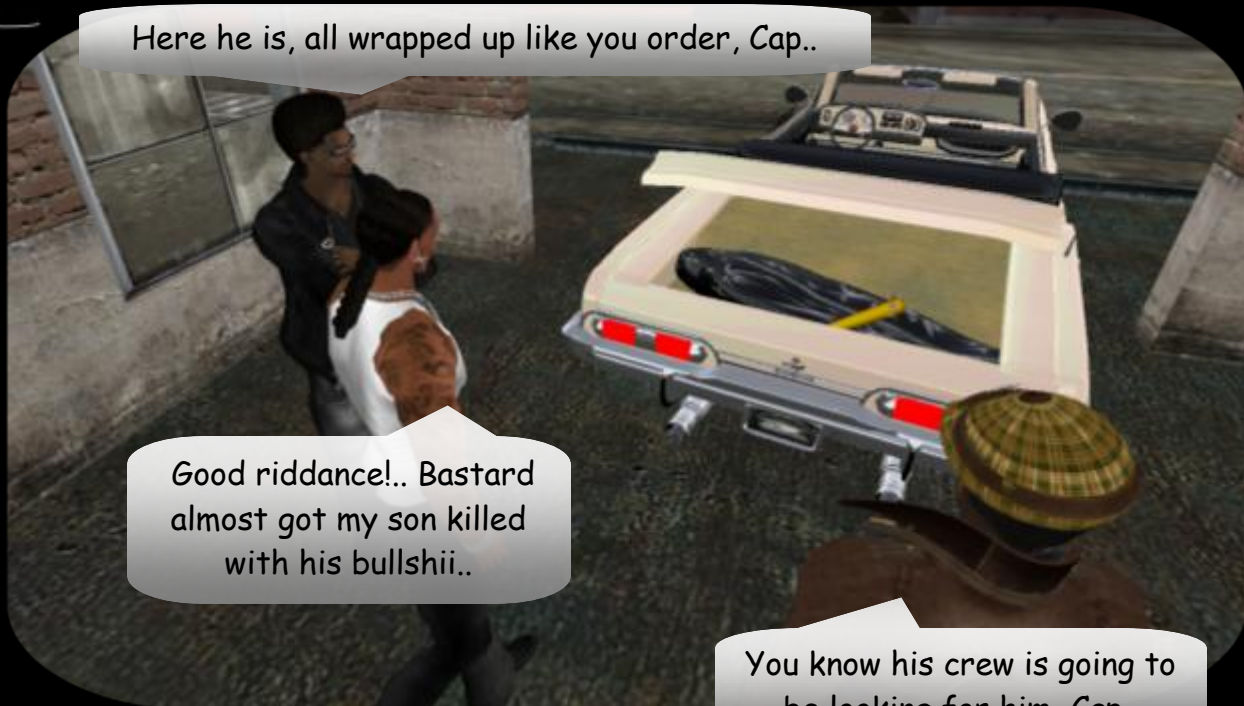
Black, there's no need to take it there  
brother.. I can get my crew out of  
South Charlestown!.. I can pay a fine!..  
C'mon bro!.. How does fifty-thousand  
sound?.. Five-hundred thousand?!.. I  
have it at my house, just take me  
there.. Twenty minutes tops, Black..

First thing you silver tongued devil, we ain't brothers.. What an I supposed to do  
with yo dirty money? Though I don't think its going to do you any good where you  
may end up either.. But we will say a prayer together anyway in hopes it may get  
you through them pearly gates.. "Father.. We all are sinners and at our best are  
still not worthy of Your presence.. Please forgive Your son, Carlos for his deceit-  
ful ways while here on Earth, that he might hold favor in Your forgiveness.. At  
this time I shall separate his eternal Soul from its aging carriage, for he has not  
used the blessing of his vessel to avoid such a moment.. In Thy Hollowed Name I  
send Your child to where so ever Your choosin.. Amen..

Though the Devil's voice is strong, he and I still grow bold in Your fold..  
Smell it in the air of Heavenly Father.. Something wicked this way comes...  
Cast though fire.. Shaped, hardened and sharpened to do Thy business..  
Bare witness Your children aglow..  
Now I completely understand why You raised us in the shadows..

Brought up in sin.. Battle tested by each of the Devil's weapons..

Here he is, all wrapped up like you order, Cap..

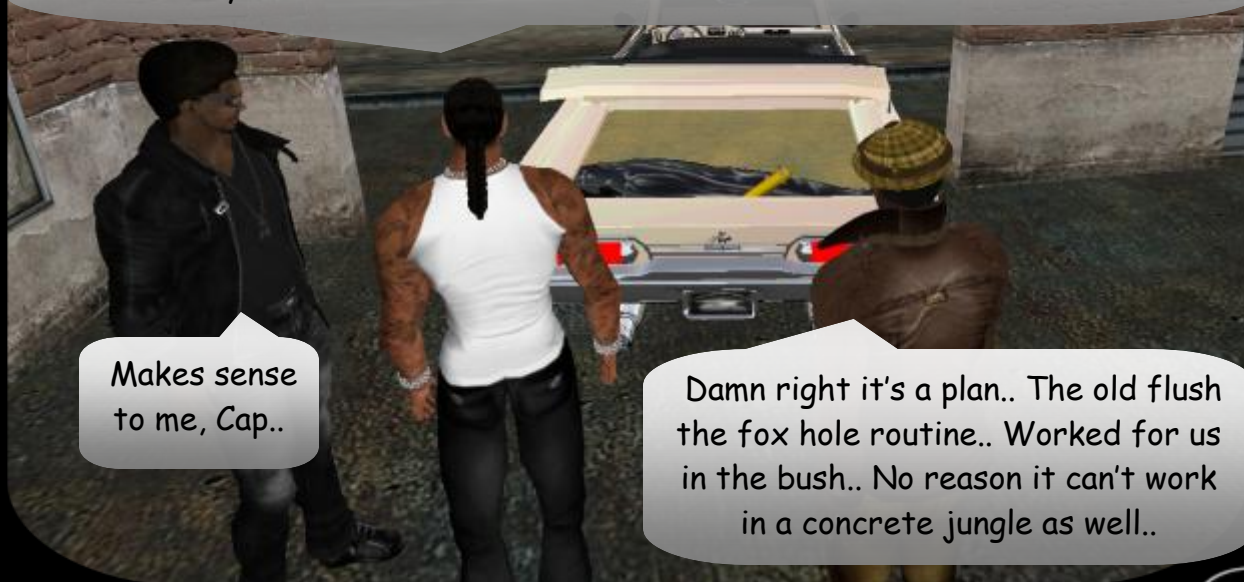


Good riddance!.. Bastard almost got my son killed with his bullshii..

You know his crew is going to be looking for him, Cap..

Father we have proved ourselves liars and thieves..

Good, that's just what we want.. Between he and the other two we snatched.. Whoever his new connect was will be lookin to import some new blood.. Maybe even show a little ankle so we can see who we're dealin with..



Makes sense to me, Cap..

Damn right it's a plan.. The old flush the fox hole routine.. Worked for us in the bush.. No reason it can't work in a concrete jungle as well..

Committed murder without conscience or question..

As a youth he will follow a young mind's direction..  
 Until this is no longer the circumstance  
 For as a GrownMan must be fully focused on the lessons You have given him..

Black and I are going to go bury this punk at the cemetery.. Hi-Top,  
 you hit the streets for some recon.. We need to know as soon as the  
 word hits the street that this boy is missin.. I need you to dig deep, Hi  
 -Top.. We can't have South Charlestown street drenched in blood..

We need to find that  
 connect and go straight  
 to his throat..

I'm on top of it yall..  
 You know I finds my  
 mark.. Consider it  
 done, Captain..

We ask this in order that even his son after he  
 Be a Proper Man..  
 Blessed, favored and in tune with proper living..  
 For in life even his self loyalty will be tested when dealing  
 with these cunning chameleons..  
 Give favor to him as he deals with well funded demons  
 stuck in cycles of adolescent ambitions..  
 Let him have sight that he be not blind  
 To knock another's grind or miss measure their state of mind..

...for the poor souls that choose to dance with the Devil learned the song only  
 ends when the Devil say its time...

Thank you, Father..  
 For the time You have given for my nephew and I to bond  
 I ask that Your steady light guide him well in his travels..  
 Amen..

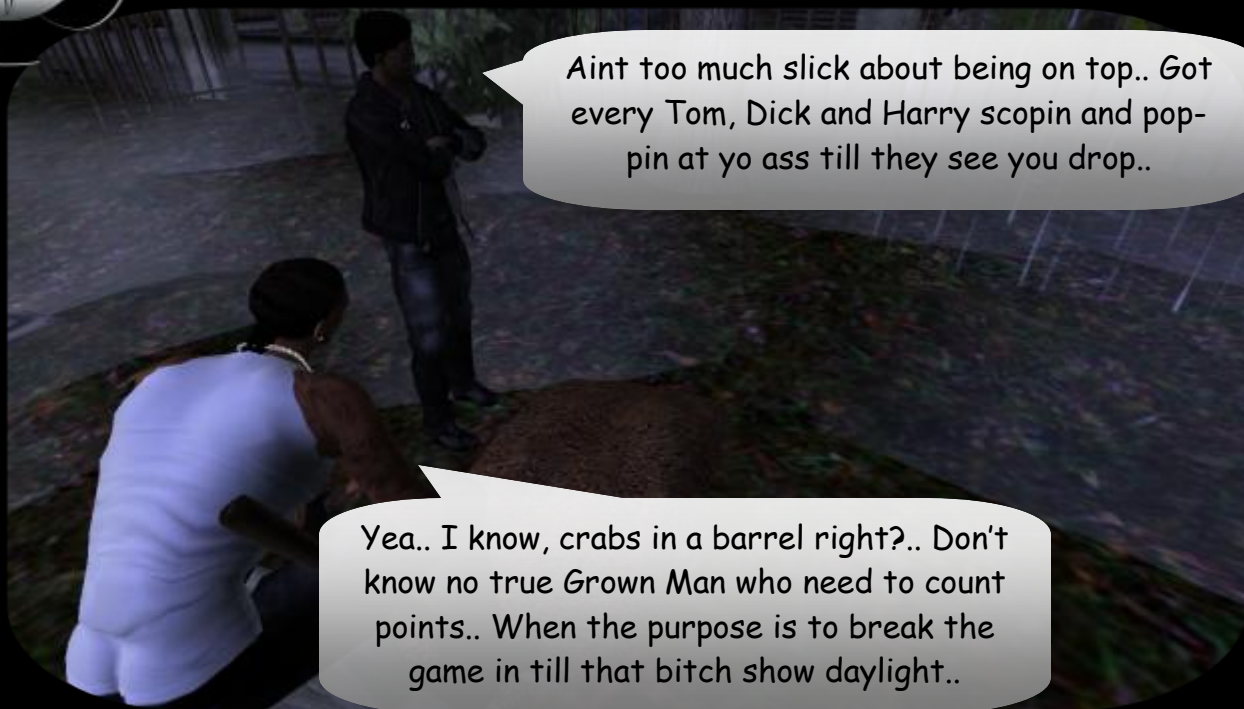
Here we are again my friend.. Two lonely grave diggas.. Stuck in a game decided by who

