



Chapter 1

I... am Amen-Exodus, the Elder. It is only befitting that on this Holy Day, as I stand before you Soldiers-In-Arms, in our ancestral temple that I remind you that our warfare is based on deception. Therefore, when able to attack, we will seem unable; when using our forces, we will seem inactive; when we are near, we will make them believe we are far. We must use baits to entice our enemies. Feign disorder, and crush them. If they are secured at all points, we shall be prepared for them. If they are of superior strength, we shall evade them. If our enemies are of bad temper, we shall seek to irritate them. We will pretend to be weak, that they may grow arrogant. If they are taking it easy, we shall give them no rest. If their forces are united, we shall separate them. We will attack them where they are unprepared; we shall appear where we are not expected.

My telling of the following events is a true account of the rise of our royal family. I tell this story to enlighten the minds of this generation's warriors; to remind them of what we have inherited, for the fighting sprits of our soldiers shall be uplifted. For a people to know where they are going, they must first know from where they came.

Remember every State, every Power, and every Group that held and shall hold sway over minds, bodies and souls are ether Republics or Kingdoms, and ours is a great and Mighty Kingdom. May the Divine in you rise up to that which is Divine in the universe...

So, there they were, stationed on the 9th, floor of the housing projects named after Stanley Gates-Stockholm, a multi-billionaire philanthropist that relieved his guilt by contributing to the poor and stealing children's tears. There was a joke amongst the blood-sucking politicians at City Hall that says this trashy poverty-stricken side of The City was properly zoned off and called the Stockholm District.

Stockholm Towers, commonly called the Towers, as the rest of The City had fallen to all the social ills that one could possibly imagine. All this chaos and confusion

revolved around three things; Corruption, Corruption, and more Corruption. The City's glorious history was a long running legend in the suffering minds of its inhabitants.

The five-bedroom apartment became Hades' backed-up toilet on earth. It centered and overlooked a human wasteland that seemed to go on for miles. The great door to nowhere, the ugly that ugly does. It all went down and never came up for air in this high-rise of spiritual, moral and physical decay. And, like endless days and endless nights before and the infinite days and nights to come, the unceasing frantic knocking on the door once again announces the arrival of crackheads desperately trying to get high.

Sims and Lee-Lee mostly sold cooked up cocaine that went by the street names "cook-up, base, hard, or crack," one of the many mind-altering, mood-changing substances sold in The City. Although it economically freed some, it enslaved all. Its users became demonic tools of malice, fraud and violence. The quick high smoked in a pipe brought temporary solace to desperate people.

The crack house pumped out victims that were so far down in hell that, when they looked up they're actually looking down. Just like lost and disoriented scuba divers, who continue to dive deeper thinking that they are reaching the surface they just can't follow the bubble to rise to the top. The unbearable pressures of life eventually surround them and their world implodes. But where there is life, there is hope, or so the optimists claim.

The echoing, click clacking of the high heel, open-toed designer shoes that Bell and Raisin sported bounced off the hallway walls. These sounds had become an all too familiar indication of the women's presence.

"Good, the elevator is working", Bell, stated. The small hit squad piled in as Bell pushed button number 9. "We're just going into the spot to make sure they have enough product, Raisin will text you, letting you know when we're ready." Bell reminds her

thugs to stick to the plan as they reach the dirty hallway of the topmost floor.

"Got it!" the young goons reply.

The knocking on the door is quickly answered by the recently awakened and irritated, Sims. The dark-skinned, 6 foot 8-inch 353-pound bruiser is the official gatekeeper of this murky place whose infamous quote is, "What happens in the crackhouse stays in the crackhouse." His only jobs were to answer the door and to "pick things up and put them down." His older brother, Lee-Lee, had lost count of the necks his brother had snapped over the years, though the only true count of this endeavor was afterwards when Sims would insert his index finger in the base of his victim's neck and yank out the small, gelatinous spinal disc. Lee-Lee took care of everything else.

"Who the hell is it?" Sims hollered as he looked into the steel door's peephole.

"It's Raisin and Bell, your favorite snow bunnies. Let us in, we need to see Lee-Lee." "He's busy.... Come back later!" Sims answered back through the door.

