

# The Hit List

Omar  
Noormahomed

Conquering  
Demons



## The Hit List...

This is a story about a young man named Drake who has seven characters to kill or have a serious talk with before they kill or ruin his life. Each of these characters played their part in making Drake's life difficult in some way or another, they had all been good to him over the years, they had loads of good times, and some sad ones, they stepped in and kept him safe when he needed them and gave him courage and confidence to stand on his own. They were always there at the right time so he was furious that they had now each turned on him and were making his life a misery. He had to do something quickly but had to think hard because two of them were family.

The clock was ticking.

## CHAPTER ONE

### INSECT

Drake was a 25 year old living in South London, Clapham Junction. He went to South Themes Collage with his friends for a year, and then decided he wanted to be a rapper so he left and bought himself a laptop and some earphones. Everything was going well in his life, he was getting good at music production and song writing, had numerous girls hanging on every bar he spat to them when they came over to his social housing flat. It was a cool flat because it had some actually spectacular views from most of he's windows and he could get a free watch of the new year fireworks, he thought that was a pickup line but he woke up one morning after the famous 25<sup>th</sup> birthday party and realised that he rarely got the reaction he wanted.

He looked at the girl laying asleep in his bed. She didn't get to see the fireworks but she still came, he laughed and thought about last night. Her name was Amy she was 23, they met a few weeks ago on the tube. she asked drake for directions and he lied and told her he was going the same way and accompanied her a couple stops from where she was going and got her

number for his effort. She was a cool girl and they had good banta, Amy made up a character for them using their names. 'Drakamy' was the name and she was the real Dracula or something, even though Drake thought it was wack it made him laugh and he liked her creativity. "Hey babe." he said softly shaking her.

"Babe you gotta get up... I'm gonna have a shower quick." Drake got out of bed on this fateful morning, went to brush he's teeth and thought he caught a glimpse of "Insect" behind him. Insect was one of the characters that was messing with he's life. He span around as if he wanted him to be there and saw the smudges on the wall that he's been meaning to clean off for a while now. "Fuckiing..." he said in his head and turned back to the mirror.

"Huh?" called Amy from the bed.

"Nothing, just a bug doing my head in." Drake replied. Drake and Amy got ready and had breakfast together, Amy was an estate agent who worked for her aunt, she looked good in her work suit which was another thing he liked about her.

When Amy left, Drake sat at he's computer and pulled up an unfinished song he was making.

*"Dere's no contest, handshakes make dem dodge death, many, crimes committed, an, still no arrests, civilians slayed, no confessions, they seems like a gang of aggressors, holding us captive with automatic weapons."* He read from the page nodding his head to the beat in his headphones. His mind went back to when he was brushing he's teeth and Insect made him lose concentration. He started to think about the music industry and thought about if he's music would take off.

"Fuck sake." he said getting up and taking off the headphones. He walked over to the window and looked down. Insect kept popping into his head.

"I gotta do something about this." He thought.

Insect was the kind of character that people called a negative nancy, he thought he was jack the lad but when push comes to shove he was off. He liked to elevate himself off you and say stupid shit to make you doubt yourself, and he loved to be that person that changed your mind. The incident that took place to turn the relationship sour was quite a while ago, Drake was on the verge of getting his dream girl and Insect popped up and started to chat some shit and made up some other shit that made Drake ask her if she had slept with a bag of man in the

college gym. Obviously that was the end of that so Insect was on the hit list. Ever since then Drake has been waiting to get him in he's sights, and has seen him a few times but never got he's hands on him. Drake felt like today was going to be the day of reckoning for Insect.

Drake got himself together, and just like clockwork he's friend Crim called him.

"Yo D wha gwan, what you doing today fam? You know da early bird gets da worm an dat, HaHa HaHa." He laughed "Yo Crim wha gwan." Drake said with a little laugh. "Yh you know my tings the slow ting g, gotta wait for the calls fam, where you at doe?" "HaHa Yh g I know what you're up to you got it locked fam, but check it I'm at your door g."

"Haa..Yh nigga I'm plugged in get it." Drake laughed again and told Crim he should of just rung the buzzer instead of having a big convo on his doorstep and that.

Drake let in Crim and put on the latest track he made on Logic. "Yo hear dis one fam its peek for dem." he said with a mischievous grin on he's face.

"Praising da Colour Purple saying so much detail, but again you're profiting Offa slaves through retail."

“Yo.” Cut in Crim. “That’s shits gonna be banned fam lau it.” He laughed holding he’s belly. “Its deep doe but you know where your does coming in at da min get it.” he said and laughed he’s usual laugh.

“Hustle every day... hustle every day.” he rapped bouncing he’s shoulders up and down.

Crim has been Drakes friend since he left collage, he met him at a rave not too long after Insect became an enemy. They chased Insect a few times but he always got away somehow that’s why they called him Insect because he made you jump then got away in the shadows like a cockroach.

It was Crim that introduced drake into the world of shotting. Drake was in a bad way and was about to get evicted from the council flat. Drake was a freshie to the game and Crim helped him to get enough money to keep up the rent and have some money to play with. Over the years the two of them became like brothers and drake had a fond place in his life for his new friend Crim.

After going through a few more tracks Drake got his first call for the day. “Bitch better have my money!...Bitch better have my

money!" Was Drakes ringtone. "Yo what's up, what you after?" he asked.

"Hey D can I get my usual please babe? I'll be on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor."

"Hey Lisa, yhyh that's cool message me when you're in the block and I'll come down." "Ok thanks D see you soon."

"Alright Leese see you in a bit babe."

"Ra you babe 'Ing dem up now bro." said Crim laughing.

"Na man she a nice lady bro, and she calls me babe so..." Drake shrugged he's shoulders and went to his home made hiding place in the gas cupboard. Taking out the parcel he took out three bits. He wrapped them in clingfilm and turned to Crim.

