

Chapter 1

“Good morning Cawane.” Said Ms. Ruth. “Good morning”. Bus drivers have remarkable memory to remember my name. I know they must see their share of faces and to say mine as if they’ve known me all this time?” Cawane wondered. I’ve been riding this bus exactly 6 weeks today. “Who am I? Did I even tell her my name?” The bus driver, Ms. Ruth looked up from the road as if she could read minds and exclaimed, “Don’t you know there’s a bunch of faces I see and the Good Lord knows them all. “Wondering how I know your name?” She focused back on the road but continued, “Well you played so beautifully at church now the whole neighborhood knows you!” Cawane shifted in the cold hard seat. Great, now I’m the town gossip, he thought but wouldn’t dare say aloud. Wonder if I’ll have to really exhibit my skills as more passengers climbed aboard. Good Morning Jackie. Good morning Damon. Good morning Ms. Ruth they said together. Thank God this bus wasn’t too crowded, we could be all day just introducing one another and maybe I can catch up on some sleep. “You tired?” asked Ms. Ruth. Cawane’s eyes popped open, he couldn’t believe it. He slowly blinked as he watched more passengers board then closed his eyes again long enough to hear the bus pull up to his stop as he felt a cold sweat approach. Why am I shivering, he wondered. I’ll just pop a Tic-tac to keep my Sugar controlled.

Chapter 2

“Raven! Raven” Coach Abel yelled out just as Shaq looked at the clock. 14 seconds, down 1 against the 2nd ranked team in the Section. Shaq thought, why didn’t we put the game away otherwise we wouldn’t need to even run a play. Literally no time to backtrack. Always think next play in Sports. Winners create results, not excuses. Stepping across half court, the other team looked winded but weren’t defeated. This. Is. What. We. Live. For. Worry? Why? My team needs me. Ooh, an open man, too late, defense closed fast. One for all, all for one as the shot went up. Rewind 3 weeks, Shaq’s knee looked swollen and deep red trying not to overwork it but prepare himself for Sectionals. I hope Dr. Dover clears me to play versus Bel Air. I have to be out there and it will be Senior Night. “Wow”, as Dr. Dover entered. “Wow” he repeated. “It’s remarkable how well you’ve healed. I’m just a messenger but this is nothing short of a miracle.” Thank you! Your regimen must be the Message joked Shaq. Just can’t believe my bone density deteriorates so rapidly because of my diabetes. Too soon to tell, just continue to monitor your insulin, you know, those hormones produced when we burn energy, and you should heal quicker than a tailless lizard. Thanks Doc, see you soon. Not if I see you first, oh and good luck, you should be ready to play.

Chapter 3

Oh my God! Who ate my cheesecake bombs? Who does this? Priscilla said to no one but she couldn’t believe her eyes. A 14 year old, Seedra, was abducted

molested and body found in the Pennsylvania woods today. Narrowed down to two suspects who were with her that day according to her little sister was that she had left school early. Seedra was picked up by her stepfather but also known to skip school to visit her high school boyfriend Shaquille Samson or Shaq. The cheesecake really had no weight compared to the loss and emptiness of a child body found dead. This wasn't speculation either. It was caught on camera, a really confused middle aged failed Army private and stepfather of two girls was seen leaving the convenience store of a Quik Stop about 2 hours later in an old Dodge Dakota. There was some obscured and massive lump inside the truck bed with a tarp over it and all he bought was a glass bottle, some rags and a book of matches. The stench of foul play infuriated and burned within Priscilla. Why would the Dakota truck driver remove Seedra, his stepdaughter during a pep rally? Everyone knew how much she loved supporting sports especially Shaq. She wanted to be a sports journalist when she grew up. Could it be him posing as a guardian? No. He can't even drive. What am I saying? They do have similar builds. I've got to get to ask him some questions considering I'm representing him and don't want this case to be open shut or a mistrial. It was just past 11 and the pop of the cork eased Priscilla. She poured a glass then another and suddenly woke up 3 hours later. Apparently her insulin shot from Dr. Dover earlier had a reaction with the alcohol and put her in a damn coma.