"Stop playing, Sims! Open this motherfucking door! That's your problem, you play to fukin much!" Raisin yelled back, and then smiled when she heard the shifting sounds of metal on metal. Sims unlocks the three dead bolts locks and moves the steel bar that is guaranteed to keep out any police battering ram, grunting in the process.

In his deep, soulful voice Sims says, "Come on in girls. You know I'm just funning with you. Where you girls been. I haven't seen yaa in a couple of weeks."

"Just here and there Sims," the faithless and pale seductress Bell answered, through her thick ruby-red lips.

Bell and Raisin are not your average trick-turning whores. They have brought many to their early graves. These two grimy, cold-blooded hookers played the murder game, and they played it quite often, along with stick-ups, extortion, racketeering and blackmail... you name it, they did it. Once they suckered you in, it was just a matter of time before someone smelled your rotten corpse stinking up the air. But everyone has some sort of vice; these two loved smoking crack.

Over the last six months, they spent over \$150,000 with Lee-Lee, sucking on what the crackheads called the "glass-dick" or what is better known as "the pipe." Even

they couldn't believe they smoked that much shit. Bell observed, in the course of her and Raisin's getting high, Sims and Lee-Lee never ran out of coke. So they knew these two cats were sitting on a sweet come up for their grimy asses. For them it was time to get their money back, with interest. Next on the chopping block were Lee-Lee and Sim's heads...

"Lee-Lee's in the back sleeping. We've been expecting you snow ho's. Have a seat, bitches, you know the routine," Sims tells the girls as he walks into the dark bedroom to sounds of snoring.

"Lee-Lee! Lee-Lee! Lee-Lee!" Sims calls, while roughly shaking his brother.

"Raisin and Bell are here. Wake up, man. Lee-Lee, you gotta get up."

"Alright man," Lee-Lee answers in a half-asleep voice. "Tell them ho's I'll be right out, man. Oh man, I gotta ease up on the Jamaican Rum. For the next few weeks it's strictly Puerto Rican Rum and Cola."

As Lee-Lee eased out of his bed, he quickly slipped into the bathroom. After taking a piss, he gets the cold out of his bloodshot eyes and the frost from around his mouth. His short and stocky frame is packed with muscle. Once in the living room with nothing but his black silk boxers on, Bell and Raisin bring a huge smile to his face as he flashed his gold teeth. He noticed the girls eyes were on his hard dick poking out in the air through the slit of his boxers.

"What up girls, where you bitches been? Haven't seen the two of you in a while."

"On the other side of The City, getting our cash right at the casinos," answered Raisin.

"Is that right? I'm glad to see you made it back safely," Lee-Lee replied, looking at Bell's big bubble ass deeply imprinting his leather couch.

"We're looking for an ounce right now to smoke, if that's alright with you and Sims?" replied Bell.

"Yeah Sims, you should have been there to see us come off," Raisin lied with a straight face. "Do you have enough to keep us partying for the next month?"

"Don't worry, bitches. We got enough to last for the next 100 years. One thing's

for certain and two for sure, I've never seen anybody smoke more coke than you and your girl," Sims says while looking at Raisin's big titties with thoughts of sucking on them.

Looking back at Raisin, Bell gives her a wink, as Lee-Lee comes back into the living room.

"Okay, girls. Here you go," said Bell, pulling \$1,200 from her leather designer purse, stuffing it between her swollen breasts, taunting Lee-Lee to dig for his.

"I'm going to make a run to the liquor store, would anybody like something?" asked Raisin while she text-messed the goons just outside the door. Bell motioned for Sims to let her out. As Sims unlocked the door, the goons rushed in and pushed Raisin out the way, taking Lee-Lee and Sims by surprise.

The second goon through the door cuts into Sim's throat with a small hand-held sword that whistles in the air, before cutting Sim's head completely off as he slams the apartment door shut. Raisin giggles while the first stick-up kid aims the sawed-off shotgun at Lee-Lee's face. Lee-Lee looked down the double barrel of the gun for what seemed an eternity. Looking through his peripheral vision, he sees his brother's head lying on the floor with its life slowly ebbing away. Pointlessly, he tried to reach for his brother.