"Yo I'm gonna buss this and come back you might as well wait here g."

"Aight cool g I'll put on COD and buss your arse when you come back" replied Crim laughing.

"Eeejyat." said Drake and stuck he's finger up at Crim

The Day went by quite quickly, Drake completed his minimum of five shots a day so he wasn't bothered about the road. He finished the song he went back earlier in the day, and he buss up Crim on COD so he was in good vibes. Then he's phone rang.



He and Crim looked at the phone and then each other and both of them has the same defeated look their faces.

"You gotta answer it bro." said Crim.

"Ahh man, bro." replied Drake as he reached for the phone. "Yo mum wha gwan." He said already holding his head with he's other hand.

"Why you sound like that you little fake bad man?" she asked laughing.

"Maan, lau me mum man, you alright doe." said Drake trying to change the subject.

"Yea I'm alright son, just winding you up cause you don't come check me all the time no more!"

"Yea sorry mum, I've been busy writing and stuff, plus you live like on the other side of London, I'll have to stay and I can't do that cause I got things to do down here."

Crim clasped his hands over he's mouth to stop from bursting out laughing, and Drake stood up and turned he's back on him.

"Shush." Whispered Drake.

"Who you shushing you little fool." said drakes mum. "Huh?... Oh na it wasn't you mum, I was just saying it to my friend cause he's a eejyat."

Crim was rolling on the sofa kicking his legs.

“You lie you got a girl there init.” said his mum.

“Na mum man, its flipping Crim the fool he’s trying to get me in trouble.”

Drakes Mum kissed her teeth and Drake could see her face as she did it.

“You know I don’t like you messing with that boy Drake.” she asked “He’s going to bring you down or use you till he don’t need you no more.”

“Na it ain't like that mum he’s helped me since I been here still.”

“Well, I’ve heard a lot of bad things so you just be careful around him you hear me!”

“Yea I hear you, glad you’re ok though, gotta go through mum love you yea.”

“Alright then Timon give Pumbaa a slap for me” she laughed

“Love you, take care, and don’t be a stranger!”

“Haha that was funny.” said drake actually laughing. “Aight den mum speak soon love you.” “Bye.” she said.

“Aight..bye.”

“Hahahah.” Crim couldn’t wait for him to hang up. “Bro your mum’s a G she bad’s you up all the time.” he said laughing

“Shut up man, she my mum init you Eeejyat.” said Drake  
“Anyway I’m hungry and you gotta get your own shit bro, don’t business.”

“Raaa feelings an dat.” said Crim getting up. “Where you going though?”

“Boy I dunno man, I might just get a Chinese from up by lavender.” replied Drake and Crim said “Yea that sounds like a plan.”

They left the block and made their way to the Chinese takeaway shop in Drakes Audi. While they were driving they got to talking about jobs and what they would do if they had to work. Drake said he would like to teach the youts music production and help them accomplish their dreams. Crim said he was in it to win it and didn’t have any options. Drake had previously done some volunteering at his local youth club and enjoyed working with the kids in there. As well as doing what he loves he would also be giving them a skill that will continue to make the youts happy, creative and hopefully out of the criminal lifestyles.

As they came to the shop drake pushed open the door. “Hey aunty, wha gwan you alright?” he said to the old lady behind the counter.

“Oh Hello Dre.” she asked throwing her hands up and clasping them together. she had been calling him Dre from the beginning, he had attempted to correct her but she looked upset so he left it. Plus she made him feel like Doctor Dre when he walked in so he got used to it kinda quickly.

“How are you?” she asked

“I’m good thanks you know me, how’s you though business been good to you?”

“Ahh you know dese crazies keep coming with their noise but it’s been ok, you wan da same order?” she asked.

“Well if you need me you know where I am.” Drake winked at the old lady, she didn’t have Drakes number but he thought he’d say it anyway. “And yes please the same.”

Crim didn’t order from the Chinese shop, he said he saw a program and they had some weird meat that wasn't like normal meat and he can’t stop seeing it. They got the food and left to go back to Drakes. As they were driving down Latchmere road Crim jerked up in his seat.

“Oi bro dere’s Insect! Pull up pull up!” he said.

They were behind Insect so he didn’t know they had seen him. Drake took the first right turn and parked up, he turned off the car and they got out without a word spoken. Running to the end

of the road Drake peeped his head out and peered round the corner and saw Insect about a fifty or so meters in front of him. "Gonna kick him down g." he said to Crim. Crim just nodded he's head.

Drake took off and got to top speed quickly, he was gonna give Insect a flying kick in his back but just when he was about to jump he tripped on something and ended up rugby tackling Insect instead, but it worked in his favour as he had him in he's hands finally.

Insect heard stumbling behind him and got rugby tackled. He didn't know who it was but shouted out. "AHHH."

As he went down he hit he's head on the ground and got dazed. Waving his hands about he shouted "I haven't done anything, get off me!" He thought this must be the police. "What you talking about you pussy it's me Drake."

"Huh?...What..Ahh Drake man please man it's been a bit man lau me." Drake climbed up Insect while holding him on the floor. "Bro you made it last this long fam." Drake said through his teeth. "Why you always dussing off you eedyat?"

"It's you man, and Crim getting into your head, it's just a girl bro?"

Drake punched him in the ribs.

“Shut up man, you made me look like a eedyat as well bruv I should fuck you up right now.” said Drake getting up. Holding Insect by his coat hood wrapped round he’s left hand Drake punched Insect in his face.

“You should have let me do this long time ago, fool, you’re lucky I’m insured as well or you’d be under the car right now pussy.” Drake pushed Insect away and rubbed his hands like he was dusting them off.

