

I'd already done enough shit in my life to make my only way out of the slammer for good likely to be a back door parole. That meant feet first in a box, even before those two came along. So it didn't matter to me that getting caught icing 'em was a ticket to all day and a night in stir.

Life without parole didn't scare me. I was the Meth Man. I could deal with that, when the time came. Hell, if they sent me back inside I'd arrange for a little accident for the deputy warden and my dirty hack. Then I'd take the business back and live almost as good as a prince. At least until someone got the big idea to take my place...or try to.

But I was on the outside now and once I scored a line, settled my nerves and caught that Brickdale bus, there was only one thought on my mind...getting even...and that meant only one thing.

*Somebody was gonna die.*

~ excerpt from "Street Light" by R.L. Herron