During moments like these, time and space return to their original realms. We then understand that we do not flow through time, otherwise time travel would be possible. Instead, time flows through us. Time can be held in the palm of your hand, infinity is but the blink of an eye. Only a fraction of a millisecond had passed; Ka-boom!!

Darkness engulfs all.

There is a certain type of darkness that has a density so heavy you can feel it. This is the darkness of confusion of which the light of order hovers over. This light surrounds it until it is no more. Then, there is only light. There are those that are born into this darkness to be exposed to the light, forever being transformed. And there are those that



are born in the light that are crushed by the heavy weight of darkness. This duality of nature is a curse and a gift, a blessing of a double edge sword, the burden of choice that we all must carry from the womb to the tomb.

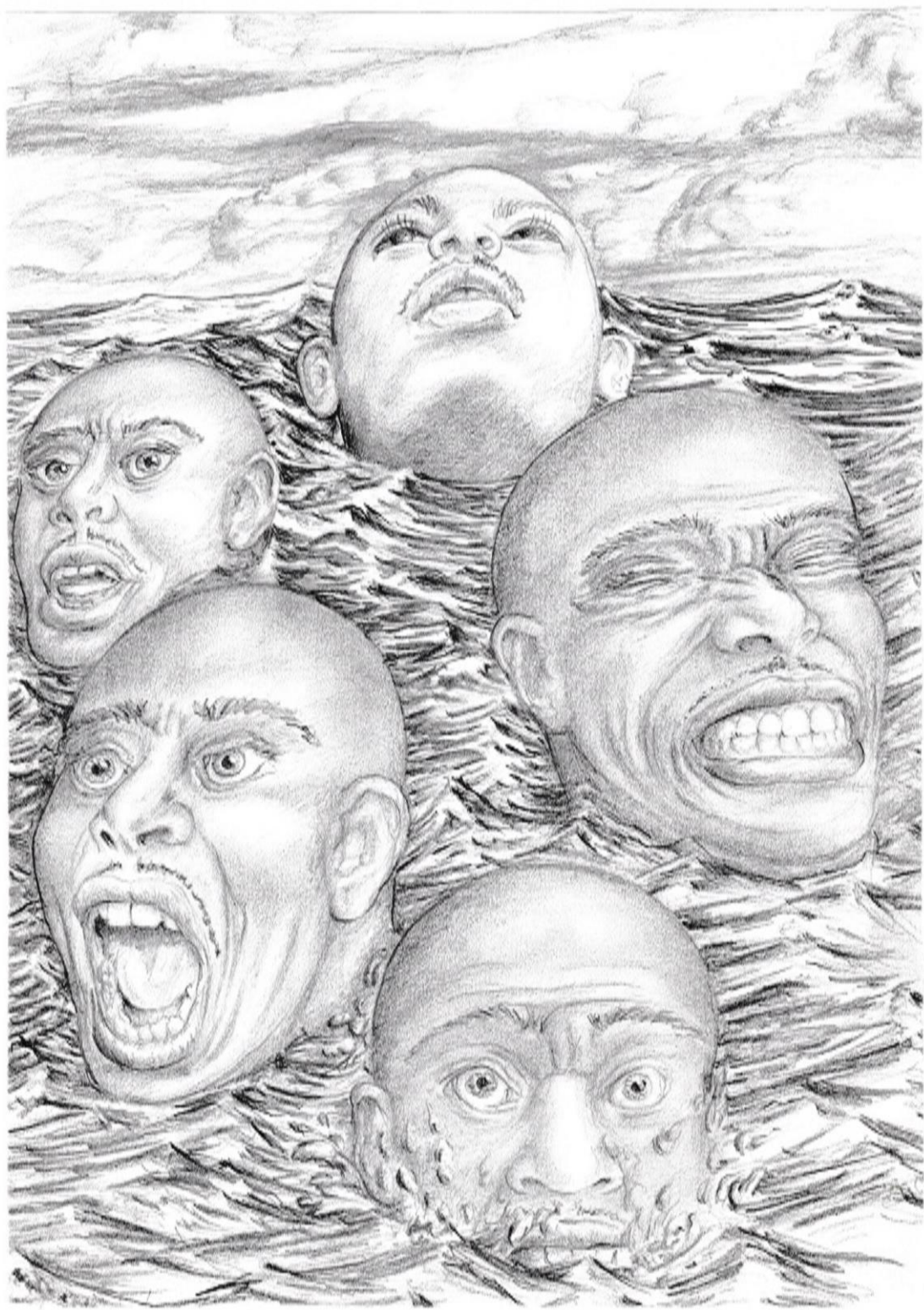
A monstrous clap of thunder shakes Lee-Lee from his drunken stupor, he finds himself struggling to swim in a turbulent sea. The sting of salt water burns his lungs, making it difficult for him to breath. It is a very cold world that he finds himself in. Coming ashore, strange inner forces compel him to go into the nearby dark woods. Like those who have been here before, his gut feeling tells him that he has come off the true path. Suddenly he hears the familiar voice of his guardian angel, Michael.