“Fuck off man and don’t chat bout no-one anymore you hear me!” said Drake. He watched Insect fade away into the distance. He felt a weight being lifted off him and smiled. “Got da pumpum haha haha.” he said to Crim.

“Haha bro he’s face when he went down was like a scary movie.” said Crim “I swear he could’ve pissed himself.” Drake laughed. “Bro I dropped though man I thought I was fucked!” They both started belly laughing and held each other as they walked back to the car. As they got to the car Crim turned to Drake.

“Yo fam I’m not too far from here I might as well bop it g.”

“You sure bro?” asked Drake.” I can drop you still.”

“Na man it’s cool bro, I’ll come link you tomorrow doe, roll safe g.” He replied.

“Aight cool fam, don’t do nothing I wouldn't do!” said Drake laughing getting in his car.

Drake drove back slowly thinking about all the time Insect got away and remembered he had a feeling this morning that he was gonna catch him. “Ha you bitch-boy you got nyam.” he said and laughed. He felt good and was nodding his head to the tune on the radio.

## CHAPTER TWO

### STIFF & RECKLESS

It's Friday evening and Drake was in a good mood. Weeks had passed and he didn't see or think of Insect. He was playing tunes while getting ready, dancing and singing along to the parts that he knew. Another reason he was bubbling was because there was a rave to go to tonight and he was looking forward to getting a one wine from a girl in the club. He wasn't a cheater it was too much effort, money and stress all at once, but he did like to have a cheeky dance every now and then. He was going there with a few of the man dem, one he don't really like, and some he ain't seen for a bit but he was still looking forward to it. He had he's outfit laid out on the bed, and knew he would catch a dance wearing it. He poured himself a pre-drink of spiced rum to get in the party vibe and shouted Crim. The phone rang out. "What da fuck man." Drake said to himself and pressed redial.

"Yooo bitch-ass what's up you ready to get let down an dat."

Crim said and laughed

"Na eejyat bwoy your gonna get bare 'talk to the hands' from da Karens an dat, what you talking about." They both laughed.



Crim tried to come back with “Your just a sweet boy anyway I’m gang-gang.” And threw up a gang sign that no-one knew and Drake couldn't see.

Drake looked at the phone and spoke to it like a walkie talkie. “Show me your gang face soldier.” he said in a mock army voice. “ARRR.” growled Crim in his ear. They both laughed and Crim asked.

“Yo fam you gonna be good wid reckless tonight, cah he’s gonna be there still.”

Drake kissed his teeth. Him and Reckless haven’t really been friends at all, it was mad because they had literally grown up together. They had never come to blows but there was one episode when Drake, Reckless and Crim was in Drakes car coming back from a rave and Reckless pulled the handbrake up and made the car skid out and almost crash and kill all of them. If it weren't for Crim, Drake don’t think he would of controlled himself that night. It was a hostile environment between them since then.

“Yea man I’m cool wid it g, I just wanna have a good time fam no drama.” replied Drake.

“Well I’m a keep an eye on him and let you know if you need to move.” said Crim in a menacing tone.

“Yhyh don’t watch that g I know how he moves still, plus I bin waiting for him to try it an he knows I can take him so we good tonight nigga” Drake said in an American accent.

“Aight nigga.” Crim match the accent. “Im’a make my way to you now.”

“Aight g see you ina bit.” said Drake and picked up his drink. I’m gonna play Tribal Blackout before I leave, He thought.

*“Tryina figure it, stuck on dis nigga shit, getting paid but my minds on bigger fish, copping diamonds from a lion wid a killa kid, from da south we rely on killers kill or kill, hunting miller mills, come to seal a deal, set da table fuck a label still bill a mill, I’m realer dan da most running from da ghosts handcuffed white coats and I’m feeling like.”*

While drake was getting dressed and listening tunes, Crim rung the buzzer. When he got to the door and Drake saw what he was wearing Drake held he’s hand out.

“Naa bro you coming like that.” He started laughing, Crim was dressed like Neo from the Matrix literally.

“What you talking about fam-a-leee.” Crim said as he opened up the long leather mack up to display a holstered Glock TLR1 under his left arm.

“Yo brudda what de fuck maan?” said Drake pulling him inside.

“Thought we were easy tonight?” Drake started to think of what might happen, and it changed his vibe.

“Yo bro leave that here man, we amongst our own fam there’s no need.” he said to Crim.

“Broooo come on man, shit might go down fam we need to be prepared don’t we?”

Drake thought about the people that would be there, there was Reckless but he hadn’t done anything to warrant bringing that.

“You want a drink?” he asked Crim.

“Yhyh go on then.” Crim replied.

While pouring the drink Drake made up his mind.

“Na man, if anything I’ll bring it in cah my mans on the door init an me an him are cool, he won’t search me like that.” “Aight cool.” said Crim un-fastening the shoulder holster. Strapping up the holster Drake preyed that nothing would happen. He took off the holster and put the Glock in his waist.

Walking in front of the mirror he moved around and made gestures as if he was in the rave to make sure the Glock wasn't visible.

"Perfect" he said and put his jacket on. "Come we roll out, you ready?" Drake asked Crim.

"Yhyh come we go." Crim said backing his drink.

As they pulled up they could hear Tyla's song "Water" playing.

"Yooo bro the gal dem are winging up right now we need to get in there fam." said Crim stepping up the pace wid a weird little hop to he's step. Drake laughed and followed him to the door.

At the door Drake's friend ushered him over.

"Yo likkle D whe yu ah seh." he said in a strong Jamaican accent.

"Yo uncle Scala, wha gwan you good?" said Drake shaking his hand with a fifty pound note in it. Scala knew from the demeanour of them what the situation was and took the money. "Yh man done know nephew enjoy." he said to Drake with a wink.

