

**WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Westwood Academy

I started the Westwood Academy to learn how to have more self- esteem.

All kinds of classes were offered and the professors were cheerful and happy.

After completion of several months of core requirements, one could choose to graduate or continue to get a certificate from the academy.

I chose to call it quits.

I can only attend the classes twice per week and felt I was not getting the most the school was offering.

I felt if I had more free time I could reap the benefits of such comical and lighthearted faculty and staff.

They go all out for the graduation ceremony.

We even received light blue robes and caps.

The students were told we could invite family and friends.

We all contributed \$10.00 for the robes (which were used for all the ceremonies; we paid for the dry cleaning), and the punch and cookies.

I was rarely in class and I knew I would not receive a certificate or recognition at the ceremony.

But I got both.

The ceremony was in early evening and my entire family was working, but since I was babysitting, I dressed the two little ones up and took them with me to the “fake” graduation ceremony.

It was something to do for a few hours.

**\*\* Everything Went Wrong. \* \***

I arrived at the school with my two young nieces (two and four years old).

They chattered and talked and fought all the way there.

I pulled into the parking lot and found a nice tree to park under.

I let the car windows down an inch to let air come in, while it was parked.

I got the squalling toddlers out of the car and held one by the hand and was carrying the four year old.

I had to stop and put her down to put on the robe in the heat so it would not be terribly wrinkled.

The two fighting girls began to run around in the heat in the parking lot.

I began to run after them to catch them as my fellow ceremony gatherers looked on and smiled.

It was a very light and festive atmosphere.

When I finally had grabbed the two young toddlers and was holding them by their hands that I saw Professor Mickleson standing on the front steps with his robe, cap and colors on.

He was not smiling but looking across the busy street, with a look of disturbance.

I spoke to him but he was caught up with the car, he did not speak.

I turned to see what had his attention.

The black sedan and was parked at the corner.

It must have been the car the professor was looking at because the other cars continued to move.

Miss Chelsa, the registrar, came out the door to greet us late arrivals.

She was cheerful and happy until she bumped into Professor Mickleson (who was standing as still as a statue).

She looked at him laughing, apologized for bumping into him.

Then he turned and looked at her.

He mumbled something to Miss Chelsa (I cut not discern).

A look of worry came over her face and she looked up and around until she saw the car.

She said, "Who are we to tell?"

Professor Mickleson, "No one."

I saw something was wrong.

I knew it was bad.

I said, "I have two babies. What's wrong?"

Then we heard popping sounds.

Not recognizing the sounds, I continue to stand on the steps by the professor and registrar while holding the hands of my nieces.

Then someone in the parking lot yelled, "Get down! It's a drive by shooting."

We all fell down.

Professor Mickleson and Miss Chelsa made it into the door and fell down on the floor.

I was holding the babies heads down and they were laughing.

I began to pray.

I said, "Lord deliver me from this mess."

The car wheels screeched, then the man in the parking lot got up and said, "Is everybody okay?"

There were 17 people outside including me and my two babies.

The man ran over and helped me up.

We all stood there and wondered why was a drive by shooting occurring during a self-esteem learning center ceremony?

We opened the door and saw Professor Mickleson and Miss Chelsa lying on the floor.

They were not moving.

We knew they were both dead.

I grabbed the hands of my nieces and was about to bolt from the door when Professor Mickleson and Miss Chelsa got up.

I demanded, "What the hell is this shooting about?"

Professor Mickleson sat on the floor with Miss Chelsa by his side.

He looked at her.

She looked at him.

I turned with my nieces and was walking off the porch.

Professor Mickleson, "All right, I'll tell you. But after the ceremony."

The others in the building were crowding in the hallway.

I'm thinking this is foolish and I'm just a bigger fool than the rest, because I should have been to my car several times.

But what caused me to want to know why, and put the babies I was charged with in mortal danger.

The man from the parking lot stepped forward to help Professor Mickleson and Miss Chelsa to their feet.

Professors (ten of them) had made it to the hallway.

They all turned and began to usher everyone into the auditorium for the ceremony.

Nobody moved.

The staff that was standing on the stairway (the six of them) did not know whether to run with the students or stay.

Professor Stewart, the dean of the school, a kind of burly redhead man said, "Don't let them stop your day!"

We yelled, "Who are them?"

Dean Stewart huffed and huffed and finally said, "I'm fearful, but we need to give you your diploma certificates. It's important."

The man from the parking lot said, "Hey man, me, my wife and five kids were nearly gunned down in the parking lot. I'm not taking another step until you tell me the truth."

Everyone said, "Yes."

Dean Stewart said, "Please. Let's go into the auditorium. I promise it will be quick."

Everyone moved quickly into the auditorium. And took seats, not as was rehearsed, but everyone was looking at the exits.

Dean Steward, "Professors please stand along the walls. Staff please go upstairs and keep a lookout and hit the alarm if you see anything suspicious. Miss Chelsa and Professor Mickleson, come on stage and help me hand out their diplomas/certificates."

Faculty and staff began to move into place.

The said, "Students, families and friends. This is a joyous occasion. We opened the academy up and started operations 25 years ago. That's why to have a ceremony was so important to us. You are the last class. Our hearts break, but we know you all have received miraculous instructions to lead better and more fulfilled lives. Each of you will receive a diploma. You can display our some might want to burn it – your choice. But you'll also receive a certificate. Each certificate is different. It tells you what we, the faculty, felt about your time with us. Yes, even you Miss Little, who rarely came to class. Yes we noticed, but since you did show up from time to time, we felt you should receive a diploma and a certificate also."

The audience laughed.

Miss Little does not laugh.

Nor does the man from the parking lot.

Both were constantly looking around marking the exits.

The man with his three smaller children in his lap was telling his two boys, on his mark to run to the car.

I was holding my two nieces (who were laughing).

## Chapter 2 - Westwood Academy

Professor Tinsley was lurking in the back near the door not far from the last row I was sitting on.

She always mumbled and hummed to herself, but she was doing it during this sham of a ceremony.

She would leave the door and walk behind my seat to see and hear the ceremony, then mumbled and walked back to the door.

God, she was so annoying.

I sat there and listening to the program, I caught myself laughing, forgetting about the horrible danger looming outside the door passed the dense Professor Tinsley.

The crowded auditorium was laughing and very cheerful for being shot at a little while ago.

\*\* Meanwhile, across town the black sedan pulls up to a lush mansion but with armed guards and dogs. Expensive cars and limousines were parked on the estate. The four men get out of the car and put on red robes and caps. They walked around the back of the mansion and joined the very luminous crowd gathered for the graduation ceremony. Twelve men in black tailored suits were sitting on the podium.



They saw the four men entered the area. The driver of the sedan looked at the twelve men and made eye contact indicating that it was done. The twelve, once they got their eye confirmation, turned their heels in unison and continue to listen to the program. The four found their seats and sat in front of the honored guests that had arrived. Many from far destinations.

The program continued for another hour and they handed out the decrees/diplomas to the graduates. All of the attendees, including the twelve men in the exquisitely tailored black suits, stood and clapped for the graduates. The band began to play, and the catered lunch was served.

The four men were called to the office.

One of the four (shooters) entered the basement area, they notice guards were standing around the wall. They were sent to another room other than the rooms used for classes.

The four shooters beaming with pride that they had received such recognition. When they entered the room, which was a very impressive large room with chairs all around the walls.

The twelve men were seated in the middle of the room in a semicircle.

The Persian rugs on the floor and the original masters' artwork on the walls and the crystal chandeliers made the four shooters know this was a very special room, only a few would enter, and leave.

The four were thinking how did these twelve pass them and get downstairs so quickly?

The door was closed and locked when the four entered.

The twelve men sat with very stern and hard faces.

They told the four to approach and stand in the circle in front of them.

The four approached.

The twelve men looking very hard and disturbed at the four shooters.

The older man in the middle said, "You were to kill her. Why not?"

Making a gesture with his hand.

The guards could hear the beatings taking place inside.

Finally, the screaming of the four shooters.

This went on for more than an hour.

The door opened.

The twelve men walked out the room and walked down the hallway and exited going up the stairs.

The guards turn to look in the room at the quivering and crying men.

They were lying naked in blood on the floor with their red robes tossed on them.

Tossed on the floor were the broken canes used to beat them.

The three guards looked at each other and said nothing.

They closed the door.

The twelve men were out mingling and laughing with the guests until dark.

Finally, the four shooters were able to get off the floor but couldn't put their clothes on.

They put on their robes and hid outside until they were able to sneak to the black sedan and leave.

The four shooters were more mortified.

They thought this whole thing was a joke.

The driver said, "What have we gotten into?"

The young black man in the back seat – crying – said, "I never let anyone beat me not even my mother."

The older white man in the front seat, "I'll never go back."

The middle aged white man in the back seat, twisting and turning said, "I thought this was a rivalry game sort of thing. I didn't think they actually meant to kill someone, especially her. Just wait until they find out we used fake bullets."

All four men looked at each other and began to scream.

The driver said, in between ouches and geez from his pain, "What are we gonna do? Especially if they find out!"

The young black man, 'I'm leaving. I don't have any friends or relatives here."

The younger white man passenger said, "That's a good idea."

The older white man, "They will find us."

The driver, "They might find you, not me!"

The twelve men are outside with the graduates and guests and a servant walks up to the middle aged man and said, "Pardon me sir, you have a call."

The other eleven looked on.

The man says to his guests; "Please excuse me."

He enters the house and goes into his study.

He locks the door behind him.

He walks across the beautiful hardwood floor he loves and picks up the telephone.

He said, "Hello."

"Yes."

"What?"

"I see."

The man who's back was to the door held his head down and putting his hands onto the desk began to breathe hard and heavy.

Then a knock on the door.

He turned his head and listened.

Then another knock.

He said, "Opened."

He walks back and unlock the door.

The eleven stood on the outside and they entered the room.

They closed the door.

He walked back to his desk.

He slowly turned and sit on the desk.

He crossed his legs and folded his all arms.

Twisting his lips, he held his head down.

The room was quiet.

He said, "Those four who you picked, (pointing to the youngest man), seemed to have used rubber bullets. Now they know it was us."

The eleven stood and said nothing.

Then the oldest man said, "Where are the four now?"

The youngest man said, "Probably leaving town."

The man who was sitting at the desk said, "Who is here that we can use now?"

Looking at the men.

The older man, "That's right because they wouldn't be expecting a second attack."

The man at the desk, "No, only to get her."

The older man, "To get her?"

The youngest man, "We can't kill her now. Then everyone would know we were behind all the rest."

The man in the middle of them said, "I'll go."

The man at the desk said, "Take at least two or three for backup."

The man exits the study and walking out into the hallway, he looks at the six guards and pointed at three of them and said, "Come with me."

They leave the mansion.

The man gets into a brand new black luxury car.

The three guards get into a truck and they exit the mansion under the eyes of the eleven from the study.

The four beaten shooters are packing.

Craig took the sheets off his bed and placed them on the floor.

He took everything out of the closets and tossed on the sheets.

Craig took everything out of the medicine chest and tossed it on the sheets.

Then a knock on his door.

He stopped.

He knew it was them.

Craig tied the sheets up.

He tipped toed to the window and saw a man looking up at his window.

He jumped back.

Craig tried to think.

He dialed 911.

His phone is dead.

Craig started a fire in his apartment which caused the fire alarm to go off.

He was peeping out of the peep hole at his front door but couldn't see anything because they had covered it.

Craig slid his bed in front of the door and grabbed his sheet.

Then he thought about the one outside.

He ran into the kitchen and grabbed his steak knives.

The crashing of the front door shook him.

He was terrified and stood still.

The two rushed into the small apartment and saw the sheets.

They looked out the window, the man outside shrugged his shoulders for no.

The two men pulled out their guns.

The young black man inched backwoods between the refrigerator and stove.

He slowly slid down and was peeping between the refrigerator and wall to get a look at the men.

One of the men was the young man who recruited him to go to the school and sent him on this errand.

His heart was beating so fast and hard, it scared him.

The men walked into the kitchen with guns drawn.

They stood in front of him but did not see him.

The young black man looked at them, then at the refrigerator and down at himself to make sure he was not invisible but still alive.

The younger man said, "Let's go. He's not here."

Looking up at the vent in the ceiling, and then at the vent across from the young black man.

The young black man was so afraid they would turn around and see him, if they checked for another vent.

They walked out of the apartment.

Craig waits until he hears the door closes.

The men were walking by the wall he was hiding out on.

He thought and he crawled across the floor to see their shadows as they passed his kitchen.

He closes his eyes and says, "Thank you JESUS!"

As he lye on the floor, he realized the pain he was in from his beating.

He slowly got up from the floor and hobbled back to the studio area where his bed was.

Craig leaned against the wall and peeped out the window and saw the three talking and looking at his window.

They got into the car and left.

Another car drove up and the young man gave them instructions, while looking up at the apartment window.

The young black man crawled around and went into the sheet and found his cheap set of binoculars he got when he opened an account at the bank.

He got on his knees and crawled to the window.

He focused the lens and looked at the occupants of the car.

The driver was the guy, one of his classmates from the graduation.

He said, "He was all right in class, maybe I can get him to let me go."

Someone said, "No".

Then a thought came to him, and he said, "If he's watching me for them, why didn't they send him today, if he's so good?"

Young black man, "God get me out of this and help that lady they are trying to kill, for whatever reason."

Craig's apartment floor is wet.

He is on his knees and slowly pushes the sheets he had tied to the door.

He cracks the door open and sees the car outside and the outside light was by his door.

He tried to think of how to put the light out.

He took the set of steak knives and began to throw at the light until he hit it.

Craig grin at himself.



The car door was opened; he looked down and saw two white men and a cute black girl he had wanted to talk to.

He said, "Heifer, I'm glad I didn't talk to you."

They were easing across the street when Craig saw them.

He eased out of his apartment, and then remembered he did not have his car keys.

He got up and ran into the apartment to the kitchen counter and got the keys.

Craig said, "That's why they thought I had not left."

He heard gunfire and he ducked.

He cowered down in the kitchen.

Then he realized the police had arrived to answer the fire alarm call.

He heard the police getting out of their cars.

Craig crawled quickly into the living room.

He grabbed his sheets and looked down.

The police had shot the three and they were lying on the ground.

Craig knew he couldn't get up and run because they would shoot him down.

So he thought and quickly pushed his bundle every time the cops didn't look up.

Neighbors came out to see what was happening.

Craig was able to get a good sprint and ran to his car.

As he ran to his car, he looked over at the new sedan parked across the street.

A thought was "NO!"

He threw his tied-up sheets in the car and cranked the old sedan and flew.

While the police were going upstairs to his apartment, the police ran to the rail to see the car that was leaving, but was not able to identify the car to call it in.

Craig had rap music blasting.

He touched his body and realized he was still alive.

He searched the radio stations until he found a gospel radio station.

Craig began to clap and sing with the music, throwing his hands up in the air.

Rocking to the gospel music; he began to laugh and say, "Go JESUS. Go JESUS."

People pulling up next to him thought he was bizarre.

Greg didn't mind.

He knew what had just happened and he knew only Jesus could deliver like that.

But his attention was caught by the red fuel light.

He thought he only have \$20.00.

He drove by the ATM.

He had \$25.00.

Craig said, "Jesus, you got me out of this mess today. Please get me home."

He drove across the street to the gas station and purchased \$25.00 in fuel.

Craig began to praise the Lord and he got onto the expressway to lead to the interstate. He was clapping praising all the time.

And the thought about the woman they were sent to kill crossed his mind.

Craig said, "Lord God, if you could deliver me, you can deliver her."

He continued to clap his hands and sing.

Craig sang and continued to drive until the dawn began to break.

He entered an old dirt road.

As he was driving, he could hear the rooster crowing.

He looked ahead and saw smoke rising out of a chimney.

He pulled up to the house, and getting out of the car, he saw his old friend –

Buck – the family dog who was so old, he moved very slowly and came down the cinder blocks steps to greet his old friend.

The dog hopped upon Craig and Craig petted his old friend.

The elderly couple, his parents, walked out of the house.

Craggy looked up at them and putting Buck down, he grabbed Buck by the collar like he did when he was younger and called for him to run with him into the house and greet Craig's parents.

Buck made his last run up those cinder block steps.

Craig ran and hugged and kissed both of his parents.

They went into the house with Buck.

Closing the door, Craig saw his whole family sitting at the kitchen table waiting for him.

He stood in amazement.

His younger brother who he fought all the time growing up said, "Jesus told us to come and greet you this morning."

He got up and walked over to Craig and fell on his knees and they both cried.

The family said, "Welcome home Craig."

Joey, his younger brother, brought him a seat and Craig sat down.

Craig overwhelmed by all, began to cry.

They set the table with all of his favorite foods; bacon, grits, biscuits, honey, and fried green tomatoes.

Craig told his family he had to tell them what happened.

He began to talk and silence fell on the whole house.

He finished his story and the whole family jumped up and began to praise God for such a magnificent deliverance.

Craig turned to his oldest niece and said, "Don't go here. Stay her where you are safe."

## Chapter 2 - Westwood Academy

### Part B

Stephen – The driver.

He ran into his apartment.

His roommate was sitting looking at the TV with his remote control in his hand.

He was drinking a beer and flipping the remote.

Stephen looked at him and spoke, but his weird acting roommate didn't speak.

Stephen thought he saw a gun sticking out of the sofa pillow next to Ray, his roommate.

He went to the kitchen and there was no more beer.

While looking in the refrigerator, he heard his roommate enter into the kitchen and he heard a click.

The gun went off.

Stephen turned and looked at his roommate who was falling to the floor with the gun in his hand, and blood everywhere.

Stephen stood frozen in terror.

He didn't think, so he reached for the gun but something said, "No."

Stephen nearly touched it.

A thought came to Stephen to run.

Don't touch anything.

Stephen heard footsteps as he was bending down over his roommate.

He sat still and then slowly looked up from his roommate.

He saw under the sofa, a box with a red robe in it.

He said, "How did my robe get in here, it's still in the car."

Then his thought was interrupted by the crashing in of the front door.

Stephen cut off the lights and went crawling across the floor and jumped out of the patio window onto the patio floor.

He rolled and jumped onto the balcony underneath his.

Stephen could hear footsteps running.

He looked up and saw shadows on his patio.

He got to the edge of the patio and began to slide down the rail.

He ran by the pool and was about to open the gate to run out when he heard the gate fly opened and hitting him, he stood still.

He was in much pain but knew he could not cry out.

He saw four men, two of the security guards from the school and two of his fellow classmates.

He was peeping through the wooden rail of the gate and they passed back by him running.

One of his classmates stood by Stephen and it was talking to someone on his cell phone.

He said, "We'll find him sir."

Sirens began to come closer.

The classmate said, "The police sir."

He hangs up.

Stephen recognized the accent of the voice on the other end.

It was the oldest man.

Stephen was holding his breath because he didn't want a sound to be heard.

The classmate ran out of the pool area and joined the three others.

The police pulled up and some of the residents ran out of their units.

Stephen stood still and then started yelling.

He yelled, "There they go! There they go!."

Pointing out at the four.

The residents began to follow Stephen.

Yelling to the police, "There they go."

The police ran pass the crowd and encountered heavy gunfire.

Stephen, stumbling, covering his head, ran from that side of the pool gate over to the other side with the residents running for cover.

Stephen ran outside with some more residents as police backed up came.

The police, pulling their guns on Stephen and the residents, told them to stop.

The residents stopped with their hands up and said, "They are over there."

The police heard the gunfire and said to the residents, "Don't move".

A one year old baby had gotten out of her house and was walking across by the pool crying.

Stephen saw the baby and ran and grabbed the baby as she fell into the pool.

The young mother, who was running with Steven, had forgotten all about her baby.

The police helped Stephen out of the pool and the gunfire continued.

Stephen and the mother and child ran out of the complex with the other residents, across the street.

Stephen was looking around.

He slipped to his car and was trying to hot wire it because he thought he left the keys in the apartment.

Stephen looked up and saw the police entering his apartment.

Stephen began to bang his head on the seat.

Then he, for some reason unknown to him, began to mumble his childhood prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to take, and if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Then his hands fell down to his sides and he felt the keys.

He couldn't believe it.

He was so nervous that when he put his hand into his pockets, he dropped the keys on the side of the seat.

He closed his eyes and began to exhale.

He felt on the side of the seat and cracking his car door open he got the keys.

Stephen started the car, and not cutting on the lights, eased the car out of the parking lot and continued down the street for more than a block.



As he drove past the crowd, the young mother whose baby he saved saw him leave.

She didn't tell anyone but watched him as he drove by the crowded street, and no one saw him.

The police set up a road block just as Stephen was approaching.

So he veered and went down an alley and came out on the next street.

He smiled to himself and began to laugh.

He said, "Wow wee, thank God. Thank the Lord."

He continued to drive and said, "Where am I to go? My mom and dad are dead and I have no living relative?"

He felt he should keep driving.

He got to the interstate and sat there for a moment, and to the cars started blowing their horns.

He felt in his heart to go left.

He turned and left.

He turned on the radio and heard the news that a gunfight left two officers injured and four assailants dead.

Stephen began to think, "What was all of that about? God, I have had such a bad life to be as young as I am. My mom and dad both died together in a car accident when I was twelve. Leaving just me and my daddy's mama. She lived with cancer for six years (the doctors said she would have been dead in three), but she held on to get me through school. The week after I finished high school,

she died and leaving no one left out of two family's but me. I am a piss poor remnant for a descendant."

He cried all the way until he ran out of gas.

He pulled over and sat there and cried until dawn.

Feeling alone and unworthy, he sat and looked around to see where he was.

But he couldn't tell by the signs.

He got out of the car and pulled out his wallet and had \$17.00.

He said, "Where am I?"

He looked at his watch; he had driven over six hours.

Stephen cut the car on to see how many miles; it showed over 400 miles.

He could not figure it out.

He got out of the car and closed the door and got the gas can out of the trunk.

Locking the car, he began to continue to walk alongside the highway.

It was early morning, the sun had just started to peek through the night sky.

People passed by and blew their horns.

Stephen did know why they were blowing their horns.

All he could think of was how much trouble he would be in if those people whoever they are ever found him.

He said, "Boy, I hope the others are able to get away."

He made it to a gas station and got a gallon of gas.

He saw a help wanted sign and just ask the man out of curiosity, "Where is this place? What's the name of this city?"

The cashier looked at him and said, "It's University City. The three best universities in the state are here."

Stephen paid for his gas.

Walking back to his car he said, "It's funny to end up in a college town. My mom and dad and grandma always told me to get an education. I wonder if I am far enough away to be safe?"

Stephen had driven all night out of his state across the top of two other states.

He poured the gas into his car tank and jumped at every car that passed him.

He drove back to the gas station and used the rest of the money to put gas in his tank.

He asked the cashier, looking at the 'for help sign,' "Do you think I can get a job here? Even if it's just for a little while?"

The gas station was connected to a diner.

The cashier told Stephen to go over to the diner and, "Tell Salli I said to give you something to eat. And take this application to fill out. I'll be over there after while."

Stephen looked at the cashier, a man in his late fifties, and couldn't understand why he was being so nice.

The cashier looking at Stephen said, "Go on over there, I'll be there soon."

The man was handing Stephen the application.

Steve took the application and was looking at the man as he walked over to the diner.

Stephen walked into the diner and up to the counter.

He said, "Are you Salli?"

A voice behind him said, "No. I'm Salli."

Stephen turned to see a cheerful young lady with a uniform on standing behind him.

He was caught by surprise.

And he smiled at her.

She stood and smile back nervously and said, "Can I help you?"

Stephen started stuttering, which caused the older cashier to laugh.

He said, pointing to the door, "The man at the gas station told me to tell you to give me something to eat."

Salli, "What you like?"

Stephen hunching up his shoulders.

Salli, "Well, go over there and sit at a table. I'll bring you a menu."

Stephen walked slowly over to a table under the watchful eyes of Salli and the older cashier.

Salli picked up a menu and looked at the older cashier and walked over to the table.

Stephen was sitting looking over the job application.

Salli walked up and said, "Here's the menu."

He jumped and took the menu.

She walked away and told the older cashier, "He's a jumpy thang."

Stephen waited a few minutes and looked up at Salli who walked over.

Salli, "Yes. What's your order?"

Stephen, "Can I have a big breakfast with coffee, juice and water?"

Salli raise her eyebrows.

Stephen felt embarrassed.