You right Capt.. Where things as simple as words will have you at the wrong end of anotha nicca's trigga..

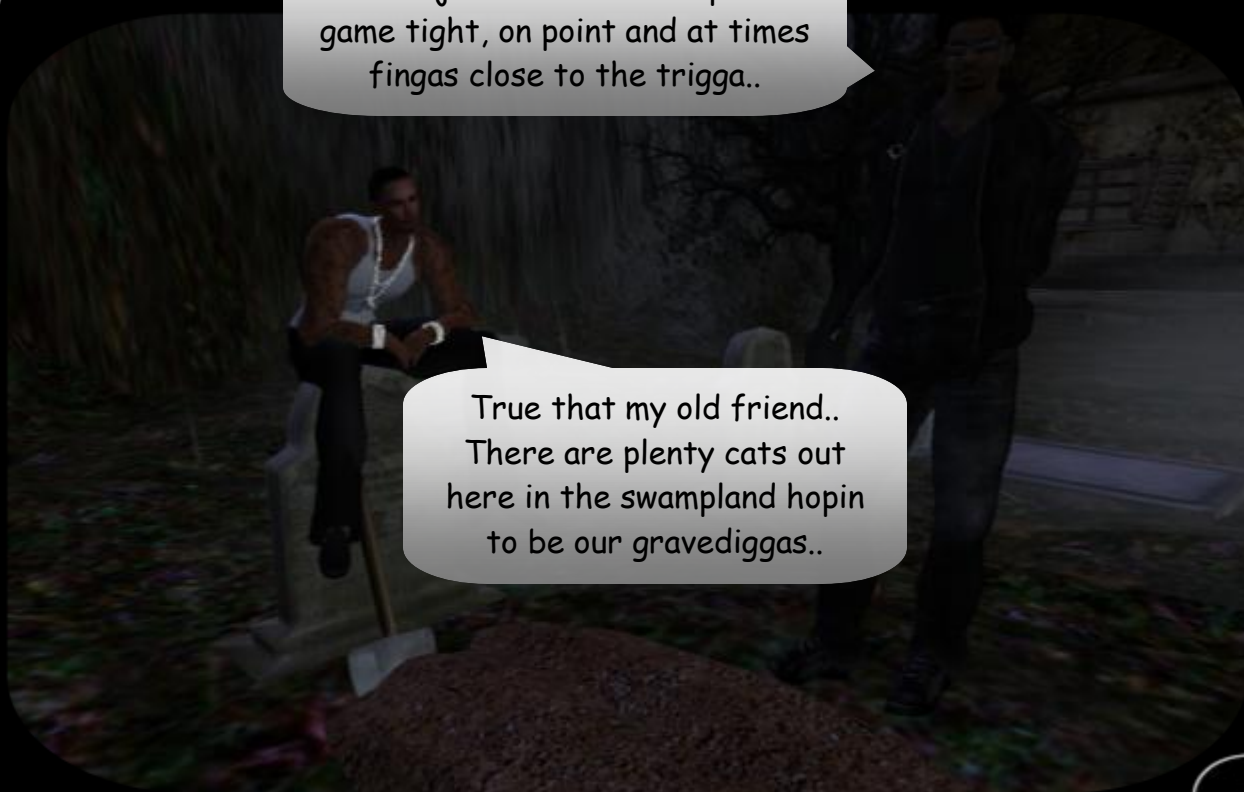
Yea.. I tell you, Black.. The competition is getting fierce.. We here in the swamplands of Gang Members and Grown Men.. To get your rings quicka these gang members cut off the whole hand..

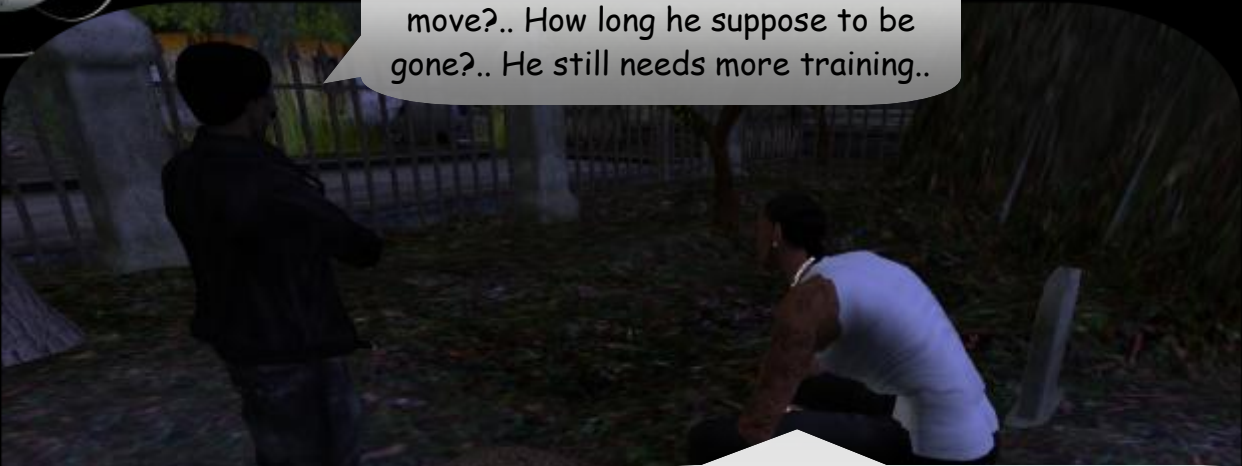
Well, them that are weak have to sneak when in the presence of us Grown Men..

Shii.. Best to bury these face in the sand.. Talkin that.. 'I'm the king' bullshii when I'm a 'Grown Ass Man'.. So what the fuck that suppose to mean to me?!..



That just means we keep our game tight, on point and at times fingas close to the trigga..

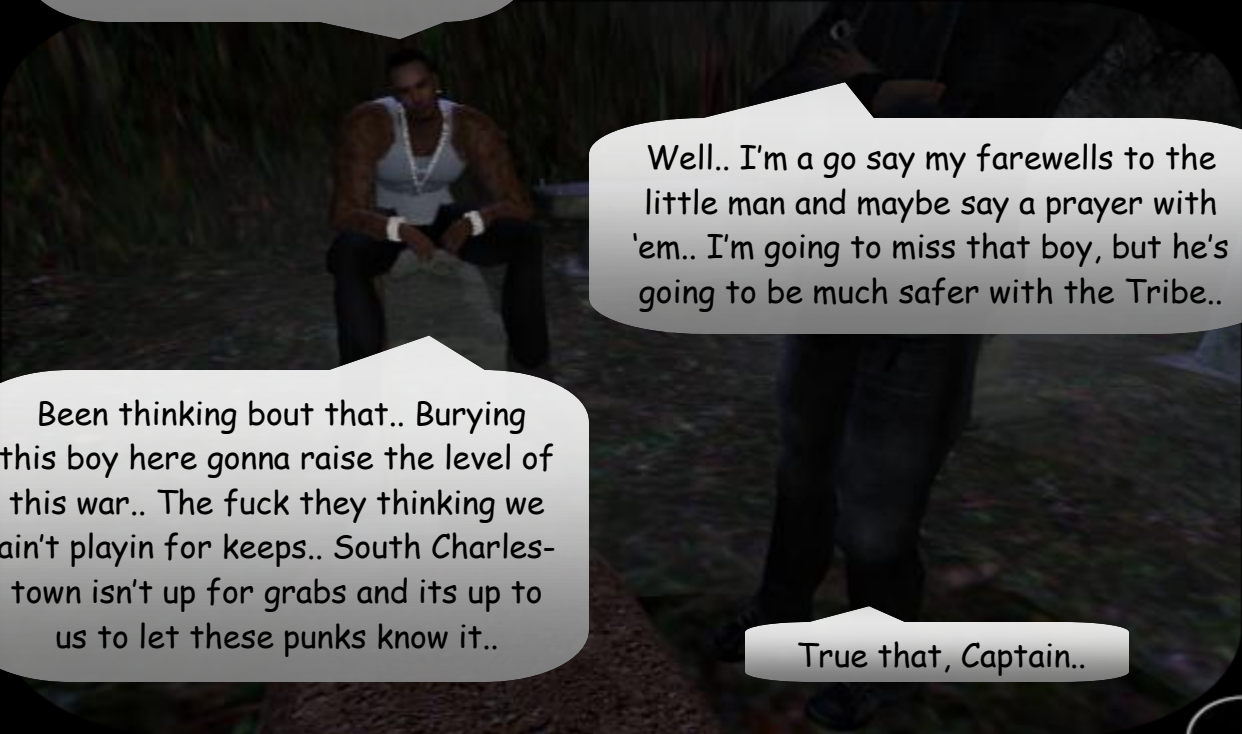




Is, Young Pepp ready for the move?.. How long he suppose to be gone?.. He still needs more training..