Drake lead the way into the rave. He was already feeling in a better mood from when he left the flat and started to bubble and sign along to the music.

As they were moving through the crowd Drake saw Stiff and motioned towards him to Crim. When they got there Stiff held out his arms and welcomed them.

“Yeahhhh my family wha gwan doe! good to see your monkey ass out and about an dat.” he said.

“Yo bro wha gwan.” Drake replied. “It looks like its popping off in here today g.”

“Yea fam there’s whole leap a girls here, I don’t think there’s any for you though cept for the infected ones.” said Stiff and laughed.

“Err man you eat the infected ones you eejyat.” replied Drake “I seen a couple badies that could be my wife by tomorrow doe... just...like... Amy was.” said Drake and regretted it immediately cos she was so nice and now a memory.

Stiff was the character that always made you feel like you were fighting a losing battle, and He was always ahead of you. Even though it wasn’t visible on most occasions, Stiff left an impression on people of self-doubt. He wasn’t much of a pain, and only does what he does at random times, but he just made situations awkward.

Everyone knew about the static between Drake and Reckless, it wasn’t nothing to write home about but it was there, they both

kept the virtual white flag visible. Stiff kept looking over Drake's shoulder, and it made him uncomfortable.

Drake looked over his shoulder towards the direction of Stiff's gaze. He didn't see anything and turned back to Stiff.

"Yo fam anyone else here?" he asked."

"Yea I seen Reckless, yanks and couple other man still, yanks was at the bar g."

"Aight cool cool fam catch you in a bit." said Drake and headed for the bar.

At the bar Drake scanned the room and didn't get any bad vibes straight off. He looked at the ratio of girls to man and saw he was outnumbered. "Just what I like to see." he said to himself. "Double spiced rum and pineapple juice please." he said to the bar girl. She looked at him with a twinkle as she served him his drink.

"Thank you beautiful." said Drake with a wink as he tapped his card and turned to walk back towards the dance floor. Drake walked back towards where he left Stiff. He couldn't see anyone so he started to look for the girl with the best wine going on. Immediately a girl caught his eye cause she was just staring at him direct. She was wearing an all-white jumpsuit with her long

dark hair cascading down her to her slim waist and wide round bottom. Drake checked the people around her and didn't see any boyfriend like guys next to her and started to bubble his way over to her. she turned to face him doing a tight wine. When they got close enough he put his hand around her waist and drew her to him. They started to wine in unison to the beat. *'Therapy' by Rygin King was playing "It's bin a long time mi fi start again, working on myself, wen dis pain a'go en, wen dis pain a'go en, hurtin but I am blessed, searching for happiness, wen dis pain a'go en, wen dis pain oh."*

Even tho the tune was about pain Drake was feeling elated with this girl in he's arms. She smelt as good as she looked and could dance too. He leaned forward to introduce himself and stuttered.

"I'm...I'm Drake sorry what's your name." he asked her. "Hey Drake, I'm Natalie nice to meet you." she asked with a winning smile.

Drake smiled back at her and asked if she wanted a drink, to which she replied that she as alright for now but would take sip of he's drink if he didn't mind. They both looked at each other for moment and Drake smiled and held out his drink to her. She took he's drink and backed it in one. Drakes jaw dropped. "Ra."

he said and looked at this girl differently. "Wha'du you man why you do that, I offered you a drink?"

"Sorry." she asked. "It was too nice, but I'll buy you one later!"

With that comment Drake kissed he's teeth, done an about turn and walked off quickly. He scanning for the man dem and saw Stiff, Reckless and Crim kinda in the shadows behind them.

Walking over he caught eye with Crim and they both nodded.

"Wah gwan man-dem." said Drake when he got the group.

"Yes Brudda." said Stiff

"Yo fam." said Reckless. Each offered a fist out and Drake bumped them in turn.

"Yo." said Drake "If you see a girl ina white jumpsuit don't give her your drink star she'll back it." All of them started laughing looking over drake shoulder to catch a glimpse.

"Whe she deh.." asked Stiff beaming like a Cheshire cat.

"Bro man, she's gonna drink all your drink out why you looking for her?" asked Reckless.

"Na man I'm looking a one duti wine you get me." said Stiff trying to wine up himself.

"Yo bro I beg you don't ever dance in public again, you come in like Teresa May dat time." said Drake. Reckless bumped into a man because he laughed so hard. "Sorry bro." he said and put



up he's hand. The man looked on with a bit of screw face but nodded and walked off.

"Fucking people." said Reckless shaking his head.

"It's cool man." said Drake winking and nodding at him. "Come we go to the gal dem man." said Stiff and started to walk off. Everyone nodded in agreement and followed Stiff through the crowd. They bopped through the crowd, danced in a few places until they came to the VIP booths and saw a group of girls all dressed in white occupying one of them, one of them was the girl in the white jumpsuit. It looked like they were celebrating a birthday, Stiff went up-to the closest one to the barrier and started talking to her. She looked over his shoulder and nodded. Waving everyone over they all introduced themselves.

Drake didn't say anything about the drink because he thought about it and he offered her a drink so he would of bought one for her it's not like he lost.

"Would of been worse if she took the fresh one and bopped off." He thought. "Liberties." He laughed to himself. He thought about the stuttering episode earlier on and thought "I just wanna dance man, all this talking is long!" he said to Reckless. Reckless gave up a little laugh.

Drake looked at Natalie and motioned with his head to the dance floor, she grinned and got up like a charmed snake. He lead her by the hand to the dance floor.

“Cos of what you done, no talking just dancing yh.” he said with a little grin. Natalie nodded and pushed herself closer to Drake. Just then the DJ mixed in 21 Psalm by Movado. The dancing was seductive and provocative. Natalie put her hand behind Drakes back and felt the Glock. She drew her hand back and looked up at him with a range of different thoughts flashing behind her eyes.

