

Chapter 1

Hell is a Suburb

You know, there's a lot to be said about threesomes. I think as a society between all the trips to Starbucks, soccer games with the youngin's, and blockbuster nights we forget what real fun is all about. Come to think about it, who ever invented it should have his own talk show or action figure r something. Anyways, are you here to read about the world's greatest fantasy or my book (We'll talk more about it later!)? Soooo the door bell rings, and a strong, assertive, ageless individual, also known as Ness's grandma, answers the summon. To her surprise, a small plump white kid occupied the space at their doorstep standin' there smiling' like they rang a lunch bell. He squeaks, "Is Ness here?" 68yrs. young she turns and shouts, "Ness, there's a white boy at the door." Ness was a 12 yr. Old inner city firestarter from the bowels of N.Y. Due to it's lack of Mr. Roger's Neighborhoodness, He and his Ma had packed what they had and moved to suburbia hell.... Otherwise known as Lake Mary, Florida. This place was a collaboration of The partridge family, Pleasantville, the care bears and everything else nauseating all wrapped up in environmentally safe wrapping paper with a freakishly big pink bow and a Mc Donald's. But, just like some really old guy once said, "Nothing is as it seems!" Behind every baby there's bound to be a dirty diaper this town's bag 'o' crap was drugs and the load's getting bigger and by the bowel movement! None of this was new to our hero though. Having come from the farthest idea of heaven you can imagine he knew more than you could shake a crack pipe at.

I guess you could say that he didn't really go to Lake Mary, it sorta came to him. As sure as Bob spelt backwards is Bob, the patrons of this sheltered town were all over them like rednecks on Copenhagen. For the 1st week of their arrival they were like celebrities. After all, they were the only black fam-

ily in the neighborhood at the time. Hell, they were the minority. As a young Black child coming from a hood where the only white people he saw were on T.V., to now live in a town where Blacks were like an endangered species was a huge culture shock.....well more like a culture stroke. At that time it was like they wandered onto the set of different strokes and Ness was Gary Coleman. Everywhere he went he starred, which was only fitting cause everyone else seemed to be doing the same. In this town racism was an unavoidable inconvenience, whether it was directly or unintended. Ness saw his share of it, but he didn't really think much of it, he just made sure he remembered the bike they rode in on or the car they drove. His Ma always used to say that racism was just another form of jealousy and ignorance and should be dismissed just as easily as dispensed, use words to combat words, don't waste your time verbally sparring with morons, and if anyone puts their hands on you break their nose (Amen sister!) The unintended was usually followed by loads of apologies. I guess that was that white man's guilt Ness's grandma spoke of, but like most things in life it just took some getting used to, and lots of therapy.

Next to Ness's therapist, he had 2 friends and a tag along. He figured, he might as well make the best of a hopeless situation until he's old enough to rule world, besides one of those kids had a pool!! Each kid, in his own way, were as different from the other as crap and butterflies. The better friend of the two was Chip. He was very down to earth and idolized Video games, but often times needed a crowbar to keep an open mind. The next was Pie, a vertically challenged football player who's height matched his temper. He kinda' reminded Ness of that Leprechaun movie you know without that minor personality defect of homicidal insanity... well one time he strapped a firecracker to a lizard's back, but that's about it. Then there was Meatloaf, otherwise known as Fatty McChubbenstein. This guy gave new meaning to the word "Asinine!" He had the I.Q. of a block of cheese, and lied his ass off constantly. He would of made a great Lawyer.... Except he probably can't spell Lawyer, or great for the matter. The type of guy who lights a puddle of gas on fire and stands over it, while it's still lit, pouring more gas into the fire. He was a constant annoyance, but like I said before he had a pool and in those days, as hot as Florida was, that's about as good as owning your own brewery. All Ness and his new found accomplices ever did was go to his house, eat his food, and pee in his pool while miraculously not hinting off that they were just using him for Capri suns and Marco Polo, then again this guy wouldn't of known it if they also had him mowing their lawns..... Which they also had him do. They all lived on a dead end road right in the middle of Brady Bunch city. It was there that Ness felt that the entire world was moving worlds ahead of him and he was stuck at the speed of lint. Sorta like God pressed the slow button on Dullsville and fell asleep on his futon.