But she right.. Since his mama passed things ain't been running as smooth as they use too.. Plus these boys are making moves and pulling dumb shit like they did at the club..

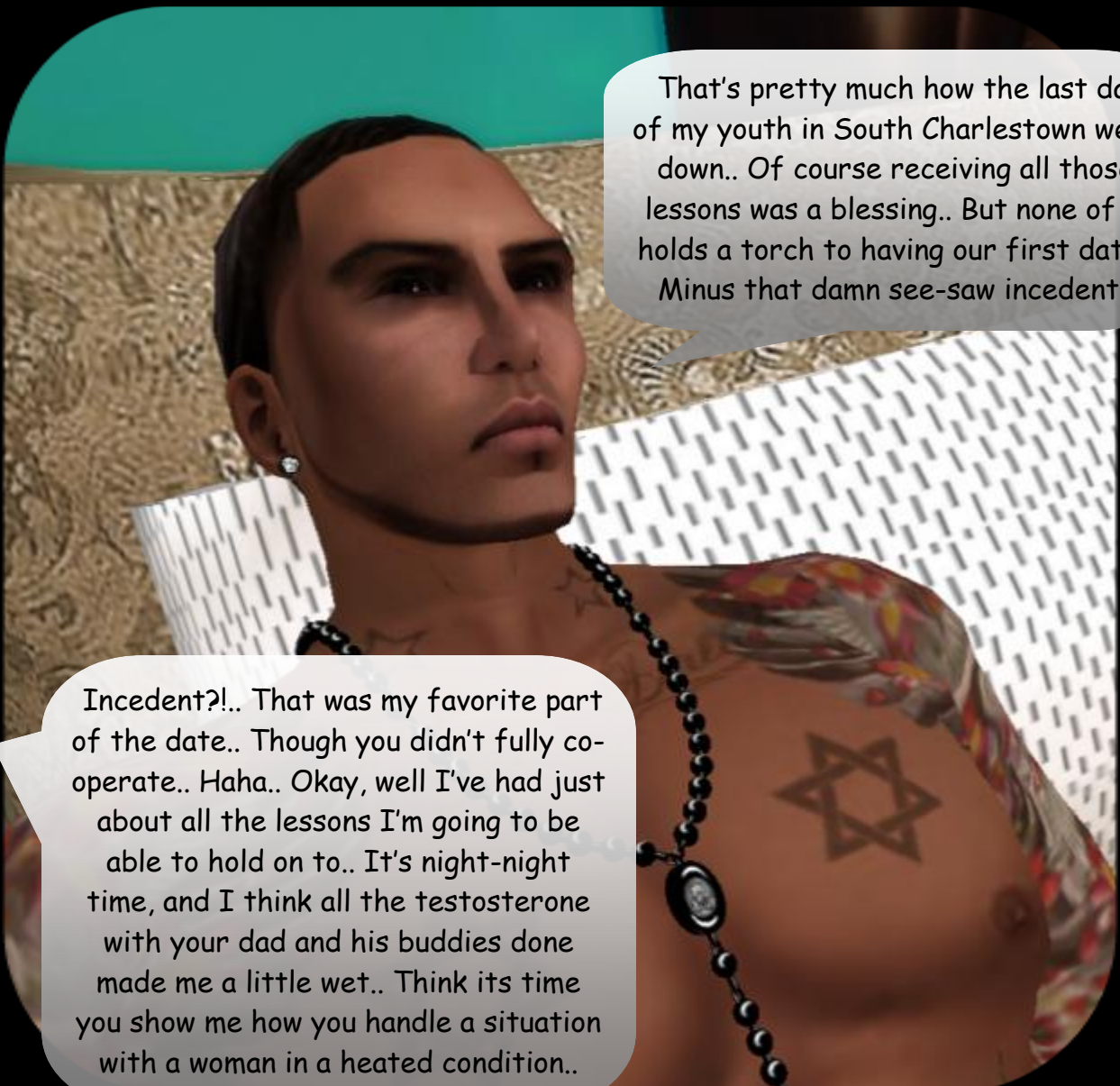
Yea.. Moms made it clear, she don't want him to have any parts of what we got for training him.. My father understands but what he gon do?.. He cross Ma's wishes and he see her get true gangsta on his ass.. Hahaha..



Been thinking bout that.. Burying this boy here gonna raise the level of this war.. The fuck they thinking we ain't playin for keeps.. South Charles-town isn't up for grabs and its up to us to let these punks know it..

Well.. I'm a go say my farewells to the little man and maybe say a prayer with 'em.. I'm going to miss that boy, but he's going to be much safer with the Tribe..

True that, Captain..

A man with short dark hair, a small earring, and a black beaded necklace is shown from the chest up. He has a large, colorful tattoo on his right shoulder and a Star of David tattoo on his left chest. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a textured, light-colored wall.

That's pretty much how the last day of my youth in South Charlestown went down.. Of course receiving all those lessons was a blessing.. But none of it holds a torch to having our first date.. Minus that damn see-saw incident..

Incident?!.. That was my favorite part of the date.. Though you didn't fully co-operate.. Haha.. Okay, well I've had just about all the lessons I'm going to be able to hold on to.. It's night-night time, and I think all the testosterone with your dad and his buddies done made me a little wet.. Think its time you show me how you handle a situation with a woman in a heated condition..

**True Gritt Fiction Comics**

# **Monsta**

**vol. 1**

**Written, Arranged and Directed by:  
R. H. Peppers**

**Scenery and Graphic Design by:  
Femm Koray**

**SL Casting  
(In order of appearance)**



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Red Hot Peppers  
Rome Crazyboi  
Gangsta Black  
Hi-Top  
Carlos Garcia  
Lil Pepp  
Slim  
Kurtis Boxen  
Desmond Bell  
912 GridStar Crew**

**Car Radio Scene Peotry: If you want me to stay  
Credited to: Sly And The Family Stone**

**Watch Animated Videos of this book as well as others from the Peppers Collection  
that include excerpts of pieces performed by their Author, RH Peppers:**

**[www.TrueGrittFiction.com](http://www.TrueGrittFiction.com)**

*Dark Liquor*



*HHFeyers Collection*

RH Peppers



**DARK LIQUOR**



# **Dark Liquor**

**vol. 1**

**by**

**RH Peppers**

\*\*\*\*\*

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**eComic Edition**

**Dark Liquor vol. 1**  
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# By DeSign...

Morning SunshinE!..

You've been made this way by design..

All there is to know is:

Get up..  
Get out..  
Get it in..  
And Grind..

If'n it be ten inches of Rain or Earth scorching SunshinE..

Rise and make waves..  
Work this Game like wet clay..

..Don't pray as much as you need listen for all He has to say..

Things you will request are minor.. What Is required is much..

These ways will make the difference between you being a kid..  
playing on trike..

Or a GrownMan pushing a, Harley Davidson..

Wakeup, Son!..

Weave yourself into the rhythm of The Tribal Drums..

8~/ Dark Liquor





THE PERIPHERALS



# The Wine Taste



**The Fuego Magnolia Estate**  
-Clark County-



# HEART FLOWER



How do you like the wine?..

Sweet and tasty..  
It's very nice..



I like the Iced Wines.. Gon  
get me a bottle or two..  
Hands down my favorite.

Which of the grapevines  
do you prefer most?

You ain't slick, Cad..  
Why I feel like you  
plottin on me?..

A bottle or two?!.. Sounds  
like you buzzin after your  
second glass.. May I pour  
you a third.. Hahah..

2

# Red Peppers

The layout of this property is simply gorgeous...

Yes.. I agree.. Our new clients wife is an interior and landscape designer.. She's a bit quiet but I'll be sure to introduce you..

What's her name?..

Chaukta..

Oh she's good.. and what of the Mister?.. They seem to have a lot going on..

Of course they do..

..the Mister's name is, Red.. He's our new importer of rare wines and liquor.. Well connected.. Rumor has it that he has recently inherited somewhat of a small town by way of his Native American roots...

I love this song.. Who is this playing, Caddy?..

That's 'the Picasso of Jazz'.. Miles Davis.. 'Funny Valentine'...

Mmm.. A woman can get swept off her feet by a man that can make his fingers move like that..

Baby-gir, I can play those notes in my sleep..



# HEART FLOWER

3

I think the wine has me little light-headed.. I feel all hot and fuzzy inside..

She feeling the affects of Mr. Eye-candy..

You ain't hot and fuzzy.. You just horny girl.. Hahaha..

Why must we put on these dumb ass parties?...

To entertain our clients, promote our brand, keep up appearances.. You pick a reason.. Why you buggin?..

...By everybody you mean them ho's that keep staring you down?..

Your spread out here looks beautiful.. You need to show off your talents more often. Everybody seems to be enjoying themselves.....

Don't get started, woman..

3



# Red Peppers

4

Hot damn!.. Girl  
he is fine as all  
outdoors..

I know, right!.. He acting like  
he doesn't remember me..

You made that one happen???

Not exactly.. But I was getting  
vibes when we met at the club..

You should watch it.. His  
Missus doesn't seem too  
pleased to see us..

Damn.. I wouldn't  
mind to playing with  
both of them..