“It’s cool babe.” Drake said “I’m security.” She looked at him and Drake could see her eyes clear and they continued to dance. The two of them danced together for a few tunes until Stiff came over and whispered in his ear.

“Yo bro, Reckless is going outside with that dude he bumped into fam, come!”

Drake looked at Crim and snapped out of the bubble and followed stiff.

When they walked outside they heard loud voices around the corner and followed Stiff towards that direction. Drake saw Reckless and the dude squaring up to each other, and just when he was about to shout out something the dude grabbed reckless

and started pushing towards a car. Drake, Crim and Stiff ran over to Reckless.

“Yo.” Shouted Drake but they couldn’t hear him. Drake saw the dude reach in his waist and draw a knife out, and pulled the Glock, took a knee, and took aim.

“Blam Blam.” he pulled the trigger twice and caught the dude in the leg. The dude screamed and fell holding his leg. As they got there they saw that Reckless was fucked up on drugs or something.

“Yo get him out of here fam.” Drake said to Stiff. Stiff put reckless’s arm over his shoulder and started to lead him away.

Drake and Crim turned to the dude on the floor.

Drake leaned down pointing the Glock at him.

“Where’s your ID fam.” he asked the dude. The dude looked at him in confusion.

“What?” He replied. Drake gun-butted him.

“ID.” he said “Fast.” Drake started going through he’s pockets and found a wallet, flipped it open and saw a driving licence. Pocketed the wallet he pointed the Glock at the dude.

“Keep this shit quite, you know the game g.” he said. The dude just nodded and Drake and Crim Ran off towards the car.

Getting in the car Drake told Crim to get in the back, looking at Crim he shook his head.

"Fucking ell man." said Drake as Crim got in the back. "Bro if you didn't...." Crim shrugged his shoulders as he sat back. "Did you see the size of that zombie?"

"I Know g man, I didn't know what else to do, it's like I saw it all in fast motion... if I didn't react at that time it would've bin peek for reckless." Drake replied "Did you see how he looked drugged up an dat fam?"

"Yea bro, he's been doing them balloons int." replied Crim.

Drake looked at Crim in the rear-view mirror.

"You didn't tell me?" he asked.

"Bro he ain't gonna be swayed, it's his ting now." Drake kept looking at Crim so Crim Looked out the window.

Drake had to find a place for Glock, he need to focus on what the next steps were gonna be because tonight was a fuck up and it was nothing to do with him. He started to think of where he can put it. He had a place in his block chute but it was too close to home. Amy was the safest bet but she didn't know about this and he didn't know how to approach it with her.

"She's gonna lose it." He thought out loud.

"I can't do this anymore man these guy keep getting me into shit that's unnecessary." he said to Crim.

“Yh I kinda get what you’re saying but it’s the life bro.” Crim replied.

“Na man, where’s it gonna end with me on a stretcher? or in fucking jail for killing some stupid shit.” replied Drake.

“Gonna chat to them tomorrow.” said Drake pulling up at Amy’s. He sat in the car and looked around for signs of anything or anyone. It was just after 1am and she should be up he thought as he took out his phone. He dialled Any’s number.

It rung a few times and she answered.

“Hy babe, what you saying you alright?” asked Amy.

“Yea babe I’m good, just wanted to say hello and ask you for a bit of help if you can.” said Drake.

“What kinda help you need Drake?” asked Amy in a concerned voice.

“Can I come up?” he asked. “I’m downstairs still.”

“Course you can, ring the buzzer an I’ll let you up.” She replied. Drake got out and walked to the block. Ringing the buzzer he looked behind him to see if there was any police or anything. The buzzer went and he saw the look of concern on Amy’s face on the intercom screen. the door unlocked. Drake got to Amy’s door to find it open and walked in. he found her in the living room sitting on the sofa.

“Hey babe.” he said bending down to give her a kiss. He sat down next to her and breathed in a big sigh of dread.

“I’m just gonna come to the point babe cos it’s needed, first off I’m sorry for coming here like this trust me.”

“Look just get to point Drake please like.”

“Ok....ok something happened and I need a place for something to kept away from me....” He looked at Amy with he’s eyebrows raised and a grimace on his face.

Amy look at Drake and shook her head. She put her head in her hands and sighed herself. Looking up Amy wondered why she didn’t see this coming.

“I’m so sorry Drake but I can’t have any bullshit in my life, at all...” he sighed again. “I wish things were different but your gonna have to leave, and take whatever it is with you outta here cos I’m just not in it.”

Drake looked at the floor and felt dread trying to cover him.

“Ok that’s cool babe, I’ll leave, sorry man this was not supposed to happen Amy.” said and got up, Amy got up to walk him out. At the door she turned him around. “Drake.” she asked.

“I hope you’re alright... make sure you take care of you first ok.” Drake looked her and kicked himself for messing this one up.

“Thank you, and you too.” Drake leaned down kissed her forehead and left.

Walking out the block Drake felt like he had the Glock on his hip and everyone could see it. He got to the car as fast as he could.

“Yo bro, that shit is done bruv.” said Drake to Crim.

“Ohh man that’s fucked up...is she cool tho?” asked Crim. Drake looked at him in the mirror. “Bro you need to chill out man, I need to park this shit not bark it right now g.” “Plus man, what da fucks wrong wid you man fucking ell.”

Drake went into the glovebox and took out some anti-bac wipes and the waxing cloth. He started to clean the Glock and remove any trace of him from it. Once he was satisfied, he held it with his two fingers and wrapped it in the waxing cloth. Putting it in his lap he drove out the estate and headed back to Junction. Everything was fine on the drive back until they got to Tooting Bec Common. Heading towards Trinity Road Drake saw police sirens flashing in the distance behind him getting closer. Drake checked to see if the Glock would squeeze.

