

When the smoke clears, there are thirteen horribly mutilated bodies spattered lifelessly upon God's earth. Windows of businesses and vehicles were shattered by the blast and the ensuing gunplay. The hotel's revolving door was completely destroyed by the bomb. The explosion projected lethal pieces of glass 100 miles per hour killing a newlywed couple out celebrating their eleventh month anniversary. The wife was seven months pregnant. Another pair was caught in the crossfire while enjoying dinner at an outside cafe. The husband, looking the shooter right in the eyes and anticipating the inevitable, tried to shield his wife and child from the bullets but to no avail. May their souls rest in peace.

The piercing sounds of the sirens replace the melodies of the violins flowing from the restaurant just moments earlier. It was truly a miracle more innocent bystanders weren't killed. People are crying in the street while assessing the damage to their property. Amazingly, only two thank GOD for sparing their lives. Earlier you would have thought Jesus was Lord and Savior to them all as they screamed His name. Some call loved ones and others call the police. For some fear is replaced by anger and anger by rage as they recall the incident to anyone who would listen. But no one would dare come near me as I twirl smoking 9-millimeter guns in each hand. I put fresh clips in before inserting them back into the holsters. We won this battle against Drug Starr but the war isn't over. They've had heavier casualties than us over the years yet seem to have a cloning machine. For every one we kill three seem to take their place.

I walk over to view the stiffs. I hear someone moaning in the moon lit alleyway and cautiously go over to investigate guns drawn. It's Drug Starr's top street lieutenant Shasta. He's in a corner in a fetal position bleeding. His white terrycloth sweat suit absorbs the blood like a sponge. He foolishly stands up and walks aggressively towards me shrieking in pain.

"Shasta, what's happening baby boy? You and your boys tried to set me up again?" I ask twirling my pistols ala The Lone Ranger.

"Git away from me Lenny B," says Shasta boldly! I could see the fear in his eyes but he put on a brave front. "I'm not afraid of you. And when I get the chance I'm going to kill you," screams Shasta! He tries to reach for his gun but I kick it down the gutter.

"Tell your boss his ass is mine for the pain and suffering he's inflicted upon his own people. I'm gonna let you live so you can deliver my message. On second thought, Bang! Bang, Bang! Now that's just one less bad guy to worry about," I say while standing over Shasta's lifeless body.

This had to be a set-up. I yell out to my partner So Good but he doesn't respond. The police and other emergency vehicles are getting closer and we must prepare to leave. As I turn the corner, So Good is lying on the ground wounded very badly. I pick him up and attempt to drag him to the car. He is definitely much heavier than he appears. His blood is trickling all over my charcoal-gray Armani double-breasted linen suit I just got out of the cleaners.

"So Good, if you get blood on my new shoes it's on when you get better," I say to try to lighten the situation. I stop to look at his wounds to assess the damage. He was hit twice in the upper thigh and his private parts spared by centimeters. Fortunately, the bullets entered on a downward angle and went through without shattering any bones. I couldn't take him to the hospital for they would call the cops and file a report. It is very ironic being the good guys and not having the support of the police or politicians. They perceive us as masked vigilantes and say we hinder their investigations by confronting the Cartel. The cops have never physically tried to intervene or arrest us. I guess they figure why get their boys killed if we're willing to sacrifice ours. They've even supplied us tips on the down low of course. We are portrayed as part of the problem not the solution to the media. And with the upcoming election, the political

machine needs a sacrificial lamb and we've been selected. Most of the citizens support our endeavors.

We continue the trek to the car and finally arrive at my Silver Jaguar with the convertible top and burgundy leather interior. I position So Good in the back seat and he passes out immediately. I put up the top and windows to be protected by the bulletproof glass. The police helicopter's light brightens the night as it scans the ground searching for suspects fleeing the scene. We pull off.

Though I tried to make him as comfortable as possible the pain wakens him. He's slipping and sliding across the back seat even though I negotiate the turns slowly and carefully. He's bleeding profusely and gasping for air. His wounds are much more serious than I'd thought. The bullets must have severed a major artery. I pull over and take off my tie to make a tourniquet. I tie it tightly and the bleeding stops temporarily. I grab my cell phone to call my niece Pinky who is also my Night Klub and business manager. She's also So Good's ex-lover.

"Pinky, it's Lenny B. Meet me at Klub KASS! Call that shyster doctor you know and have him bring some blood for So Good. He's been shot twice in the leg. I think he's type A. Bring an oxygen tank too. If he screws up I'll shoot him in the head on the spot."

"Is he dying? I knew this was going to happen. You get him here in one piece and I'll get Doc here. If he dies I'm going to kill you," shouts an emotional Pinky!

"Lenny B, are we almost back at the Klub? I'm in pain and need a drink really, really bad. The pain is killing me. You know somebody's gonna pay for this shit. I just got this Nehru Suit tailor made and it's the first time I've worn it," screams So Good.

"So Good, you know the alcohol is doing more damage than those bullets. But to answer your question yes, we are almost there."