4

# HEART FLOWER

5

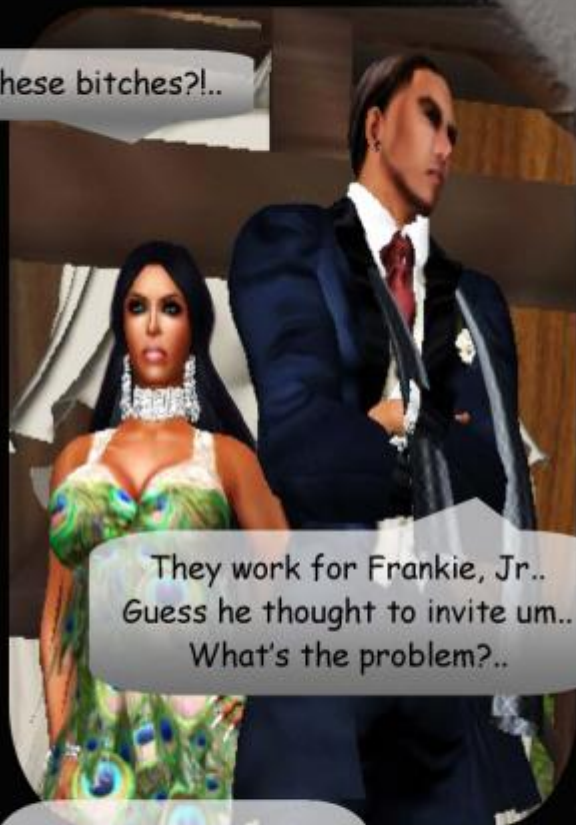


Who invited these bitches?!..

You talk a good game..

Gir.. I am good game!..

THOTS thirsty much?!..



They work for Frankie, Jr..  
Guess he thought to invite um..  
What's the problem?..



He's walking over by  
the fountain.. I'm  
gonna go talk to em..  
See if I can rekindle  
his memory..



Try that shit at your  
own risk.. Baby girl  
don't look happy at all..

Fuck her feelins!..  
What she going to  
do?!..



5

6

# Red Peppers



Hi, Red?.. Thanks for having us girls to your fancy party.. Frankie said your place was nice but... I think it suits you.. And that's soooo far passed lookin' nice..



How could we not?.. Everything you have is completely delicious.. Could only imagine the things you have hidden around here...

Oh.. I'm certainly something other than nice.. You girls enjoying yourselves?..

What you see is what you get.. Nothing too special or hidden behind any veil...

Not from what I hear..

What do you mean by that?..

Its just that.. Frankie told a few of us girls how you and the Missus....

The Missus and I what?..

Have been known to collar a girl or two..

Is that right?.. And where is Frankie?.. Would love to ask him why he would insist on telling you fragile creatures such a vicious lie..

Mmm..  
Hmm..

This bitch must have lost her fuckin' mind!!!!..



6



# Match Made in Heaven..

Can't lie..

You three is somthin sexy  
But in no way can compare to a single Bonnie  
Though honey dribbles from your lips  
Saying it'd be a pleasure for I to have you on collar  
And do the bidding of me and my Missus

I'm flatter'd

But the matter is deeper  
Trusting outsiders can be a risk  
In such a shady business

Young hot thangs can be danger  
See where you been and who you been with  
We consider out of bounds and full of strangers

Have way too much to lose.. Bonnie and I hold no lies  
She the jealous type and I'm a mess  
Being raised by a Pimp let it be no surprise

Been between many a thighs  
One. Two. Three at a time  
But the moment He blessed me with my Bonnie

And made it clear.. She is all I need..  
See we make Love. Live life. Rob. Steal and Kill togetha  
To me we are simply a match made in Heaven

8~/ Dark Liquor



THE PERCEPTORS

# The Loft



The Fuego's Silver City Loft  
-Silver City-



# HARLOT FLOUNDER



I'm on that Daaark Liquor..



So pleeease stop fuckin' with meee!..

Told you before.. I don't know that hoe... and me and that bitch ain't never done a damn thing..



So what you complaining about?...



# True Peppers

10

You know how stupid bitches like to run they mouth...



Now.. I'm a Northern boy so I gots my manners.. But I learned my True Gritt when I moved down South...



So turn the lights out.. ...And shut the fuck up!..

10

# HEART FLOWER



Stop letting them silly girls get up under your skin..



# Red Hot Chili Peppers

12

I'm rolling this Maybach...



You pushin' a Bentley...



12



13

# HARLOT FLORES

And you ain't had to wear the same pair of clothes in three muthafuckin' years...

One..



Three..



Two..



So what the fuck??!!!

13



You think I need problems?..



Think I need to be hearing all this about some other skirts?..



Shiii.. I got enough issues with these little young punks trying to push up on my muthafuckin' turf..

15

# DIRTY FLOORS

It's like... you kill one of these D-boyz.. then four more pop up from the dirt!..



Wow.. Grinding all by your lonesome, huh?.. These boys make this shit too easy..



Who the fuck is this?..



What's up homeboy?.. What you lookin fo?.. I gots plenty of whateva you need...




You gonna roll the window down clown?..

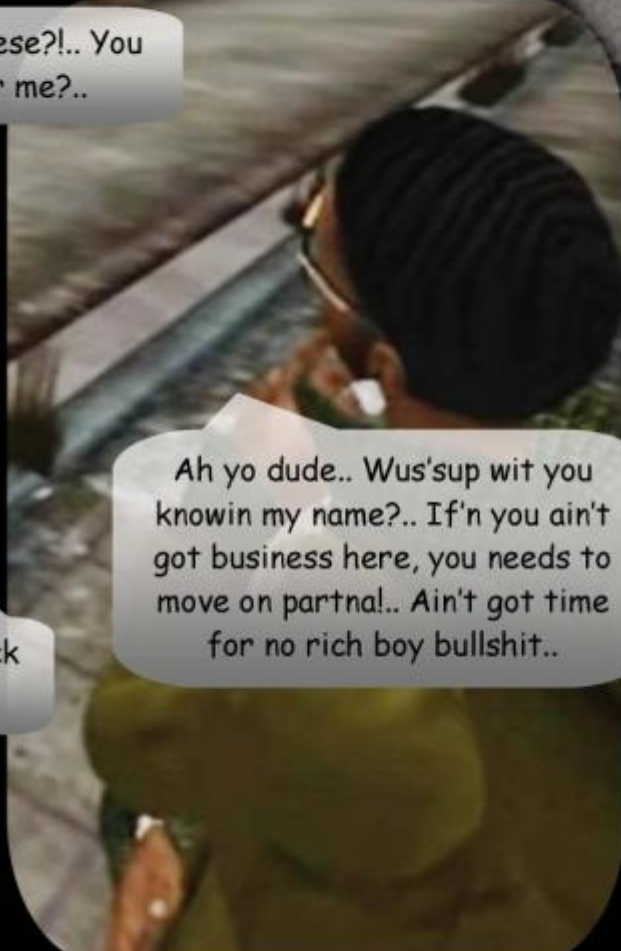
Tuesday ~ 10:45 pm (One week earlier..)

15


Actin' like they bout to shine..



Wus'sup, Tyrese?!.. You remember me?..

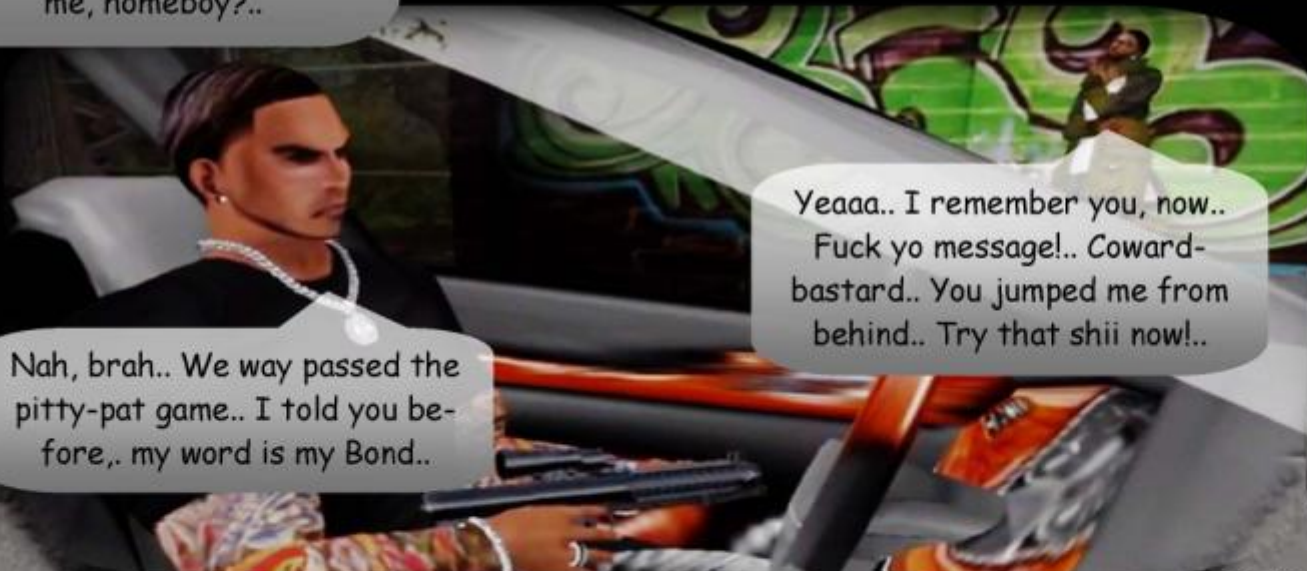


Ah yo dude.. Wus'sup wit you knowin my name?.. If'n you ain't got business here, you needs to move on partna!.. Ain't got time for no rich boy bullshit..



Who the fuck are you?!..

You don't remember me from a few weeks back, bro?..  
Askin you with my hand around your throat to give your boss that message for me, homeboy?..



Yeaaa.. I remember you, now..  
Fuck yo message!.. Coward-bastard.. You jumped me from behind.. Try that shii now!..

Nah, brah.. We way passed the pitty-pat game.. I told you before, my word is my Bond..