Chapter 4

You've got Mail. The vintage ding from Priscilla's computer caused her to stir for a second not even realizing just where she was. A lower leg extension stretch brought some much needed blood flow to her noodle legs and brain. Thank God it was just a dream until the phone rang. Priscilla answered. "What do I have to say?" It was Shaq Samson, the high school superstar and boyfriend of Seedra Ellis. What do I have to say? He repeated. Priscilla responded impatiently, absolutely nothing. Your alibi stacks up and you swore you're innocent. You were at the Drs. Office like we thought, I just need to confirm but you can understand why it's an issue because Seedra went missing the same day and your known acquaintances. A Drs. Note is your saving grace, that's what eliminated suspects at the Pentagon. He went on, "well, what was just a dream." Oh my God, Priscilla couldn't believe he'd heard her. What was? He repeated. She responded, "You really want to know?" Well, she hesitated. The doors of Heaven, I mean really tall glass but non-see-through doors opened while I was asleep because we've already had this conversation in my dream so I'll tell it again. An angel named Sugar introduced you, me and your whole family. She was nothing short of perfection with hair like wool. Eyes like roses. Her clothes smelled like apple pie and her skin lit up the whole room! She told me you were one of 3 whatever that means. Wow" Interrupted Shaq. I saw her too!! Thanks, you're just being nice. No, really! I'll tell you all about it. Well it's going to have to be at Senior Night tomorrow! Good luck!

Chapter 5

Two weeks passed of nothing but practice for Cawane. He had an honor and great surprise performance awaiting the whole county. Good morning Cawane. Good morning Ms. Ruth. Where you headed today? I should be asking you that” replied Ms. Ruth Please take me to Alexa’s Tune Town, I need to tune my guitar for my National Anthem performance. What a privilege young man, you are extremely talented for 9 years old I’m going to have to clear my schedule for you. Wouldn’t miss it for nothing. Can I ask you something Cawane? Sure Ms. Ruth. You’re the adult. “Why can you see out of the one eye? I mean was it a birth defect of accident. A 9 year old boy really hasn’t lived a full life if he can’t see well Thank you for asking. It’s not hard to talk about because I don’t let my disability stop me from doing what I love. That’s my biggest concern, not letting anything excuse for achieving and doing what’s right. “Wow, what a mature response and outlook. Keep that positive attitude. I’ve been blind for as long as I can remember. It has something to do with my diabetes but I believe I’ll be cured. Want to know why? Of course I do. An angel named Sugar visits me. I can see her perfectly through both eyes. She’s so beautiful with hair like wool and eyes like roses. Her clothes like an apple and her skin lights up the whole room. She taught me how to play instruments.

Chapter 6

Mark called again He insists that we’re not done I’ve taken a break from him only because I’ve taken on more work Once the weather gets nicer I may call him but his harassment isn’t very soothing as morning approaches I recall the past four months I’ve missed the gym those early morning workouts really create a more dynamic Priscilla and of course after a great workout one must have a great breakfast I really miss that crispy baked bacon scrambled eggs and dark coffee when your parents are no longer with you and life doesn’t stop how do you continue any relationship that you consider was mediocre to begin. Also doesn’t remind us of what we troubled accepting? Enough about that I have to be concerned about my conversations with Shaq. Does his family know that his girlfriend is only in middle school? Focus on the facts Priscilla. When he said he was at his doctors I could call doctors Dover in the morning that I need to talk to him but I need him right now. Why did I ever take the bar? Oh yeah it was to make my dad proud. Sometimes kids envy others for having parents come to a basketball game and tennis match but me, I look at it as an added pressure. Almost like a scout being in the stands. Critiquing every decision you make. I’m sure Shaq thinks like that. A lot of people expect them to go to a division one school. Not if he’s guilty. It’s impeccable to note how many young men very skilled athletes throw life away in the midst of a moment of passion. Not if he’s guilty. . . thought Priscilla, but “what’s the story behind this ex-army private”? His motive? What would he have to gain by stealing the life of a person so young? Hey, what did he have to lose? Law school for me was enough. I don’t want to go on to become a judge later in life, but I do want to see justice served. I guess Martin Luther King Jr is speaking to me again

“an injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. Suddenly the window burst with light there was a passing truck or was it? This light was very Yellow almost as if Golden. Priscilla walked to the window and gasped. The woman from her dreams was like floating and behind her was the largest wingspan shed ever seen even in paintings by Michelangelo and De Vinci Extending almost a block long. Her voice was outright.”Sugar?” “Yes it’s Sugar.” “How did you find me?” exclaimed Priscilla. “Well to find me is the real question. I have come to those who have deficiency such as yours and telling the great news. Your Lord has seen you struggling. Sugar is here to acknowledge that you will be given an opportunity to become well again but you must help those like you.” Priscilla closed her eyes. This woman was beautiful with hair like wool, eyes like roses and you could even smell Apple’s like an orchard. Not to mention her skin glowed bright enough to light up the whole house. Priscilla went back to her desk and knew immediately what she must do. She laid out clothes for the game tomorrow.