“Shit.” he said realising that he could.

Crim Turned in his seat and saw them gaining on them.

“Fuck!” He replied.

“Yo bro, there’s only two of them in there, if they stop me I’ll get one an duss out and drop you off round the corner an bounce.” said Drake. Crim Just looked at him as Drake was pulling over. The police got closer and time seemed to slow down for Crim. “Shit, shit, shit, shit!” He thought. “This is too much!” Just as he’s thoughts changed to “WTF!” The police drove past them. They looked at each other in the rear-view mirror and started laughing so hard tears came down their relieved cheeks.

“Fuck sake bro.” said Drake. “Need to get back asap.” “Brooooo that was mad.” replied Crim.

“I heard you back there fam you need a wipe?” Drake said and the both laughed.

Drake got to put the Glock away in the downstairs chute and was thinking about Reckless and Stiff. He need to speak to them but he’d wait till they were sober. He built couple spliffs and smoked himself to sleep.

Drake woke up with the same feeling of dread covering him. He thought about Amy and shook his head, she’ s a good one that one, now she’s gone. He kissed his teeth and got out of bed. ‘Life has to change at some stage.’ he said to himself walking to the kitchen. He passed the wall mirror and caught a glimpse of



his reflection. Drawn to the mirror he signed a long sigh and shook his at himself.

“You need to get your shit together bro.” he said to his mirror image.

“Yo need to stop wid the bullshit and do what you’re supposed to do then.” His mirror image replied.

“Yh I know but I can’t do it all by myself bro, people look at me at class me out or stereo type me before even hearing what I have to say.” said Drake

“You’re talking to the wrong people bro, these government types don’t want a nigga type to do well they want the Oxford niggas not London ones.”

“Bro...even black folks look at me with distain, crossroads an shit, I’m not a conformer fam, I’m a free man, and they can see they can’t control what I’m about, It scares them because I will out them for what they are behind closed doors.” Stated Drake. He walked away from the mirror and turned on the shower. I know what I have to do, he thought.

Once Drake was dressed he done a broadcast on the shotting phone that he was off for the day. He turned on his Mac to sit down and make a new beat to settle his mood. He went through

the instruments and started the drum beat. He kept thinking about the guy last night, and Reckless on balloons. What was their beef about? He thought it looked all a bit too suspicious from this angle, the dude bounced into him, maybe that was when the dude drugged Reckless? He thought.

Drake got off the music and picked up his phone to ring Reckless.

Ring ring, ring ring, the phone went on ringing till the answering machine, Drake called back a few times but didn't leave no messages. He got and got he's keys and jacket and headed for the door, he was going to see if Reckless was at his yard.

Drake drove to Reckless's house and rang the buzzer. No answer. He rung it again and someone from inside pushed the door open, Drake kept it open but stayed waiting for buzzer to ring out and the person to leave so he could enter the block. He got to his door banged the knocker and shouted through the letter box. "Yo Recks!" he looked through and listened expecting him to stumble round the corner but he never came. "Yo Recks? Its Drake fam." Drake looked through the silent flat.

"Fuck sake." he said and walked away from the door.

Getting back in his car Drake called Stiff.

"Ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring." No answer.

“What da fuck man?” he said confused. Looking out the window he wondered if the dude made a call and got back at them two! He started the car and drove off. Getting back to Junction Drake decided to cut down the Asda road but saw that police taped it off. He drove to Falcon Road and parked up on Falcon Terrace. Walking under the bridge he over-heard some women saying the police found a body in the car park. He walked up the hill and looked over the tape to see if he could see anything. There was a young lady police officer standing to his left on her own. He went up to her. “Excuse me lady, how you doing?” asked Drake

“Hello.” She looked confused as to why he called her lady. “I can’t talk to you can you move along please!” She replied. “Sorry, I was just wondering what’s happening?” asked Drake. The police lady looked over Drakes shoulder, then looked in his eyes briefly.

“All I can say is there’s been a body found, if you know anyone that missing get their family to get in touch with the local police, you need to move away now.” she asked raising her eyebrows. “Ok thank you miss.” Drake replied and turned to walk away. He looked over his shoulder to see her watching him, Drake nodded and walked off.

Sitting in his car Drake called about to see if anyone had seen the two of them. No one had got through to them either. He got through to Yanks.

“Yoo bro, wha you heard about the body in Asda car park?” Drake asked.

“Yo fam, na why what’s going on?” Yanks asked back. “Fam, dem man ain’t been seen or heard from since last night g, did the dude go George’s last night?” asked Drake.

“Yea bro, he kept his mouth shut though I give him that.” replied Yanks. “Straight told dem to fuck off g it was kinda funny still.” He laughed.

Drake done a grunt laugh and felt a weight lift off him. “Yea bro that’s good still but now I gotta make sure he’s placid get me.” said Drake. “But aight cool fam ima get back at you inna bit.”

“Cool fam inna bit den.” replied Yanks

“Yhyh fam peace.” said Drake and hung up and started the car. Stiff lived in Wandsworth so he decided to go there even though he knew he would not find Stiff there.

Drake decided to park away from Stiff house so could get a feel for the area so he parked on the other side of King George’s Park and walked through to the estate. As he crossed Garrett Lane Drake searched beyond the wall to see if he could see any police

cars or ambulance. All seemed to be normal but he looked up Allfarthing Lane and felt a like he should leave. Drake turned around and headed back to the car. Walking back through the park, he remembered as a yout he used to lay buzzing on the grass, with the sun light beating on his lids. Not a care in the world, he thought to himself.