Just too young to understand.. That's not exactly how the game work.

17

## HART FLORES

## One Down

Hate to have had to do it but my Word is my Bond  
Warned one.. Told um twice  
Now one of they crew is dead and gone

I can see his Clique is hot about it  
But still I wonder if they learned the lesson  
Look at um shoutin amongst themselves.. smoking on that wet  
Loading they clips and second guessin..

Po-boyz ain't got no clear heads  
Too much of that damn drinkin and smokin  
Haven't a clue that I'm two blocks down on top a roof  
One eye I scope calmly breathin..

I gave plain and simple directions  
Move they business to another side of town  
I guess them not being from around these parts  
Thinking South Charlestown is theirs when the streets are dark  
...Not knowing in the shadows is where it all goes down...

Need not explain to them..  
This land has been in my bloodline for countless generations..  
Mismanagement and clueless Elder Tribesmen  
Have allowed this precious Soil  
To bow in the presence of deeply rooted Oppression..

8~/ Dark Liquor

17

18

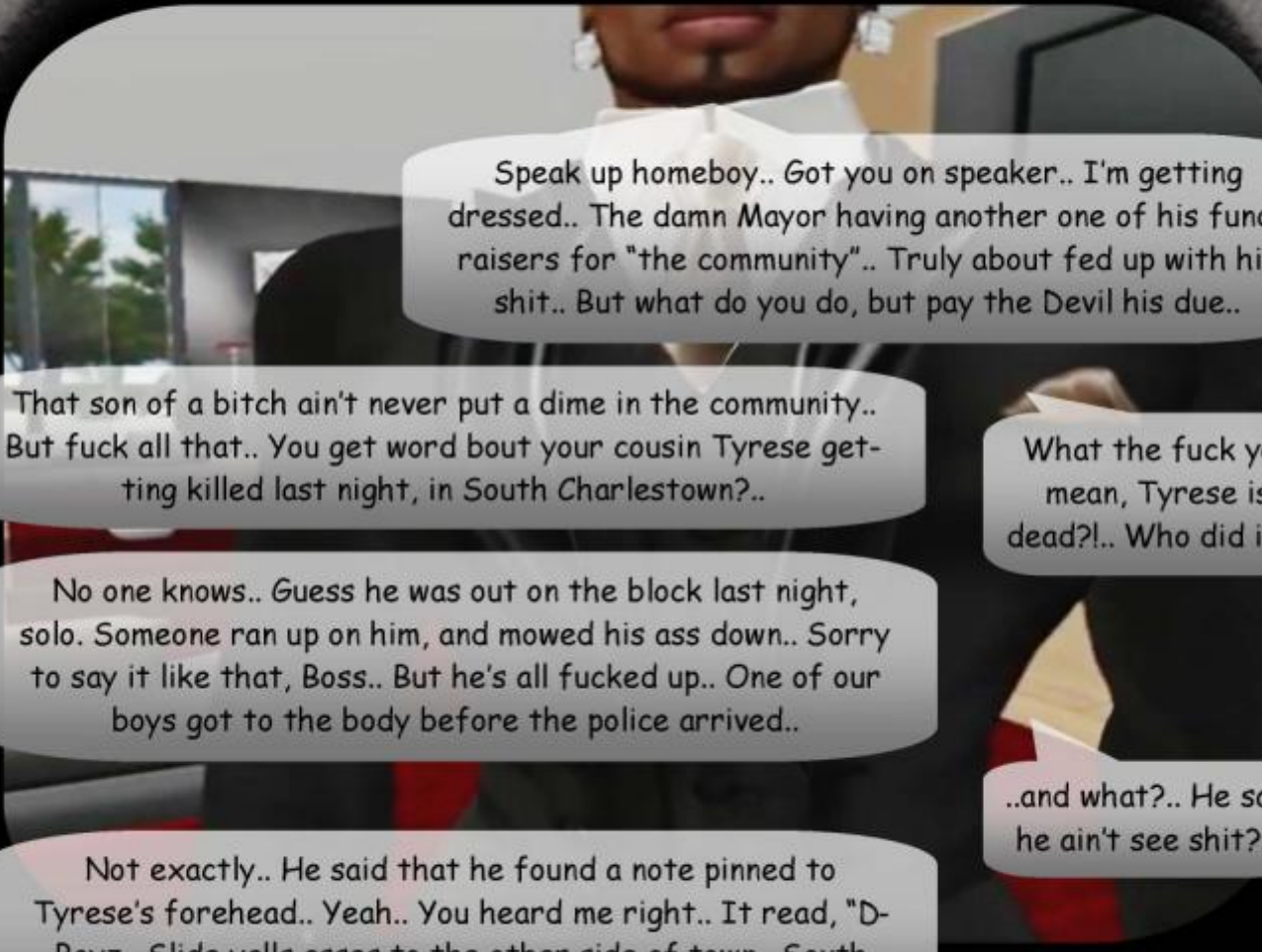
18th Perpetual

# Kingpen Bizzy



**Kingpen Bizzy's Estate**  
-Capitol City-

18



Speak up homeboy.. Got you on speaker.. I'm getting dressed.. The damn Mayor having another one of his fundraisers for "the community".. Truly about fed up with his shit.. But what do you do, but pay the Devil his due..


That son of a bitch ain't never put a dime in the community.. But fuck all that.. You get word bout your cousin Tyrese getting killed last night, in South Charlestown?..

No one knows.. Guess he was out on the block last night, solo. Someone ran up on him, and mowed his ass down.. Sorry to say it like that, Boss.. But he's all fucked up.. One of our boys got to the body before the police arrived..

Not exactly.. He said that he found a note pinned to Tyrese's forehead.. Yeah.. You heard me right.. It read, "D-Boyz.. Slide yalls asses to the other side of town.. South Charlestown is under new management.." signed, Clyde..

What the fuck you mean, Tyrese is dead?!.. Who did it?..

..and what?.. He say he ain't see shit?..



Who the fuck is a 'Clyde'?..

20

## The Peppers

Put the word out to all the crews.. We ain't movin no where.. Put a ten thousand dollar bounty in this 'Clyde' cat.. Dead or alive.. Preferably alive.. This muffucka got nerves.. Leavin notes and shit..

Consider it done, Boss..

What's our take looking like?.. We need to be ready for next weeks order..

The draw is looking good.. Maybe one of best takes to date.. But some of Ringo's younger cats are a little unnerved by this Clyde situation.. I wouldn't be surprised to see a few of them coming short next week..

Tell them young punks to grow a pair of nuts.. We the only ones making bodies in South Charlestown.. I already pay way too much tax for that turf as it is.. Be damned a single body gonna change the game.. Tell Ringo to get his crew's shit together.. Tighten they hustle... and no one grinds solo until they hear different from me..

20



So tighten up your bra straps.. We got some money to kidnap.. This is how we gon catch hold of the money and they top cats.. When we run up in there.. We gonna hit um hard.. And we gon hittum fast.. Lay all them punkass D-boyz flat..



That we shall do.. And oh.. Fa sho.. We gonna serve these boys and they Captain some notice.. What it gon take?...



Red.. Its only proper you serve them boys final notice, before you turn up the way you do.. This is your town now.. The elders have trusted you to do right about the land..



..two minutes.. four zip-ties.. a chair.. and a little conversation to get that boy focused..

# Two Minutes

Seconds move slow..  
 Actions are fast..  
 Setting a scene surreal for all involved..

Gravity takes a hold of limbs and feet  
 Immediately Primal decision making takes charge..  
 First act is to fight or take flight  
 Efforts to move feels like treading water in the ocean

Initial thirty seconds set a state of confusion  
 Why them not knowing you coming be so important  
 Best to know the layout of the grounds..  
 Getting in is one thing.. Making it out is a whole nother

Head count: best to know it  
 Command: better show it  
 Intent: inform each on the rules of the game  
 \*\*First one being that of cooperation  
 \*\*The second, last and most important note that non-truths bring pain..

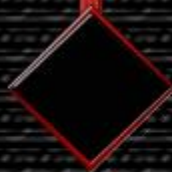
Read all movements and search for the Cowboy  
 That's the one hyphy Cat  
 Who think he tougher than the rest  
 Single um out.. put a foot to his neck  
 Get that boy to calm.. Have the whole crew in check..

Thirty seconds to go.. Zip-tie and tell no lies

"I have warned you D-boyz before.. There's a new Sheriff in town!"

S^/ Dark Liquor

*Lovers' Lane*



*FFF's Fajers' Collection*

WELCOME TO  
*Lovely Lane*





# Lovers' Lane

vol. 1

by

**RH Peppers**

\*\*\*\*\*

**PUBLISHED BY TRUE GRITT FICTION**

True Gritt Fiction Edition

Dark Liquor vol.

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A

*RH Pappas*

# Welcome to Lovers Lane

## SouL mAtES...

Truly a mix..

A natural attraction..

Between she and he who are complete opposite..

He a rock-n-rolla..

She low-key..

He bang out!..

She funny and feisty..

