

A Torn Mind Introduction

Fruit And Blood

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598 Words

Trev pulled his car to the side of the road and flung it in park. He hopped out and kicked back on a bench with a fellow blueberry zombie.

“Yo Carton, check out my whip, yo.”

“Damn. I been dreamin’ man. Shit, drive a car around, yank bitches through the window. Shit.”

“Damn straight.”

“Ey, I aint’ got wheels, but, shit son, I got weed and pills,” Carton said.

Trev nodded his approval.

“An’ look, boy. I got this. Nigga, son, I got a new phenotype, brothah.”

“Pheno-what, son?”

“Shit. Phenotype, nig-ah.”

“Whatever, man.”

Carton held up a small black satin box.

“What’s that, nigga?”

“This shit, son? This shit right here, nigga? Shit. You don’t even wanna know, man.”

“Nah, go ahead. Tell me.”

“Motherfuckin’ – Ice-frosted, blue-blueberry, bubblejuice, blue goblin, frozen ice of Hell, nigga.”

“No shit.”

“An’ that’s not even the full name a’ this product, son.”

“Well, let’s see it, man. Shit. I ain’t got all day to play games with you, shit.”

“Motherfucker, I will not be rushed?”

“Motherfucker?” Trev asked, reaching in his pants and pulling out a blue metallic glock.

“I will put you on ice, bitch.” Trev pulled the safety and began to pull the trigger.

Carton mad-dogged Trev. “Shoot me, mother—”

Trev pulled the trigger. Carton’s head flew back and bled a deep red out of a new facial orifice.

“Shit,” Trev said, picking up the black satin box. He jumped off the bench and peeled off in his car.

Trev pulled up to Frozen T. He strolled inside and laid eyes on a strawberry zombie.

“Hi, I’m Trev, beautiful thang. What name they bestow on yo’ sweet ass?”

“My name’s Washing.”

“Washing? That’s beautiful. I like that shit, yo.” He grinned. “Baby, you do me the courtesy of buyin’ some drinks tonight?”

“Um, OK. I get off at 11.”

“You got it, girl. Meet you at The Lab.”

Trev ordered a blueberry shake and sat down at a booth to drink it.

A motorcycle rode up to the joint. A strawberry zombie with a leather jacket reading ‘Strawberry Torture’ approached.

“Well, shit,” Trev said, sliding under the table at his booth. He took the flower stick from atop his ear and lit the tip, taking a massive inhale. His eyes glazed over in sparkles.

Rocko walked into Frozen T with his hands cocked up in surprise.

“Hey! Am I seeing things or do I see a blue-fuckin’-whip in the lot.”

Washing blushed a rather cool red.

“Strawberry shake, girlie girl. We’ve got ourselves a stake-out on one blue motherfucker.”

“Motherfucker?” Trev whispered in a grunt, cocking his firearm. His eyes cleared and sharpened, but the reverie of his talk with Washing held him back. His eyes blurred over and he lowered his gun.

Rocko reached in his breast pocket.

“Hey Washing?”

“Yea?” She asked, clearly distracted.

“You got a light, honey?” he asked putting a red-papered flower stick to his mouth.

“Yea, sure,” she said, flicking a match.

“Ain’t fuckin’ waiting to see Johnny-boy get his dick sucked,” Trev said, smashing his head into the table, rising to his feet, and charging Rocko.

“Who you callin’ a blue motherfucker?” Rocko lifted his hand to shield the bullets, but they pierced through and entered his face. He dropped his red shake tumbled off the bar stool while still being pelted with bullets. Bullets sizzled in the strawberry zombie’s flesh. Rocko slipped into peace as Trev pocketed the red joint. He looked to Washing, who stood covering her mouth.

“I’ll see you tonight, baby,” he said falling to a smile.