But was starving.

He hadn't eaten since last morning.

Stephen said to Salli, "Too much?"

Salli, "How you want your eggs?"

Stephen nervous said, "Over easy."

About 10 minutes later Salli brought Stephen the big breakfast.

Stephen nervous, patting his jacket pocket, looked up at Salli and said, "Do you have a pen?"

Salli looked at him.

Stephen, "For the application."

Salli handed him a pen and walked away.

By that time, people had started to come into the diner for their usual Saturday morning specials.

The place filled up quickly.

Stephen was oblivious to them.

He tried to fill out the application but couldn't.

He pushed it away from him in frustration.

At the same time, the cashier from the gas station was sitting down at the table with him.

Salli and the older cashier were watching.

The cashier from the gas station looked up at them.

He said, "Can I get a cup of coffee, black with one cream?"

Cashier, "Sure."

Salli brought the cup of coffee and stood at the table.

The cashier looked at the half completed page of the application and Stephen who was eating with a despondent look on his face.

The man said, "You haven't eaten in awhile have you?"

Stephen stopped chewing looking down at his food and not the man.

The man said, "Son what is it? What is bothering you?"

Stephen attempted to get up.

The man caught him by the hand and said, "Sit."

Salli jumped back from the table in case there was trouble.

Some of the diners were waving to get her attention.

Salli turned and said, "In a minute please."

The diners looked at Sallie and were appalled.

Salli managed a smile.

She turned her head back to the table where the men were.

Stephen said, "I can't fill out the application."

The man taking the application said, "You can read and write. What, the part about relatives?"

Stephen began to cry.

The man looked at Salli.

Salli stood.

The man said, "Salli, please go and wait on your customers."

Salli being hesitant, the man looked around at her and she walked off to attend to the customers.

The older cashier was watching.

Salli placed the customers' orders and walked over to the older cashier.

She rehearsed what was said.

Salli walked back over to the table with coffee but she stopped and listened.

Stephen told the man the story of his life.

Stephen didn't know why he told him.

But he broke down and cried.

He even told him about the school and all the horror of the last evening.

Salli missed that part because she had to pick up orders.

She relayed the story to the older cashier, who was swamped with coffee orders.

The man looked up at Salli and the cashier.

He said to Stephen, "I'm Preacher Thompson. That's my wife Sue and my daughter Salli. I own the gas station and this diner. I need help on Sunday's and Friday and Saturday nights. I have a room with a bed and a separate bathroom that I used to sleep in on the weekends. You stay there."

Salli backs up to hear that part.

Salli, "But daddy, we don't know him. He could be a killer on something."

The man looked at Salli.

Salli turned and said, "Mom."

The older cashier looked up and rang her last customer and walked over to the table.

Salli said, "Dad just told this stranger he could stay in the room at the gas station."

Sue looked at her daughter, then her husband and very long at Stephen.

She held Salli by her shoulders and hugged her.

She whispered to Salli, "Dear, if your father offered, he heard from God. Let's not block our blessings."

She walked away and continued to wait on the customer's.

Salli pouting, turned to the demanding customers and put on a fake smile.



She walked and took additional orders.

Stephen and Preacher Thompson sat in silence.

Then they got up.

Stephen drove his car around the back out of sight.

He freshened up and took a nap.

When he woke it was pass noon.

Preacher Thompson showed him around and explained how everything worked.

He was leaving for the day and as he walked from the counter, he handed

Stephen a bible.

Stephen held it in his hand.

Preacher Thompson, "Please read it. You know He brought you here."

Stephen holding the bible, looked up at Preacher Thompson, and began to cry.

Preacher Thompson left.

He stopped and picked up Salli and his wife Sue.

Stephen standing, looking out the window at the little, but happy family.

## Chapter 2 - Westwood Academy

### Part C

Joe, the older white man, was the last to be dropped off by Stephen.

He got out of Stephen's car.

Not looking back at Stephen.

He ran and unhitched the small trailer from his beat-up-truck.

He looked around and called his dog, Maxx.

Maxx was out in the woods and heard Joe call him.

Maxx ran out of the woods.

Stephen pulls off and speeds away.

Joe thought, "I should have told him bye."

Maxx runs to Joe.

Joe bends down and rubs Maxx ears.

He runs and gets Maxx's bowl, and food.

He runs inside his trailer and only grabs what he could carry and turning the lights off, he ran and throw the things into his truck.

Maxx began to growl.

Joe stops and looks; he saw lights about a mile away.

He yelled to Maxx, "Come on boy."

And jumped into his truck.

Maxx stood and growled, then barked.

Joe cranks up the truck and pulls away, calling for Maxx.

Maxx runs after the truck and jumps into the back.

Joe laughs and three jeeps surround him.

Six men and two women jump out with guns. Six of them, four men and the two women were in his self-esteem classes.

Joe looking at them couldn't believe what was happening.

He sat there.

Maxx barking.

Maxx jumped out of the truck and ran and attacked one of the men with the gun.

The others shot Maxx.

Joe frozen in terror couldn't move, he couldn't think; not even to help Maxx.

He closed his eyes, leaning his head back onto the seat of the truck.

He knew he was dead and he heard bullets rip through his car.

He thought, "God help!"

A thought came to him to hit the gas.

He hit the gas and ran over the two women.

And he hitting their cars kept his feet on the gas.

He lifted his head up and saw blood on his windshield.

He heard bullets ripping out his windows.

Blood was flowing down his face.

He knew he was hit but couldn't feel the pain.

He kept driving across the wooded area.

He was driving alongside the expressway and saw he could enter onto the expressway.

He pulled his truck onto the expressway followed by the three jeeps.

The truck and the jeeps were entering into the flow of early evening traffic.

Joe got over into the extreme left hand lane and was speeding away.

Two of the jeeps managed to get over behind him.

One jeep drove ahead trying to get over and block Joe in.

Joe thought, "Oh God!"

The jeep that pulled ahead got over in front of Joe.

Joe thought and hit his brakes and quickly moved to the next lane.

The jeep behind hit their brakes, but hit the jeep that was in front of Joe, slowing them down.

Joe's mind led him to get all the way over and exit.

He looked back and crossing the lanes, he exited and was speeding down a street, then looking up, the three jeeps were closing in and riders in the jeep began to shoot at Joe.

It was Friday and the police had set up road blocks to check for speeders, licenses and alcohol, when they heard the gun fire.

Joe saw the police who was standing looking.

Joe didn't know what to do.

The police pulled out their guns and then the three jeeps came into their view, where they were closing in on Joe and firing their weapons.

Joe quickly made a U-turn in front of one of the jeeps and the police opened fire on the jeeps.

Joe crossed the barrier and got back onto the expressway and took the interstate.

He didn't stop driving until his car ran out of gas.

He drove to a gas station jumped out, used his card and filled up his tank.

Then he sped away.

The other customers were looking at his bleeding body and the blood coming from his truck.

Joe realized he had to wash the blood from his truck.

He saw a car wash immediately to his right.

He pulled over and searched for the two dollars.

He washed his truck and used the water to wash the blood from himself.

People were staring at Joe because he had no windows and his truck was shot up.

He had no tag on the truck.

Joe quickly jumped into the truck and made it back to the interstate.

He thought, "I'm glad I had that gift card for the gas. Hopefully, they can't trace me. And poor Maxx. He tried to save me. I could not move or think. I don't understand why I was frozen like that. I served in the military. I never froze. What caused me to freeze and not help Maxx?"

Joe was constantly looking up and out of his windows for the jeeps or anything that could cause him danger.

He didn't see anything but a few eighteen wheelers on the long stretch of the interstate.

Then Joe started to look around.

He said, "Where in the world am I? I guess when you're scared you just go."

Joe's truck began to slow and he had run out of gas.

He looked and hit his gauge and said, "They must have shot it."

He was beginning to become discouraged and he placed his head on the steering wheel and said, "Oh God."

He then lift his head up and turning it, he saw a gas/fuel sign.

Joe blinked and said, "I didn't see that before."

He turned off the interstate and was able to get close to the gas station before the truck stopped.

He got out and pushed the truck a block to the gas station.

Others passed by and looked at him.

One man, Luke pulled up and said, "You need some help?"

Joel thought, yeah I need help, but answered and said, "No sir."

Luke (and elderly black man in his late sixties) looked at Joel and said, "You could hook it up to my truck and I can pull you in."

Joe thought that was a good idea.

But he could see the gas station.

And said no thanks.

Joe hated Black Americans, and he wanted nothing to do with Black people.

He hated Craig but had to go on their mission because the masters told them they were specifically chosen for this great honor.

Luke looked at Joe hate fill eyes and he saw he didn't want help from a Black person.

Luke was angry and drove away.

Luke said, "I hope that truck burst your gut, you racist."

Luke said, "Forgive me Lord, but You know better than I do why they hate us like they do. He was looking like death with a shot up truck and no one else stopped or offered him help. He thought, when I stopped trying to be a good Samaritan, look how I was treated, like I was not good enough to help that evil racist."

Luke pulls up to the gas station still fussing and filling up his tank.

He said, "He ought to be here now. Stop Luke, why are you concerned about that racist. Lord, help me because I'm not going to hell with all the rest of the racists."

At that time, he saw the tip of the truck.

He watched until Joe had pushed it up to the pump.

Jerold was out of breath and looking whipped.

Luke looking at Joe, "Serves him right."

He gets into his truck and pulls out.

He gets to the exit and Luke's heart convicted him.

He bowed his head and said, "What Lord? What do you want me to do?"

In Luke's mind flashed a twenty dollar bill.

Luke said, "Lord, you want me to give my last dollar, that I worked all day for to that racist?"

Luke began to cry.

He pulled his truck over.

Luke said, "Lord, you saw how hard I worked today for those fifty dollars. I filled up my tank and only have these twenty dollars left. But you want me to take my very last and give it to him. After all, he and his white people have done to me? It almost seem as though You favor them over us, but I know that can't be true, because You have no favorite."

But some whites passed by Luke and sneered at him.

A few Hispanics smirked at him, and a Middle Eastern couple passed by him and the woman stuck her tongue out at him.

She and the man laughed and pulled away.

Luke looked up to the heavens and did not say anything else to God.

And his eyes caught Joe leaving out of the gas station.

Luke got out of his truck and opening up his wallet, he took out the crisp twenty dollar bill.

He replaced his wallet in his back pocket.



He walked over to Joe.

Joe saw Luke.

Joe turned his head and said, "Why don't he leave me the hell along?"

Luke said nothing and handed Joe the twenty dollar bill.

Joe looked at the twenty dollar bill and turned his head.

Luke placed it on the truck and looked at Joe very hard.

Joe said, "I don't want your damn money."

As Luke was walking away with his head down, people were watching and smiling to shame Luke.

Luke stopped and wanted to go back and bust Joe in the face and take his money back.

But Luke thought about the vision that showed him the twenty dollars. Luke hurriedly walked away because his common sense was giving away to his rage. Luke got into his truck and drove away.

Joe took the twenty dollar bill and threw it in the trash.

Luke began to think back over his life; about how he was always blocked from doing things because he was a black American. He thought about how the racist white cops were mad he had bought his only son a used car. The police said he ran a red light and they tried to pull him over but he wouldn't stop and they

opened fire on his son and killed him in his own car because the racists didn't want to see a black with anything. Now the Lord told him to give his last to that type of person.

Luke didn't pray or utter anything to God but drove up to a little cement house. He walked inside and his blind and sick wife was sitting up in bed waiting for him. Hattie said, "Luke? Is that you? I sure do hope you brought me a fish sandwich from Sam's tonight. I hadn't had anything all day. I couldn't take no medicine. Luke?"

Luke turned and laid upon his front door.

He was so hurt that his beloved wife had gone hungry all day and didn't have any medicine.

All she wanted was a three-dollar fish sandwich.

Luke was thinking how when Luke Jr.'s mother left with a drug dealer when Luke Jr. was only two and a half and how Hattie came into their lives and worked hard with him.

He remembered how she stood by him after the police had killed their son and people were talking about them and putting them down.

Hattie came down with sugar, which took her eye- sight and her kidneys had started giving her trouble and she had to have a leg amputated because of all the sicknesses.

Then she had infections because the doctors didn't do the surgeries right. All of this, she had been through.

Luke could only say, "I couldn't get her a fish sandwich. What kind of God would..."

Before he could finish his sentence, there was a knock on the door.

Luke was crying.

Hattie heard Luke crying and knew Luke didn't have the sandwich and his heart must have been broken and hurt.

Luke stood off the door.

The knocking continued.

Hattie, "Luke, you gonna answer that?"

Luke dried his face with his shirt sleeve and opened the door.

It was the teenager that worked at Sam's on the weekend.

A car was parked outside, and it was his mom.

The teenager handed Luke a brown bag and said, "My mom wanted you to have this. She saw you gave your money to that white man who threw it in the trash."

Luke did not see Joe throw the money into the trash.

Teenager, "I told her you come by every Friday night and buy a fish sandwich for your sick wife and never have enough for two and you hadn't been by tonight.

So we figured you didn't have it."

Luke standing with tears flowing down his face.

His lips trembling.

The teenage boy's mother was peeping from the car.

The teenager said, "Oh, mom said come by the pharmacy to pick up you wife's medicine. She paid for all it tonight when she picked me up."

Luke stumbling to speak, "How did you know where I live?"

Teenager, "Jesus told us."

Luke burst out sobbing.

The teenager's mother getting out of the car, looking over the hood, saw Luke's crying.

Luke reached his hand to touch the teenager but was overwhelmed.

The teenager was so overwhelmed he turned and ran to the car.

The teenager's mother saw what was happening and she began to cry.

Hattie had gotten out of the bed and into her wheelchair and was rolling into the liver room.

She tried to peep pass Luke to see if she could see the lady at the car and teenager getting into the car.

They drove off.

Hattie looked up towards her common law husband of forty years and she heard his pain and agony.

She smelled the fish sandwich.

Hattie, "Luke, close the door and let's eat."

Luke, closing the door, fell down on his knees by Hattie and said, "I nearly cursed God tonight. He told me to give my last twenty dollars to this racist I tried to help. And you were here all day with no food or medicine. I couldn't in my mind believe He would bless a racist over us."

Hattie rubbing her husband's head said, "Luke can we get married? You won't be a bigamist and things will be right with God."

Luke laughs because he always felt he would be a bigamist.

Luke, "Sure Hattie, you deserve to be dignified."

They laugh.

Luke gets up and pushes Hattie to the table and opening the bag, there were two fish sandwiches and slaw.

They laughed and enjoyed their meal today.

Joe after getting his gas looked up and saw a nineteen dollar and ninety five cent motel.

He went across the street and asked the clerk for a room.

They told him he had to pay a night deposit.

Joe realized he only had \$20.00.

A thought came to him he had thrown the \$20.00 into the trash.

Joe ran out of the motel across the street into the garbage can.

He searched until he found Luke's \$20.00 bill.

Joe ran back across the street to the motel.

The clerk, a black woman, gave Joe a key.

He snatched the key from her and he went around back to his room.

He entered and showered and slept until 8:00 AM.

He gets up and goes to the lobby and seeing the pancake house, goes to his car and counts his change.

He walked to the pancake house and ordered coffee and toast.

He sat and looked around at the crowd of people.

It was a mixed crowd of people, some white, some black, and Asians.

As he had swirled to get up, he saw Luke's old truck entering the drugstore next to the gas station.

Luke gets out and goes over to the passenger side and gets out a wheelchair.

He helps Hattie out of the vehicle.

Luke pushes Hattie into the pharmacy.

They entered and to pick up the prescriptions.

Luke and Hattie went over all the medications and wrote down the instructions.

The pharmacist gave them his telephone number to call.

Pharmacist, "That's three hundred twenty three dollars and seventeen cents."

Hattie's and Luke's mouths dropped opened.

Luke said, "Sir, did someone pay for this medicine?"

Pharmacist, "Yes, Jesus."

Luke stood and looked at the man.

The pharmacist smiled and said, "My wife."

Luke and Hattie said thank you.

They left and Luke helped Hattie into the truck and handed her the medicine.

He put the wheelchair in the back.

Luke said, "Next stop marriage license."

Hattie began to clap her hands and say, "Goodie, goodie."

She stopped and said, "Luke, are they opened on Saturdays?"

Luke, "We'll see, if they ain't, we'll just come back Monday."

Hattie, "What about work on Monday?"

Luke, "Hattie, God is finally blessing us. I'm not going to let work or anything else block or stop these blessings. Those twenty dollars was just a test to see if I would obey Him. He knew how much it might be for me to give you a fish sandwich every Friday. Look what He did. He gave us both fish sandwiches, slaw and all of your medicine which would have taken me a month or so to get."

Hattie clapping her hands; "Luke turn that song up."

She loved that gospel song about the nobody told her it would be easy.

She and Luke began to sing the song.

Luke began to hum in his deep bass voice.

Luke backed out of the drug store parking lot as Joe looked on.

Joe saw a sign in the drug store window.

He walked over to the drug store and saw the sign said, "Employment Now."

He walked in and looked at the young black girl at the register.

Joe said, "Where do I get the job application?"

The young black girl clerk said, "Good morning."

Joe didn't speak.

The pharmacist standing behind the clerk, putting up some items, heard it, but kept busy.

The clerk sniffles.

The clerk, "Sir, the applications are in the back at the pharmacy."

Joe turns and walks towards the back.

The pharmacist turns to the clerk and said, "Honey, there are a lot of white people in the world like him, but there are a lot more white people in the world like me. Don't cry over this. Now get back to work."

The girl smiles.

The pharmacist smiles.

The clerk, "Next. Good morning."

White female patron, "Good morning dear."

Pharmacist walks to the back where Joe walked.

He walks up and thinking about what his son told him about Luke and Hattie, his heart was filled with joy that morning. He looked at Joe and said, "You're here for a job application?"

Joe, "Yes Sir."

Pharmacist thinking, "You can yes sir me, but don't show any common courtesy to that child."

The pharmacist asked, "Are you from around here?"



Joe, "No sir, I just got here last night. It would be good for me to get some work quickly."

Pharmacist had a thought and said, this must be the guy my wife told me about.

The pharmacist handed Joe the application.

Joel sat down and completed the application.

The pharmacist was waiting on his customers, black and white with no disparity.

He was kind and friendly to them all.

Joe would occasionally look up at him and the customers.

Joe finished his application and walked up in front of a young black man and handed the application to the pharmacist.

The young black man, "What's your problem?"

The pharmacist looked at the application and said, "Joe, come with me."

Pharmacist said to the young black man, "Pardon me for a moment."

Young black patron, "You need to talk to that fool."

Joe smirked and follows the pharmacist.

The pharmacist took Joe to his office.

The patrons were looking on.

Pharmacist, "Sit down Joe."

He sat at his desk.

He looked over Joe's application, but he was praying all the time.

He said, "I need someone on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday to clean up and help to stock the merchandise. I pay seven dollars and fifty cents an hour. You will work 8 hours per day."

Joe, "You got it."

Pharmacist, "Joe, I tolerate no racism here. You either leave it outside or don't come here at all. Do you understand me?"

Joe, "Yes sir."

Pharmacist, "God led you here to me. I don't know why. So you have been referred to me by Jesus. Don't mess up."

Joe sat and stared at the pharmacist. Not knowing what to think or believe or say.

Pharmacist, "Monday morning at 7:00 AM."

The pharmacist stands and holds out his hand to shake Joe's hand.

Joe slowly gets up and reaches to shake the pharmacist hand.

The pharmacist leads him out his office.

The young black man patron was walking and looking down at his bag of medicines when he and Joe nearly collided.

The pharmacist and his staff stopped to look at the situation.

Something held Joe and he stopped to allow the young black patron to exit.

The young black man, looking at the young clerk, said, "See you later little sis."

The young clerk smiled.

Joe walked out behind the young black man.

Joe was baffled.

He crossed the street and went back to the motel.

He entered the motel.

Joe walked up to the counter and said to the clerk, "Can I stay here on a weekly basis until I can find me somewhere?"

The clerk said, "Yes."

Joe, "I got a job at the pharmacy across the street, pointing backwards. Can I do a credit until I get paid?"

The clerk said, "I have to call the owner."

The clerk picked up the phone and called the owner.

Clerk was speaking to the owner and said, "Yes sir. Yes sir."

The clerk hangs up the phone, looked at Joe and said, "He said yes."

Joe didn't say thank you or anything.

The clerk looked at him, as he went to his room.

The pharmacist hangs up the phone from the clerk and continues waiting on his customers.

## Chapter 2 - Westwood Academy

### Part D

George, the white male sitting in the back of the sedan was dropped off first.

He ran into the house he was sharing with three more men.

He looked around.

The TV was on but no other sound in the house.

George heard a squeak of a floorboard upstairs.

He stood still.

He looked from left to right.

He looked at the windows and doors.

George could not see if the backdoor was locked or not.

George stood still.

He could not think.

He did know what to do.

He said, "If I can make it to the sofa and get my bag..."

George said, "I need help."

He slowly tiptoed to the sofa, looking at the windows and the doors.

He heard the floorboards upstairs squeak again.

He ran and slid under the sofa.

He opened the sofa.

He opened the raggedy sofa up from the bottom.

He heard footsteps running down the stairs and saw his roommate shoes enter from the back yard.

The room was filled with several people.

George thought and he eased up into the broken down sofa, where he hid his bag of valuables.

He took the lining and held it close to him.

He was breathing hard and knew they could hear him.

He lies there hoping no one would sit on the sofa.

George heard people running throughout the house, looking and searching everywhere.

Then they flip the sofa over.

George knew they saw him.

They didn't say anything.

One said to his roommate, "Are you sure he said he was coming straight home?"

His roommate, Donnie, said, "Yes sir."

One of the six men said, "Well, he's not here, is he?"

Roommate, "Well, who came in the house?"

George thinking, "You punk, so and so."

The other man, "Let's go."

George laid still with his eyes closed.

He heard footsteps walk out of the house and slammed the door.

George still breathing heavy and scared to death, couldn't move.

He heard someone walking around and he knew it had to be his roommate Donnie.

George lay there and he thought, "Donnie was a part of this from the beginning before I even went to take those classes. He set me up. I wish I can take him. Oh God, I need you to show me how to get out of this."

George continued to lay still.

Donnie was continuously walking around the house.

Then George began to listen to Donnie.

He knew where he was standing; he knew the direction he was walking.

The phone rang.

George thought, "I can make a break for it."

Then a thought came, "Supposed he has a gun or the door is locked."

Donnie answering the phone said, "Hello. No Sir."

Donnie hangs up the phone and he sits on the top of the sofa bottom.

George thought he heard, "Now!"

George flew from under the sofa and knocked Donnie down.

He grabbed a shocked and scared Donnie and began to beat him.

Donnie yelled, "Help!"

Then George knew the others were still around.

George covered Donnie's mouth with his hand and got on his knees and dragged Donnie into the kitchen where they fought some more.

George took the dirty dish cloth and stuffed it into Donnie's mouth and beating Donnie's head on the floor, he was able to tie Donnie's hands and feet.

He pulled Donnie and threw him into the cupboard.

Donnie began to bang on the door with his head.

George was amazed at how of Donnie would not give up.

He knew then this was serious business.

He pulled open the kitchen door and got a small knife out.

George ran and picked up his bag and opened it.

He checked all the contents.

He put the knife in his pocket.

He cracked the back door.

Then he ran and went out of the kitchen window.

He closed it back and ran across the back yard.

George jumped the fence next door.

He was peeping through the hole in the wooden fence to watch the people.

He normally would peek through the fence when the couple would be nude in their backyard.

He watched the shadows of the men run throughout the house.

Then two came outside and was walking next to the fence.

George fell back on the fence and was holding his breath.

The men stood and stepped onto the fence and looked but did not see George underneath them.

George heard the city bus up the street.

George thought, "If I can make it to the street."

He began to a crawl very fast along the wooden fence.

He took his bag and threw it over his shoulders.

When he got to the end of the fence, he saw the two cars parked on the corner.

The city bus was approaching.

The bus was passing the men who were outside looking and didn't see George.

George ran behind the bus and was running on the side of the bus opposite the house.

Only a few people on the bus saw George running.

They pulled the bell for the bus driver to stop.

When the bus stopped at the next stop, George began to run in a direct line in front of the bus to keep from being seen from his house.

The men did not see George, but only the people getting on and off the bus.

George ran down the street and turned the curve, nearly falling down.

The people on the bus knowing he must have been running from something or somebody.