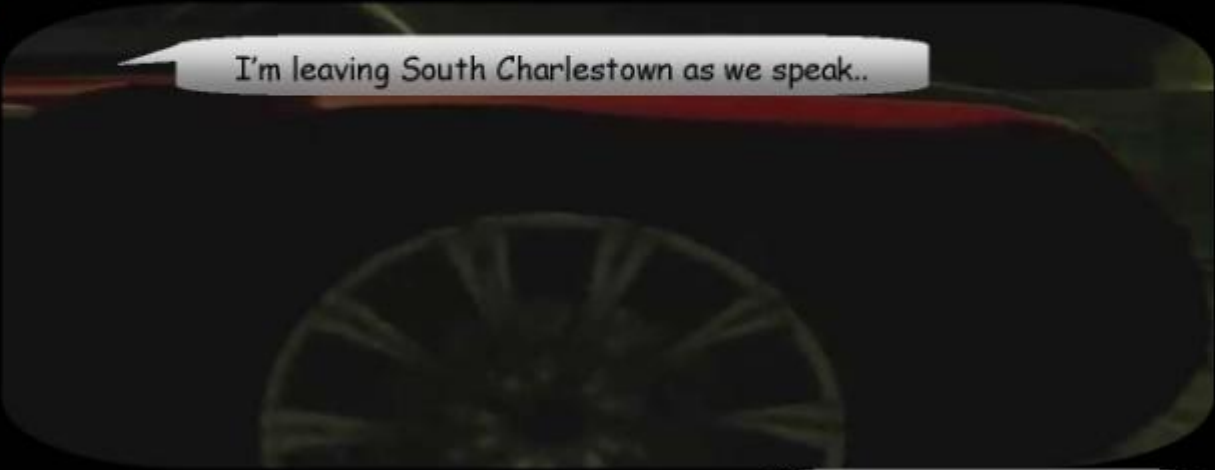
He and she do not do coincidence...

They know Father only provides what's best..


All of which can be lost through needless dishonest acts..

8 ^/ Welcome to Lovers' Lane..

*RH Pappas*




I'm leaving South Charlestown as we speak..



Why you stop talking?.. Where are you trying to take me?..

Put on something nice, right and tight.. We have a 9:00 o'clock reservation at...



Don't worry about all that.. Just have your sexy ass ready by time I get there..



WTF!.. Chal.. My brakes won't grab..  
Feels like my brake line is cut.. These  
motha.. Mmmm!. I can't STOP!..

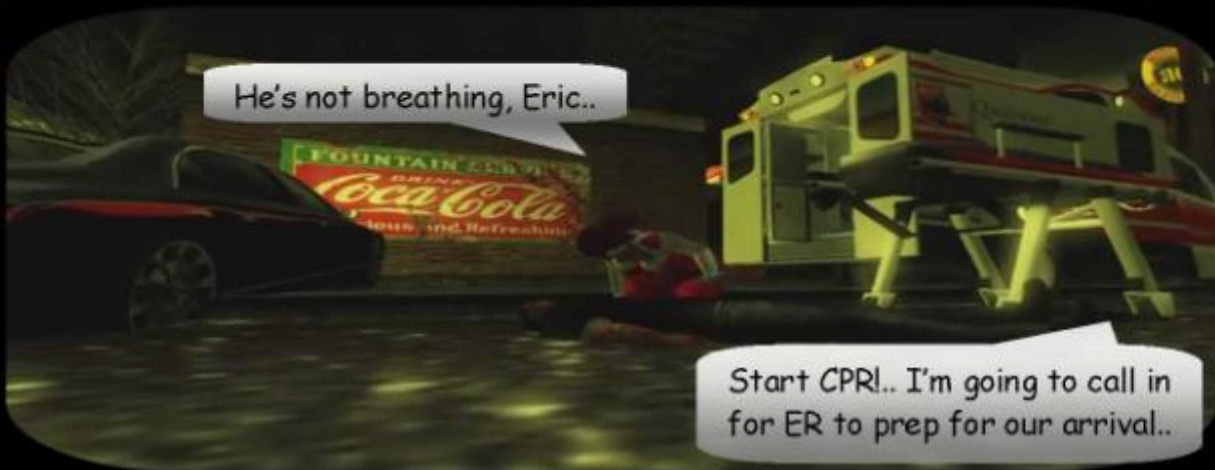
Where are you at?!



I'm down in, Battery Park by the new construc-  
tion.. I'm going way too fast to make this turn,  
but fuck it!.. I'm bout to bend this bitch!..



POW!!!! Damn.. I think something just caught my  
back wheel. fux.. I'm in trouble!.. Oh shiii!

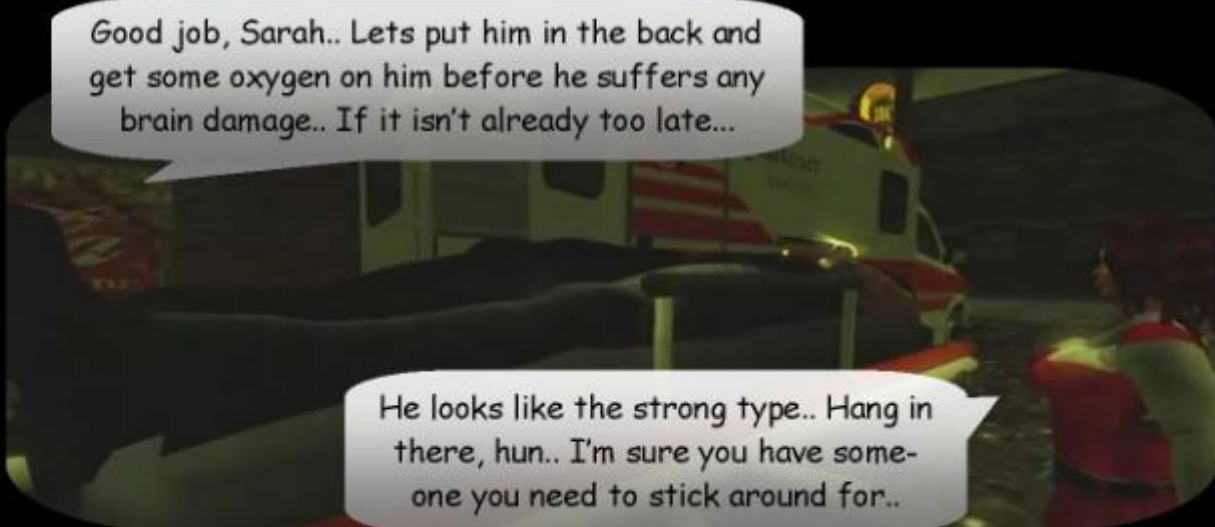


He's not breathing, Eric..

Start CPR!.. I'm going to call in for ER to prep for our arrival..



Come on!.. Breathe Mr...  
BREATHE!..



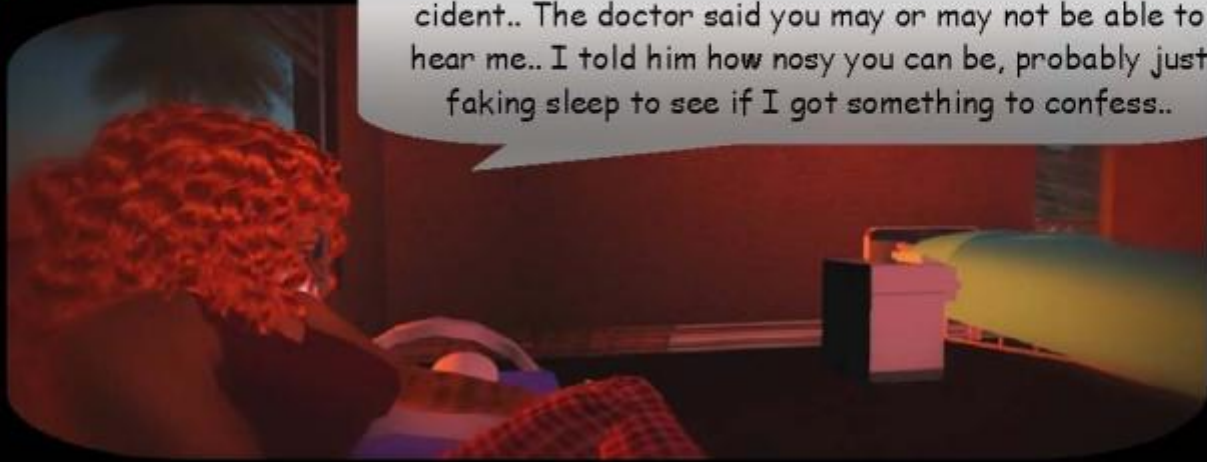
Good job, Sarah.. Lets put him in the back and get some oxygen on him before he suffers any brain damage.. If it isn't already too late...

He looks like the strong type.. Hang in there, hun.. I'm sure you have someone you need to stick around for..

# Clark County Polyclinic



Rise and shine, Chief.. You seem to have had a little accident.. The doctor said you may or may not be able to hear me.. I told him how nosy you can be, probably just faking sleep to see if I got something to confess..



Wish I did. Bet your ass would pop up like a vampire. Always playing like you not the jealous type. It cracks me up how every time you think there's competition you want to take to the mic and put on a show..



A show? I would like nothing more than to perform for you.. But in order to work this magic, I must have you on stage with me..



6

*RH Peppers*



*Lucky Charm*

*RH Peppers*

6

Since you been with me..  
We been solid, Baby..



Fa shol..



Love everything about you...



8

*R.H. Peppers*

# The Diner



*R.H. Peppers*

*Lovers' Lane*



What are you looking at?..

From your head..



Those sexy toes of yours..

Down to the paint on your toes..



Why you move way over there?..

Because, I was sitting by a perv..

The way your lip curl when you talk..

*Lovers' Lane*

And what you talk about..

You don't make yourself to taste like honey  
and not expect to attract honey bees..

A Honey bee I can handle.. But you a  
damn Vulture.. No better yet, a little  
rabbit.. And when I ain't given you go  
off hunting others to poke on..

How long you gonna hold that  
bullshii against me?.. We should  
be passed that ish by now..

You hella sharp in places I'm not..

Maybe you are.. But that river still runs deep  
in my heart.. You ain't never had to experience  
anything like that because of something I did..

That's why I like you around..

Let me up!.. I don't want to sit  
by you no more.. You smell..

And you ain't easy like some others..

That's why I think more about you..



Why you keep throwing shii at me?..

Because.. I DON'T LIKE YOU!

Through thick and thin you been my rock, gir..

Then why your punk-ass still sitting here?.. You sexy enough to have whoever you want.. Until they fall victim to your twisted mind..



You think I don't care about you?.. After all I have done to please your demandful ass?..