"Lee-Lee! The journey for truth brings us face face-to-face with ourselves. Your purpose in life is to make that which is Divine in you rise up to that which is Divine in the universe. Your destiny is to stand in the Divine Assembly of God. I have been sent here to anoint you with the knowledge of God. Wake up and help the oppressed by destroying the truly wicked. For God is with you. Know this, Lee-Lee: cursed be the one who withholds his sword from bloodshed. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. This current location is not your destination. This current circumstance is not you future. Arise and awaken you who slumbers!" Michael's voice shakes Lee-Lee's soul... and out of this dreamlike vision, Lee-Lee is once again in his bedroom with his brother Sims waking him.

"Lee-Lee! Lee-Lee! Raisin and Bell are here to see you!" Overcome by Deja-vu, Lee-Lee answers, "Is that right little bro? I just had a visit from my guardian angel; letting me know them bitches are here to take both our heads and they brought company."

Sims learned a long time ago, not to question or second-guess his brother's sixth sense. Over the years these premonitions had lead them out of the jaws of death time and time again.

"This is what I want you to do," Lee-Lee tells Sims as he checks his .50 caliber.
"These ho's stick-up days have come to an end. Take Raisin in the bathroom and knock



that bitch in the head; rig her up! I'm gonna read Bell her last rites; finally some real excitement in this smoky motherfucka!"

Lee-Lee yells from the bedroom, "Bell and Raisin, my two favorite snow bunnies. Where the fuck you girls been! I haven't seen you ho's in weeks. Ain't like the two of you's not showing up on a nigga's doorstep. I was starting to worry that I'll never see you again. Come on back here and let me see ya."

"Oh, we were at the casino getting our money right."

"But fuck this chit-chat!" Bell impatiently snapped at Lee-Lee. "What you got good?"

"Easy girl. Don't I always take care of you? Matter of fact, I'm working with the best coke in the world. Look over there at the walk-in closet," Lee-Lee tells them. "Watch this," as he hit a switch that makes a wall slide open. "Look in there." The pot of cocaine at the other end of the rainbow made Raisin and Bell's eyes damn near pop out of their skulls, seeing all the coke.

"We never dreamed you had that much stuff Lee-Lee," Bell says with her heart pounding to the thoughts of her major score.

"Now that you do - keep this shit between us. If the wrong people found out, I can get in a world of trouble. But you girls are family, right? Raisin, I'll give you a key to smoke right now, if you'll give Sims some pussy for his birthday."

Followed by a pause, everybody in the bedroom starts laughing at Lee-Lee's comment. Only known to Lee-Lee, Sims, Ben-Gee, Habit and their sister. This crew slaughtered 9 Colombians during robbery 2-years ago. This hit brought over 30-tons of Grade-A cocaine. If these snow bunnies thought that the house stash was big, they'd really come off big had they known what they kept at the farmhouse.

"Raisin, if you think that's something, get a look at the bathroom stash spot where we keep all the gold we buy from time to time. We run the ghetto pawnshop."

Gullibly enough, Raisin went into the bathroom thinking that Sims would show another stash they would have missed in the course of their robbery.

"I missed you Raisin," Sims whispered in her ear. "It's been a long time. I need to

get reacquainted by hitting yo' pussy."

"Sims you called me in here to get some pussy? You're going to have to hold off. I need to go to the liquor store first, I'll be right back." With that being said, she texted her company of thugs waiting in the hallway.

