

# REUNION

By Greg Kay

She was easy to spot, despite wearing the same too-tight clothes and heavy makeup of all the other whores. Her short blonde hair and pale skin made her stand out in a neighborhood where hair was normally kinky and skin ranged from brown to prune-black. Her long legs extended to even greater heights by the stiletto heels that tightened the muscles of her calves, she strolled aimlessly back and forth along the filthy street, crack vials and garbage crunching under her feet. Even from a distance, the running plague sores of the needle tracks in her arms were obvious.

*I remember her as a child, a laughing little girl with blonde pigtails playing with her dolls. She was so happy then; what the hell happened?*

Cars came and went. Once in a while, one would stop and she would get in. A few minutes later it would return with her, and she would resume her aimless walk to nowhere. Through it all, the empty, dead expression in her eyes never changed.

*She was so normal once - better than normal, bright and happy. Now...this? Why did she do it? It's been less than six months since she ran away - she's younger than me and already looks twenty years older.*

Another car pulled up: a silver BMW. A black man, all teeth, dark glasses and gold chains climbed out, adjusting his baggy pants so they showed most of his brightly patterned shorts. His white tank top made a startling contrast to his black muscular arms, which he waved about, making strange hand signs as he approached the girl. He thrust his head forward aggressively as he spoke.

*So this is the one?*

Reaching into her purse, she pulled out a large roll of money and handed it to him. After counting it ostentatiously, he dropped it in his pocket, loosed a few casual obscenities accompanied with more hand waving, and turned to go. Before stepping around the car, he glanced down the street to see if anything was coming.

Despite the crudity of the homemade screen wire and tape silencer, in the heavy traffic no one heard the discharge of the .22 rifle, or noticed the tiny quarter-inch hole that suddenly appeared in the center of his forehead. Like a puppet with its strings cut, his legs abruptly gave way and he collapsed on the sidewalk. He shivered for a moment and one leg moved back and forth twice as though trying to walk, but there was very little blood.

Yet another car pulled up as the girl looked about uncertainly, wondering what to do.

*Get in, Sis. It's time to go home.*

END

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