One lady on the bus said, "God, help him if he is innocent."

George made it to an underpass.

He sat down and caught his breath.

He did know what to do, he had no immediate family are friends.



He said, "I can't go anywhere. I can't bring this to innocent people."

George had no money.

He had taken Donnie's credit card when he was beating him.

He saw a store with a sign for credit cards.

George could hardly move because of the excruciating pain from his beating and the additional trauma his body had just received.

George sat there and very slowly got up.

He turned to see where he was and saw the bus station.

He looked back at the store with the credit card signs.

He walked over to the store, crossing the street he would duck and hide when he saw a car.

George walked and saw where the store sold bus tickets.

George thought, "How can they sale tickets? Why bus tickets when the bus station is across the street?"

George walked up and said, "What city do you sell tickets to?"

Cashier, "Are you a cop?"

George bucking his eyes, "No."

Cashier, "Where ever you want to go."

George, "if I use a credit card, will the credit card show the city I purchased the ticket to?"

Cashier, "Not if you don't want it to. That will be extra."

George, "Can you block the card from being traced?"

Cashier winked his eye at George.

George, "What if I want cash from the card?"

Cashier, "Extra."

George, "Can you check the limit?"

He reaches the cashier the credit card.

Cashier, "Wow, pay dirt, seventeen hundred dollars."

George, "Where did he get that kind of money?"

Cashier, "What's your pleasure?"

George, "Give me a ticket to California that leaves now, and take the extra out. I need the rest of it cash and take the extra."

Cashier, "Here's your ticket to California and seven hundred dollars cash."

George, "Thanks."

He gave the cashier the credit card.

He walked out of the door.

George watching and looking around him, trots to the bus station and seeing the bus loading passengers, runs up.

The bus driver looks at George, "Do you have a ticket?"

George hands the driver his ticket which the driver electronically scans and handing the ticket back to George said, "Okay. Where's your food and water?"

George, "I'll be okay."

The bus driver, "We don't stop for ten hours."

George started looking around.

The bus driver said, "You can go inside or to the corner and get something. You have ten minutes."

George started to go inside the bus terminal, but something said no.

Then the corner store flashed in his mind.

He ran across the barrier and into the store just as the two cars passed by and went towards the store.

George said, "God, that was quick."

He grabbed some water, juice and a loaf of bread.

The cashier looked at him and said, "Ten dollars and twelve cents."

George looked down and said, "What?"

The cashier eyed him.

George saw the bus pulling out.

He threw the twenty on the counter and grabbed his stuff and ran towards the bus.

The bus driver stopped the bus and George jumped on.

The bus driver got off and went into the store.

George yelled, "Tell her to give you my change."

The bus driver did not look back.

The patrons on the bus looked at a black and blue George.

He passed them and found a seat in the back.

He went into the restroom.

While he was in the restroom, two of the men boarded and was going up and down the aisle.

The patrons were looking at them.

The bus driver entered the bus and he saw the two men.

The men exited the bus without saying anything to the bus driver.

The bus driver looked around and sat down.

George was emerging out of the restroom with his food and bag.

The bus driver looked up at him in the mirror and said, "Come here."

George walked up to the bus driver.

The bus driver said, "That's your nine dollars and eighty-eight cents the cashier sent. Two men in black just got off my bus. Were they looking for you?"

George being flipped and smart tongue said, "I don't know any guy that would be looking for me."

Then he smirked.

The bus driver looked up at George with a mean look and said, "I'm responsible for all of these people on this bus. I will put you off. I will not have you place any of these people in jeopardy. You understand me?"

George swallowed and said, "Yes sir."

He looked at the babies and kids.

Bus driver, "You answer me boy."

George, "They probably were looking for me, but I swear to you, I have done nothing wrong."

Bus driver looked hard at George, "Take a seat."

George turns and goes to the back.

The bus driver said, "No, up here."

George looks at the bus driver and walks back and sits at the first seat.

The bus driver looks at George.

George swallows.

The bus driver pulls off.

They see the two men entering the terminal.

The bus driver looks at George.

He cuts off the lights.

George was looking at the long highway for hours in silence.

Thinking back over his life and what happened that evening; he knew he had to make some changes.

He just didn't know what changes nor how.

George looked up and saw a small cross over the bus driver's window.

He stared at the cross.

The bus driver turned and saw George and following George's eyes he saw the cross.

The bus driver kept driving.

George continued to stare at the cross.

The bus driver did not know what to say if anything.

George fell asleep and was snoring so loudly that the patrons complained to the bus driver.

The bus driver laughed and said, "Sir, Sir."

He stopped the bus and pulled over.

He got up and tapped George on the shoulder.

George turning over onto his side continued to snore.

The bus driver started to laugh.

The man sitting by the window next to a George elbowed him and pushed his head from him.

The bus driver grabbed George by the arms and said, "Wake up. You are disturbing the rest of the patrons."

George startled, said, "What?"

The patrons began to yell at him. "Nobody can sleep for you."

George, "Okay."

He leans back and goes to sleep.

The bus driver sits down and started the bus up.

He pulls into early morning traffic and continues for another hour.

He pulls into the bus terminal.

George wakes up.

He looks around.

He sits and stares blankly out of the window. He said, "This is the start of my new life."

The patrons were exiting the bus.

The bus driver was standing at the door, saying goodbye to the patrons.

The bus driver got on the bus to check and make sure all patrons were off and that they left nothing on the bus.

He passed George who sat there looking out of the window.

The bus driver walked up front and said, "If you want to go back you have to pay an additional fare."

George faked a smile.

George said, "What does that mean?" looking at the cross.

The bus driver, "The cross?"

George nodding his head for yes..

The bus driver, "It means different things to different people."

George didn't blink.

The bus driver, "It means JESUS CHRIST gave up his life, and was counted with the sinners, so I can be forgiven for my sins and have a new life in HIM."

George, "A new life."

The bus driver looked at George.

He went to his seat and got his overnight bag.

He turned to George and said, "Come on. I'll buy you breakfast."

George got off the bus and walked into the bus terminal but stood by the door to keep the security cameras from picking him up.

The bus driver noticed.

He checked out and walked back to George and they left.

They walked a couple of blocks and sat at a very nice restaurant and had breakfast.

George kept rehearsing the words, "New life," over in his head.

The bus driver told George, "This is a big city. You can get lost here."

The bus driver wrote on a napkin.

He said, "This is an address of a nice rooming house. Miss Lucille, she doesn't take no stuff. Don't start any trouble and you will do fine."

George takes the address.

The bus driver getting up, said, "Always remember the Cross."

George looked up at the bus driver and saw his wings on his uniform.

He smiled and said, "Thank you."

The bus driver leaves.

George watches him as he disappears in the crowd.

He laughs.

George asked the waitress for a phone book.

She points at a telephone booth.

He walks over with his stuff.

He looks in the telephone book and then he calls a cab.

The cab comes and picks him up and drops George off at the "Room for Rent" complex.

He said, "Thanks bus driver, but no thanks. I'll follow the CROSS."

Looking back across the bay, it was early evening.



George switched cabs and caught a local bus to another city 200 miles away.

TWO CARS OF MEN RUNNING INTO MS. LUCILLE'S ROOMING HOUSE.

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## Chapter 3

### Westwood Academy

Meanwhile back across town, at the Westwood Academy, the fake ceremony had been concluded.

Everyone was in the snack area having punch and cookies, and returning their robes to the registrar, Mrs. Chelsa.

Dean Stewart walked over to Danny, the guy from the parking lot with five children, and said, "I'm glad you decided to stay. Have you looked at your certificate?"

Dean Stewart stood in the middle of the snack bar and clapped his hands.

He said, "May I have your attention please, please?"

Everyone became quiet.

I gave the two toddlers cookies to keep them quiet.

Dean Stewart, "There are 25 of you. Representing the 25 years this academy has been in business. Each of your certificates is our unique to you alone. The faculty and I pondered over these the past several months. Please open and look at your certificates."

Everyone stopped and opened the blank certificates.

It was total silence.

Then Dean Stewart, the faculty and staff began to laugh.

I didn't see anything funny about it.

But the students looked at one another.

The faculty and staff began to clap.

Dean Stewart said, "You are worthy. You are worthy to write whatever you will as your goal in life. You all were the most extraordinary group of students we ever taught. You were brilliant. You caught on quickly and received the full scope of our lessons. I promised you I would explain the uneventful shooting."

People, "Please do."

I added, "I know that's right."

Dean Stewart, "Miss Little, they were after you."

I broke out into laughter.

Everyone turned and looked at me.

Little, "What are you'll looking at me for? Do you really believe that?"

Danny looked at me and then turned and asked Dean Stewart, "Why?"

I stopped laughing and looked at Danny and said, "Are you buying that?"

Danny shoved me to be quiet.

Dean Stewart, very cold and business like, nothing like his person.

He said, "We, me and most of the staff you see twenty-five years ago, made a commitment to locate and train people to know God."

Little, "That's what the church is for. Come on girls."

I picked up my two nieces and handed the dense Professor Tinsley the robe, cap and diploma and certificate, and walked out.

Dean Stewart shouted, "Get her back in here. They are out there waiting for her."

I heard him but said, "I'm tired of this foolishness and have to get out of this mess."

I pulled the door opened and it was pushed shut.

My nieces and I turned and saw the dense Professor Tinsley.

I said, "What the hell are you doing?"

Professor Tinsley, "Continuing to keep you alive."

Little, "What are you talking about, you foolish babbling woman?"

Professor Tinsley became very stern and lucid, which brought chills to my flesh and my nieces began to cry.

I held the babies close and picked up the four year old.

Professor Tinsley, "Come here!"

I stood still.

Professor Tinsley stomped her feet and yelled, "Now!"

I looked at this battered old white woman, and said, "Who are you talking to?"

I noticed the snack area was quiet and Dean Stewart walked to the door of the snack area along with Danny.

Professor Tinsley, "Now Miss Little."

I was so very angry.

Holding both nieces, I walked quickly and stepped into the room and walked over to the window.

Professor Tinsley looked out the window and holding the blinds said, "There are two black cars; a black Cadillac and a truck."

I looked at her and finally out of the window and saw the two vehicles.

I stood there and turned to Professor Tinsley and said, "So what? What is going on and what are you talking about you have protected me?"

Professor Tinsley, "Come back into the snack area and Dean Stewart will give you a better understanding."

We walked back into the snack bar area.

I was very angry.

Dean Stewart, "There is a rival academy in this city. In each state, there is a school. They don't teach the same sort of self esteem principles we teach.

They are more – shall we say violent. We have suspected that over the past 25 years, a student out of each class has died. Most of them died in such a way we could never prove it was murder nor by whom. Today was the first time they slipped and showed their hand. We knew they would be lurking about to see who they want to kill, usually it's our brightest pupil, but this time they chose Miss Little."

I began to laugh because he was saying I was not bright nor the best.

All the people in the room looked at me.

I stopped laughing.

Dean Stewart, "It is a very serious matter when loved ones die and you don't know why. Miss Little, you may not remember, but your mother died in the hospital when nothing was major or wrong with her. Had you ever thought about that? The Jamaican nurse that your family was suspicious of. We knew you would eventually come here."

Little, "Where is here? You got me believing you all are some devil worshipers or witches, now."

Dean Stewart, "Hardly. We're here to help people learn how great they are. And for some reason that threatens our rival academy. They believe in wealth and control. They feel that killing a student out of each class, Miss Little, that would stop us from teaching."

Miss Little, "Apparently, it's true."

Deans Stewart, "Hardly, Miss Little. We are closing the school, but we are not going anywhere. We will be here gathering evidence to prove our students were murdered."

Miss Little, "Since I'm not your brightest student, how did I get roped into this mess; if it exists?"

Dean Stewart, "Professor Tinsley."

Miss Little, "Oh, please. The twilight zone."

Professor Tinsley, "Six months ago when this class got started, you all registered. Miss Little registered late but was accepted. She registered for two classes, mine and Professor Toileffor. She rarely came to class."

Miss Little began rolling her eyes in her head.

Her nieces laughed and said, "Do it again."

Miss Little rolls her eyes in the top of her head.

The children laughed.

Professor Tinsley, "Being disrespectful Miss Little? And teach the young ones to be disrespectful."

Miss Little, "Get to your make believe point."

Professor Tinsley walked up to Miss Little and said, icy cold, "People have died because of you today. You ought to show some concern for your own welfare and the children. You passed the exams, with a perfect score each time. That's what they looked at and determined you to be target."

Miss Little asked, "Why?"

She questioned, "How would they, making a ghastly sound, know your test scores, Professor Tinsley?"

Professor Tinsley, "They have capabilities."

Miss Little, "Great answer. If they might want to kill me, why a drive by?"

Professor Tinsley, "It was to look like an act of random violence."

Miss Little, "You'll have evaded the question long enough, why!!!"

Her nieces covered their ears.

Dean Stewart, "I'm sorry to say we actually don't know. We believe they think this is a game."

Miss Little, "I'm gone."

Dean Stewart, "Miss Little, be careful and keep in touch."

Miss Little, "Yeah. If I'm ever approached by a younger rich black man who wants to swish me away on his private jet, I'll call you."

The nieces started making swishing sounds.

I laughed and gathered them up and was walking out of the door when I heard Danny say to his wife, "Come and lets go too."

I was walking with both nieces in my arms, and my car keys in my hand.

I saw the cars.

Danny and his family walked out.

He was looking around and spotted the cars.

He walked his wife and children to their car.

Several others came out the building and were standing and talking but watching.

I put the babies in their car seats.

I got in the car and sat and put on my seat belt.



I reached over to the glove compartment and pulled out my gun, checked the ammunition, and put it in my lap.

I put the charger to the cell phone in the lighter and dialed my niece.

I told her about what happened and I needed to get her babies to her right away.

Keisha, "I always felt somebody killed grandmother at that hospital."

Miss Little, "I don't know. I have to think. Get up and get to your car and meet me so I can give you your children. Call me when you are at the drop off point."

Keisha, "I'm leaving now."

I got out of the car and stretched.

I played with the children.

Danny pulled up and I walked and talked to him.

Miss Little, "Danny, I called the babies' mother for her to meet me. I don't want these children harmed so I'm waiting for her to call me back."

Danny – "do you want us to wait with you?"

Miss little thinking.

She said, "No. What ever this is if there's any truth I have to face it alone."

I heard my cell phone.

I ran to the car and said, "Hello."

Keisha, "Okay, I'm here."

Miss Little, "I'm on my way."

I waved at Danny, got into the car and put my seat belt on.

Danny backed up for me to go out first.

I left first and Danny followed immediately behind me to keep the cars from getting on me.

The professors and staff were looking out the second floor window.

I drove several blocks and went to the gas station.

Keisha was there.

She was getting gas.

Danny pulled in and so did the black cars.

Keisha, "Aunt".

And she began to cry.

Miss Little, "Be quiet Keisha. You have no reason to go back to your apartment.

Go straight to the country house. Are you charging your cell phone up?"

Keisha, "Yes. Come on my little ones."

I helped to get the babies car seats out.

I walked over to Keisha's car and put the babies in their car seats.

I gave her a hundred dollar bill and said, "Keisha, I mean you better not stop."

Keisha, "I won't Aunt. I have already called and left messages with those I couldn't reach."

Miss Little, "Go".

Waving at the babies and blowing kisses.

She said, "See my babies later."

The two nieces blew kisses at her.

Keisha crying and looking at the men in the cars, left.

I walked over to my car and was filling up my tank.

I walked over to Danny who was watching the cars.

I said, "Danny, you need some gas?"

Danny, "No."

Miss Little, "At least let me buy you some gas."

Danny laughs.

I went to the pump and was filling up his tank.

I went inside and paid for the gas and came back out.

I walked behind the truck and took a picture of the tag and I walked behind the black luxury car and took a picture.

I had purchased a disposable camera in the gas station.

Danny saw me.

I walked over to Danny.

He and his wife were looking back at the cars.

I handed them some treats for their kids.

I said, "Danny, I have it from here."

Danny, "I don't like this because they are very bold."

Miss Little, "I don't like none of it. It's too crazy. Have a good weekend."

And she waves.

Danny looking puzzled and concerned.

I get into my car and putting on my seat belt, I put the gun in my upper lap under the seat belt where it won't fall down onto the floor.

I reached over into the glove compartment and got the box that contained the additional ammunition and put it in the cup dispenser.

I exited the gas station with the two cars on my heels.

I saw Danny and his wife get out of their car and watched.

I proceeded down a main street.

The cars followed.

I stopped at the shopping mall, and leaving the gun

I went into the mall and did window shopping with my disposable camera. I walked slowly inside and then ran and hid behind a large plant with my camera.

I saw the three men get out of the truck.

But the man in the luxury car didn't get out.

They spoke to him at his car with the window rolled down.

I began to take pictures.

I caught pictures of one putting his gun into the back of his pants.

The mall security was watching.

And finally, he walked over and he said, "Ma'am, come with us."

I said, "You see these man with the guns, call the police."

I kept taking pictures.

One of the security guards stepped back to look out the glass window, and saw the men talking.

He said, "They do look suspicious. Ma'am you stay here and we'll be back."

The security exited the building.

The three men looked up.

The heavily tinted window of the luxury car rolls up and drives away.

The three men looked at the security guards and one said, "What?"

Security guards were asking what were they doing.

The three men got in the truck to leave.

The security guards standing proudly like they had ran them off and now they were coming back into the mall to arrest me.

I went into the shop next door and out of its front door and ran to my car. I jumped in my car and before I could close my door, a hand grabbed me.

I had the camera in my other hand and began to take pictures of this well groomed black man.

He wrenched to take the camera, but I dropped it on the floor. I hit the horns several times.

I said, God where is my gun? I began to hit the man in his face and laid my elbow on the car horn.

People started stopping and looking.

The man almost had pulled me out of the car.

I knew if he got me out I will be dead.

I wrapped my arm under the wheel and laid on the horn.

I took my legs and began to kick him.

I began to bite him.

I knew if I had tried to feel for the gun, he would overcome me.

I didn't want to, but it was a matter of life and death.

I saw the black truck arrive.

The security guards ran out.

The men in the black truck opened fire on them and shoot the security guards down.

I looked at the young men lying on the ground.

The black man slapped me and tried to pull my arm from the steering wheel.

I pushed back felt for the gun and when he pulled me up to snatch me out of the car, I came up with the gun and he fell backwards onto the ground.

The premium and the truck turned and was about to start shooting at me when the sirens coming caused them to jump in the truck.

I jumped out of my car and began to shoot back at the truck.

The black man jumped off the ground and rushed me trying to take the gun out of my hand.

I fell to the ground and turned and bit him between his legs until he began to scream.

All I could think about was the fools just killed those boys and now trying to kill me.

My arms were in the air and we tussling over my gun.

I was not giving up my only gun nor my grip on him.

He tried kneeling and kicking me.

Then he elbowed me in the head very hard.

I nearly blacked out.

But I sunk my teeth hard into his flesh.

The sirens were entering into the parking area.

He pushed me off him dropping the gun and he ran.

I heard his car tires screech.

As the police ran up, I passed out.

I came to when some paramedics brought me to in the ambulance.

I felt very sick and had to throw up.

I came to fighting until they caught my hands and restrained me.

I began to throw up.

When I finished, they gave me some water.

I was very dizzy and my head was hurting, terribly.

I managed to sit up.

The police investigating said, "Ma'am I need to know what happened."

But I didn't respond because I was confused.

I couldn't talk or think but held my head.

I sat there.

The ambulance attendants said, "We're taking you to the hospital."

I said, "No! Get me out of here."

I got out of the ambulance and said, "Please take me to my car."

One attendant was cleaning up the ambulance.

The other ambulance attendant walked me to my car.

I sat there for a very long time.

I laid my head down on the steering wheel and turned to the side.

I saw my gun.

I jumped up and looked up at the police and the crowd.

I saw the investigator walking to my car.

I said, "Oh God, help me get my gun."

I had the camera.

I leaned over to get it, putting my foot on the pavement.

I felt around until I could feel the gun.

I kicked it under my car.

The police investigator said, "What are you doing?"

With his hand on his gun.

I leaned up and said, "I took pictures of the men with my disposable camera, but I can't find it."

He said, "Let me see."

He helped me out of the car.

He reached and felt it and got it.

I was sitting in my seat.

I looked at him and said, "I'm not well, please let me sit."

I fell to my knees but grabbed the gun by the time he had gotten out of the car.

I was holding it on my stomach.

I got in the car and held my head back.

He said, "You need something."

I said, "For my head and stomach"

He turned and called to the ambulance attendants and said, "Bring her something for her head and stomach."



I slipped the gun off my stomach under my seat, as I leaned out of the car to throw up.

The attendant said, "This will help with the nausea."

I drank the two ounces of a liquid and laid back into my car.

The detective, an older white man, maybe late fifties, salt and pepper hair and medium built.

They called him Detective Bingham.

He walked away.

I laid with my head back and eyes closed.

I felt the cool wind of the early night which made me feel better.

I thought, "Where are my keys."

I sat up just as Detective Bingham was returning.

He looked at me and said, "What are you looking for now?"

I said, "My keys."

He looked around and saw where the keys had fallen and were wedged on the side of the seat.

He reached and picking them up, handed the keys to me.

I muttered in a very weak voice, "Thank you."

I started the car up.

Lying upon the steering wheel, the detective said, "Ma'am, I need to question you."

I'd turned slightly with my head on the steering wheel, said, "Why now? You got the film and surveillance camera."

Then the mall's chief of security walked over and said to the detective, "I'll be interrogating her when you finish."

I said, "Who in the hell you think you are?"

He said, "My name is Chief March and you will address me as such."

His employees began laughing.

Detective Bingham, "Now what?"

I said, "I'm going home."

Chief March, "Not until I get my information."

My anger rose up.

I sat up and looked at Chief March.

I said, "I am a Federal agent. I have the right to shoot you down like a dog. And no questions would be asked. All I have to do is fill out a form. Don't take me lightly you jackass. Now you best leave my car and not say another word."

Mall chief of security March, looking at his employees, "The same for you dumb ass kissers."

I said, "Detective Bingham, give me your card, I will call you tomorrow."

Detective Bingham handed me his card.

Chief March handed me his card.

I balled his card up and threw it in his face.

I closed the car door, turned on the car and pulled out.

Detective Bingham turned and looked at the Chief of Mall security Mr. March and walked away to his police officers.

It took me much longer to get home.

I stopped by the corner mart and picked up a soda to soothe my stomach.

I just could not figure out what made me so ill.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 4

## Chapter 4

### Westwood Academy

I finally made it home.

I was so sick.

I could not think.

All I knew was something was seriously wrong.

I drove into the garage and let down the door.

I thought I saw a flash of light.

But in my weaken state of mind and body, I couldn't be sure.

But I was going to be safe.

I sat in the car for about an hour.

I looked around my dark garage and cut off my car.

I looked over at my ammunition and began to feel on the floor for my gun.

I located it.

I checked the ammunition and put it between my seat and cup dispenser so I

would not have difficulty getting to it.

I finally stumbled out of the car.

My eyes had gotten used to the dark garage.

I walked over to my water cooler and pulled it down.

I pulled it towards the door.

And I stopped and opening the cooler, I looked at my stash of weapons.

I took out two guns.

One I placed on the floor by the door leading to the house and the second I placed on the windowsill in the garage.

I checked the ammunition in both guns.

I unlocked my door and entered the house.

I quickly close the door and reset the alarm and reset it again.

But I slowly made my way up the upstairs because I was placing my weapons throughout my house.

That's why I rarely had children in my home.

Because I might have forgotten where I placed a gun. It was more playful than anything else.

I began to laugh when I thought about the chief of mall of security gonna threaten me.

I still feel like going back and putting some bullets in him.

Is a good thing they don't know I retired today.

Nobody knows that I retired.

That's why I was taking up those speaking classes and learning how to give presentations.

I want a new start in life.

I know all of my friends are planning on doing 25 years and retiring from their different professions.

But, after 15 years with a desk job, I had to go.

I have a license for the guns and took all the field and weapons classes I could.

That's why I was rarely in those self-esteem classes these past six months.

I guess God knew I would need some self- defense today.

I said, "Oh God, what time is it?"

I looked at the stove clock and it was 9:30 PM. I'd told Keisha I would call.

Deborah dialing the house phone in the dark, on the first ring someone picks up.

Keisha, "Hello."

Deborah – "Hi."