"All right. Hold on Raisin, let me show you something before you bounce." And like a bolt of lightning, bang Sims caught Raisin right on the chin with an upper-cut

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straight out of Mike Tyson's playbook on how to knock a bitch the fuck out. Meanwhile in the bedroom... Lee-Lee read Bell her last rites.

"You know, Bell... I've always wanted to know your real name."

Bell figured what the hell; this nigga is out of here in a few more minutes. I'll entertain him. "Well, Lee-Lee, my mother named me Jezebel; because she said she knew I was going to be trouble. Call it prophetic, but the old bitch wasn't too far off. So there you have it, the true identity of the infamous and legendary 'Jezebel "Bell" Cross,' that's what's on a bitch's birth certificate. Any more questions?"

"No, Bell," Lee-Lee answered, as he commenced to pistol whip her with the but of his gun.

Minutes latter standing in the bedroom doorway, Sims hears the crunching of Bell's forehead as the gun pulverizes her face. "Lee-Lee!" Sims hollers to his brother.

"How long are you going to beat that corpse's face in? You trying to make mashed potatoes my nigga? Get a hold of yourself, big bro, she's dead already. Two down and two to go."

"I'm good, lil bro," Lee-Lee answered, snapping out of the homicidal rhythm he was in and uses the bed sheets to wipe the blood off his face.

Sims has Raisin's unconscious body handcuffed to the toilet bowl, as Lee-Lee carried Bell's lifeless body into the bathroom. Standing over the bodies, Sims thinks to himself what a waste of two perfectly good snow bunnies. Briefly daydreaming about the sex the girls had performed on him, was all it took to give him a semi-erection.

The two thugs that waited in the hallway were clueless about what was taking place on the other side of the door. The smell of piss in the hallway was overbearing, giving them headaches. They both wanted this wait to be over. The totally out of place blond hair blue-eyed, oil stained, dirty baby strolled up caught them by surprise. It was as if the baby appeared out of nowhere. The red, white and blue pamper with stars the baby wore sagged down to the floor and leaked shit from its sides. Crawling white and brown maggots fell from the pamper, as shiny green flies buzzed about. This was truly a horrific sight. The baby squatted down with the jack-in-the-box that he carried while looking up at them through his large eyes. The thugs stood transfixed, frozen while the baby shifted its nightmarish blue eyes on them. With a shit-eating grin on its face, the baby began cranking up the child's toy producing a familiar tune of Jimi Hendrix's America's National Anthem." After the music stopped, out popped a hideous two-faced clown, one being white the other black. In an abomination of all known natural rules, both faces turned slowly to smile at the thugs. The show was now over...

The baby looked at both thugs and said, "No! No!" and having made this statement the wretched baby vomited a puss-like fluid, stood up and walked heavily down the hallway. With the jack-in-the-box totted under the baby's arm, the two-faced clown swung on its spring from left to right, continued smiling at the thugs, while running their tongues over an impossible amount of teeth that were sharpened to a point.

Neither thug paid any attention to the shadow of flapping wings or the gust of rotten wind that proceeded when the baby turned the corner out of eyesight and got ghost. The only thought that remained with the thugs after the baby's departure was pure and unadulterated terror, which was quickly replaced with the greed of anticipation that played heavily on their minds, blocking out what they truly just witnessed.

As the saying goes, "Death and the Devil come in many shapes and forms; it is for

the wise to know them,"

"Okay, there's our signal, once that door opens, it's a go," said one thug to the other.

"Okay Sims, time to deal with these motherfuckers in the hallway waiting for that door to open. Pull the door open and stay the fuck behind it, cause shit's about to get really real. On three my nigga... One... Two.... Threeeee!!!"

Sure enough, as soon as the door opened, the two thugs blindly ran into the jaws of death. Lee-Lee fired a single shot that traveled through both thugs' head. Closing the door behind them, Sims quickly went to work by tightly wrapping Saran Wrap around the dead thugs' heads, stopping the blood that was quickly puddling on the linoleum floor.

The stinging slaps to the face followed by the smelling salts woke Raisin up. Discombobulated, trying to gather and restore her slowly spinning world, she suddenly remembered where and why she was situated as she was. The intricate, mechanical apparatus locked around her head forced her eyes open. If the brothers wanted her to get an eyeful, she definitely had front row seats to the greatest horror show in The City.

