

Caribbean Bacchanal Chapter 3

**“Why doesn’t the saviour come and show he’s self?” the tall black man asked.**

**The obeah rocked back and forth in the smoke filled room. Others moved around in the darkened corners.**

**“The saviour has come.**

**“The saviour is amongst us now. You just don’t see. You need to feel its presence.”**

**She scattered three rocks and five small animal bones on the table.**

**“Soon ya will see a sign. All will see the sign but most won’t believe and will distrust ya.**

**“Believe. Don’t listen to the others,” she continued in a trance.**

**“You must gain the saviour’s trust.**

**“It won’t be easy. Others will hate you and others will try and stop ya. Don’t hesitate...plan....wait....The sign will be soon.”**

**She closed her eyes and stopped rocking.**

**The tall black man still didn’t have the answer he was after.**

**He stooped down from the waist and walked out the half door frame backwards into the night.**

The black boy stood for a short time at the corner of the main square listening to the man talk about justice for all, freedom for all, jobs for all. The boy thought it sounded like bullshit because you only made things go your way because of what you did, not what was said on a street corner. Anyway thought the boy, these dumb arse niggers ain't gunna work, they just want the money for nothing, they want every other bastard to work for them.

He turned and walked down the side of the street with the shade, it was uncool to sweat when you walked down the street. He didn't like the hot day that much, he preferred the cool and safety of the night. But he had to get to the other side of the square to meet 'Bobby's brudda'.

Bobby's brother, was a long time friend who provided all the guns he wanted, for the right price, in fact this was one of the very few partnerships that Bobby made any money out of.

The deal was straight. Money for guns. The more money the more or bigger guns.

The boy wanted a special piece, one that would not be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Unlike most others who wanted guns which looked like every other and was untraceable, the boy wanted something big and shinny. He wanted everyone to know him and his gun.

Bobby was right, he couldn't miss the 'Gun Man'. He had a long wide scar down one side of his head. No hair grew on the scar and the black curly crew cut style made it stick out even more than if he left his hair grow.

"You got something I want," the boy said in the meanest tone he had.

"Not with that fucking tune, Horse Shit," the Gun Man said.

Fuck the boy thought, what is it with this Horse Shit name, does every bastard know the name the minute Bobby says it.

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"You want the fucking money?"

"Ya want the fucking gun?"

"Shit man stop fucking me around and give me the fucking gun," the boy said.

The Gun Man turned and walked away down an alley. The boy was not sure whether he was meant to follow him or stay where he was. After about 10 minutes the Gun Man still had not appeared and the boy was getting very shitty, but he was not that keen to follow him into unknown territory.

In his coolest fashion the boy cruised off down the street away from the lane-way. Once he got about two blocks away he turned down another lane, and then quietly headed back towards where the Gun Man had disappeared.

He was right, the Gun Man and his 'brothers' were at the end of a section of three buildings, waiting around for him. They knew from Bobby that the boy had money after he rolled Macco, he was gunna get it next.

The boy slipped quietly away, waiting his time.

His time came the following night. He lay in the long grass next to the road where he knew the Gun Man traveled. He had watched him the previous day on his rounds of the bars before he staggered home.

Like the previous evening the Gun Man whistled as he wound his way along. The boy didn't even give him the chance to hear him coming. With one huge swing of the club, he bashed the Gun Man to the ground and was on him in an instant, pulling the two guns from his pockets.

Standing over him, the boy softly said, "Whose the horse shit now Gun Man?"

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The boy pointed the gun down towards the Gun Man's head. He could just see the boy through a haze, his head was swimming, like in a dream in slow motion. His voice was slow and slurred,

"The brudders are gunna get you Horse Shit."

The noise of the gun was the loudest thing the boy had ever heard, he nearly dropped the bloody thing then and there. He also didn't think that the blood and brains would splatter all over his face so much.

Just as the ringing in his ears started to fade, he heard voices behind him. Turning he saw three of them running up to him with guns out. They were so close he could see their frightened eyes wide in the dark as they slowed to within a few yards.

The first one had just finished, "What the fuck's going on" when the boy shot him in the guts. the noise of the gun and scream of the man, forced the other two to turn at right angles in a flinching type of movement, not like they had been trained but in a frightened kind of antelope way.

The second one he shot copped it in the shoulder, striking the blade and existing in a downwards direction through his heart and out onto the ground. The blood spurting out in a gush, he didn't make a sound.

The third had got about three steps running away from the boy when the bullet hit in the arse, shooting down his leg and blowing off his knee.

The boy didn't even stop, he just took off and ran, firing three more shots wildly behind him just in case there was anyone else chasing him. Afterwards he thought that those brudders were so fucking scared that no one would have come out to help any of them for fucking hours.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, de bastard done shot me bad," the one with the leg shot off screamed. After that he just yelled and screamed until the local ambulance came, which was about 20 minutes after the police arrived which

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was about 15 minutes after the shooting. There was a large crowd standing around looking at the three dead guys, and some were trying to stop the bleeding from the injured leg, but they could not stop his screaming.

The boy washed his face in a small stream about 15 minutes hard run away from the area. He was still shaking with fright and glee that he had actually shot the Gun Man and three others. He didn't know if the three other were dead, but sure as shit the Gun Man was fucked.

He looked at the large sliver hand gun he had taken from the Gun Man. It was beautiful and he stroked it in the moon light, even though it had blood still on it. The other gun was smaller and probably only good in a close up fight, but hell, how much closer do you wanna get, the boy thought.

The word quickly spread that the Gun Man had been shot, and no body knew who had done it. The only thing the sole survivor could tell the cops, or anyone for that matter, was that it was black man with red blood splattered on his face looking like "the devil heself".

The killer quickly became known as Devil Man and the killings became known as the Gun Man Gunned Down killings.

All the regulars gathered at Bobby's the next day to discuss the Gun Man Gunned Down killings. The Devil Man must have been fast to kill everyone so quickly they said. A few who knew the Gun Man's body guards thought the Devil Man could have taken all week and still kill 'dem lazy niggers'.

"Boy, dem boys were so slow even John Wayne could have killed dem, and he's been dead for 20 years", one of the boys said as everyone burst out laughing. It was a tough neighbourhood.

It didn't matter. In a day, the Devil Man had become a legend, some thought him good because they didn't like Gun Man for one thing and another, while most thought he was the devil to have shot four without being shot.

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What of course helped with the legend was that the fourth one to escape death told a great long story about a gun fight which he 'came from out of no where' to shoot them one at a time from different directions all at the same time. It was only his quick thinking and 'cause I had the fastest action' that prevent him from being killed.

The police didn't bother with any flash analysis of what happened, they were all petty crooks in their minds and by the time they got there any evidence was gone in the crush of feet trying to get a look at the bodies and 'check out the blood and guts'.

When the boy, now the Devil Man, realized that no one had a clue who had killed the Gun Man and company, he felt really pleased with himself.