Keisha, "Aunt we heard the news up there."

Deborah, "What news?"

Keisha, "That two mall security guards were shot and killed while trying to save a woman from being kidnapped."

Keisha, "Ray, Aunt Deborah don't cuss, please. I beg you."

Deborah, "Get that trash out of my house now!! Don't play with me Keisha."

Deborah hangs up.

Keisha looks at the phone and turns to Ray.

Keisha, "Ray, you have to go."

Ray, "It's nine thirty at night. I ain't going no where. Was that that aunt of yours?

You tell that bitch I ain't going."

Before Ray could finish his sentence, Keisha interrupted.

Keisha, "She'll be here in fifteen minutes Ray."

Ray jumps up off the sofa, puts on his shoes, grabbed his backpack and was heading to the door.

Then he stops and says, all smooth, "Hey 'Ke' babe, you got something you can let me hold?"

Keisha, "I only have Aunts money she gave to me."

Ray, "Well, you know, giggling, just tell her you spent it on something for the girls."

Keisha, "Ray, she told me to hold it until she got here. I'll tell her I gave you something".

Keisha walks to her purse.

Ray, "Na'll, don't do it. Don't tell her nothing. Because she's not coming looking for me again with her crazy ass."

They hear a car pull up.

Ray, "That's a quick damn fifteen minutes."

Keisha, afraid, thinking it was the murderers.

The doorbell rang.

Neither move.

Then the person yells, "Pizza!"

Keisha and Ray both jump.

They looked at each other and realized they were scared.

Keisha, "Get the door."

Ray, "I aint getting no door. This is not my house."

Keisha walks across and unlocks the door and sees the pizza boy.

She walks back into the house and goes into her purse.

Keisha, with her back to the door.



The pizza delivery boy is standing and smiling at her physique.

He sees the children in the doorway bedroom and he smiles and waves at them.

They smile and wave.

Ray watching Keisha count the money.

Then he turns and sees the pizza boy looking at Keisha and says, "Hey homie, mines."

And slapping Keisha on her rear, caused Keisha to jump, and say, "Ouch".

She was walking to the door with the money.

The pizza boy gave her twelve dollars back.

Ray grabbed the twelve dollars.

The pizza boy looked at Ray then at Keisha, who was holding the pizza.

The girls ran into the room and began to say, "Pizza, pizza."

Ray begins stuffing the twelve dollars in his pants pockets.

He opened the box of pizza and grabbed two slices.

He began biting the hot pizza with it burning his mouth, then reached over to kiss Keisha and ignored her two daughters who were asking for pizza.

Ray hearing another car, ran out of the house to his car.

He began to blow his horn for the pizza boy to move his car.

The pizza boy turns and looks at him.

He turns back to Keisha and says, "Goodnight."

Keisha was closing the door and her two daughters were saying, "We like pizza mommy."

Keisha, "I know you do babies, let mommy close the door so I can give it to you.

Your grand mommy and grand daddy should be here in the morning."

As the pizza boy was passing Ray, who was sitting in the car eating the pizza,

Ray yelled, "Hey, did she give you a tip?"

Pizza boy, "What?"

Ray, "Did she give you a tip?"

Pizza boy looking puzzled, "Why?"

Ray. "Because, I want it back. This pizza aint all that."

The pizza boy ran pass Ray and jumped into his car and backed out.

Ray looking out of the window and then jumping out of his car, yelled, "That's mines." Referring to Keisha.

The pizza boy sped away.

Ray mumbling to himself, sees another car heading down the street.

He was thinking its Keisha's aunt.

He said, "Oh shuck."

Turns with a hunch in his back and jumped into his car, backed out and sped down the street, passing the pizza boy.

Keisha looking out the window laughed.

The four year old said, "What you laugh at mommy?"

Keisha bent down and looking at correct word both of her little girls, said, "Your aunt put the fear of God into Ray once and he never forgot it."

Keisha laughed and kissed her girls.

The girls laughed and eat their pizza.

Keisha cut off the living room lights and double checked the locks.

She and the girls went into the bedroom and sat on the floor and ate pizza and looked at movies until the dawn.

Then there was a knock on the door that startled and scared Keisha, who was asleep on the floor with her girls.

Keisha lies there and was afraid to move.

Then the knocking continued.

Then Keisha's cell phone rang.

Keisha looking at the cell phone number, recognizes her dad's number.

She picks up the cell phone.

Her dad said, "Hello."

Keisha did not answer.

John, "Get up and unlock this door!"

Keisha jumps up and leaps over her sleeping children.

She runs into the living room, peeping out of the curtains sees her parents. Who are looking at her peeping out the window?

John, "Keisha!"

Keisha runs to the door, with her cell phone still to her ears and unlocks the door.

Keisha, "Hi."

John, "Put the cell phone up."

He kisses her on the cheek.

Her mother enters after her father and she hugs Keisha and says, "Where are the girls?"

John having walked through to the hallway, looks in the master suite and sees his grand children asleep on the floor.

He turns to his wife and says, "Here they are."

The girls hearing their grandfather's voice, began to awake and seeing their grandparents, they jump up and run to them.

The grandparents picked up the girls and kissed them.

They walk into the living room and seeing it in disarray.

John said, "Keisha, I know there had to be somebody here."

Four year old and two year old shaking their heads.

Keisha looking afraid.

Rosa, "Don't tell you had that no good Ray here in your aunt's country house.

She's going to raise all kind of hell if she finds out and I don't want to hear it."

Keisha not saying anything.

Both her parents looking at her for an answer.

The two year old, "Ray grandma, Ray."

Both parents yell, "Keisha!"

Keisha began to cry.

John, "That's my sister and I love her to death. I don't want to come up against her because of you Keisha. Now I'm telling you, you are to never see Ray again."

The two year old, "He ate our pizza."

John rolls his eyes at Keisha, who was flinching and crossing her legs.

The four year old, "He wanted aunt's money."

Rosa, "Keisha, did you give him your aunt's money?"

Keisha crying more.

Her parents look at her then one another.

John, "How much?"

Keisha didn't answer.

John yelled, "How much, Keisha!!!?"

The girls covering their ears.

Keisha , "Only the change from the pizza."

John, "Do you think I'm playing with you? A penny is too much. You better answer me girl."

Keisha looking at her mother.

Rosa, "Don't look at me. I have told you, you better leave that Ray alone."

Keisha, "Twelve dollars."

John stands up and goes into his pocket and pulling out his wallet, gives her a ten.

The two little ones reaching their hands up to their granddaddy.

He laughs and gives them each a five dollar bill.

John turns to his wife, "Rosa, do you have two ones?"

The little ones dancing around the floor with their money.

Rosa getting her purse, blows and opening her purse finds two dollars and gives it Keisha.

Keisha turns and puts it into her purse.

John, "I'm going to the car and get the stuff out. I'll be back in a minute."

He passes by Keisha who is standing in the middle of the large living room with her head slightly down and whining.

John and Rosa see her.

John passes by Keisha and kisses her on the head and says, "I meant every word. Please don't try me."

He walks out the door and to the truck.

They heard his alarm as he unlocked the doors.

The girls ran to the door and watched their grandpa unload his truck and re-enter the house.

Keisha looking at her mother for forgiveness like a big child.

Rosa opens her hands and Keisha runs to her mother and jumps on her lap.

And her mother kisses her on the forehead and the girls turning to see their mother and grandmother and then back at the grandpa as he was entering the house with luggage and bags.

Rosa petting and holding Keisha said, "Keisha baby, you better clean up this living room and don't come back in here. Okay."

Keisha, "You're not going to help?"

John sighed and shook his head.

Rosa bucked her eyes in surprise at Keisha and pushed her out of her lap onto the floor.

Getting up, Keisha walked over and closed and locked the front door.

The girls running behind their grandpa.

John, "Which room is ours, honey?"

Rosa, "The one with the J&R on the door."

She turns, folds her arms and looks at Keisha, who was still sitting on the floor.

She says, "That's a good place to start cleaning."

Walks pass Keisha down the hallway to the bedroom.

Keisha following her mother with her head down.

John dropping the bags off in the kitchen.

John turns on the T.V.

The girls jump on the bed.

A special report reruns the event at the shopping mall.

And also, the bizarre attacks that night, with a total of twenty one people killed not including the two young security guards.

The police said they believe all the attacks were related.

Because the cars used in all the attacks were black and all the people were black.

And they all were attached to people who went to that academy.

And none of the four people have been located for questioning by the police.

The news cast, "The police chief said this is truly the most bizarre case he ever encountered."

John and Rosa look at each other and they said at the same time, "We need to pray."

John, "Come on girls."

Reaching for their hands, they picked them up and went into the kitchen, where they could see Keisha straightening up the sofa pillows.

John, "Keisha, you can do that in a minute, it's prayer time."

Keisha tosses the pillow on the sofa and runs into the kitchen and joins hands with her family to pray.



# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 5

## Chapter 5

### Westwood Academy

Dorothy spent the entire night locked up in her bedroom, throwing up.

Dorothy is so exhausted and weak.

She sat on the floor by the toilet and leaned on the wall with two guns at her side.

She was so faint and dizzy.

She thought she heard dogs barking during the night and a crash downstairs, but she couldn't think or move.

She began to become more alert about eight thirty am according to the clock, as she looks from the toilet to the bathroom clock on the counter.

She realizes she is able to focus and slowly gets up and slides back down the wall onto the floor

Then crawls into the bathroom.

She undresses from yesterday. Pulling off her dress and one of her shoes. (She couldn't think to know where the other shoe was.)

She gets into the shower and stands there for a very long time, getting her hair wet, but not noticing.

She rushes out of the shower into the toilet and continues throwing up.

Later she re-enters the shower with the water still running and finishes her shower.

Brushing her teeth, she is beginning to think, "Why am I so sick? I hardly ate nothing yesterday and nothing at the fake ceremony. I was fine until..."

She stops brushing her teeth and looking in the mirror, said, "The attack, they must have used something!"

She swirls around to grab the phone and the sudden movement made her sick, but not nauseous.

She said, "Oh, that's good."

She goes into her bedroom and lie on the bed with a towel tied around her.

She falls asleep until she is awakened from banging at her door.

She flips over and turns on the security camera.

She sees the detective from the day before and that fool, the chief of mall security.

She turns back over and falls asleep, with her head under her pillow.

A few minutes later, her cell phone rings.

She had thrown it on the floor last night, when she ran upstairs trying to make it to the bathroom.

She laid there for a few minutes, getting furious.

Then as she was getting up, her bedroom door opened and she instantly pulled the gun from underneath her pillow and rolled off the bed with it aimed at the detective.

He saw her and threw up his hands, at the same time her towel loosened and fell. (But she was on the side of the bed and he peeping, couldn't see anything.)

Dorothy screaming, "What?"

Before she could finish her sentence, the detective began to back out of the door with his gun in his raised hand.

Detective, "I'm sorry."

Dorothy, "Get out!!!"

Detective backing out, he turns and looks at the chief of mall security who had his gun out and hiding on the stairs.

Detective, "Listening to you."

Chief of mall security peeping back towards the bedroom door, "What, what happened?"

Detective, "She pulled a big ass gun on me. You got me looking like a punk fool."

Gesturing with his hands for the chief of mall security to go and said, "Get downstairs."

Chief of mall security, "What did she say?"

Detective, "About what? Idiot, I didn't have time to ask her anything. She was lying on her bed naked and from the smell of the bedroom, apparently vomiting and sick. Which is probably the reason she didn't answer the door."

Chief of mall security, "So does she know about this?"

Pointing to the blasted kitchen door.

Detected, "I don't know."

He turns and yells, "Miss Little, can you please come downstairs?"

Miss Little standing naked in her bedroom and becoming more furious.

Her cell phone rings again.

She walks over and picking it up, she sees it is the number to her country house.

She says, "Hello."

John, "Hey Sis. You didn't answer before, what gives?"

Dorothy, "The police broke into my house and busted into my bedroom."

John smirks, "Did they meet Johnnie?"

Dorothy, "Yep."

John, "You're okay, I'm glad; we were expecting to hear from you. But when you didn't call and we saw that 21 people had been killed last night, we were concerned."

Dorothy, "TWENTY ONE!!!"

John pulling the phone from his ear said, "Yes".

Dorothy, "What is really going on? This is no simple school rivalry."

John, "And the four people behind it have all disappeared. Hopefully, the way it looks, they must be safe somewhere. But anyway, they are out of reach. What do you think is going on?"

Dorothy looks at the phones suspiciously. "I don't know. I already told you that."

John, "Take care."

Dorothy, "I bless you."

John looks at the phone tearfully, "Bye."

Dorothy, "I do love you. Bye."

She hangs up the phone and stand in the middle of the floor and tears began to fill her eyes.

John is sitting in the bedroom on the bed and he looks off in space and tears began to fill his eyes and run down his cheeks.

His wife walks in softly and unexpectedly and sees her husband's face and instantly thinking it was something Dorothy had said.

Rose, "Dorothy is she okay?"

John nodding his head.

He said, "She knows about me. I tried to keep it away from her, but she knows and it is a good-bye."

He bursts into crying and Rose runs over to her husband and holding his head to her bosom, she attempted to console him.

Keisha standing at the side of the door, is thinking, "What does Aunt know?"

Dorothy still standing in her bedroom in the nude, began to check her telephone messages.

She walks into her bathroom and the smell made her nauseous.

She turns on the vents and opened the windows.

Passing by the mirror, she sees her hair she had just done yesterday, and said "Damn."

She looks at her body and said, "At least I am not flabby, thank God."

Passing the bathroom window, she heard someone talking outside.

She stopped and peered out of the window until she saw the detective and the chief of mall security walking in her backyard.

She became angry and her temper was flaring.

She saw some flowers trotted on.

Dorothy yelling out of her window, "Get off my plants, and out of my yard!!!"

Chief of mall security not looking up, ran around the side of the house to leave.

Detective looking at him in amazement.

Dorothy, "What?"

Detective, "What? What?"

Dorothy, "What the hell are you still doing tearing up my yard and still standing there? That's what?"

Detective yelling. "I didn't tear up your yard."

Walking away he turned and walked back, "I hate flowers and I hope yours die."

Throwing his hands up and said again, "I hope yours die."

Dorothy, "Keep standing there until I come down."

Detective, "Then what? From the smell upstairs, you're too sick to do anything."

Dorothy opened her screen and took her gun and began firing at the detective's feet.

Detective ran around the side of the house and joined the chief of mall security who was sitting in the detective's car.

The detective stopped running when he was in sight of the chief of mall security.

Chief of mall security was peeping out the driver's window and said, "What happened? I thought I heard gunfire."

Detective getting into the car and said, "Oh no. I'd told her we needed to talk."

Chief of mall security cutting his eyes at the detective, "Yeah, right, she shot at your ass."

Detective turning on the ignition, looks at the chief of mall security, and started backing his car out of the driveway.

He says, "When she sees the damage to her downstairs, I'll get a call."

Smiling like he had caught a rat in a bag.

Chief of mall security turning and looking at the detective said, "You didn't tell her we didn't do that? Now she's going to think we destroyed her kitchen. And it is a very expensive kitchen. I have seen those types in the malls!! I know they are expensive!!!"

The chief of mall security hyperventilating.

Turning his head looking out of the window.

The detective didn't think about Miss Little thinking they would have destroyed her kitchen and flowers.

Chief of mall security, "That's a crazy b\*\*\*h."

Rocking in his car seat; "She's the kind that will get you in your sleep."

The detective stopped the car at the bottom of the driveway.

Chief of mall security looking, "What are you stopping for?"

Detective, "We need to talk to her."

Chief of mall security, "We! We hell."



Pointing his finger, "You told me this is your case and I could come along for the ride. We aint in this."

Detective looking at the chief of mall security, "Stop whining."

Chief of mall security, "You don't know that type of woman. She will kill you and plead temporary insanity."

Detective, "What are you talking about? She shot at me, not you."

Chief of mall security, My point. If she would shoot at you, the real cop, what would she do to me, a fake cop? Especially after I was so hard and mean to her yesterday. And . . ."

Before he could finish his sentence, they heard Miss Little screaming.

The detective put the car in reverse and fled the scene.

Chief of mall security yelling, "Go! Go! Go!!!"

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

### Westwood Academy

Dorothy had been laughing so hard upstairs how the detective ran, when she was shooting rubber bullets at him.

When she composed herself, she plugged in her cell phone and wrapping herself in the towel, walked downstairs and opened her refrigerator to get some water.

She turns slowly, unconsciously and looks at the hole that once was her door and the charred floor and cabinets next to the door.

She could see out of the huge hole in her well her manicured yard and trodden down flowers and plants.

She was shocked beyond belief and finally she let out a scream, when a bird flew in and perched on her counter.

She could hear a car pull out and speed away.

She looks around the kitchen and sees her car keys.

She runs out into the garage and getting her purse, runs back into the house.

She finds the detective's card and calls him.

He picks up his cell phone. "Detective Bingham"

Dorothy, "Get your ass back here!"

The detective hangs up without a word.

The Chief of Mall Security, "It was her, wasn't it?"

The detective didn't say anything but continued to drive until they reached the police station.

The detective and the Chief of Mall Security walked into the precinct.

They are met with sly smiles.

The closer the detective got to his desk, the more smirks and giggles he met.

He and the Chief of Mall Security knew she had called.

The Captain walked to his door the moment Detective Bingham and Chief of Mall Security got to his desk.

The Captain, tall and brawny yelled, "Get your asses in here!"

The room erupts into giggles.

Captain looked at his officers and said, "Get busy!"

Talking to the room full of people.

Detective Bingham walks in the room and Chief of Mall Security sat at the detective's desk.

The detective looks back at him; he turns his head whistling, rubbing his thumbs.

Captain, "Leave him."

Detective walks in and the Captain closes the door and pulls down his shades.

Captain, "Sit. These men are feds and they want to know what you know."

Detective turning around in the seat to face the men, exhales and says, "Oh."

Captain, "We'll get to the kitchen and the yard. That crazy bitch called down here and raised holy hell."

Detective, "I didn't do it."

He pointed to the Chief of Mall Security.

The chief of mall security could see through the door window that didn't have a shade.

Chief of Mall Security stopped twirling his thumbs and whistling.

He was looking fearful when the six men inside, including the Captain, looked out at him.

Captain, "We'll talk. What happened to the door?"

Detective, "The door was blown off with something that didn't burn the house down."

He begins to smile.

He said, "It's like cutting edge technology. You really have to see it Captain."

The Federal agents were not impressed and did not move a facial muscle.

The Captain was fascinated.

The Captain, "So she thinks you destroyed her fifty thousand dollar kitchen and her five thousand dollar yard."

Detective was speechless and pointing to himself. Couldn't speak. He looked at the Federal agents who were staring at him with no emotions.

Detective felt faint.

Captain, "She's on her way."

Detective hearing a trash can knocked over, jumps and looks outside the window.

The federal agents look at the captain.

One of the federal agents said, "Is there a conference room we can use?"

Looking at the detective the federal agent said, "A sound proof room."

The detective knew what he was implying and didn't like it.

The Captain, "I can get one." Looking at the detective.

The captain looked at the detective and said, "Call Miss Little and ask her what time will we be expecting her?"

Detective, "Why? Can't we just wait until she gets here?"

The Captain on the phone with facilities, stops and looks at him.

The federal agents pick up their cases, get up and walk out.

The detective pulls out Miss Little's phone number and his cell phone and dials her.

Miss Little is in the process of dressing but is calling the Captain while she has the contractor on the other line.

Dorothy, "Captain Reed."

Captain, "Yes."

Dorothy, "This is Dorothy Little. I have my contractor Mr. Hutton on the other line. Mr. Hutton."

Mr. Hutton. "Hello Captain."

Dorothy, "I'll be there when he comes which will be an hour or so."

Detective getting a busy signal, says very hard and rough, "Miss Little, we want you down here at this precinct in fifteen minutes."

The federal agent had stepped back in the door and looked at the detective.

Then Captain Reed said, "An hour is fine Miss Little."

The Federal agent smirks and walks out the door.

Captain looks at the detective in embarrassment.

The detective walks out and back to his desk where the Chief of Mall Security was sitting.

Detective sat.

Chief of Mall Security, "Well?"

Detective, "This is a mess."

And he turns on his computer and reads his emails.

The Captain is passing by with the four federal agents.

He stops at the detective's desk and says, "Miss Little will be here in about an hour; have your stuff together."

The Chief of Mall Security jumps, partially out of his seat, in a swat and run position.

The men look at him in amazement.

One federal agent holds his head down and lets out a small laugh.

The Chief of Mall Security didn't care.

He looks for the exit and was about to leave, when the Captain said, "Sit!"

The captain walked away.

Getting to the door that led to the conference rooms, he looked back at the two.

The detective and the chief of mall security who were looking at him.

The detective continued to read his emails and gather his papers together.

He was typing his report.

Chief of Mall Security continuously looking at the door.

The detective not looking at him said, "Stop. You are making me nervous."

Chief of Mall Security pointing said, "Make sure you put in there she shot at you."

Some of the detectives overheard and looked up.

The detective smiled and said through his teeth, "Shut up!"

Then he began typing, not looking up, felt her presence and the Chief of Mall Security catching the change in the detective's typing.

He knew it had to be her.

He closed his eyes for a moment of solace.

The room was quiet and watching the elegant lady being escorted to Detective Bingham's desk.

But before she reached the detective's desk, the Captain walks to the hall from the conference room door and said, "Miss Little? Please, this way."

She had a death look on the detective and the Chief of Mall Security.

Until the Captain called her, she changes her facial look to one of innocence.

(She thinks, I have been taught well.)

She proceeds to walk to the Captain.

The Captain, tells the escort, "I got it from here."

The escort turns and walks away.



The detective continues typing and the Chief of Mall Security leaning forward, looking towards the opposite hall, continues to twirl his thumbs and whistle.

The whole room is looking at them.

Miss Little stops in front of the Captain and looks at him, as he is looking at the twosome.

She turns and looks at the clowns at the desk.

Then at the Captain who tries to smile at the attractive Miss Little, who is inhaling his cologne.

He noticed.

She knew he noticed and they look at each other.

Captain waves to the two, the detective and the chief of mall security.

He was trying to be professional in front of Miss Little and said, "Would you two please come go on?"

They ignored him.

The room looked at the Captain.

Captain turning the door loose and said, "Miss Little, step into the hallway and I'll be right there."

She steps into the hallway but cracks the door so she could observe.

Captain walks over to the desk and says, "Get your asses in there."

Detective Bingham, "She's evil."

Chief of Mall Security nodding his head in agreement.

Captain, "She seems perfectly sane and sweet."

One of the other detectives said, "Captain got a thang for the honey."

The escort returned with Miss Little's gun and said, "It's approved."

The Captain and the rest of the room looked at her gun and said "Damn.

The detective said, "They let her have that? She's serious."

The Captain takes the gun.

Detective Bingham, "Are you going to give that to her? Here? Now?"

Captain looking at the gun and then at the detective said, "It's hers."

They walked back towards the conference room.

Miss Little having turned the door loose and standing in the hallway.

The Captain opens the door and she could see the whole room watching.

The Captain said, "Miss Little, your gun."

She takes the gun and places it in her designer handbag and looks up at the

Captain with eyes of the innocence and smiles.

The Captain, not knowing what to think, half laughs.

The detective rolls his eyes and Miss Little sees him and the Captain looks back knowing the detective must have done something.

The Captain wanting to take Miss Little by the arm to gently lead her to the conference room but he just points and said, "This way".

Miss Little knew she couldn't go down there with her hair over her head and in jeans, so she took the hour to fix her hair and find a nice retirement suit to wear.

She looked for the biggest baddest gun she received from winning the secretarial marksmanship contest.

(She figured that would show them she meant business.)

They entered the room where the federal agents were seated and had their computer lap tops up.

She entered the room.

The federal agents stood.

The detective mumbled something passing by the Captain.

The Captain looks at him.

One of the federal agents pull out a chair.

Another federal agent said, "Miss Little, please sit."

Miss Little sits and places her purse in her lap.

It was about eleven twenty four a.m.

They were in conference until she received a phone call.

She opens her purse.

The detective and the Chief of Mall Security, who were sitting across from her, watched her as she opened the purse in her lap and pulled out her cell phone.

The other five men observed them.

Miss Little looking at the number on the cell phone said, "I must take this call."

She sat and said, "Hello. That's fine. Now. Today."