It was almost 5pm when Drake got home, no one had any information on Stiff and Reckless or the body in Asda's car park. He turned on the TV and walked to the window. He Looked out but he's mind was blank. Like it was on pause or something. Staring out the window he tried to fight through the fog when the phone rang and startled him back into reality.

Reaching for it he saw it was Amy calling.

"Yo babe what's up?" asked drake.

"Are you not watching the news?" she asked.

"Na which one?" he asked back.

"BBC 1 babe quick and call me back." She hung up.

Drake turned over just in time to hear the news reporter saying the name of the person found dead in Asda's car park.

"Reckless!" he said out loud sitting in the edge of his seat.

“The young man was found seated in the stairwell of Clapham Junction’s Asda’s car park at 6:35 by the stores car park attendant. Police are not saying they suspect any foul play but the investigation will continue.” The news reporter went on to say a few more details but Drake was hearing her in the distance of his own thoughts. He called Crim.

Crim answered immediately.

“Yo Crim fam did you see the news?!” he asked.

“Yo fam, yh man what the fuck happened?” he asked.

“Bro...I think it’s the dude you know, cah I don’t know Reckless to take anything that would make him fucked up like that.” said Drake.

“Yh I see it G, but check it does anyone know the dude’s name doe man should go check him, what you recon?” asked Crim.

“Not his road name but I got his real name and address,” replied Drake. “I don’t think man should go near him right now doe g, that’s mad.”

Crim laughed. “Yh I hear you g it’s too soon for real.”

“What about Stiff doe man, he’s still not about.” said Drake. “Yh dats a mad one, he don’t usually stay away like dis.” said Crim. Both of them went silent for a minute.

“BERR BERR BERR.” Drake buzzer when frantically making him jump.

“What da fucking ell man! Who da fuck is ringing my buzzer like that man jeeze!” exclaimed Drake as he got up to answer it.

He picked it up and said nothing ben’ning up his face.

“Yoo bro it’s...it’s Stiff man open the door!”

“Yo Crim he’s here fam ima shout you back.” Drake said down the phone

“Yh bro tell him love man.” replied Crim and hung up.

Drake let Stiff in the block and was pacing up and down until he came into his house.

“Yo Stiff what da fuck man where you been?” Stiff look like he was clean, he had on a change of clothes and trainers. “You been back to your yard bro I went there still.” said Drake.

“Yo Drake man it was mad, bro it was mad fam he just went off key and started fitting out and shit, I didn’t know what to do D man, I just knew it man I just knew it.”

“What you talking about bruv man calm down g, come sit down your making me worse.” Drake said to Stiff leading him by the arm to the sofa. He went and put the kettle on and got two cups ready. When the kettle boiled he poured out the drinks. And return to the sofa. Stiff’s face was distraught. “E’are bro it’s earl grey with a shot of rum in it.” said Drake “Nice one fam.” Stiff replied.

Drake sat down opposite Stiff. After a few swigs of the drink Drake asked. "So what happened bro? How did he end up dead?"

"Bro, I don't know what he took but he took sudden, I walked him away from there and I sat with him on a wall cos like I didn't want him to sick on that, but he started to like come around, so I we started walking and when we got to Asda he said he would walk the rest of the way on he's own so I bopped with him to the car park round-about and turned back and went home g."

"So what, how long did you sit with him?" asked Drake. "Bout five minutes, true the boy dem was coming I got shook when I heard them get close." said Stiff holding he's head. Drake was still confused as to how and why reckless was dead. He didn't want to question Stiff anymore, he wasn't going to get anything else out of him, it was all about the post-mortem report but he had to wait for the news.

"Aight cool fam well you know where the blankets are drink that and get some sleep, we'll talk tomorrow." said Drake getting up.

"It's gonna be cool man."

Stiff looked up at Drake and drake could see that he was haunted. He most probably thought he could have saved him if he stayed with him or something, everyone would. Drake put a



hand on his shoulder and gave it a little squeeze. "See you in the morning bro man."

Drake woke in the morning to find Stiff gone. He kinda knew he wouldn't be here but Drake hoped he was ok. Walking into the front room he saw a bit of paper on the table. He picked it up and opened it.

*"Yo Drake sorry for coming here bro I didn't know where else to go, I'm sorry for Reckless's death too but I can't be in this area no more fam. I'm going up Cardiff to stay wid my aunt, I'll keep the link tho D, you need to get out too man all this is long, there's no end product that will take you to where you want to be g." Stay safe bro*

*Stiffington da first!"*

Drake smiled, screwed the note up and chucked it in the bin. As long as he knew he was cool and away from here it was good news. He thought about leaving here and got lost in thought of what life would be like if he was in another place, the opportunities that he would be able to jump on. Considering what happened recently it was a good idea. He could go to his

uncles and stay for a while. Drake picked up his phone and dialled his uncle Harold. It rang twice and he picked up.

“Ah Nephew, what a nice suprisse, how are yu and what are yu callin me for now ah.” said his uncle Harold in his strong West African accent.

“Hey uncle.” laughed Drake. “I’m glad your pleased to hear from me because I am coming to see you and the little ones for a bit, if that’s alright?” asked Drake. He knew he’s uncle would say yes.

“Why of course it is, why you trying to make out dat we don’t like to see your ugly face hahaha.” his uncle laughed at his joke and Drake laughed with him, he’s uncle had always like to call him ugly boy from the beginning of time. Drake was far from ugly but it had made his uncle laugh for years, plus he’s Uncle Harold had an infectious laugh so even if he cussed you you’d end up laughing with him anyway.

“When are you coming up?” asked uncle Harold.

“I’m gonna start packing now so I’ll see you in the next couple hours unc’s.”

“Okey nephew I’ll not tell them so you can ‘suprisse’ them as well, see you soon.”

“Ok see you soon, bye.” said Drake.

“Okey bye.” replied his uncle.