Lets just say there's times when I don't think or feel like your favorite person in the world..

How could I ever doubt you?..

Keep your clammy paws off me woman.. The way you treat me seems that you can care less if I'm happy..



Tribal thug need hug.. Come on.. Bring it in, Lover.. You truly think because all I can do sometimes is remember how you fuck up.. Which in turn makes me have to poke at you, that I really don't want to see you happy?..

Sometimes its hard to tell.. But I do remember that time..

Do you remember that time?..

That D-boy had me choked out..



Cha, there goes one of them D  
-boyz from the Billiard Room.  
I think he recognized me..

When we was at the club..



You that mark-ass nicca, Clyde  
from the Billiard Room!..

My name is, Red, bro.. Who  
the fuck is a, Clyde?..

In the parking lot?..



You and some sweet smellin bitch  
tied up and robbed me and my crew!..

I told you, cat.. You got the wrong man..  
What I look like tying up a bunch of  
tuff guys that look and dress like you?..  
Haha. I do admit, picturing a group of  
you bad boys hog-tied is funny..

How did you know we were  
hog-tied mothafucker?!..

You Know!..

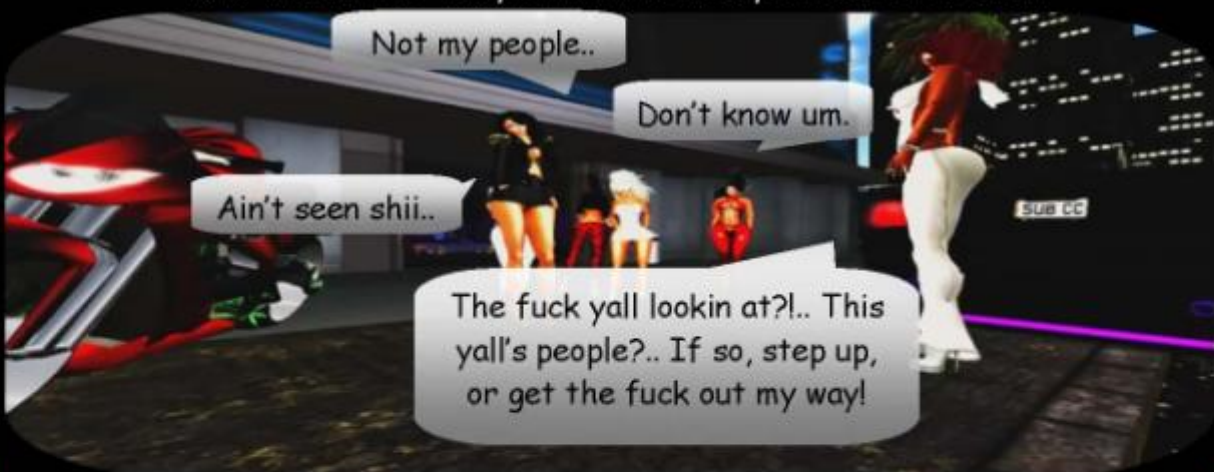
When you warned the nicca once..



Then shot the nicca twice...



Who the am I to tell you how the fuck you feel about me?..



And yeah...



Yeah, yeah.. You got me.. But put down that damn tazer, Chal..

You done caught me...



I'm a big girl.. And know enough to teach a few things..

This is one of them erotic thrillers.. Look close maybe you'll learn a little somethin..

Trickin..



Oh shii, Chal..

The fuck this dumb-ass apache thinkin?!

Slippin..



So is this how we doing it now?!..

Honey drippin..



Who this bitch, Red?..

Please  
hold your  
tongue,  
Shea..

She's his wife, Shea-Shea..  
Hahah.a. Oh, slickass, Red!..

Fuckin with these other hoes..



You two hoe-ass THOTS, stay  
in your lanes, or you will get  
tazed.. I ain't fuckin around..  
Don't even raise your voice..  
Red!.. What the fucks up?!..

But...



A real man will grow..



Tell me you ain't...



Noticed the difference..

Since I put that ring up on your finger..



Yeah..

18

*RH Peppers*

I'm the same Cat you blow trees with...



Stack money..



Rob D-boyz..



Leave quick..



18

*RH Peppers*

Oh.. We a special type of twosome..

Clyde



Bonny

Tell me.. How many Bonny and Clydes you know really down to ride?..

And you're an artist, extraordinaire..



Your biggest fan.. That I am.. Wish I had your hands..



21

*Lovers' Lane*

I'd cut mines off..


And paint a picture of a single rose..



Label it, FEMMI..

*Lovers' Lane*


21

A man and a woman are lying in bed. The woman is on the left, looking up at the man on the right. They are both looking tired.

I'm tired.. Its been a long day..

Its gonna be an even longer night..


Get you drunk on that Bombay Gin..

A man and a woman are lying in bed. The woman is on the left, looking up at the man on the right. They are both looking tired.

Ah.. Ah.. You better keep them grubby mitts to yourself.. You was fed good and plenty last night.. Let me get some rest.. You think that routine worked itself out?..

And commence to prim..

I want to let you know that I appreciate the little show you put on for me last night..

A man and a woman are lying in bed. The woman is on the left, looking up at the man on the right. They are both looking tired.

Wasn't nothing little about that show.. I know I give you a lot of shii, but I want you to know that I am willing to do what it takes to keep you around..

Because I....

I love it!..

Last Night:

~Every time I close my eyes.. I wake feeling so horny.. I can't get you out of my mind..

I like this selection from, Jodeci..

When you..

~Sexing you be all I see.. I would give anything.. Just to make you understand me.. I don't give a damn about nothing else.. Freaking you is all I need..

Work that pole..

~Tonight I need your body.. Tonight you got my time.. Tonight you won't be sorry.. Tonight you got my mind..

And I'm so stingy..

You my own little private show..

~What must I say?..  
What must I do?.. To  
show how much.. I think  
about freaking you..



Lord.. Please forgive me..

But Your daughter has a spell on me..



~Oooh, I can go on for days.. But I couldn't go on  
for weeks.. I can even play with another body..  
But it wouldn't last cause I'm a freak..



~Turned on by everything you say.. I'm turned on  
by everything you do.. And at night when I close  
my eyes.. I only dream of freaking you..



I love her smile.. And her style makes my knees weak..

But I'm still standing



You see she like a man to take control.. So give me strength to give her everything she wants and more..



Because I Love her and Adore her..



Like that old Prince song..

If you wake up soon enough, Red, we can still make breakfast time at the Diner. Can't you smell a hot plate of Crab Benedict tempting you?..



She be my Light. She be my Breath. She be my Star..



Nah.. She be my LuCKY ChArM..

## The Diner: Lovers' Memory Lane

### a ToaSt tO oUr LoVe...

C'mere, Lover  
Lets get lost in what we know together  
The deeper the water gets  
The more we gon improve our stroke

We can allow time to overtake us  
Of use each second as a steady pulse

Whatever the case  
You and I gon do it together  
With Father's blessing we gon do it the most..

Raise your glass, Love.. Here's a toast to the most..

We are a talented couple  
Though these be strong words  
The truly humbled have no need to boast

The proof is in the flavor of our pudding, Love..  
Wouldn't say we could if I honestly believed we couldn't

All I know is together we can make it happen..  
Together we are making it happen!..  
CHEERS to our love and the fruits of our talents..

8 ^ / This be our Lovers' Lane..

# *Two To Tangle*



*FFFeyers Collection*



REDHOT PEPPERS  
**TWO TO TANGLE**



**Two to Tangle  
vol. 1**

by

**RH Peppers**

\*\*\*\*\*

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# Chapter 1

Seattle, Washington 1996

"**Tina-Tina!**" **Sampson Peppers Junior** shouted from inside the driver's side window of his flaming-red, nineteen seventy-eight Thunderbird classic.

He purchased the eye-catching vehicle before returning home from Chicago at his father's request. It was a steal for the price; dark, tinted windows, four-shiny wire spoke rims with chrome, twin exhaust tailpipes. Mint condition.

Wearing five-inch pumps and dressed in an overly inviting, tight fitting outfit Tina Green paused in the middle of her conversation to look across the narrow street to see who had called her name. The bright smile she held while chatting with her friends suddenly changed to tightlipped and tense. Her friends noticed the strange behavior as she stared across the street shocked to see Peppers.

She felt his eyes probing her shrink-to-fit get-up as she reluctantly began to walk across the empty street. Tina is a beautiful young girl, any red-blooded man would stare, but Junior is more than another man to her, he is an older brother figure.

She knows that her outfit not covering most of her young and still maturing body was going to be a problem. Her cut-off jean shorts completely exposed the top of her thighs, in concert with the rest of her skimpy getup would make Daisy Duke appear overdressed.

She managed to produce an uneasy smile from the left corner of her painted lips and her posture loosened some by the time she approached Junior's car.

She rested her forearms on the edge of the window sill then noticed Pace Jeffries sitting in the passenger seat quietly rolling a marijuana stick.

"Hi, Pace." She forced another upward curl from her lips.

"Was'up Tina?" Pace replied and began to moisten the tips of the thin wrapper with his tongue, then twisted it tight.

"What you smiling about?!" Sampson barked.

Tina bent her knees abandoning her straight legged, backside high in the air working girl pose and became eye level with the visibly displeased young man. "Because I aint seen you in so long Little Pep." Her half joking tone did not look appreciated.

Sampson considers Tina his little sister and has been around her family since before she was born. She looks deceptively older than her sixteen-years of age. Her long legs and pretty face make men not think about the numbers. He knows she's quick witted but working on the streets can be harsh on anyone, especially someone so young.

"What are you doing over there with Rhonda and them hoes?"

"Oh, Cheeks? She's just looking out for me, you know?" Tina said and glared at Peppers with a naive look in her eyes.

The same dumbfounded gaze a schoolgirl gets when caught cheating on a test. It was her best attempt at trying to save face in front of her friends. They could clearly see what was going on but had not heard in on the conversation.