The Captain looked at the detective because he figured it had to be about the damage to her house.

Miss Little, "Thank you. Thirty three thousand."

She looked at the Captain.

She shrugs her shoulders, closed her eyes and smiled as someone who is saying, "Love you."

Captain, "Dollars?"

Miss Little, "Of course."

Chief of Mall Security leaning to Detective Bingham. "I told you."

The Federal agents observing.

Captain, "We're not paying."

Detective and the Chief of Mall Security tensed up.

A couple of the Federal agents giggled.

Miss Little very slow and calm said, "Why?"

Captain, "Because my man said he didn't do it."

Miss Little. "How do you KNOW he didn't do it?"

Captain, "Because he said the technology was cutting edge."

Miss Little raising an eyebrow, "So you mean your employees are not capable of using cutting edge technology?"

Captain with a look of puzzlement on his face said, "I didn't mean it like that."

One of the Federal agents said, "Miss Little can we send a forensic team over and look at the damage?"

Miss Little, "On a Saturday?"

The agent smiled.

Miss Little, "I called. A team is already there."

The federal agents stopped smiling.

The detective, Chief of Mall Security and the Captain looked at the federal agents.

Miss Little looking at the Federal agents said, "I asked Mr. Chin of your agency to call you and report any findings."

The agents began to watch Miss Little as she began to take over the questioning.

Miss Little looking at the federal agents, "Who do you suspect blew the hole in my house last night?"

As one agent was about to answer, the Chief of Mall Security said, "You are concerned about your freaking kitchen when I have two men dead."

Miss Little bowing her head as if in agreement.

And then she said, "Fool, you better not ever address me like that again."

Chief of Mall Security jumps up.

All the men look on, thinking he might assault Miss Little.

Miss Little looks at him.

Then turns to the federal agents, "You should talk with the directors of each class."

The one of the federal agent's e-mail beeped.

One of the agents said, "Mr. Chin has discovered the type of weapon used to blast your door open. It is in the experimental stage at a local company."

Captain, "What company?"

Federal agent, "Wilson, Inc."

Miss Little, "Has Wilson, Inc. reported anything stolen?"

Federal agent, "No."

Miss Little, "May I suggest you also get some warrants and go to Wilson, Inc.

Subpoena the directors of the schools."

Federal agent, "We can't do that until later today."

Miss Little, "What's the address for the other school?"

Federal agent writes it down and pushes it down the table to Miss Little.

Detective looking from his captain to the federal agents and then Miss Little.

Captain, "Miss Little, how did you know to have information sent to these agents?"

Miss Little pushing out her chair, "I called the office to see who was working today."

She walked out of the room.

The men sit.

The agents start talking among themselves.

The Chief of Mall Security looks alone in wonderment, and says, "You've just gave her the address of someone who might be involved with this."

Federal agents all said, "Yes."

Captain, "Why?"

One Federal agent, "She's the boss."

The detective pushes back from the table and throwing his hands on his head, said, "Geez."

Chief of Mall Security, "What does that mean?"

Captain, "That – your ass is fired."

And they look at the door.

The detective jumps up and runs around the table.

The federal agents packing up their computers look at him.

The Captain observing how the federal agents are looking at him, tried to smile and says quickly, "Detective Bingham, where are you going?"

He was looking at how unconcerned the federal agents were.

Detective Bingham, "With her. If they got that type of firepower, she needs help."

One of the agents, "No, she doesn't."

Detective Bingham, "Bull shit. Do you see the surveillance tape from the mall when they tried to a kidnapped her?"

One federal agent, "Did they kidnap her?"

Detective Bingham, "No. But the point is . . . "

An agent cut him off before he could finish his sentence.

The agent said, "Follow behind and muck it up. She will be on you."

Detective Bingham, "Yeah!"

The federal agents picking up their cases walked out.

Miss Little had made it out to the parking lot and was getting into a car when she stood by her car and called one of the federal agents.

The federal agent looked at his cell phone and recognize her cell phone number said, "Ma'am."

All of them were quiet.

The federal agent said, "We'll come from the rear."

He hangs up the phone.

They rushed out the building and make it to their car.

And eases around to the street and sees the black jeep.

And they look up and see their boss standing and talking on the phone in front of the police station.

She has her back turned to the jeep and sees her employees in the reflection of the glass windows in the police station.

She opens the car door and gets in.

She turned on her cell phone and puts it on speaker.

She said, "I'm going to that other academy. Somebody is going to give me a good check today for \$30,000."

The four federal agents laughed.

One said, "Just like a woman."

They laugh.

Miss Little, "Do you know I have the phone on?"

They all instantly cut the laugh.

She said, "You better have your guns out. These are killers. They will rather die than to give up that academy. I personally think . . . "

She was interrupted by gunfire as she was pulling off.

Miss Little looking, didn't see anything.

The police outside ran for cover.

Miss Little, "Agent Stevens?"

Agent Stevens, "We hear it, but can't identify ..."



And at that time, they all saw the black jeep being hurtled through the air on fire.

Miss Little got out of her car and drawing her weapon looks in the direction the jeep came from.

She could see through the flames, a dark figure.

She looked and got back into her car and drove off.

The Captain, the detective and the Chief of Mall Security looked on from upstairs.

Their heads of securities followed Miss Little as she calmly drives away.

The federal agents followed their boss' lead.

They backed up and went the opposite way to get back to the office and run reports.

The police ran out and call for the fire department and check and find no survivors of the four men in the jeep.

The four Federal agents are back at the office meeting with Mr. Chin and running reports.

Miss Little pulls up to the mansion.

She said, "Boys, I'm here."

The federal agents listened.

Armed guards with dogs.

She said, "Oh what fun?"

The Federal agents look around at each other and continue to listen.

Miss Little, "The gate is locked, so I can't drive in. And this big monster of a human being is acting like he doesn't see me."

At that time she laid on the horn.

The agents listened.

One of the agents said, "Apparently, he is ignoring her."

Miss Little yelling out the window, "Tell your boss, I'm here."

The guard answers his cell phone.

A line of cars are blowing their horns behind Miss Little.

Miss Little doesn't care because she's watching those big dogs, and the one answering the cell phone.

He opened the gate, to let her in, and points for where she is to park.

Miss Little yells out the window at the guard, "Was that so difficult? And keep those damn dogs away. Acting like you'll protecting the devil's son in here."

Agents are listening back at the office.

Miss Little put on her hidden tracker and microphone before she left the police station.

She left her cell phone charging and was getting her purse when the guard walked out of the house to her car and opening her door said, "Please ma'am, no need for a purse. You won't be here that long."

The four agents and Mr. Chin were surprised she didn't curse the man.

Miss Little looks at the man up and down.

He returns the stare.

She looks around the grounds and up at the window at the people up in the window staring at her.

Miss Little, "I must be real important for all these people to be here. What is this, a devil worshipping, human sacrificing cult?"

The man looks at her.

The four men and Mr. Chin jumps up.

Mr. Chin, "Radio for aerial surveillance, per satellite."

(He likes being second in charge and going over the top.)

The four agents run and get weapons and leaving the safe house, run to the car and speeds away.

The car that followed Miss Little was about a mile away with excellent hearing and sight.

The person got out of the car to observe.

He was spotted by someone at the mansion.

The person who followed Miss Little smiled.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 7

## Chapter 7

### Westwood Academy

Miss Little looking around again at the plants and flowers.

The man grabbing her by her arm and almost pulling her into the house.

She quickly and unexpectedly hits him with a karate chop and the man bends over in pain.

Mr. Chin looking at satellite pictures in the safe house, throws his arms up in victory and began to dance.

The four agents see it on the remote screen.

Miss Little, "Now bitch, open the door for me a lady!"

The man looks at her and was about to hit her; when the door opened and the middle- aged man, impeccably dressed opened the door.

He looking out and around, said, "Come in Miss Little, please."

Miss Little, "Come in Miss Little, please. You mother f\*\*kers (MFS) have tried to kill me. Do you think I am please?"

The man looks at her.

First in rage, then in amazement.

The man from outside entered and passed by them.

The others were gathering in the drawing room.

She could see them behind the man at the door.

Miss Little, "You're going to introduce me to the rest of the murderers?"

The man still dazed by her comment.

He thought for a moment.

As he was about to speak, the older man said, "Alfred, show Miss Little in to the drawing room."

Alfred startled, look back at the older man then back at Miss Little.

Alfred, "Yes, of course."

Holding his hand out in the direction to go.

He spoke through his lips, "Keep your mouth shut."

Miss Little nearly looked at him.

The four agents were halfway there.

One agent said, "Why he would say that?"

The older man was standing in the middle of the floor by the drawing room.

Alfred stretches out his hand to invite Miss Little in.

The older man rolls his eyes at her and follows her.

Alfred closes his eyes and exhales.

He walks in and closes the drawing room door but doesn't lock it.

Miss Little hears it.

She stands looking around the room at eleven very distinguished looking gentlemen.

Alfred takes his seat.

The older man stands by Miss Little.

The whole office is listening, including Miss Little's boss who flew in for the weekend to golf.

But came by to see her on her last official day.

He walked into a hornet's nest.

The older man turns to Miss Little and said, "No doubt you are wearing a wire of some type."

Miss Little shrugs him off. Like not really.

But she was focused on the men and especially the man sitting in the chair that was turned towards the window, with its back to the rest of the room.

The old man followed Miss Little's eyes and so did Alfred and they knew she had caught on to the chair, but maybe not the person who was sitting in it.

Miss Little, "Why don't you very distinguished eleven men introduce yourselves?"

They sat and looked at her with such venom.

Miss Little, "Why are all of you looking at me with such hate? I don't know you.

But because if you tried to kidnap and murder me, we are connected to the end."

Looking at the very distinguished black man who tried to kidnap her.

She said, "I know Alfred. Wave Alfred."

He slightly waves.

She said, "Sir, I don't know your name, you can give your first name or your full name. We'll find out who you are. Your name Sir."

The black man looking at Miss Little under eye.

She said, "Don't be shy. We were intimate last night, and you did say more than that."

Alfred snickers and laughs putting his head down.

The older man standing next to Miss Little looks at her.

Miss Little, "How are those balls?"

She does her teeth as a piranha and licking her lips.

Alfred laughing.

The black man looking at Miss Little then Alfred.

Older man, "Miss Little, please behave like a lady."

The staff back at the safe house looks at the Deputy Director when need be.

He says, "Have seen it get worst."

The black man smirked.

Miss Little turns and looks at him.

Miss Little, "You fools have tried to kill me."

Throwing up her hands.

She said, "Okay, okay, let's get back to the final introductions."

The older man looks at her with bizarreness.

Miss Little looks at the black man and said, "Since you are the only black, you're Smokey."

Black man, "Daniel Liver."

Miss Little, "My pleasure."

Referring to her biting him very hard.

Alfred smirks.



The men introduced themselves, "Tom Reed, Hahns, Rutherford, Dennison, Wilson, Jamison, Witherspoon, Edison, and the older man said, and I'm Sir Edwards."

Miss Little turns and looks at him. "Oh, I'm very honored to be a target by a knight."

The older man yells, "Miss Little, you say that again."

She interrupted him and finished, "You'll kill me?"

Alfred laughs.

Sir Edwards looks at Alfred and said, "What's bloody funny?"

Miss Little, "Oh, the word bloody had to come up. Why are you all here in this house at this time of day?"

No one said anything.

The detective, the captain and the chief of mall security sped by the dark figure who was watching a mile away.

He looked at the unmarked car as they passed.

He smiled.

He said, "Yeah, all the players."

And laughs.

Miss Little, "Why let me in and you witches just sit and size me up. For what?"

Bending over in their faces.

She said, "You have already marked me for death. Suppose I set a bomb off in here and you all go to hell where you are definitely going. And don't think it is going to be a picnic and you heifers sitting around with satan in a more luxurious

place than this and sipping brandy. Oh no, you so and so's are going to be burning and screaming and in so much torment and pain that ball biting is going to be a bug bit. And guess what; it is forever. You are going to hear someone screaming louder than you and when you're able to turn and look; you are going to see satan up in the flame."

They all sitting and looking at her in total silence.

Miss Little, "Mr. Wilson, do you own Wilson, Inc.?"

Mr. Wilson, "Yes."

Very hard and firm.

Miss Little, "Well, Mr. Wilson, one of your products blew a hole in my kitchen wall and destroyed some of my kitchen cabinets and part of my floor."

Deputy director, "Here we go."

Everyone looks at the director because they didn't know what he was talking about.

Mr. Chin clapping his hands, "We got pictures from inside."

Deputy director, "Put on the screen."

Miss Little, "Oh, and some of my plants and flowers."

Deputy director, "ID everybody. Why is that chair turned around backwards?"

Somebody or something is in the chair."

Mr. Wilson, "Is there a point?"

Miss Little very calm, "Yes Sir, I want a check or cash from you now to pay for the damage to my house."

Deputy director, "Get her back up, NOW!!!"

Everyone looks at the deputy director.

Mr. Chin says, "Why sir?"

Deputy director, "Do it now!"

Agent Fields, "They're moving in."

The four agents pull up to the locked gate and showing ID told the guards to open the gate.

And the guards kept walking like they did not hear the agents.

The agent in the backseat shot the gate lock with his gun causing it to open.

They rolled up the bullet proof windows and rode up to the house and got out of the car.

They observed all the guards and the dogs.

As of four agents ran to the door, the man who opened Miss Little car door opened the house door.

The black man taking Miss Little by the arm pushed her out of the door.

Miss Little looking back at him said, "I see you like your foreplay, hard and very painful."

The black man looks at the four agents and he turns his back and walked away.

Miss Little says, "Hey Smokey, don't be twisting for me, Bubbyina and Conrad gonna like that ass."

Deputy director, "Uh, she looks really good."

The whole office turns and looks at the Deputy director.

The man at the door looks at Miss Little and slams the door.

The four agents looking around and at the dogs, with their guns ready to fire.

The detective, captain and chief of mall security drove through.

They notice all the armed guards and dogs.

They jumped out of the car, but chief of mall security got out slower.

They ran to Miss Little who was walking off the porch.

The federal agent who was the driver was about to touch her.

Miss Little shrugged and said, "Don't fingerprints. Meet me back at the place now."

They jumped in the cars.

But Miss Little looking at the flowers and plants, bent down and pull several up and ran to her car.

As she drove past the windows, the men were looking out. She stuck out her tongue and waved the flowers and plants.

Alfred laughs.

The black man, Liver said, "You better control her, or I will."

Hitting the table with his fist.

Alfred frowning up, turned around and looking at Daniel said, "Who are you supposed to be that you are rattled by that woman?"

Standing in the window with his hands in his pockets.

Daniel, "Unlike you, I didn't find any of this amusing."

Alfred turned around to the window said, "Are you challenging me Daniel?"

The other nine were quiet and looking at Daniel.

The older man looking at Alfred saw Alfred's intensity.

Daniel, "No."

Alfred smirks, "No?"

Daniel, "No Sir."

Daniel was standing.

Their rule was if you are addressing Alfred, you stand until he tells you to sit.

Alfred slowly said, "Sit Daniel."

Sir Edwards, "I like Daniel, doesn't see anything amusing about Miss Little."

Alfred goes and sits at his desk.

Sir Edwards continues, "She called us ruthless murderers, terrorist, arsonist and devil worshipers."

Alfred, "Let her."

Sir Edwards, "I must protest!"

Alfred interrupting him, "Let her."

Staring at Sir Edwards.

Alfred said, "We have bigger fish to fry."

The safe house lost transmission.

Miss Little passed by the dark figure and waved.

The dark figure sat in the car.

He saw the eleven men leave and he didn't move because he wanted to get to the mansion and find out what was really going on.

He pulls off after everyone leaves.

The person sitting in the chair with his back to the room was watching the car and the inhabitant through binoculars.

The man at the door of the mansion picks up a telephone and says, "Come and repair the gate."

He hangs up the telephone.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

### Westwood Academy

The cars pull into the safe house.

Miss Little gets out with the flowers in one and enters the building with her team members.

Detective Bingham, the captain and Chief of Mall security Mr. March followed them.

Miss Little reached the flowers and plants and said, "Mr. Chin here are some specimen for you. Agent Fields, let me pull off this top and run it for fingerprints, chemicals and anything else you can find."

Agent Fields is walking away.

Miss Little, "Agent Fields here's a check; do the same thing."

The office claps.

Miss Little looks up and see two persons approaching her, she smiles and said, "Don't touch."

Deputy Director, "Miss Little, your replacement, Miss Amber."

Miss Little, "Miss Amber, are you ready for this excitement?"

Miss Amber, "Most definitely."

Miss Little sniffing, everyone is looking at her.

She said, "What is that smell?"

Everyone looks around.



A couple of the agents sneaked and smelled their underarms.

Deputy Director, "I came to play golf and to say goodbye to an old friend."

The employees were looking around at each other.

Miss Little, "Don't say anything to them until I come back."

Miss Little goes into her office and pulls a tee-shirt out of her desk drawer.

Miss Amber walks in.

Miss Little turns and looks at her.

Miss Amber is looking around the office.

Miss Little, "Get the hell out! Now!"

Miss Amber stands and stares at Miss Little; the whole office is watching through

Miss Little's glassed office, where her desk faces out over the floor.

The Deputy Director looks with interest.

Miss Amber slowly looking at Miss Little, walks out.

Miss Little walks behind her.

Miss Little, "Miss Amber, have we met before?"

Deputy Director looking on.

The staff is looking on.

Miss Amber stares at Miss Little and says, "No."

Deputy Director is looking at the two women who look as if they are about to fight.

The Deputy Director is now wondering what is this a power play.

Deputy Director turns to the room and says, "May I have your attention please."

Everyone is listening.

Agents Chin and Fields come out of the lab area.

Deputy Director said, "Miss Little has officially retired. Today is her last day. We thank her for an outstanding 15 year career."

He began to Clap, the staff doesn't.

Miss Little smiles.

Deputy Director, "I want to introduce you to Miss Little's replacement, Miss Amber. She comes with an impeccable career record and we're sure, I'm sure, you will be happy with our choice."

No one claps.

Deputy Director looks and says, "Any departing words Miss Little?"

Miss Little, "No."

Deputy Director looks and says, "Miss Amber, any incoming words?"

Miss Amber steps and looks around the room.

Miss Amber, "I'm sure you will become used to the way I run things. And we can work to build a very good organization."

Miss Little looks at Miss Amber and the Deputy Director looks at Miss Little.

A member of Miss Little's staff claps for Miss Amber.

Miss Little thought, "Yeah, it's always one Judas."

Miss Little turns and goes into the women's locker room to change tops.

Miss Amber follows Miss Little.

Deputy Director frowns and looks turning around to follow the women.

The room watches.

The team member who clapped for Miss Amber started to go into the women's locker room.

The Deputy Director said, "Who are you? And why are you following them into the locker room?"

Agent Morales said nothing but turned to go back to her desk.

Deputy Director, "Lady, I just asked you two questions; if you don't want this golf putt in your ass, you better answer."

Agent Morales looked around the room at her co-workers.

Agent Donahue (the driver of the car showed her his gun).

Agent Morales stuttering said, "I wanted to see what they were doing, talking about."

Deputy Director, "What business is it of yours?"

Agent Morales, "Miss Amber is a friend. I know Miss Little can be rough."

Deputy Director, "And what would you do?"

Agent Morales, "Stop any altercations."

Deputy Director, "Get out of my sight and out of this building. Don't return today and I will decide your future with this agency. Is that what Miss Little does?"

Damn right. No go quickly or I will have you arrested."

Agent Morales runs to her desk and sees all her co-workers looking at her as if she is a traitor.

She grabs her purse and runs out.

Deputy Director started practicing his Birdie stroke not looking back at Agent Morales and said, "Leave your credentials with the security."

Agent Morales runs out the safe house.

They hear a fight in the women's locker room.

The crashing, the banging.

The throwing of items.

The awes and uhs.

Agent Donahue looks at the Deputy Director, who was still practicing.

Deputy Director, "Don't go in there and don't ask to go in there. When they finish they will be out."

Then they heard gun shots.

Deputy Director, "Damn Little."

They all ran in to the women's locker room.

Miss Little was standing with part of a bra on, over Miss Amber who was on the floor.

Miss Little had fired four rounds at her on the floor, as Miss Amber rolled from side to side to avoid the shots.

Miss Little standing with a busted bleeding lip, with gun drawn, starring at Miss Amber.

The men, seventeen in all including the Deputy Director and the eight female workers, were crowded into the locker room and the men were looking at Miss Little's beautiful exposed breasts.

Agent Fields walked over to Miss Little and stood in front of her and said, "Ma'am."

Miss Little look at Agent Fields and then down at her breast.

Her bra was ripped and her tee shirt torn.

The men had already seen one of her breasts.

Miss Little pulled the bra off and she was passing by Miss Amber on the floor.

Miss Little kicked Miss Amber in the face very hard which caused her to slip from her knees to her hands and knees.

Everyone walked out without helping Miss Amber get up.

Agent Fields picks up Miss Little's blouse and takes it to the lab.

Deputy Director looks after Agent Fields and thought, "Miss Little taught you well."

He walks over and sits next to Miss Amber.

Deputy Director, "Why did you follow Miss Little into this locker room?" Looking at his golf club.

Miss Amber, "Because."

Deputy Director, "Because you wanted to be big shit. You feel that because you are younger, only by a few years, you're better. Miss Little conceived this project, which has become a fully funded part of our organization. She is highly respected, because she had an idea to serve a part of the bureau that was not being serviced. She gave her life to this project. It is nearly perfect."

Miss Amber, "I can perfect it."

Deputy Director, "You may be able to, but not if you interrupt me again."

Miss Amber looks at the Deputy Director.

Deputy Director, "Miss Little recruited college graduates in the science fields, sent them to be trained and organized this team you see. She demands, after five years, they leave and pursue greater avenues.

Miss Amber out of the twenty five people Miss Little recruited 15 years ago; do you know how many have left?"

Miss Amber, "No."

Deputy Director, "None. I see how they work on clock work. You see how they come in on a Saturday and probably work throughout the weekend. That's loyalty. That's something you must earn. Miss Little fought for their pay raises and grades. Each time they finished a course, they get a little more in their paychecks. They have always been a support function. But today, because she had them trained, they showed that fierce side. Now you think about your action today. You did not show leadership. I will be thinking about your future here."

Deputy Director, "Now get out."

Miss Amber looks at him because he was in the women's locker room.

Deputy Director forgetting he was in the women's locker room and not wanting to be outdone, puts down his golf club and standing up, unzips his pants and walks into a stall. Hoping he can urinate.

Miss Amber slowly gets up and walks out the door.

Once the Deputy Director finish, he zips up his pants, flushes and goes out and washes his hands.

Agent Jimms came in to use the restroom and looks at the Deputy Director who picked up his golf club and walked out of the door.

Miss Little had gone back to her office with no top on and got her last tee-shirt from the secretarial sharp shooting contest and put it on in front of her staff.

But she turned her back.

She sat and was using peroxide and cotton balls to clean her busted lips and blackened eyes.

Miss Amber was sitting watching the monitors under the observance of all the employees, Detective Bingham, the captain and Chief of Mall Security Mr. March.

Miss Little was sitting in her office, writing notes and reviewing information being patched through to her computer.

Agent Chin patched through the results of the plant tests.

Agent Fields patched through the result of the fingerprints.

Miss Little working for about an hour in her office.

Nobody moved not the detective, captain or chief of mall security.

They spoke with the Deputy Director and they all were briefed.

Then Agent Donahue, who was feeding the surveillance tape through to his computer, made a mistake and it went to all the computers. Even Miss Little's.

Everyone looked up at Miss Little who was still working in her office.

Agents Donahue and Chin we're trying to stop the feed.

Miss Amber was embarrassed and looked back at Deputy Director.

He looked at her and made a gesture indicating – you cut your own throat motion.

She turned back and looked at the screen.

The tape show where Miss Little walked in the locker followed by Miss Amber.

Miss Little didn't turn around.

Miss Amber, "Let's understand something Miss Little. I'm the new director of operations. You will show me respect today in front of my employees. You got that?"

Miss Little, "Get out of my face."

And walks away.

Miss Amber grabbing Miss Little by the arm.

Miss Amber looks at the Deputy Director who was standing looking at the feed with his arms crossed and his hand on his cheek.

Miss Little turns with an upper, knocking Miss Amber backwards.

They fight with fists and then Miss Amber does kick boxing on Miss Little.