We're passing the intersection of Broad and Olney Avenue entering the West Oak Lane section of the city. I'm reminiscing about the Esquire Movie Theater located at Broad Street and Chew Avenue years ago. As young bucks, we made a couple of attempts to enjoy a movie at that location. The residing gang would eventually identify us and try to inflict bodily harm. We'd race back to our own territory barely reaching the borderline in one piece. On a couple of occasions though those brothers had their minds made up and ran us back five or six blocks deep before the Calvary came to the rescue. They had much, much heart! I have nothing but love and respect for those brothers now for we all are raising our families and fighting social, moral, and economic woes of the past, present and future generations.

Prior to The Blackavellian Knights going out on missions we rendezvous at Klub KASS located above 19th Street and Cheltenham Avenue. We travel down Cheltenham Avenue; make a right then a left onto Adams Avenue to the Roosevelt Boulevard, up Route 73 and then exit the city via the Tacony-Palmyra Bridge into New Jersey. We would exchange cars at one of our properties and then re-enter into Philadelphia either over the Benjamin Franklin or the Walt Whitman Bridge. We'd go "do our thang" and then reverse the route. We have alternate escape routes along the way and cut off drivers to assist us in sticky situations. This makes it harder for our enemies to track us, and that includes the police.

Klub KASS is the premier nightclub in town. It is the place where the players play. It is the house where the big dogs come when they desire to get off of the porch. Our clientele includes everyone from pimps, gangsters, hustlers, athletes, city officials, musicians, models, singers, lawyers, congressman, and on a good night a few ministers on the down low. You may think this is an odd collection of people but remember what they say, 'Birds of a feather flock together'. We don't really care what you do but you must have style. It is where you come to

freak or be freaked, but with class. You have to be clean to even walk in the door. And if you aren't you are kindly turned away. And if there is a lady on your arm she better be the Crème de la Crème, or you would hear about it on the street the next day. I tell you, the FBI, CIA, or CNN has nothing on the street grapevine when it comes to finding out what's going on or down! On any given day the 'Vine's' accuracy rate is no less than eight-five to ninety percent on the money.

Two nights a week we set up for club style dancing. We have the best DJ on any continent, DJ Just Rite. He is our homeboy and owner of Just Rite Productions, based out of North Carolina. He has a staff of fifty people who travel coast to coast to do their thang. His company supplies entertainment for banquets, weddings, religious ceremonies for the upper echelon crowds, you know musicians, actors, athletes, etc. We feature live Jazz three nights a week and are especially interested in promoting local talent. We have a casino operation on the lower level. It is on an invitation basis only. We serve only top shelf liquor, beer, and champagne and only the best cuisine. So if you are looking for a hamburger you had best be going to Wendy's. You see, to be seen in our spot means you were on the A-list.

So Good and I gutted three separate but connected abandonminiums to house the Klub. . An abandonminium is a vacant, sealed or unsealed structure used to squat in and conduct drug activities. In our instance they were warehouses. I have spent time in such establishments during my active addiction. There was no running water or heat. The windows were usually broken. There was makeshift furniture constructed out of crates and boxes or whatever furniture left behind. The stench of discarded garbage, feces, urine and trash filled the rooms. The bathroom facilities were wherever you made them. The city didn't realize they were doing us a favor when they boarded up the places. It provided cover from curious pedestrians in the summer time and shielded us from the cold in the winter. Drugs were sold and used and acquired by any means necessary. As in any society, there is a hierarchy and it is strictly adhered to. If you ignored it you could be thrown out, seriously hurt or even killed. Every so often there would be an attempt to take over the top dog spot and to the winner would go the spoils, which meant you get a break down from any transaction taking place in the house. The loser would be banished from the house altogether. Many people have died, been raped and or tortured all for the sake of the drug. In an instant, you could go from being the predator to being the prey. It's amazing how something which fits between your fingertips could make you live in such conditions, to be close to what you need, at any price. It was where we called home. It is where we ran to when the sun came up. It was our mausoleum. You would think this activity would discourage people from coming but it attracted addicts like magnets. And I know because I was a card member. If it were not for the grace of God, I'd either be the doorman or a dead man!

We had to make sure it was structurally sound for our plans which required approval from Licenses and Inspections. After obtaining permission we hired an architect and our dream began to take shape. We then installed a spiral staircase, chandeliers, wall-to-wall carpeting, an elevator, marble and hard wood floors, and the works. There's an enclosed swimming pool on the roof for pool parties. We also have a V.I.P Room for special guests or events and a restaurant called the Euphoria Room run by our Head Chef Angela. We recently added a 5 star motel with 15 units for rent. Each room has a Jacuzzi and the rooms on the upper floors have balconies, complete with deck furniture and a grill. We also provide room and limousine service. There are escape tunnels if something jumps off we can't handle. Yes we are doing well for African American Men in America.

I could rake in the money from a beach on an Island. But I made a vow if I ever escaped from the hell between my ears I would try to make a difference in the war against drugs. I know it is God who spares my life. I know any and everything I have is because of Him. That also is part of the dilemma. I know my lifestyle is not of a Christian, yet I feel the pull towards God. And I know what I do is not of God. But it is my mission to take out as many dealers as possible. I want to prevent other families from being torn apart. I want the children to be able to play in the street again without being caught in crossfire. I want mothers to be mothers, and fathers to be fathers, and children to be children. This is impossible to do under the control of a substance causing more pain than a thousand deaths. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imaged I would have been on my own personal drug odyssey lasting 25 years.