The frown between Peppers' brows gave as clear a message as the spark of words that rushed from his lips. "I don't know shit Tee-tee! I know I leave town after one of the worst days of my life, then come back home to see my little sister hanging with the biggest she-pimp in town." The flood of words pushed Tina back on her heels.

"Cheeks ain't no pimp!" The young girl replied.

"I know a pimp, when I know a pimp, Tina!" He exclaimed. Even at her young age she could understand his concern. She paused in search of an explanation or an escape from the awkward situation.

"Every since Donnie died and you left town, moms can't afford to take care of me and handle all the bills. So Cheeks is helping me do what I can to help." She hoped by mentioning her brother's name it might calm Peppers' nerves and soften the reality of her foul choice.

"Yah well," he spoke then hesitated in thought. He lightly exhaled. "I'm back in town now" he said softly and looked in Tina's eyes. In a much calmer but no less commanding tone he explained to her.

"Before your brother starts turning over in his grave, you are going to get your ass off this block. And, later, I'm going to come by and pay you and moms a visit. We'll have to find another way for you to help out with the bills. One more thing, before you leave, inform your friends that you will not be coming around anymore."

Tina's face twisted and eyes turned to little slits. She thought to herself how embarrassing it would be to follow through with his demand. To argue would only cause a big scene, one in which she will be on the losing end of.

Seeing her expression he spoke further. "I'll find you something to do Sis, if I got to pay you myself. Rhonda knows you're my family, so there shouldn't be a problem. If there is, we can handle that." He paused briefly and looked up and down the not so busy street.

"I'm going to respect that you can handle this situation between you and Rhon- I mean Cheeks." Peppers, intentionally spewing Rhonda's tag name with sarcasm and spite.

"I'd roll you up out of here myself but I got some things to do and people to see. So handle that what I asked you to handle and I'll see you at moms later."



## Chapter 2

**Donnie Green, Pace Jeffries and I** grew up in the same neighborhood and was the best of friends. Like most wild kids on our block we made a lot of stupid decisions together and it made for plenty unnecessary trouble. Some situations would prove to be a test our loyalties. Back in those days we three decided to make a pact with one another.

If one of us were to be the boss on a job, he would hire the other two, if one of us got caught stealing from the corner store during lunchtime at school, that one would never rat out the other two. If whenever either of us had died or were killed before the other, the remaining two would take care of that one's family as best he could.

Although we were young and dumb with crazy imaginations, I believe we three meant what we promised. Seeing Tina down on Judkins like that reminded me of all those childhood vows. It really hit me hard. If Donnie were alive to see his sister out here hoeing, there would have been all sorts of chaos, starting with that fat bitch Rhonda.

Each of us had parents that died early in our lives so death and murder had already been a part of our everyday reality. They had been killed in different ways but all of them violent.

Pace's parents were shot and killed by the police in a drug-raid on his house. The incident made the news and the black leaders of the community protested, saying it was a wrongful shooting. The reality of the matter was that Mr. Jeffries was crazy. He shot two of the police officers first.

On nights when he would sniff his choice drug he'd yell at Pace and his mom so loud Donnie and I could hear the commotion on our end of the block. After his parents were buried one of the local churches took Pace into its Foster care program, so he was still able to hang around the neighborhood with Donnie and me.

Donnie barely knew his dad. We were both four-years-old when he passed and Mama Green was pregnant with Tina. He's heard plenty of good things about his father. Mr. Green was an electrician and that's how he and his mom met.

Mr. Green ran the crap tables at the neighborhood gambling shack. Word is that he was a mellow-cool man. There were a number of stories about how his death occurred but it was the narrative his mom told us, we accepted as the truth.

She said, "He died at the gambling shack, by the hands of a couple young punks." As she called them, "they were getting a little loud for the older folks who practically lived in the joint. Mr. Green went to talk to the young men and as cool as he was about it the two youngsters became even more rowdy.

"Your Pops called for the house bouncer Big Ed to come remove the young assholes. When he turned back around to face the gangsters the shorter one of the two pushed a knife into his chest.

"The other punk dashed for the door. When Ed saw the boy running toward the front, he clothes-lined him with the inside of his heavily built forearm. After he realized what the other kid had done to your father he snapped the neck of the boy in his arms, killing him instantly.

"He and the shorter one with the knife squared up with each other in the middle of the card room. They say the youngster got one swing in before Big Ed took him to the floor and pounced him to death."

Before the paramedics could arrive Donnie's father bled to death on the gambling joint's living room carpet. Some of the old-timers from the shack still visit Mama Green's house to see how she's doing. That was over sixteen years ago.

I also lost one of my parents to an occupational hazard a year after Donnie's father died. A client set up through my father's escort service strangled my mother. I don't believe he has ever forgiven himself for the oversight of screening the psycho.

My mom was a beautifully mixed native and black woman. Not as tall as my dad but close. I remember her long sandy colored hair and all the different ways she used to wear it. Her skin was the same complexion as the newer pennies I used to collect when she was around. The thing I remember most about her was the smile she blessed me with each morning before feeding me breakfast.

She was murdered downtown at the Weston Hotel on Fifth Avenue, known for its elegant and spacious rooms. Her struggle with the sick freak made too much noise for an older couple in the adjoining room, so they called hotel security.

When security stormed in the room his hands were still clenched around my mother's throat. This same perverted man got charged with two other working girls' murders whose bodies were found a few weeks before by mother's fatal attack.

I was five-years-old and devastated. Not until years later when my father introduced me to the family business did I understand the real reason my mom was alone with a man in a hotel room. I put two and two together but never talked with pops about it.

He explained to me when she died that, "Death is a fact of life and the gateway to Heaven. Keep the love for your mother in your heart always and her spirit will forever be in your life."

That was his way of schooling me on life, through a series of common phrases and stories that always seemed to enlighten me.

The night Donnie died crushed my world. I mean. I remember and love my mom but I was so young when she died. My memories of her are distant. I have lived with her death long enough to arrive at some type of peace.

Donnie's departure was different. He and I went back eighteen active years. Pace, Mama Green, Tina and he are the closest thing I have had to a family other than my dad here in the city and my grandparents who live on an Indian reservation.

It is truly hard to accept the loss of my brother.

## Chapter 3

### **He died in my arms.**

It was two o'clock in the morning. We had been out all night breaking into storage bins like we routinely do. It was our third and final trailer for the night. The first two mobile bins had healthy amounts of VCR's, camcorders and TV's. Some items were too big to be mobile with. By this time we had emptied two full vanloads of items at one of my father's safe houses, but our van was getting stuffed again. We needed to save some room for a special order.

We were in search for a shipment of furs that I had inside information about. My dad often set us up on deals with his Italian friend Frankie Muccelli. Muccelli is an old childhood friend of my pops. When Frankie's parents moved into the neighborhood he was the only Italian kid on the block. My father was the only full blooded Native American.

They made an odd twosome but worked well together. My dad had the looks and was very savvy. Frankie was born into money and carried the attitude of his family's bank account.

Now that they are older, Muccelli enjoys exploiting his ties with the Trucker's Union. In managing his organization's interest he works with my father on a majority of the shipping jobs. This is where Donnie, Pace and I come into play.

We were in the warehouse district where there are only a few patrol vehicles to cover eight different warehouse lots. The group of lots connected and stretched half a mile. After viewing the patrols thirty-minute rotation, Donnie and I located the truck containing Frankie's merchandise.

With no patrols or security guards in sight we rushed the storage unit and broke the lock with a pair of bolt cutters. Donnie opened the left door on the compartment and a rush of mixed aromas filled my nostrils. Furs, leathers, suede's and silk... The smell was thick enough to taste.

The time spent breaking and entering; we still had twenty-seven minutes to get as many of the items as we could into the van. Pace drove for us, he parked twenty yards away on the opposite side of a fifteen-foot wired fence. I crept out of the trailer first with two hefty bags weighing my arms down. I drug the bags almost the entire way.

Pace clipped a hole in the fence wide enough for a body but I could barely push the bags through. I stood up and checked my watch. We were cutting it close. We had seven minutes before the patrol vehicles made their next rounds.

When I turned to view the grounds, I was amazed to see Donnie sprinting toward me with nothing in his hands. He screamed at me to quickly get through the fence. Everything happened so fast my feet felt planted to the concrete. Donnie made it to within five yards of me when I heard the first clap of gunfire.

My eyes widened. Donnie fell forward into my arms pushing us both through the small hole in the fence. A patch of my long hair got snagged on a jagged piece of clipped fence along with the left side of my face. The reason I have a deep scar running down my face to this day.

Pace jumped out the driver's seat and grabbed Donnie by the back of his jacket as I pushed. We managed to get him in the van before the guards could reach us. The rounds of gunfire continued to sound off while our van swerved its way down the wet pavement. I could hear the ricochet of speeding bullets bouncing off the van's exterior.

After several miles, turns, streets and curbs we came to a stop. Donnie struggled to breathe. He wheezed heavily and coughed up blood. I dressed his wounds tight with strips and pieces of mink. I applied pressure in an attempt to slow his bleeding. I was close to panic but I couldn't let Donnie see me lose it. I was still trying to stop him from shaking.

The winds picked up outside and shook the van. Heavy rains started to hit and push the van like it came to carry Donnie's soul away. Tears fell down my face as I held my best friend between my arms. We rocked back and forth. I could hear him mumble for his mom and each time it cut into my chest.

The moment he stopped breathing, I stopped breathing. As light-headed as I was, denial became my only safe ground. Pace reached over and closed Donnie's staring eyes while I held him close. For the first time in my illustrious teenage life I couldn't think. I was always a good thinker. – "What do I do?!" I found myself repeating out loud.

I thought how Donnie was all his mom and little sister had and how nothing I could ever say or do would change the fact that he is not coming home.

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