Miss Amber smiles to herself, the Deputy Director sees her, along with the director, captain and the chief of mall security.

Then Miss Little slaps Miss Amber and grabs her by the head and bangs her head into her knees, then onto the bench.

Miss Little slung Miss Amber into the wall.

And they ran and met and were choking each other.

Miss Amber kneed Miss Little and Miss Little bending over.

Miss Amber kicked Miss Little in the face and busted her lips and laughed.



Miss Little catching the trash can came up and hit Miss Amber with the trash can and began to kick her in the stomach.

And they fist fought some more.

Miss Little turned around and gave Miss Amber a kick from behind that knocked her on the floor.

And pulled out her gun and shot at Miss Amber four times.

Deputy Director shakes his head at Miss Amber.

Miss Little not stopping her work.

She hit the intercom, "Agents Donahue and Chin, please come here."

Agents Donahue popped up out of his seat and looked at the glass enclosed office, hoping he didn't hear that.

Agent Chin turns, acting like he didn't hear anything and was walking quickly to the lab.

Miss Little hits the intercom, "You got ten seconds."

Agent Chin passes by Agent Donahue running.

Agent Donahue runs behind Chin into Miss Little's office.

Miss Little still with her head down, continues to write.

The agents enter her office and takes seats in front of her desk.

She stops writing, looks up at them and she hits the button to lower the blinds.

Miss Little, "Why do you want to act up in front of the Deputy Director on my last day?"

Agent Donahue, "We can't out "act up" like you did today, ma am."

Agent Chin, "I do want to add. I did suggest Kung Fu."

Both agents looking at her breasts.

Miss Little, "Why are you looking at my breasts?"

Miss Little, "You serve your country. Your service has been impeccable except for the many instances, such as this. Get around Miss Amber's personality. I know she is probably younger than you, but you are well educated and trained."

Agent Chin, "What about you ma'am?"

Miss Little, "What do you mean Agent Chin?"

Agent Chin, "Apparently, you don't like her."

Miss Little, "I hate her, the bitch, and hope she is killed within the first hour on duty, but that is just my opinion."

The agents look at each other.

Miss Little, "Thank you for job well done. Good- bye."

The agents get up and walk out of her office.

The staff looks on.

The Deputy Director walks in Miss Little office and closes the door.

Miss Little looks up at him, the shades down.

He sits in a chair and says, "What really happened?"

Miss Little, "Suppose I un-retire until you find someone who is suitable to come here and take over."

Deputy Director, "Convince me."

Miss Little lifts up her tee shirt.

Deputy Director looking at her breasts, said, "Well – yeah, that will do it. If I can have the other, then you can pick your replacement."

Miss Little, "You know you are married."

Deputy Director, "When has that ever stopped us?"

Miss Little laughs.

A knock at the door and she pulls her tee-shirt down.

She said, "Enter."

Agent Fields reaches towards Miss Little, "Your check."

Miss Little takes the check and said, "Thank you."

Agent Fields was walking out Miss Little's office.

Deputy Director said, "What about her?"

Agent Fields smiled and walked out and closed the office door behind her.

Miss Little, "Or Donahue."

Deputy Director, "He's a jackass."

Miss Little, "Like you?"

Deputy Director, "Exactly. What about tonight?"

Miss Little, "I truly need it. But people are trying to kill me, and I don't know why."

Deputy Director not smiling, "Well, I thought you let out all that sexual tension out when you were busting Miss Amber's head on that cedar bench."

Miss Little laughs.

Deputy Director not smiling.

He said, "Have you seen her head?"

Miss Little, "I don't want to see it, nor her ever. Did you do her?"

Deputy Director, "Yeah."

Miss Little, "How many times?"

Deputy Director, "Several times. Good, but not great like you. You are a legend."

Miss Little, "Legend mean old. Let's go out and give a briefing. No for tonight."

Deputy Director, "Okay, you're missing out."

Miss Little gathering her papers realizes the intercom was on and points to it, then cutting it off.

Deputy Director, "Shit!!"

Miss Little laughs and opens the door.

Everyone was looking.

Miss Amber was embarrassed.

Miss Little walks out and sitting on the desk under the monitors, put her feet up and said, "Everyone should be here because you heard our whole conversation."

Looking at Ms. Amber.

Miss Little, "Yes Miss Amber, I meant everything I said about you. And yes, I have had the Deputy Director. Any questions?"

The detective raises his hand and Miss Little and the Deputy Director looks at him.

Miss Little, "Yes Sir."

Detective Bingham, "Why him and not me or the captain?"

The chief of mall security points to himself.

Miss Little, "I know you didn't interrupt me to ask why I won't have you. Well since my business is out, you all don't have money."

She looks at her staff and said, "Let's do the briefing; Miss Fields first, then Agents Chin, Jimms and Donahue."

The briefing last about 3 hours.

Miss Little's cell phone rings.

She looks at the number, then the contractor texted her and informed her that they put up a temporary door until Monday morning.

She texted him back and said okay.

The Deputy Director looking on.

Then he calls, she looks at the number and holding up her finger, said, "Hello."

The contractor, "Seven men showed up at your house five minutes ago and I asked how could I help them but they didn't say anything but looked at the hole in the wall and left."

Miss Little, "Thank you. Be safe."

Miss Little, "I had seven visitors at my home a few minutes ago. Clean up your work areas and lock everything down. Make sure you are not followed. Use deadly force, if necessary. Be very careful and watchful. Call in anything, I mean anything. Good night."

Donahue – "Ma'am, what are you going to be doing tonight?"

Miss Little turns and putting her hands on the Deputy Directors shoulder, said,

“Him. No, I am just kidding.”

Debited Director, “I hope not.”

They laugh.

Miss Little, “Donahue, I know you want to stay and work throughout the night.”

Donahue cutting her off, “Ma’am, I’ll be safe here. The guards are outside. The state of the art security system I helped design and there’s a small arsenal of weapons I have available. And if invaded, I can always hit the self-destruct button.”

Miss Little, “This is not a television solar star and we don’t self-destruct anything.”

Deputy Director smiles.

But he is truly worried.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 9

## Chapter 9

### Westwood Academy

Miss Little, "Concluding this briefing, any additional questions, concerns or suggestions?"

Captain Reed raises his hand.

Miss Little, "Yes Captain Reed."

She looks down at her clipboard.

Captain Reed, "Besides me not having any money."

Miss Little looks up and at the Captain.

He said, "If you knew Daniel Liver was your attempted kidnapper, why didn't you arrest him?"

Deputy Director, "Smoking gun."

Miss Little, "Right Deputy Director. I want Mr. Liver to be free. I want him to continue with them and this "thing" whatever it is they are doing. I want to add and add and add to his charges."

Captain, "Why not bring him in and isolate him from them and make him talk."

Miss Little, "Captain, did you see the little surveillance feed that came through?"

Captain, "I saw you kicked that Mr. Wilson in the crotch so hard and fast and grabbed him by his throat and pulled him out of his seat chocking him and drawing your gun on Smokey at the same time. Only because he told you he was not going to give you thirty thousand dollars. Is that what you meant?"



Miss Little shaking her head.

She said, "No. No." Sarcastically.

Deputy Director laughing.

Miss Little very serious.

She said, "These men are cold blooded and calculating. Every move is calculated and analyzed. They can not be out of your thoughts. They are brilliant and not afraid. Because what ever this "thing" is, they are consumed by it and will make sure it is beyond successful. They are at the top of the game and have been under estimated by me."

PAUSE

She continued, "And we know who they are; we can monitor their every move.

But for the person sitting in the chair, they were all in that house today and at that time for a reason. Agent Jimms, search every security camera and retrieval system worldwide and see if you can see anything."

Miss Little motioning with her hand, "If anything happened today between eleven am and three pm. And that time may have to be broadened.

Agent Chin, "Oh, even though the flowers and plants are not deadly. They are highly poisonous. Miss Little just got a little taste of it."

Deputy Director laughing.

Miss Little looks at the Deputy Director and smiles.

Agent Fields, "What about all those dogs?"

Miss Little, "That is strange. I don't know, but there is a reason for them and the number of them. Where would they keep all those dogs? How large is that estate?"

Agent Field, "Two hundred and thirty six acres."

Miss Little looks with a questioning face.

Deputy Director, "Uuh."

And putting his hand under his chin.

Miss Little, "Let's use the blackboard and place each one of these and the mysterious chairperson up there, and the crimes we will charge each with.

My favorite Alfred (the mastermind), then (speaking very proper); the "Oh please be a lady while we kill you" – Sir Edwards." (The room laughs.) Daniel Liver (two charges of first degree murder, two charges of conspiracy to commit murders, three charges aggravated assault, attempted kidnapping, conspiracy, conspiracy and battery (for this afternoon.) And as you'll think of other charges, pass by and write them on the board and put your name by it so if I need further explanation, I can talk with you."

Miss Little stopping and looking around the room.

Miss Little looks at the Deputy Director.

She goes to her office.

The Deputy Director watches her.

Miss Little locks up her papers and downloads the information off her computer.

And logs off and turning off the lights, lock her door.

Miss Amber walks over to the Deputy Director, almost between his legs, and everyone looks.

The Deputy Director doesn't move but looks up at her slowly.

Miss Amber, "At mid-night, I take over this operation."

Deputy Director, "That's right."

Miss Amber looks at her watch, eight thirty five pm.

The Deputy Director reads her thoughts.

Deputy Director, "That's if Miss Little doesn't withdraw her retirement request."

Miss Little in her office with the intercom on, heard it and walked out and over to the Deputy Director.

Miss Little reaching her hand out to the Deputy Director, "Shall we?"

Deputy Director handing the report to Fields.

Takes Miss Little's hand and passing his golf bag picks it up and they leave.

Miss Amber standing, not sure of what to make out of that.

Agent Donahue watching Miss Little.

Agent Chin nods to Agent Fields.

They continue to work and finally lock up about eleven thirty pm.

After Hattie's Soul Food, the Deputy Director and Miss Little went to her place.

He looks at the damage to Miss Little's kitchen.

He stands up and looks at Miss Little and says, "30,000, huh?"

Miss Little smiles, "There about. Oh my, now I have to replace all these cabinets and you know the tile just isn't going to fit and match. Now I have to get that marble tile I always wanted."

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "You're conniving."

Miss Little, "I learned that from you. Let's go upstairs."

Deputy Director, "I want you to show me some more things you learn from me."

Miss Little, "Gladly." and laughs.

About two and a half hours later at eleven forty five pm, Miss Little is lying in bed.

The Deputy Director lying next to her.

She hits the light on the clock.

And turns her head slightly.

The Deputy Director lying there with his eyes closed not moving, holds out his hand and Miss Little reaches him the phone.

She looks at him slyly.

Deputy director without opening his eyes dials Miss Amber.

Miss Amber's cell phone rings.

She looks at the telephone number, then at the clock.

It's eleven forty nine pm.

She knew it was Miss Little withdrawing her retirement.

She takes a deep breath and answers, "Hello."

The Deputy Director says, "Miss Little decided to stay."

He hangs up.

Still not opening his eyes, he hands Miss Little the phone and says, "That's extra."

He grabs Miss Little and pulls her towards him.

Miss Amber hangs up.

She looks around her empty apartment and sits on the floor.

She looks over at the champagne she bought to celebrate her very big promotion with the Deputy Director next to the Bohemian bed and candles on the floor, she thought he would like. She is all alone and without the big promotion, she told everyone she had.

Now she has to think about stopping the movers and getting her place back in DC.

Her cell phone rings.

She answers without looking at the number.

She said, "Hello."

Agent Morales, "This is Amy. Congratulations Director Amber."

Miss Amber, "Miss Little is not retiring."

Agent Morales, "When was that decided?"

Miss Amber, "About seven minutes ago."

Agent Morales looks stunned.

She said, "So you mean I really am fired?"

Miss Amber looks at the phone.

She said, "What?"

Agent Morales, "When you followed Miss Little into the locker room, I was on my way in to help you. Then the Deputy Director stopped me; questioned me and told me to leave and turn in my credentials."

Miss Amber closes her eyes.

Agent Morales, "I kept my credentials because I was sure you would be in. Can you help me?"

Miss Amber, "Agent Morales, Deputy Director has always been BEHIND Miss Little. I don't think he will talk to me."

Agent Morales, "I'm out of work?"

Miss Amber, "I'll try."

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 10

## Chapter 10

### Westwood Academy

The next morning Miss Little's cell phone awakens her and the Deputy Director.

Miss Little reaches for the cell phone and says, "Hello."

A voice on the line said, "May I speak with the deputy director?"

Miss Little reaching the phone backwards said, "It's your wife."

And goes back to sleep.

Deputy Director Brown sitting up in bed, reaching for the phone when Miss Little was handing it to him and when she said your wife, the deputy director slowly looks at a sleepy Miss Little and is stunned.

He picks up the phone and says, "Hello."

Mrs. Brown, "Honey, Miss Amber tells me she no longer has the job. And Agent Morales doesn't have one."

Deputy Director Brown, "That's right."

Mrs. Brown, "Please reconsider, dear."

Deputy Director Brown, "You know you don't control this office nor me. Why the interest?"

Mrs. Brown, had Miss Amber on the other line, "Miss Amber and Agent Morales are friends of mines."

Deputy Director Brown, "You mean they are your lovers. No!"

He hangs up the phone.



Miss Little laughs.

He reaches over her and places her cell phone on the night stand.

He leans over and then begins to kiss the laughing Miss Little on the ear and neck.

He stops and picks up the cell phone and dials a number.

Miss Little lying on her stomach, smiling.

Mrs. Brown on the phone with Miss Amber.

She says, "It's him, hold on, maybe he has reconsidered."

Mrs. Brown, "Hello."

Deputy Director Brown still leaning over Miss Little said, "I want a divorce."

Miss Little burst out into laughter.

Mrs. Brown stares into space and hangs up the phone.

Deputy Director Brown hangs up.

He said, "I'm sick of this."

Miss Little breaks out into greater laughter.

Deputy Director Brown on one elbow on his side, as if he is thinking.

He raises his eyebrow at the laughing Miss Little.

Deputy Director Brown, "What is funny?"

Miss Little, "Nall, you couldn't marry me. You had to marry the vice president's gay daughter, so so..."

Stopping talking to continue laughing.

She said, "You could be invited to the White House."

More laughing.

She said, "Now since the term is about up, you want a divorce."

Miss Little rolls off the bed onto the floor still laughing.

The deputy Director sees her rolling off and doesn't try to catch her.

He sits up in bed and peeps over at the hysterical Miss Little.

About a half-hour later, Miss Little is in the bathroom brushing her teeth and preparing to take a shower.

Deputy Director Brown is sitting up in bed quiet but thinking.

Miss Little walks in and goes to her lingerie drawer.

Deputy Director Brown looks at her and asks, "Are you going someplace this morning?"

Miss Little, walking back to the bathroom, "Church."

Deputy Director Brown, "Why, you just got off your knees."

Miss Little steps out of the bathroom.

Deputy Director Brown, "Sorry. Why church?"

Miss Little, "Because I saw a program from St. Luke's Catholic Church. I have decided to go there and observe."

Deputy Director Brown, "Be careful. I don't like none of this."

Miss Little, "You know where I'm going. And if I'm . . ."

Her telephone rings.

Miss Little, "Hello."

Keisha, "Daddy is dead."

Miss Little catches her heart.

Deputy Director Brown looks at her.

Miss Little, "When?"

Keisha, "Earlier this morning."

Miss Little crying, "What happened?"

Deputy Director Brown gets up and hits the speaker on the phone.

Keisha, "He said last night, he was not feeling good. So, this morning he went for a walk."

Deputy Director Brown looking at his watch.

Keisha said, "The man hit him. He hit my daddy. He called 911. He was gone when the ambulance got there. We got the call when Daddy was half way to the hospital. We're here now. They want to perform an autopsy."

Deputy Director Brown touches the hand of the weeping Miss Little.

And she looks up at him.

He shakes his head for yes.

Miss Little crying.

Keisha crying.

Keisha, "Are you coming?"

Miss Little, "Yes, but later Keisha. Have your mother let them perform the autopsy."

Miss Little bursts out crying.

Keisha, "Oh God, its Uncle Chuck!"

She hangs up.

Miss Little hangs up and sits and cries.

Deputy Director Brown attempts to comfort her, but she pulls away.

He knows what that means.

He gets addressed and goes downstairs.

He calls the safe house, it is 10:30 AM, hoping someone is there.

Agent Fields answers, "Hello."

Deputy Director Brown, "This is Deputy Director Brown. Who is available this morning?"

Agent Fields, "I'm here and Agents Simpson and Donahue."

Deputy Director Brown, "Put me on speaker."

Agent Fields, "Yes Sir."

Deputy Director Brown, "Miss Little has received a telephone call her older brother John was killed this morning by a hit and run. The call was made to 911, but the driver was not there. Her niece said, their father spoke of being ill. I believe if he were ill, it was from the drugs that Agent Chin discovered. They may do an autopsy. I want a team to go down there, it's an hour away, and do a complete investigation. Miss Little is going to church."

He felt the sting of the word.

She saw a program at the mansion yesterday for a Saint Luke's Catholic Church.

I need someone to go and back her up."

Agent Donahue, "Sir, I'll call in several people. We can get Agent Chin's and Jimm's lab bags and pick them up on the way. I'll go along with Agent Simpson."

At that time, Agent Morales walks in.

The agents in the safe house look at her.

Agent Donahue, "Agent Morales."

Agent Morales not realizing the speaker was on said, "I'm here to clean out my desk."

The other agents still didn't say anything.

She looks at them and walks back to the lockers.

Agent Donahue, "Sir, she's in the locker room."

Deputy Director Brown, "I don't like her now or trust her. Follow her."

Agent Fields, "I'm dressed. I can go to church."

Deputy Director Brown, "Who will be left there? Fields stay put. Agent Simpson, go to church."

She's looking at his jeans and flip flops.

Deputy Director said, "Agent Donahue go and pick up Agents Chin and Jimms."

Agent Donahue, "Yes Sir."

Agent Fields went into the locker room and said, "How do you get past the guards, when the deputy director told you to leave your credentials until Monday?"

Agent Morales, "Who put you in charge?"

Agent Fields, "Deputy Director Brown. Now answer."

Fields folded her arms and stood and looked at Agent Morales.

Agent Morales said, "I said I'm leaving."

Agent Fields, "Not fast enough. And why did you keep your credentials?"

Agent Morales, "Because I thought Miss Amber would smooth things over."

Agent Fields, "Your locker is clean, go to your desk."

Agent Morales looks stunned at the very calm and timid Agent Fields.

She escorts Agent Morales to her desk and stands while she packs up her desk.

Deputy Director Brown told them to leave the speaker on.

He listens and waits for Miss Little.

The sobbing Miss Little walks downstairs.

She has an overnight bag.

She reaches behind the refrigerator and gets her small gun and puts it into her suit pocket.

Miss Little reaches under the microwave and takes that gun and puts it into her overnight bag.

Deputy Director Brown, "I'll drive."

Agent Morales looks at the phone, then up at the emotionless face of Agent Fields.

Agent Morales pushes her chair back and grabs her bags.

Agent Fields holds out her hand.

Agent Morales, said, "Geeze," she puts down a bag and hands Agent Fields her credentials, gun and proxy cards.

Agent Fields walked outside with Agent Morales to the parking deck.

And stands while she puts her stuff into the trunk and getting in the car, she pulls away with tears in her eyes.

Agent Fields stands and watches her leave.

Agent Simpson looks on and so does Agent Donahue.

They all go their separate ways.

Agent Fields walks back inside.

She tells Deputy Director Brown, "Sir, Agent Morales is out."

Deputy Director Brown, "Good."

He hangs up.

He looks at Miss Little, "She's good."

Agent Simpson leaves and beats Miss Little to church.

Miss Little drops the Deputy Director off at his hotel.

She pulls off.

He stands and looks.

He knows he has lost her forever.

She reaches the church.

She dries her face and sits in the parking lot and put on makeup.

The eleven men were entering the church and saw her in her car putting on makeup.

She gets out of her car and sees them.

They all are looking at her.

She notices a black jeep at three o'clock.

She walks up to them and stands with her hand on her gun and looks at them long and hard.

They all stare at her.

She walks slowly up the steps.

She said, "If I find out you mother f\*\*kers (MFS) killed my brother this morning, you all will be in hell before you die. Do – you—understand me?"

She looked at them with hate.

She walked up to Daniel Liver and stood by his side with her body touching his and he slightly turned to look at her.

And all he could see was the white of her eyes.

He knew he was dead.

He and they all heard the click of her gun.

She looked back at them and walked into the church.

Agent Simpson was sitting and watching all of the events, making crosses and praying.

He said, "Oh, God I thank you. I'd thought she was about to shoot him down on the church steps."

He begins to fan and walking past their sneering eyes, at his attire.

He hides behind the door to listen.

He heard Alfred say, "What is she talking about? Daniel, do you know?"

Daniel, "Of course I don't."

Sir Edwards, "Why is she here?"

Mr. Hahns, "We're getting too much attention, let's go inside."

Agent Simpson pretends to have been coming up the stairs with some others.

They looked at him.

He looks at their attire and says, "Jesus loves me just the way I am."

They continue to stare at him.

They are ushered in.



Miss Little is sitting at the end and watches them with an evil eye as they pass and sit next to her across the aisle.

Alfred couldn't take it.

He moves up a seat.

Agent Simpson sits behind Miss Little several rows back and to the side to get a better look at the men.

During the whole service, Miss Little kept touching her purse and looking at the men.

Agent Simpson stayed in prayer.

The men had become a little off guard because they didn't know what state of mind Miss Little was in.

Because Agent Simpson was praying hard and would jump up to really see what was going on, the people next to him thought he was having a spiritual revelation.

The service was drawing to a close.

The eleven men were watching Miss Little.

Miss Little was watching them.

In her mind, she was playing out scenarios of which one she would kill first and how fast she could re-load her gun.

It appeared the eleven men felt her determined evil intent.

And they watched her eyes as she picked them off one by one.

She thought and spoke out, "I should have brought another gun."

The people around her thought she said it but was not totally 100% sure.

Alfred heard her Miss Little.

So did Sir Edwards, who would wear a fake earpiece so he could turn up the volume to hear.

As church service ended, Miss Little got up quickly and left.

When Alfred turned, he didn't see her and became concerned.

He spotted Agent Simpson watching them.

Alfred turns to Daniel Liver, "A spy."

Daniel does not turn his body, but his head and looks at Agent Simpson.

Agent Simpson stares back. He has become bolder.

Before Alfred could say anything, the twelve men walked up.

Since everyone knew who Agent Simpson was, he stood up and stared at them.

He recognized the twelve men, who turned and looked at him.

They all went towards the back and disappeared down the stairwell.

Agent Simpson followed.

He took off his flip flops and walked barefoot down the stairwell and was looking for a place to hide.

He stood watching the stairs and listening to them, the little he could hear.

Deputy Director Brown had arrived at the church.

He was parked with perfect aim at the black jeep and its occupants.

He had loaded his guns before he left the hotel.

He stopped by the safe house to check on things and found Agents Fields, Stallworth and Brooks.

Deputy Director Brown, "Today may just be a bigger day than yesterday. Keep all lines of communication opened, monitor each agent and take double safety measures. Good job Agent Fields."

Agent Fields smiles and holds her head in embarrassment, "Thank you Sir."  
He leaves.

As he arrives at the church, he sees Miss Little walk out, but no Agent Simpson.  
He puts one gun in his pocket.

He waits and watches.

He sees Miss Little go to her car.

She's sitting and watching.

Then she jumps out of the car and running back to the church.

The twelve were exiting when she ran up.

They looked at her and didn't know if she was going to shoot them down or what.

Then Agent Simpson emerged from his hiding place and stood next to Miss Little.

He looks at her face and knew she was contemplating killing them.

Agent Simpson stood next to her because he knew she would back him up.

Miss Little's cell phone rang.

It continues to ring.

She slowly opens her purse.

The men look.

She takes out the cell phone, "Hello."

Deputy Director Brown, "Get your butt in your car and leave. We at least got the twelfth person NOW!"

Miss Little hangs up and walks back to her car.

Agent Simpson stands for a few more moments.

Then walks backwards to his beat up jeep.

He turns on his car and waits for Miss Little to leave.

She exits and then Agent Simpson continues looking at the men.

The other people at the church were wondering what was going on.

