

When The Streets Call - A Short Story

There once was a girl. Small, but fierce. So fierce in fact, that if you so much as looked at her the wrong way you would find your skin sliced by a small knife. Or, if you're lucky, you would be hit by a flying frozen water balloon. She lived her life minding no one else's business but her own. Taking care of herself and the people lucky enough to be considered her family.

The year was 2020 and the world was in a constant state of panic and disarray. No one knew for sure when the pandemic would release its deathly grip on America. But in the meantime she had nothing more to do but work her steady job at Wal-Mart. But day after day that building and the mindless people that filled it steadily tried her patience. Tested her 'gangsta' as some would put it. The workload was beginning to take its toll on her and the boy that she called her best friend.

With their motivation to fulfill their daily duties at their job dwindling the young girl began to feel the pull of something that was familiar. It was calling for her to come home. She confided in her best friend. Telling him that the 'Streets' were calling her once again. The young man began to panic. For he knew that if things continued to go the way they had been at work and in life, that she would return to the thug life that she left behind. A pole flashed before his eyes but he quickly shook the nightmare out of his head. Sure she joked about returning and sure, she would occasionally carry small bags of white powder around with her but this time it was a reality that could eventually come to pass. And despite all of his efforts, it did...

Months flew by and the young boy missed his best friend dearly. He infiltrated the streets in search of her but with no luck. He heard only whispers of a small bean, carrying a small knife with a lizard hanging from her pocket but those quiet words led him nowhere. Others asked where his other half had gone but he could not give them an answer. All he could do was point to

the beaten, cracked concrete streets that painted the city. Years past and the boy thought of her everyday. Legend has it that she can still be seen dancing in the streets, her trusted pocket lizard by her side with her middle fingers in the air. The streets had reclaimed their queen.

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