

I found myself walking home in my chocolate city with a few bucks up my sleeve. Called up my friend Eybouse who was quite the cat. He lived in my apartment and worked at a ghetto tech shop on Georgia Ave. called "We Fix It." Anytime he introduced himself he would emphasize the "Bouse" as BOSS in his African ass accent. He was like me, always coming up with schemes to come up on some cash for drugs or basic needs. I bought a bottle of Velacoff vodka at Rocket Liqours and walked home. As soon as I walked into the apartment building my nose was ass raped with the smell of that DC gas. I sniffed the air deep into my nostrils and told myself "Ah, it's nice to be home."

Walking inside the apartment was always a treat. You never knew who would be at the bottom trying to panhandle you for some cash. I got into the elevator that had a twitchy light inside that would sometimes turn off. Made it up to the 6th floor and knocked on Eybouse's apartment door #26. His apartment usually had the African smell, but this time the smell in the air was different. It was the irrefutable smell of crack. A burnt plastic smell, oddly enough with the scent of damp citrus.

There I was, outside of Eybouse's apartment holding my bottle like a Jehovah witness knocking on the door with a pamphlet of Jesus on it. This fucking guy straight up opened the door full on surgical face mask looking straight in my eyes to see what my reaction would be. Yes, I was quite shocked, but the excitement that Eybouse brought to the table was undeniable. It was time to drink and kick it with the boss. I saw a huge mound of white powder. He was in the process of creating crack. I felt like I was in Mrs. O'Boyles biology class except this was the ghetto version: "Mr. Crackquavius's Rock Candy 101."

Eybouse had that face, the hustle face. He said "Want to help me make this crack my nigga??" Of course I agreed, mainly because I wanted to put on the creepy surgical mask. We poured ourselves a glass of whiskey and got to work. I made sure to fill my cup to the brim to prepare for what was to come. Watching him show me how to make it and explain the important do's and don'ts felt like a Bill Nye lecture.

“You gotta dissolve the cocaine in a mixture of water and either ammonia or some Hammer baking soda. Then you gotta boil it for about 4 minutes to get that solid rock formed. Let that sucka cool for a few minutes after and filter it to separate the rocks from the liquid. I use coffee filters for it. Whatever works you feel me? You then dry that shit up and cut yo candy rocks. Wanna try some?”

Processing this load into my head took a minute. The offer was too good to deny. Try some crack? Why the fuck not. It wasn't like I bought it off some hobo in the corner. We made it ourselves. Eybouse pulled out his lil crack pipe. Packed it. Lit it. Sucked in that smoke deep in his lungs. Exhaled.

Goddamn that smell was strong as fuck. I took a quick swig and hit that crack like a mad man. I figured I'd take a fat ass hit to fully feel it. Exhaling that heavy smoke and coughing hard as hell was so worth it. I began to space out before I was hit with an intense rush of euphoria. My body buzzing in pure sensual stimulation. Thinking about when my next hit was going to come. Eybouse took another rip and began to laugh. He said “Boy you look happy as shit. Smack like a little Ethiopian boy eating bread hahaha.” Told him “Maaan you lookin smack like a smushed pound cake.”

We sat down and turned on the TV. Conan the Barbarian was on and we passed the bowl back and forth until it was cashed. Conan was getting a million times better than what it already was the more hits I took. That classic 80s era of Schwarzenegger never failed. Conan hit his epic speech before his battle with Crom “No one, not even you, will remember if we were good or bad men. Why we fought, or why we died. All that matters is that two stood against many. That's what's important!” My eyes were glued to the screen and I turned to Eybouse getting ready to say “Woah my nigga, that's some deep shit.” His eyes were shut and his head was tilted down. There was a cold sensation in the air. Conan was playing in the background getting ready for his most important battle. Unaware of the outcome but charging full speed. Chasing the greatest high of all.