Chapter 7

Rasputitsa! The Rasputitsa is going to be on your exam! Yelled out Mr. Mack the History teacher. Every spring and Every Fall, the snow thaws. Great, thought Seedra. Now I have to learn Spanish and Rap. It was that dry yet cunning humor that people loved about Seedra. Her smile could light up a room, so full of life. The P.A buzzed in, “excuse me, Mr. Mack can you excuse Seedra Parsons from your classroom to the office.” The voice rang out. Bye Seedra. Bye girl. Replied Seedra. “You can’t stay for the Pep Rally?” No girl, my stepdad needs me to watch my sister so I’m going home to make dinner. There’s not much to school, just don’t wear the same clothes if you don’t have to in order to govern your social life. Take care of your five senses every day to govern your health. Don’t forget lunch money or ride fare to control your finance and the rest is history, literally. The dread sometimes is going home to the reality of all you packed away for your friends and teachers for 8 hours a day. If someone had something else to look forward to was the way Shaq Samson paraded around town with his pride and joy Seedra. She admired him so much because he was not only a great athlete but the most charming yet considerate gentleman. The schools look for “It” couples whether they like it or not almost a dependency to be sure they make it then anyone can. Seedra was a great student as well regardless losing her mother at a young age and being raised along with her half-sister under the guardianship of Perry. He had pretty much become numb to them but Seedra could tell she reminded him of her so he’d whine to her when he couldn’t live with himself. That maturity wasn’t her fault. All she knew was Senior Night at the High school was coming up and Shaq would get the chance to introduce her to his parents, a huge deal. It was 2:11 when she signed out under Perry’s name, her last ride.

Chapter 8

The screech of the tires disturbed the whole neighborhood. Why was Perry in such a hurry and why did he feel the need to take Seedra out early." Slow down, you're going to get us killed" "Wouldn't hurt." Perry responded. What a waste, Seedra thought. Bailey could wait to eat. She always did. I mean, what kid would argue for a chance to go home early though? Perry smelled horrible, like burnt matches, some lighter fluid and peanuts. Did he ever wash? How embarrassing to come to my school thought Seedra. It turns out Perry was upset he spilled lighter fluid on himself. This didn't stop him from coming so he reached the four way up the steep climb to their 4br house her mom left her as inheritance. When she turns 18, it will be all mine Seedra thought. I just have to maintain a solid G.P.A and graduate. Perry was starting to admire Seedra's hair and commented how she looked so much like "someone he once knew". How rude, Seedra thought. Why does touching my hair seem normal? I'm 15 well not yet. Just then he grabbed Seedra's hair to kiss her and she jerked so hard that she flew out the truck going too fast to react and that's when Perry knew he had messed up. For it to be nearly 3pm on a steep mountain road and no traffic was unlucky for Seedra. She screamed before hitting the rocks down below. Perry screeched to a halt and made a u Turn toward the 4 way. He was going to have to get to her before anyone else. He did. It was her last ride. Perry covered her body with his torn tarp knowing immediately she was dead. What had he done? That didn't matter compared to what he'd do next. This has happened so many times to undeserving young women in America now in the small town a soon to be 15 year olds worst nightmare came to reality. She was pleading with Perry to take her to the hospital. He said sure but came back with a shovel instead and ended her. Perry rolled her body up and poured gas and lighter fluid upon the rocks within minutes the remains were charred. Lord hear her cries for only an Angel could help this situation. For Seedra there was no coming back. Perry drove with the body leaning in his bed to a Quik Stop and picked up lighter fluid and a glass bottle. What had he planned to do? It's no question.

Chapter 9

Priscilla's phone rang. It was Dr. Dover. Why did he call? Priscilla had forgotten she had called and left a message but since it was after hours no one answered. "This is the office of Dr. Dover calling to confirm a Shaquille Samson visited our office on said day and stayed until 6:25." Thank you, can you email me that visit confirmation?" Replied Priscilla. She had put it together already, clues from the route toward the Parsons' residence showed some fresh human remains were discovered. But why if it was a freak accident would it be covered up? Such a

telling tale. She had human scratches on her neck as if someone grabbed at or for her. If they grabbed for her, they intended to catch her but if they grabbed at her she was pulling away. She could've easily been pushed. Times ticking, the games starting and I need to clear Shaq before his game. Have I eaten? She drove further up the steep cliff toward the Parsons' residence. Suddenly the pain of a needle puncturing her stomach rushed through her, who's trying to tell me something? Her eyes rolled back and Priscilla pressed against the wall, it was as if a hand was holding her head up but at the same time a weight on her entire body. It was an insulin shock, her body was overstressed. Sugar appeared before the color returned to Priscilla's face. She emptied vial from her breast into Priscilla's eyes. Immediately Priscilla reacted with flashes and visions showing what happened to Seedra. It kept replaying in warp speed but as if it were looped. Perry had provoked it. I feel so sorry for Shaq. Just then Shaq called, "I got your message", he said. "Message, I sent you no message", she replied. "Well I'm glad I'm cleared because Sugar showed Seedra is here at the game with me" he went on. Bel Air won't know what hit them. I've got to tell my authorities, at least what happened to Seedra. May she rest peacefully.