The coarse buzzing that hummed smoothly from the electric saw filled the bathroom. The rule the brothers had when it came to chopping up a body was wherever it bends twists or swivels...CUT! Starting with the ankles then the hands to drain off all the blood, some of these technicalities had been performed on Bell before Raisin regained consciousness. Raisin was to witness the reason why these two were given their

"Sons of Wrath" status.

"So, you thought you had the jump on us? Bitch, please! We've dealt with your type before, and I look forward to dealing with your type again. I just wanted to know do you recognize your girl, Bell." Lee-Lee questioned as Raisin agonizingly watched Lee-Lee runs the extra-long blade of the saw in Bell's lifeless body, gliding through her like a





hot knife on butter. The thud of Bell's head dropping into the bathtub made Raisin jump, which only brought a giggle from Lee-Lee.

"She's squeamish. Ain't that a bitch? Here it is, you bring two stone-cold killers to the spot to put our lights out, yet you have a problem with death," Lee-Lee said, working the saw into Bell's shoulders.

The thud of her arm dropping into the tub caused Raisin to jump again. Lee-Lee laughed so hard that he snapped Sims from his momentary daydreaming, bringing him to join in on the laughter. The stressful moment forced Raisin to let out a loud involuntary fart...only bringing more laughter from the two.

"Oh, nooooo she didn't!!! This bitch just ain't fart up in this mothafuckaa? Lil bro, check to see if she did, cause it sure enough smells like ass up in here."

Pulling Raisin's mini-dress over her head, Sims exposed her shit-filled panties. Beside himself with laughter, tears welled up in his eyes, Lee-Lee dropped to the floor holding his stomach and lets out a long, explosive, windy laugh.

"Haaawwwaaaaaa, heeeeeeee haaaaww, haaaaaaa, heeeeeeee, I can't. I can't Oooooohh shit, I can't. Oooooohh shit, I can't, I can't, I can't breeeeeath," Lee-Lee finally blurts out uncontrollably. Raisin is further sickened by the amusement they found in the dismemberment of her lover's body.

The distant ringing of the phone sobers both men up immediately.

""Yes, Jay," Sims answered, "We're in the middle of a clean-up. There was an attempted robbery on the house, four casualties. We're dismembering the bodies now Jay. And Boss, we are putting cameras up in the hallway. The blind spots are..."

"What do you mean?" Jay interrupted, "Those cameras were supposed to be up and running day one! What type of operation do you think I'm running here? Do you think I placed you and your brother in that apartment to fuck around? Do you think this shit is all fun and games? Get those goddamn cameras up and running now!!!" Jay hollered into the phone then slammed it down.



"My boys are getting sloppy. I gave them enough rope; I see I'm going to have to keep my foot in their asses. Their 'Sons of Wrath' status has gone to their heads," said Jay, while puffing on his cigar with a blank look on his face. Then he questioned himself; "What have I inherited? What have we inherited? How much longer can this corrupt system last? What happened to the good old days? What the fuck happened?" Other than a pool of blood to clean up and four bodies to incinerate, it was just another fucked up day at the crack house. Lee-Lee, looking into the belly of the beast, chanted his notorious ghetto mantra:

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Up, Up, Up, in a fog, blowing smoke up the ass of these fools; What a life to live, the crack house blues Bitch put that pipe down, and hit the boulevard, Because your occupations is how to get a dick hard. Smoke that shit until the day you die, Because nobody can fuck with this crack head high, Crack House Pimp-in is the best since the wheel, I got three for fifty and all types of deals, That's crack, my nigga, it's a one hit miracle, It'll have your heart racing, all types of hysterical, You'll be robbing and killing, chasing that next soaring high, As my money, stacks up reaching the sky, You ain't drop shit, ain't nothing on the floor, I'm the Crack House Pimp, and you're my whore, Damn! Look at you, all greasy and shit, You know my motto, take another hit, So keep the crack in the pipe and the stem fully loaded With your eyes bugged out like they exploded, You see, you're not sick off dope, or have the flues, You done fuck around, and caught the crack house blues, Yea, I talk kind of funny, and walk with a limp But you've been used and abused by the Crack House Pimps.