One woman pointing to Miss Little said, "She was talking out aloud and said she should have brought more guns."

Another lady peeping, "Really."

The priest walks out and asked the twelve if they were all right.

They smiled and shook the priest's hand and walked off.

Getting into their cars, they leave trailed by the black jeep.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 11

## Chapter 11

### Westwood Academy

The detective, captain and the chief of mall security had called the safe house.

Agent Fields told them where Miss Little was.

Agent Fields telephoned the Deputy Director and said, "Sir, the police wants to know what the plan is for today?"

Deputy Director Brown, "Put me on speaker. Hello. Detective Bingham, captain and Chief. We believe the eleven men will be meeting at church today. We don't know why. You can trail them and keep them under surveillance today."

Detective Bingham, "Sure."

Deputy Director Brown, "Another thing, Miss Little's brother was killed this morning. We don't know yet whether it is a part of this thing. Whatever the thing is. Sirs, be careful."

Detective Bingham, "We will. And thank you. Give our condolences to Miss Little."

The police trail the men back to the mansion.

The Chief of Mall Security was sitting in the back and was to video tape everything.

The detective and captain were sitting in front, discussing the notes and the bizarreness of all the people killed so far.

Detective Bingham, "Sir, we can confirm twenty four deaths related to these people."

Captain, "Sir? These people are rubbing off on you".

Detective Bingham, "Yeah, twenty four so far."

The Chief of Mall Security stops and says, "Hey. We got number twelve."

The Captain said, "Where?" picking up his binoculars.

The detective peeping out of the window says, "I can't see."

The Chief of mall security reaching him the video, "Here, look through here."

The Captain, "Does he look familiar to you?"

Detective, "Who?"

Captain, "The tall dark haired man with the diamond pin in his lapel."

Detective, "I don't think so."

The Captain takes note of the detective's answer and continued to watch the men.

The men entering the mansion look out across the street at the unmarked police car.

Miss Little dials her cell phone.

Agent Simpson, "Hello."

Miss Little, "Can you go back to the church and pick up the bug I put in the outside windowsill, when I left earlier?"

Agent Simpson, "No. We just left there. I'll call Deputy Director Brown."

Agent Simpson radios in and asked for Deputy Director Brown.

Agent Fields connect with the director.

Deputy Director Brown, "Hello."

Agent Simpson, "Sir, where is your location?"

Deputy Director Brown, "Leaving the church."

Miss Little smiles.

Deputy Director Brown, "What is it?"

Agent Simpson, "Miss Little left a listening device outside on the window sill and we just left and I didn't want to return so soon."

Deputy Director Brown, "Agent Simpson, when you are given a command, you carry it out . . .!"

Agent Simpson, "Yes Sir."

Deputy Director Brown, "Yes Sir what?"

Agent Simpson, "I'm turning around to go and get it Sir."

Deputy Director Brown, "I already have it. I saw Miss Little when she put it out there. Meet me back at the safe house."

Agent Fields smiles as she is listening.

Agent Simpson, "Yes Sir."

They all arrive back at the safe house and are entering the building.

Deputy Director Brown, Miss Little and Agent Simpson are entering the building together.

When Miss Little and Agent Simpson arrived back at the safe house, Agent Simpson saw her still in the car.

Agent Simpson walks over to Miss Little, who is sitting in her car weeping.

She had her windows up and the car door locked.



Agent Simpson tried to talk to her.

Then he knocked on her windows and even went to the front windshield and got on her car, which he knew she hated.

Deputy Director Brown was driving into the parking area and saw Agent Simpson on Miss Little's car.

He said, "What is that fool doing?"

Agent Simpson heard a car and turning, he saw Deputy Director Brown get out of the car.

Agent Simpson jumps off Miss Little's car.

Deputy Director Brown locks his car and walks over.

He looks at Agent Simpson, assuming that's who he was.

He peeps around at Miss Little, still crying.

Deputy Director Brown, "Agent Simpson?"

Agent Simpson, "Yes Sir."

He was nervous because the deputy director already thinks he's a fool and scary.

Deputy Director Brown, "What are you doing?"

Agent Simpson stumbling, "She doesn't like anybody on her car."

Deputy Director Brown with a frown on his face, he knew what Agent Simpson was trying to do and it was funny to him.

Deputy Director Brown, "So!"

Agent Simpson, "I, I was trying to get her attention because she won't stop crying Sir."

Deputy Director Brown, "Good thought Agent Simpson."

Agent Simpson breathes a breath of relief.

Deputy Director Brown walks over to Miss Little's car.

He said, "Honey, please get out. It's not your fault your brother is dead."

Miss Little did move.

Deputy Director Brown had a key in his hand and unlocked her door.

Agent Simpson looked at Deputy Director Brown.

Deputy Director Brown looked at him and said, "Always plan ahead."

Agent Simpson smiled.

Deputy Director Brown reached in the car and cut it off and unfastened Miss Little's seat belt.

Miss Little, "I know they killed my John. I know they killed him."

Deputy Director Brown helps her out of the car.

They walked and entered the safe house where the agents inside were watching on the monitors.

Miss Little goes into her office.

She closes and locks her door.

Agent Simpson looked at Deputy Director Brown and said, "You planned ahead for that sir?" and walked away.

Agent Fields said, "Sir, Agents Donahue, Jimms and Chin have concluded their investigation. The same substance that was in the plants was found in John Little's body. And a witness, elderly man, man out in the woods with his dogs saw a black SUV strike the man. The elderly man said the SUV was already

parked on the side of the road and John approached it and spoke briefly about a minute or two with the people inside. He said John walked away from the SUV and looked back down the road towards Miss Little's house and as he turned back around, the SUV speeded up and hit him, knocking him in the air on top of the vehicle where he rolled off the top onto the ground. The witness said John was hit so hard, he was dead before he hit the ground. His eyes were opened, he was bleeding from the mouth and his arms were broken and his body twisted."

Deputy Director Brown, "What did the autopsy say?"

Agent Donohue, "He died from multiple broken bones and excessive internal bleeding."

Deputy Director Brown, "Miss Little will eventually read the reports, but not today."

Miss Little, "I don't have to read them, I just heard them. I'm going home for a day and will be back Tuesday morning. You have all my numbers. My contractor, Mr. Hutton, may call about suspicious activity, send someone over quickly and use any means necessary to stay alive. Get those police statements and keep an eye on them. They are either tied to this, or just stupid. Have they called today?"

In between sniffles.

Agent Fields look at Deputy Director Brown.

Deputy Director Brown, "I told them you were at the church and to trail the cars and report anything suspicious."

Miss Little, "Just something to do?"

Agent Simpson, “Miss Little, why do you think the police are tied to this bizarre event?”

Miss Little, “I don’t know. The detective at the mall was not overly concerned about the dead mall security guards, even in my weakened state; it was a question mark in the back of my mind. Keep everyone updated; tomorrow Agent Fields.”

Deputy Director Brown smiles.

Agent Fields stunned.

The others smile.

Agent Fields lost for words say, “Yes Ma’am.”

Miss Little walks back into her office and gets her purse and walked out.

Deputy Director Brown looks at Miss Little’s rear and thinks, “God, I’m gonna miss that.”

Miss Little gets into a hot car and plugs in her cell phone.

She exits and gets onto the expressway.

She dials her country house phone.

Rosa answers, “Hello.”

Miss Little with a hard voice, “I’m on my way. I’ll be there in about an hour and a half. How’s Keisha and the girls?

Rosa, “They are holding on. I’m okay.”

And hangs up.

Dorothy hangs up.

She sees a black sedan following her.

She reaches under her seat and takes out two guns.

One she puts onto her lap and the other on the beverage holder.

She hits the number to dial the safe house.

Deputy Director Brown, "Agent Fields, I'm leaving now to go back to Washington.

I have meetings all day tomorrow but email me all reports and if absolutely necessary call me."

Phone rings.

Agent Simpson, "Hello."

Miss Little, "A black car is following me. I saw it a few minutes."

Agent Simpson, "Miss Little? Is this Miss Little?"

Deputy Director Brown sighs.

Miss Little just held the phone.

Agent Simpson, "Hello. Hello?"

Miss Little very calm and dry, "Give the phone to Agent Fields."

Agent Simpson passes the phone to Agent Fields.

Deputy Director Brown says to Agent Simpson, "You need some more training."

Agent Simpson, "I haven't given my report from the church."

Deputy Director Brown opens his mouth to say something but is interrupted by Agent Fields.

Agent Fields, "Miss Little says, a black sedan with tinted windows is following her."

Deputy Director Brown looks at Agent Simpson, “She told you she was being followed and you didn’t recognize her voice; and you didn’t realize this is a secure phone system; and nobody can just call in; and you didn’t tell us immediately?”

Agent Simpson, “No Sir. But I got a report from the church.”

Agent Fields looks to Deputy Director Brown with the phone in her hand.

Deputy Director Brown, “Agent Simpson! What is the next step to be taken?”

Agent Simpson, “Level three.”

Deputy Director Brown still staring at Agent Simpson.

He says, “Agent Fields level three?”

Miss Little, “No! I can handle this. I just told you all to be aware! Huh”

She screams and the phone goes dead.

Deputy Director Brown, “Where are your weapons?”

Agent Donohue, “Here Sir.”

Deputy Director Brown, “Vests? Agent Simpson lets go. And you won’t get me killed. Put some more shoes on.”

Agent Simpson staring with a blank look said. “I didn’t bring any ones but these.”

Deputy Director Brown, “Patch her location through to me.”

The two ran out of the building and gets into Deputy Director Brown’s car.

Deputy Director Brown gets the location.

He speeds up to get to Miss Little.

Deputy Director Brown, “They must have followed her from the safe house.

Fields do a surveillance scan.”

Agent Simpson says nothing but sitting with his eyes closed moving his lips.

Deputy Director Brown was about to fuss until he looked at Agent Simpson and realized he must be praying.

And he thought about his Miss Little, who he will never see again because she will turn back to her God.

Deputy Director Brown, "May God help her."

Miss Little screamed when she saw the faces of the people in the black sedan.

They had sped up next to her car and were trying to ram her brand new car.

She moved over a lane, and then slowed up.

They eventually got across.

She knew she had about thirty minutes before she had to get on that long stretch of two lanes.

She sped up and got directly in front of them and when they sped up to ram her, she accelerated and got back into the other lane.

Deputy Director Brown, "They are about ten minutes away."

Agent Simpson didn't answer but opened his eyes.

He checked his gun.

Deputy Director Brown raises his eyebrow and thinks, "Now he gets balls."

Deputy Director Brown, "Hold on baby."

Agent Simpson turns and looks at Deputy Director Brown who is looking at his weapon.

Deputy Director Brown not looking around at Agent Simpson says, “Yes baby. I love her, but I’m married to someone else, and can’t get out of it.”

Agent Simpson, “That’s funny.”

Deputy Director Brown, “What?”

Agent Simpson, “That’s the same lie my daddy told me and my five brothers when he died. He couldn’t get rid of his paper wife to marry his true love – my mom. She would only get his “lovin” whenever he felt like giving it to her. And forget us, his boys.”

Deputy Director Brown, “Your point Agent Simpson.”

Agent Simpson, “If you love Miss Little, you would get a divorce and marry her. She has a right to be happy and have children.”

Deputy Director Brown, “The traffic. Brake lights. We must be close.”

Agent Simpson, “About five miles Sir. Sir, do you know how to use that gun?”

Deputy Director Brown, “Do you know how I became the Deputy Director?”

Agent Simpson. “Yeah.” Shaking his head. “You married the vice president’s daughter.”

Deputy Director Brown gritted his teeth and stepped on the gas.

He said, “No Agent Simpson, I did not, for that I go to the White House social events. I completed high school at the age of 14, military college at 18, got a Ph.D. from the esteem university at 21 and went into active duty for two years. Went to training for a year and spent the last 20 years working and slaving to make our agency number one. Get down!”



Agent Simpson ducks.

Deputy Director Brown rolls down his window and shoots several rounds into the black sedan which caused it to speed away.

Miss Little gets behind it.

Deputy Director Brown, "Oh, you get all bad now. Get her on her cell phone."

Agent Simpson picks up the phone but is so nervous; he couldn't dial her number and drops the cell phone.

He cuts his eyes at the deputy director who is shaking his head.

Agent Simpson so frustrated with looking like a fool said, "Okay, I may not be Fields or Donahue, but I'm not a slouch."

He rolls his eyes and finally calls Miss Little.

Agent Simpson, "Miss Little, fall back!"

Deputy Director Brown looks at him for yelling at his boss.

Miss Little very calm, "Agent Simpson I know you just did not sit there and yell at me!!!"

Agent Simpson nearly drops the phone.

He points to Deputy Director Brown.

Agent Simpson said, "He told me to call you, because you got backup and think you're all bad."

Miss Little, "Oh, he did?"

Agent Simpson didn't say anything.

Deputy Director Brown reaches for the phone.

He said, "Honey baby. What are you doing?"

Miss Little, "Acting all bad, since I got backup."

Agent Simpson laughs.

Deputy Director Brown rolls his eyes at him.

He said, "Pull over and we, I'll take the lead."

Agent Simpson, "Oh, I don't count now?"

Turns his head and looks out of the window.

Deputy Director Brown drives next to Miss Little. "Pull over damn it!"

Agent Simpson looking out his window, yells to Miss Little, "Can I ride with you?"

As deputy Director Brown pulls ahead of Miss Little, Agent Simpson puts his hands on the window and turns his body sideways with his lips on the window whining to Miss Little.

She looks at gent Simpson.

Deputy Director Brown, "Agent Fields."

Agent Fields, "Sir."

Deputy Director Brown, "Sign Agent Simpson up for six months field training."

Agent Fields said slowly, "Yes Sir."

Miss Little directly behind them, "God, I haven't prayed to you lately. I'm sorry, but I have lusted behind that man for seventeen years. I have sinned, but you know I do love him. Please keep him and my employees safe. Help me to get over him and give me peace about him and John. John, I forgive you no matter what you have done. I know you gave your heart to God as a child, and there is where your heart is. I bless you. God, keep my 'John John' safe. I love you John."

Dorothy bursts out into tears.

She continues down the highway towards home.

She hears gunfire but believes Jesus has kept them safe.

She cries with a broken heart over Brown and a sadden heart over John.

An hour later, she exits the expressway onto the dirt road.

She stops at the spot the police had marked where John landed.

First rolling down her window, she looks out and putting her head on the window, began to scream and holler.

She gets out of her car and walks over and sees in her mind what happened to him based on the report of the agents.

On her knees in the dirt holding her arms as if John was in them.

She sat there for about an hour, until she heard a car horn.

It was Agent Donahue.

Agent Donahue, "Miss Little."

Stooping down.

He said, "Deputy Director Brown told us to come and check on you. We have been here nearly an hour. It's time for you to go home. He's all right. He's all right."

Miss Little struggles to get up.

Agent Donahue helps her up.

And walks with her to her car.

He opens the door and puts her in the car and was about to buckle her seat belt when a car drove up.

Agent Donahue looked, it was Rosa, Keisha and the girls.

Keisha and Rosa turned and looked at the spot and they began to cry.

Agent Donahue didn't know what to do.

He was standing between two cars of heart broken women.

Agent Donahue closed Miss Little's car door.

He walks over to Rosa and Keisha and says, "I am Agent Donahue. I worked for Miss Little. I am truly sorry for your lost; but it will be all right. Trust me it will be all right. Here's my card. If you need anything ever, let me know."

The girls in the back seat, "Hey. Hey."

He waves at them.

Rosa takes the card and says, "Thank you."

They drive off.

Agent Donahue turns back to Miss Little, "We'll follow your home and make sure everything is fine before we leave."

Miss Little drives off and about a mile down the road, she turns into her driveway.

Keisha's car is still parked.

Agent Chin, "Hey, I like this."

Agent Jimms, "Remember Chin, keep your enthusiasm down now, because Miss Little isn't feeling it and I don't want to have to go getting out in these woods looking for you where she would have thrown your ass!"

Miss Little gets out and reaches for her bags.

The agents get out and Donahue and Chin walked around the house.

Jimms goes into the house with Miss Little.

Jimms liked the house but kept a straight face.

He walked through the house and looked under the beds and looked in the closets and behind the doors.

They heard Donahue, "Stop!"

They ran to the back and Jimms put his hand up to tell Miss Little to stay back.

She looked at him.

She ran to the counter and grabbed her guns.

And they heard a voice, "Don't shoot!"

Donahue, "Come out with your hands up and don't try anything."

Voice, "We're coming."

Miss Little and Jimms walked out on the back.

Jimms said, "Oh nice."

Miss Little heard him and didn't respond.

The older man came out of the wooded area with his hands up.

His dog, Spot, was with him.

Agent Donahue, "Who are you? Do you have any ID?"

Man, "My name is Russell Bennette. I live in these woods about a mile or so down by the creek. I don't mean no harm, but I just wanted to check on the woman in this house."

Agent Jimms, "Why?"

Russell Bennette, "Because. . ." He stopped.

Agent Jimms, "Why?"

Russell Bennette looked at Donahue and then said, "Miss Little."

Agent Donahue, "It's okay."

Russell Bennette, "The men in the car from earlier today - shaking his head backwards. They told the fellow, if you don't do something, we will do something to her."

Agent Jimms,—"Why didn't you say that earlier today? And there were several women here - who were they talking about?"

Russell Bennette, "I don't know."

Donahue, "Give us your name, address and telephone numbers."

Russell Bennette, "I prefer to be contacted by email. When I'm at the lake, you can text me."

Agent Donahue, "Here's my card."

The man was standing and looking at Miss Little for an introduction.

Agent Donohue said, "You can leave."

Russell Bennette called Spot.

He said, "Come on boy" and walked back into the wooded area.

Agent Chin, "Nice place. Very reserved."

Looks at Agent Jimms.

He stares at Agent Chin.

They were getting up to go inside the house, when Miss Little said, "What is that smell?"

They all stopped and began to sniff. Agent Chin says, "I smell it, but can't tell you what it is."

Agent Donahue, "Please Miss Little, go inside, we have to get back to the safe house."

They walked into the house.

Agent Chin secured the back locks and walked into the kitchen, where he got a good view of the back yard.

Agent Jimms walked over, and they smile.

Agent Donahue, "We're leaving Ma'am."

Miss Little, "Thank you."

They walked out the door.

Agent Jimms said to Miss Little, "Lock the door."

Miss Little locks the door.

Agent Jimms, "Thank you."

Miss Little stands and watch them drive off.

The agents get into the car and drive away.

Agent Chin lets down his window.

He said, "Smell that good fresh . . . ugh!"

Agent Donahue, "Roll up the window now."

Agent Jimms, "What are you smelling?"

Agent Donahue, "Remember Miss Little smelled that in the office yesterday?"

How could this smell get into our office, unless somebody had been down there?"

They look at him.

They pass a gas station.

Agent Chin, "That's Miss Little's niece."

Agents Jimms and Donahue look at him.

Agent Chin, "What? I can't help it if I like the young honies."

And he sits back.

Agent Jimms yells! "A black SUV at nine o'clock. Turn around man."

Agents Donahue and Chin see the black SUV.

They turn into the gas station behind Keisha.

The black SUV is sitting across the street.

Agent Donahue, "Hello."

Agent Fields, "Hello."

Agent Donahue, "We got a black SUV that is sitting on Miss Little's family at a gas station."

Agent Jimms gets out and goes to the pump and pump some gas until he sees Keisha and Rosa pulls off.

He puts up the gas pump and gets his card.

The black SUV turns and goes back down the highway towards Miss Little's house.



Agent Donahue, "We're pursuing a black SUV moving back towards Miss Little's house."

Rosa and Keisha pass Samuel's Hearst, which was going to pick up John's body. And they began to cry.

At the local infirmary, Uncle Chuck, John's brother, was there.

He had been there all day with John.

And he told Keisha and Rosa, "I won't leave him, I'll be right here."

Uncle Chuck sat and talked to John all day.

He started when they were kids up to that day, to that moment.

He held John's hand and cried.

He kissed his brother's forehead to let him know all was well.

Uncle Chuck, Keisha, Rosa and the girls prayed while they were in the room with John.

Uncle Chuck got up for moment to stretch and when he walked to the window, he saw Samuel's Hearst pull up.

Uncle Church, "Well, John. They gonna separate us now."

He turns and walks back to the bed where John was lying.

Chuck pats John on the shoulder and says, "Bro man, I don't know yet what happened today, nor why. But I promise you, I'll make it right."

He began to cry.

Chuck jumped and looked around because he knew he heard John.

The attendants were walking in with the stretcher.

One said, "Sir, are you alright?"

Uncle Chuck, "I'm not. He is."

They got to the bed and put John on it.

One of the attendants said, "We'll take good care of him."

Uncle Chuck followed them out, picking up his car keys and cap. He got on the same elevator and held John's hand through the sheet until they were putting him in the ambulance.

Uncle Chuck began to cry and say, "Don't be afraid John. Don't be afraid.

You're only gonna be alone for a little while, my Lil Bro."

Uncle Chuck rushes to his car and catches up to the ambulance and follow it back to the city to the funeral home.

As the ambulance was pulling up, Keisha, Rosa, and the girls were getting out of the truck.

And they stopped and watched the ambulance pull up.

Uncle Chuck pulled around and parked.

He got out of the car, still crying and runs over to go into the area where the ambulance parked.

The attendants saw him, then Keisha, Rosa and the girls walking towards them.

The director of the funeral home walks out greets them.

She says, "I'm Amy, please let's go inside. They will pass through the hallway.

They will take good care of him. Please"

They all were crying, even the babies.

When they walked into the foyer, the attendants were bringing John through the chapel and they saw him passed under the large cross on the wall.

Rosa saw the cross and the meaning.

She began to scream and stomp.

She said, "Oh God, my husband. Save him Lord. Save him."

Uncle Chuck grabs her and holds her.

He said, "Honey, he is saved. He passed under that cross a long time ago. God just want to remind you that when John made the decision to follow that cross, that the cross never stopped following him. And it took him home to Jesus."

And they all stood and hugged each other while they watched John's body being wheeled down a long hallway with blue carpet into double swinging doors.

Keisha said, "Look at the carpet momma. It's blue. Heavenly. Daddy's gone to Heaven. Thank you, Jesus!!!"

Screaming and shouting.

The girls began to cry.

Amy stands off and waits for a few minutes; and then walks over.

Uncle Chuck, rubbing Rosa's back for comfort, nods his head at Amy for okay.

Amy, "Let's go into the office and discuss any plans or services."

They all walk towards the office and they pass the room with the coffins/caskets.

They all stopped and looked.

A silver coffin was near the door.

Rosa and Keisha both said, "John."

Keisha, "Daddy. That's daddy."

Miss Little had undressed and pulled off her dirty Sunday dress and ripped and torn stockings.

She was taking a shower when her cell phone rang.

She picks it up and it slips out of her hand and crashes on the floor.

She stoops down to pick it up.

Her home phone rings.

She knew it was the safe house.

She grabs the gun and runs to the phone.

Miss Little, "Hello."

Agent Jimms, "Miss Little. A black SUV is headed towards you. We are on the way back."

Miss Little, "Thank you."

She runs to grab her pants. But she was wet. She slowly walked into the bathroom and was drying off.

She said, "Oh my John John."

She covers her face with the towel and cries. Then she hears a crashing noise.

She wraps the towel around her and says, "This is for you my beloved."

She picks up the two automatic weapons.

She crawled underneath the bed.

She closed her eyes and was trying to listen and see if she could count the number of intruders and where they were in her house.

She counted six men.

She looked at her two automatic weapons and the one she had attached to her bed.

She said, "God, this is my home. I don't want to kill them in here, but I will. Let me kill them all for John."

She heard a car pulled up outside and knew it was her employees.

The intruders had entered her bedroom and she was lying on her back with guns in each hand.

They stopped beside her bed.

One said, "Company."

They ran out, but she knew two were still there and when they clicked their guns, Agent Chin shot through the windows.

They ran out into the hallway.

Miss Little came from underneath the bed with her towel on and said, "Please don't kill them in my house."

Agent Chin, "Don't kill them in the house – flush them outside."

I was on the wall and saw them in my kitchen.

One intruder turns to shoot me.

I began firing at them with both guns.

The intruders ran towards the back.

I said, "Let them get out of the house Agent Chin."

Then I ran out the front door with my towel on and grabbed my keys.

I shot out their tires and pulled around Keisha's car and drove my car around towards the back.

The agents in the house dropped their mouths, in shock that I was pursuing murders with just a towel on.

The six had run into the woods.

They did know that I had watched the woods, in winter, summer, spring and fall.

I knew where each leaf and tree were.

I stopped at the edge of the woods and reloaded my guns from the ammo I keep in the car.

And got the two guns I left in the car.

I put my tennis shoes on, because I always kept an extra pair in the car.

The agents ran out of the house.

Agent Jimms, "Ma'am, go back and put on some clothes."

Miss Little, "Why? You have already seen my breasts."

Agent Jimms, "Don't go into the woods. I'll flush them out. There has to be a second or third team of them. Reload and watch out front."

I hopped into my car and made it through the woods.

I had passed one. I spotted him in a tree. I quickly stopped and got out the car and he began to fire.

I returned fire and he fell out of the tree.

I saw two over fifty feet passed the overgrowth.

I thought about how they mowed John down.

Something said, "Behind."

I'd turned quickly to see one had crept upon me.

I shot him several times.

And began running and shooting at the two past the overgrowth.

They returned fire and I kept charging and firing until I heard no more firing.

I began to kick and stomp them.

The agents had run into the woods and saw the four bodies.

They saw I had gone berserk over the two dead bodies.

They heard speeding cars.

I'd turned and listened.

Agent Jimme, "I told you'll to stay at the house."

Miss Little runs back to her car and says, "Get in!!!"

The agents jumped into the car.

She drives through the woods with her window down and listens.

She turns and sees movement in the woods to the side.

She says in a low voice, "Get out of the car now and fall on your faces."

The agents jumped out of the car and fell on their faces, but Agent Chin slammed his door.

They all sighed.

Agent Chin, "I'm sorry."

Immediate gunfire erupts from the thicket on the side and in back of them.

Miss Little, "You'll take care of the back."

She got on her knees and crawled to the next tree.

She took her extra clips from the sides of her tennis shoes and put them on the ground in front of her.

She listened to the gunfire; her agents looking at her because she was not firing.

She pointed her gun and aimed it and took it down.

She said, "Dogs. Get under the car."

Miss Little took aim and sprayed about two feet above the grounds.

She emptied one gun and then another.

The dogs were running.

The group was approaching from the rear.

The agents took Miss Little's lead and began to spray about two feet from the ground and only a few dogs got through and two ran upon Miss Little's back.

Agent Chin, being bitten, shot the two dogs on Miss Little and then Miss Little used her remaining clips on the six men and two women.

The agents were able to kill three.

Miss Little ran over to the car with her guns and pulled out the two automatic weapons left.

Agent Chin was bleeding badly from the dog bites.

Agent Donahue had his phone on speaker to the Safe House.

The Deputy Director Brown, Agents Fields, Stallworth and several more that came in heard the entire encounter.

Miss Little, "Check your ammo."

Agent Chin, "I'm out."

Agent Jimms, "I'm out."

Agent Donahue, "So am I."

Miss Little, "Oh God. I told you to stay at the house. How many dogs?"



Agent Chin, "With what you did, and us, at least thirty six."

Agent Jimms, "It has to be more people."

Miss Little, "There was six originally. I did four. I did another eight and you'll did three."

Agent Jimms, "That's fifteen. There might be some more."

Agent Chin, "And dogs; ouch!"

Agent Donahue, "I have to tie it tight."

Miss Little looking at her brand new car all shot up.

She said, "Three of my guns are empty. I only have one clip in this one. We can't use my car. Go to the right through the path that looks like an L and stay low."

When the three agents got close by the thicket, where Miss Little killed the two murderers, Agent Jimms crawled quickly over and got their guns and checked for ammo. One didn't work and he threw and hit one of them with the gun.

He went before agents Chin and Donahue.

Miss Little gets on the ground and began to say; "Three vehicles with six per vehicle is eighteen and fifteen are dead, which leaves three more to kill. But who brought the dogs and are any dogs left; along with people?"

She heard a twig snap.

She stops talking and leans on the tree.

She says, "God make every bullet count."

Miss Little sees several figures holding several dogs by the collars.

She said, "God, what to do?"

She moves quickly to her car.

The dogs were upon her but she shot one just before she closed the door.

She said, "Seven of them."

She crawls from the front to the back and had dropped her towel.

She crawled into the trunk of her car.

She heard gun fire up above.

She kicked the other passenger door opened with a baton.

They begin to shoot up her car again and the dogs jumped in the car.

But they were reloading when she opened fire from the trunk and killed the six people (two men and four women).

She jumped out of her car and slammed the trunk down and ran and slammed her front door closed.

She then ran and grabbed two guns and ammo.

She looked at her car.

Miss Little walked back naked into the woods.

Miss Little opened the gas tank and was about to blow it up, when she began to snuffle again.

She said, "It's gas!!"

Agent Chin began to sniff, "You smell that?"

Agent Donahue, "Gas?"

Agent Jimms, "Looks around natural gas."

Agent Donahue, "Who was smelling like that back at the safe house Agent Chin?"

Agent Jimms rolled over and puts handcuffs on Agent Chin.

Agent Chin holds down his head.

Agent Jimms, "Why did you save Miss Little back there from the dogs?"

Agent Chin, "I don't believe she should go that way."

Agent Donahue, "Agent Chin, open your mouth, I will put a bullet in your head."

The two killers who had opened fire on the agents had retreated.

The agents made it to the house.

Backup was there and helicopters.

Miss Little naked running through the woods to get to her house.

Agent Chin looking devastated, says, "Here comes naked Miss Little"

Agent Jimms run and taking off his coat meets her and covers her.

She looks at Agent Chin with the handcuffs on.

She says, "Natural gas. You Agent Chin smelled like natural gas yesterday. Any more of my people with you?"

Agent Chin says nothing but turns his head.

Deputy Director Brown exits the house and sees a barely covered Miss Little and Agent Jimms holding her.

She looks up and sees her once man and smiles.

He smiles.

He reaches for her.

She walks into the house and the Deputy Director Brown looks at Jimms and Jimms look at him.

Agent Simpson was standing around in the house.

Deputy Director Brown and Miss Little enter her bedroom.

He closes the door.

She pulls off Agent Jimms coat and places it on the bed and sits on the bed and unties her shoes.

She walks across to the bathroom and get into the shower.

She shampoos her hair and showers.

She gets out of the shower. Deputy Director Brown hands her a towel.

Miss Little, "Thanks."

Deputy Director Brown lusting behind her body said, "It's over?"

Miss Little, "Us?"

Deputy Director Brown, "Yes."

Miss Little, "Yeap."

He stands and watches her get dressed.

He looks around and said, "Nice place."

Miss Little, "Yeah, I would be living here today. If I had retired."

Deputy Director Brown, "So this is where you put all your bonus money?"

Miss Little, "I invested the bonus money over these fifteen years and then cashed everything in to build my country house."

There's a knock on the door.

Deputy Director Brown, "Enter."

Miss Little looks up and continues to comb her hair.

It's Agent Jimms.

Agent Jimms, "I was checking to see how you were doing."

Deputy Director Brown stares at him.

Agent Jimms stare back.

Miss Little, "Thank you Agent Jimms. I'm fine."

Agent Jimms closes the door and he and the Deputy Director Brown stare at each other.

Deputy Director Brown, "My replacement?"

Miss Little looks at him for a long moment and then says, "Jimms?"

Deputy Director Brown, "Yeah."

Miss Little, "Maybe. I have to look and see if he measures up."

Deputy Director Brown smirks.

He takes Miss Little by the elbow and kisses her for a while and says, "Bye

Dorothy. I am truly sorry for walking out on you at this time in your life."

She holds her head down.

He said, "But you have a calling on your life. You and your family will be just fine."

Miss Little sniffles.

Agent Jimms knocks on the door and enters without waiting for a response, and says, "Deputy Director Brown, your helicopter is here to take you to your plane."

Miss Little looks at Agent Jimms.

Deputy Director Brown smirks.

He says, "Goodbye Dorothy."

And kisses her on the forehead.

He passes by Agent Jimms still standing in the doorway.

He looks at him and says, "I'm on my way out. You take very good care of her."

He hits Agent Jimms on his shoulder.

Agent Jimms smiles, "Yes Sir."

Miss Little stares blankly.

Agent Jimms looks back at Miss Little and says, "Let me escort you out Sir."

He leaves the door open.

Miss Little looks at the bed and picks up Agent Jimms' coat.

She smelled it and it smelled like the gas.

She walks through her house and sees the bullet holes.

Miss Little looks at all the agents.

She walks to the front door and sees her true love get into the helicopter and leave.

Deputy Director Brown looks at his true love.

Their eyes meet.

Agent Jimms watches and when the helicopter takes off, he walks up to Miss Little and she reaches him his coat.

Agent Jimms said, "Me, Donahue and Stallworth are transporting Agent Chin to the Federal jail. The wrecker has pulled their three cars and a truck they used to haul the dogs in. They would bring the dogs out in this area to smell for the

natural gas. That's why there was so many of them. The dogs are being picked up and the live ones in your car. The coroner is using a semi-trailer to haul all the humans into town."

Miss Collins picking up her lap top and going outside.

She sat down and after turning on her computer began to log into her emails.

Agent Jimms had been out in the woods pulling off webs.

He returned to the house and said, "They got all the bodies from the woods and from around your car."

Miss Little, "Agent Jimms, are you aware of the interview of my family at the funeral home?"

Agent Jimms, "No, I am not. I do know that the black sedan that followed you, Agent Simpson shot out the tires and caused it to flip. And one occupant died and the other two are in the hospital. The two in the hospital gave statements. The report states your brother, John, contacted Alfred in the mansion to tell him about the natural gas and the possibility of doing a contract. That's all I know."

Miss Little looks and sniffles.

She said, "Well according to this, Agent Simpson interviewed my family. And Keisha and John were here last holiday and decided to walk through the woods. Where John told her he believed it was natural gas here. They, the twelve, tried to make John force me to sell at nothing, according to Rosa. And they threatened to kill me. But he told them to kill him instead and leave me alone."

Agent Jimms, "So, what, the twelve were investors?"

Miss Little, "According to Agent Stallworth's report, the twelfth man is Avery Middlebrooks. The CEO of the largest gas company in the country. The eleven were investors. They had estimated a forty five billion dollar profit."

She looks off in space.

The she turns and closes her computer.

She said, "It's getting dark. They will be here throughout the night. You can take Keisha's car and drive back to the city."

Miss Little stood.

Agent Jimms stood and said, "I'm not leaving."

Miss Little, "What?"

Agent Jimms, "I don't care if all these agents are here tonight. I won't leave you. You need me."

He leans forward and kisses her.

Miss Little looks at him and then down for his Measurement. Walking away, she said, "You measure up very well Agent Jimms."

Agent Jimms, "I know what you mean."

Miss Little, "Don't think you are getting any of my money."

Agent Jimms laugh and hold his head down.

Miss Little walking into the house and then into the kitchen.

Agent Jimms closes the front door.

Miss Little bending over in the cabinets said, "Well, what are we going to have for dinner?"



He reaches his hand out for her hand.

She takes his hand and he said, "I'll show you."

And leads her to her bedroom.

He closes and locks the doors.

# **WESTWOOD ACADEMY**

## Chapter 12

## Chapter 12

### Westwood Academy

The investigation continued.

The Safe house staffed tracked the four shooters and sent another federal agency to do investigations and take statements.

The federal agency went to Stephen, then to Craig, George and Joe.

The captain, detective, and the Chief of Mall Security were back at the police headquarters after the news broke about the attack at Dorothy Little's house.

The captain walks into the locker room and catches the detective on his cell phone.

When the detective hangs up and he turns and sees the captain.

He doesn't know what the captain heard.

The detective passes by the captain.

The captain stands and thinks.

He goes back to his office and gets on the computer.

Detective Bingham is watching the captain.

The captain calls the Safe house and speaks to Agent Donahue.

Agent Donahue hangs up and takes Agents Stallworth and Simpson with him.

They enter the police station twenty minutes later.

The detective looks up from his desk.

He doesn't want to move; to be suspicious.

The agents walk up to the Captain's office and go in.

The captain, "That's the number the detective called. Alfred Goldsmith, the owner of the mansion."

Agent Donahue, "Thank you."

The agents walk out and say to the detective, "You're under arrest."

The federal agents handcuffed him and took him away.

The staff was watching and then looking back at the captain.

Who goes into his office, sits and pushes the chair back to the wall and puts his fingers over his mouth as he is thinking.

The Chief of Mall Security eventually got up and knocked on the captain's door.

He said, "Captain?"

Captain, "Get out of here. You'll get a report later."

Chief of Mall Security sped out of the police headquarters and went home.

Agent Rochelle went to Westwood Academy with several federal agents from another federal agency.

She called and met Dean Stewart, Professor Tinsley and the rest of the faculty and staff.

They went into the conference room and Dean Stewart told Agent Rochelle, that's when the killing started twenty five years ago, as a rivalry. But Sir Edwards, hating him because he took Professor Tinsley, romantically away from him, began to kill the prize pupil out of each of the classes. As a form of revenge.

Agent Rochelle, "What proof do you have linking Sir Edwards to the deaths of these twenty four students?"

Dean Stewart, "None. That's why we have closed our academy and dedicated ourselves to finding out the truth."

Agent Rochelle and the federal agents spent hours at Westwood Academy.

The coroner and a second staff were still on the grounds because they had to be careful due to the leaking natural gas.

The next hour, Miss Little and Agent Jimms leaves in Keisha's car returning to the Safe house.

The Safe house's twenty three employees were present.

Miss Little walks in and says, "Everybody."

The employees and the local federal agency director and his staff listen.

Miss Little, "Director Goldsmith, please come up."

He walks up, "Thank you."

Agents Donahue and Simpson looking at Agent Jimms, when Miss Little walked in to join them.

Agent Simpson, "Screwing the boss!!"

Agent Donahue, "Screwing the rich boss. Wait until Deputy Director Brown hears."

Agent Jimms, "He knows."

Agents Simpson and Donahue mouths drop open.

Miss Little, "First to my highly trained staff, of analyses, well done!"

She claps.

She said, "The past forty eight hours have been one for the books. You all have greatly excelled. You took nothing and put all of this together."

Turning and pointing to the monitors that had the reports posted.

Miss Little, "After this case is cleaned up, I will retire. Now I have much more to do than I anticipated. I spoke with Deputy Director Brown and the Director this morning about four thirty am."

Agents Donahue and Simpson look at Agent Jimms, who smiles.

She said, "They agree. This office will have two directors. Agent Fields over Administrative Operations."

(Fields throws her hands over her mouth and everyone claps.)

Miss Little, "Come up Agent Fields and Agent Donahue over Field Operations."

Everyone claps.

Agent Donahue springs up from his desk and does Rocky imitations.

Miss Little, "These two directors will answer to the National Office's Liaison who will be stationed here in the Safe house. Agent Simpson."

Everybody claps.

Agent Simpson looks at Agent Jimms and passes out.

Agent Jimms runs and catches him and brings him to.

Everyone watches and waits for Agent Simpson.

Miss Little, "The local Director, Mr. Goldsmith, he and his staff, will make the arrest of the twelve and all the guards."

Her staff starts murmuring.

She laughs.

Director Goldsmith laughs.

Miss Little, "You will accompany them. But don't show your face on the camera. You are the hidden jewels. Director Goldsmith will hold a press conference once all suspects have been taken into custody."

Miss Little turns and shakes Director Goldsmith's hand.

Director Goldsmith, "Let's go."

None of the Safe house members went.

They stayed and monitored the systems.

Miss Little was in her office watching the screens and reading and writing reports.

She hits the intercom, not looking up, "Liaison Simpson, please report to my office now."

Simpson working at his desk.

He looks up and secures the computers. He gets up and was walking in to Miss Little's office.

Miss Little looks up.

She said, "Sit down Liaison Simpson. I heard that comment you and Donahue made about Jimms screwing me."

Liaison Simpson shocked, "Ma'am, I'm so sorry."

Miss Little cutting him off said, "You must have screwed Deputy Director Brown better than I ever could to establish a position and put you over your fellow coworkers."

Liaison Simpson mouth flies open, “Miss Little . . . What’s wrong with you? You know I aint gay. I’m a Christian man.”

Miss Little, “Don’t disappoint me now nor Deputy Director Brown, the Director especially and not your fellow employees. Close your mouth and leave.”

The Safe house staff watched the monitors all day.

The Director and Deputy Director Brown had been on the phone with the Safe house staff all day.

The story was running worldwide, and they were hoping Director Goldsmith could handle the publicity.

Miss Little had been on the phone with her family all day, and with Samuel’s Funeral Home.

She’s sitting staring blankly into space.

Her staff is looking at her.

Dorothy is thinking about her brother.

Agent Jimms knocks on her door; she slowly looks up.

Agent Jimms steps into Miss Little’s office and says, “Is the intercom off.”

Miss Little cuts it off.

Agent Jimms sits down.

He says, clearing his throat, Miss Little looking at him hard.

He said, “I know we just started dating last night, but the staff is kinda down to see you like this on a big day of victory for us. What’s going on?”

Miss Little looks off a little and exhales.



She said, "My brother sacrificed his life for me. Gold devils use his guilt (that he had approached them about a contract for me) and took his life over something that did not belong to any of them. I thought they would be safe out there, and that was the very place they should not have been. He knew, but felt he had to make things right with me. I felt he knew something but was holding back to keep his big sister from being disappointed in him."

The Safe house staff was still working.

Agent Jimms, "What are you going to do with all that money?"

Miss Little, "Well John was a sports enthusiast and a high school basketball coach. So, I'm going to build a new gym in his name. Establish a national scholarship fund for underprivileged college bound students; and give nearly all of it to charities. But I will give those two security guards family's something."

Agent Jimms, "Charities?"

Miss Little, "This is blood money. My brother was killed over it. And I'm going to establish a trust fund for the 23 agents here, for vacations."

Miss Little, "I haven't had food in two days. I need to put something in my stomach."

Agent Jimms looks at Miss Little.

Miss Little, "Besides that."

Liaison Simpson jumps up, "Miss Little!"

Agent Jimms turns around and looked out the glass windows at the Safe house floor and everyone was laughing.

Agent Jimms was embarrassed.

Agent Jimms looking at Miss Little, "Instead, you cut it on."

Miss Little smiles.

Agent Jimms gets up and leans across her desk and kisses her and walks out.

Agent Donahue had popped up out of his seat and ran to her office as Agent Jimms was leaving.

Donahue looking at Jimms laughing.

Agent Jimms looks at Donahue and shakes his head and walks to his desk.

Agent Donahue, "Ugh, Miss Little."

She looks up.

Miss Little. "Yes, Director Donahue?"

He laughs and says, "That does have a nice ring to it doesn't it? Director Donahue."

Miss Little not smiling, "What --- Do you want?"

Agent Donahue. "Oh ma'am, when can we start taking our vacations?"

Miss Little, "Anytime."

Agent Donahue cutting the smile, "With your money?"

Miss Little looks at him, "When the first check comes in from the gas field."

Agent Donahue, "When will that be?"

Miss Little, "Why A G E N T Donahue?"

Agent Donahue he looks at her because his promotion is based on whether she retires.

Agent Fields stop working and looks in Miss Little's office at Agent Donahue.

Director Donahue, "Ugh, I'd add these two honies. I promised to take around the world. Not the way you do, no offense. It must have been good for the Deputy Director."

Miss Little, "As soon as Agent Smith get the online bids completed and I meet with the company to sign the contract. Then it should be about thirty days or less for a check. Get out!"

Agent Donahue walks out Miss Little's office.

Agent Fields is looking at him.

Agent Donahue, "What you're looking at girl?"

Agent Fields, "You keep it up and she won't retire."

Agent Donahue waves his hand at Agent Fields.

Miss Little is looking.

Agent Fields sees Miss Little looking and sheepishly smiles and sits down to her desk.

Agent Donahue walks pass Agent Smith's desk and Agents Simpson and Jimms are looking at him.

Agent Donohue says, "You ain't through with those bids yet?"

Agent Smith jumps up at Agent Donahue.

He says, "Calm down and finished those bids."

Agent Donahue walks back to his desk by Jimms and Simpson.

Simpson looked at them and swirls around.

Each time Simpson looks at them, they are looking at him.

Agent Jimms, "Just go and ask her."

Liaison Simpson, "Maybe I should let you go and lay the foundation for me."

Agent Jimms and Donahue look at him.

Agent Simpson gets up, looks at them and walks to Miss Little's office. Agent Jimms and Donahue watching.

Agent Fields sees Liaison Simpson (her boss) passing her going to Miss Little's office and she looks back at Agents Donahue and Jimms who are looking. Agent Fields turns around to listen.

Liaison Simpson, "Miss Little."

Looking back at the Safe house employees, all but Agent Smith looking at him.

Miss Little, "What?"

Liaison Simpson, "Can you build a new church for my church?"

Miss Little looks up at him.

Agent Fields throws her pen down, crosses her arms, and pushes her chair back from her desk.

Miss Little, "Why?"

Liaison Simpson, "Because I might become a pastor in a few years."

Miss Little, "How can you have two jobs?"

Liaison Simpson, "My daddy worked two jobs all his life."

Miss Little, "Your daddy was a school's custodian in the day and a janitor at the cookie factory at night."

Liaison Simpson, "So."

Miss Little threw her pin down.

She said, "Maybe you're not the right person for the job of National Liaison. That person must be on call and available 24 hours a day, seven days a week. You must live and breathe this job. You must study law and know how to apply it. You must sacrifice a husband and children and even your family."

Liaison Simpson, "We are both so alike to me."

Miss Little, "Choose you this day, Agent Simpson."

Agent Simpson, "Why you have to call me agent? You've taken the job of National Liaison from me?"

Miss Little, "Go!"

Agent Simpson walks out and the Safe house floor looking at him.

He Stops at Agent Fields desk and said, "Would you marry me?"

Donahue pops up.

Agent Jimms sit up to listen.

Agent Fields, "I don't know you."

Agent Simpson, "I'm not talking about you and me. I'm talking about any woman out there that finds out about my type of work. You know what I mean."

Agent Fields turns around to her desk and continues to work.

Then Agent Simpson drops to his knees by her desk and says, "No, I mean you."

Agent Fields turns and looks at him and says, "Yes."

They hug and kiss.

The floor applauds.

Agent Donahue and Agent Jimms look at each other.

After the last report was said, the National Office and Director Goldsmith received his canned press release.

Miss Little stood up in her office and cleared her desk and locked down the office.

Agent Jimms had been watching her all day and he knew she had not had anything to eat.

Agent Donahue, “You gonna ask her to marry you? You already had the honeymoon.”

Agents Simpson and Fields were leaving hand in hand.

Everyone applauded.

Agent Jimms – “I don’t know.”

Agent Donahue, “So you just used her like Deputy Director Brown. You would think she deserve a husband and at least one kid before she is too old to enjoy them.”

Agent Jimms looks at Agent Donahue.

Agent Donahue locks down everything and cuts off his computer.

Miss Little is walking out her office and Agent Smith gets up to give Miss Little the bids and contracts.

Agent Donahue passing Agent Smith and said, “I’m sorry for yelling at you earlier today. I’ll give these to Miss Little.”

Agent Smith gives the folder to Agent Donahue.

Agent Donahue walks over to Miss Little and hands the folder to her.

Agent Donahue, “Here are your bids and contracts from the hardworking Agent Smith.”

He looks back at Agent Smith and smiles.

Agent Smith smiles back.

Miss Little, "Thank you Agent Smith."

She looks at Agent Jimms who is sitting at his computer looking down.

Agent Donahue looks back at Agent Jimms and says to Miss Little, "Let me walk you out."

They walk out to Keisha's car.

Miss Little looks back at the door.

Agent Donahue, "Don't look for him. He's not good enough to have you. I pray a true man comes into your life soon, so you can build a life with him and have your children, before you're too old."

Miss Little touches Agent Donahue's face and said, "Thank you."

She gets into her car and he closes the door.

She drives away home.

Agent Donahue stayed in his car until Agent Jimms exits the building.

He looks around for Miss Little and then proceeds to his car.

Agent Donahue starts his car and driving towards Agent Jimms nearly hitting him.

Agent Donahue gest out and says, "Punk, you start look for you a job tomorrow."



Agent Jimms look at Donahue.

Donahue gets back into his car and drives off leaving Agent Jimms in shock standing in the parking lot.