Drake got some things together, left the shots phone, and headed out. He wondered about the Glock, he did clean it off again before putting it in the spot but it may still get found and stolen. ‘Let em have it’ he thought. Walking out the block he felt like he was going on holiday in the cold weather to go to cold weather. He got in is car and headed out.

## CHAPTER THREE

### ANT & DEV

Drake got to his uncles after 4pm when he got to the front door he took a deep breath thinking of his two cousins, at times they raised his anxiety with their overly hyper selves, he rang the bell.

He heard his uncle coming down the hall to answer the door. "Ahh de ugly boy has arrived." he said beaming his bright white teeth at Drake (Yea he went Turkey.)

"Uncle!" replied Drake as he walked in. "You look ten stone heavier than last time, did you eat Devi or something?" Drake said and tried to get away before his uncle Harold got him in a headlock. Uncle Harold kissed his teeth and went to grab Drake who dropped his shoulder like a true baller and dodged him.

"Hahaa" said Drake. "You know I'm joking unc's man please" "I won't be joking when I eat you for dinner ha." said Uncle Harold grinning like silverback.

They walked into the house talking and joking.

"Where's Ant and Dev?" asked Drake.

"They are at de football training now ah, they are okey but I tink I am wasting my money on dese peple." replied his uncle with a

grimace spreading across his face. Drake laughed. Antony and Devi were twins, Ant was born first and Dev was pissed but they got along like true twins.

“Uncle your cold man, I’m sure there good though cos you don’t waste money, I’m still waiting for my present from my 25<sup>th</sup>!” said Drake holding his hand out laughing.

“You have to be here to receive a present ugly.” His uncle laughed “But dey go be back soon,” Uncle Harold’s face slowly settled into a questioning one and he looked at Drake.

“So.” he said. “What is it this time.”

Drake shook and bowed his head, his uncle had always been there for him since his dad had disappeared. He never acted any different and always offered his help. It was shame Drake only came when times were sticky, sitting there he thought it’s time to change that.

“Boy uncle my friend was on the news last night did you see him?” Drake looked up at uncle Harold. And carried on. “I don’t know but...I think he was spiked at a party, I think know who did it.”

“Drake, Drake, Drake, when’a you going to learn that you cannot be yourself if you are always wit your friends, time holds your

future, don't give your future to people who don't want to contribute to it eh." uncle Harold continued.

"What it is that you want out of life nephew? Think about it, is it guns, police and getting in de prison over and over ah?" Uncle Harold was looking at Drake intently.

"You are a very talented young man Drake, you must use what you have been given rather than waste it on these people....anyway it's 5 o'clock now de two of dem are going to walk thru de door any minute and eat like locust so be prepared." uncle Harold got up from the sofa.

Drake didn't have any time to reply but he's uncle's voice was ringing in his head. 'Time holds my future' he thought. That's big I can use that in my lyrics. Just then he heard the keys go in the door and the boys coming in. He hid behind the sofa so they couldn't see him.

"Hey dad we're back!" said Antony coming in and sitting right where Drake was hiding, before uncle Harold turned and saw what was happening Drake jumped out and scared the both of them.

"RAA." Shouted Drake jumping out waving his hands. The twins freaked out immediately, Antony silently jump up in plank mode before falling back onto the sofa then to the floor to the floor

holding his chest, and Devi jumped up punching the air and ran from the room leaving his brother to die at the hands of the monster. Because he scared uncle Harold too, uncle got involved in the twins taking down Drake. They messed around for a while, uncle Harold got tiered quickly and left the twins holding down Drake.

“Ok you lot man I give in you win.” said Drake admitting defeat. “You better not try and get us when we get off you cuz!” said Antony shacking Drake.

“Na man, I’ll lau you lot, you win.” replied Drake laughing. When they got off, Drake pretended to get them and they ran off screaming and laughing, Drake helped uncle set up the table while the twins got cleaned up, and then they all sat down to eat. Drake liked the twins, they were completely different from each other but were just the same on most occasions. Devi was like the Blue character from the movie ‘Inside Out’ and Antony was the Green one. They were 13 years old going on 7 and just kept on messing around and fighting each other. Their mother was a pharmacist and worked all over the place, she stayed away for weeks at a time sometimes. Uncle Harold owned a business and didn’t need to be there too often, so he got to look

after the twins while mummy “Swanned herself around de world” as uncle put it.

“Oh yea Drake guess what?” asked Antony while they were all in the living room.

“What what’s happening?” asked Drake.

“We’re playing in a tournament this week for our school club!” Antony stated proudly puffing up his chest.

“Woh! Wha’d u mean like a real tournament for a cup an that?” asked Drake.

“Yea cuz we’re gonna be the ‘Whit-Stable-Champs’ get it...cos we live in Whitstable and we’re witty!?” replied Antony moving his hands around like he’s feeling up some grapes. “That’s cool little man man, when is it I need to be there?” asked Drake.

“It’s on Wednesday will you be here for it though?” asked Antony looking directly in his eyes. Drake got hit with responsibility and kinda sat up-right. He knew he can’t make no false promises to his cousins, and at this moment he felt like this was written, he looked at the both of them and saw they were already excited at the thought of it.

“Course I will you little munchkins.” replied Drake. He put on an American accent and pulled out his phone.



"I'm gonna call up my homies an get the whole-a-dem down to make some real noise!" said Drake pretending to dial. "Nooo, we need concentration Drake don't doo that!" replied Antony. Devi got up, shrugged and slapped his hands on his thighs.

"Well that's that then, I'm gonna start Tik-Toking and see if I can make it!" he said beaming a mischievous grin, uncle Harold's head turned like the woman in the Exorcist. Devi knew he hit something and the grin turned to a smirk of 'Oh shit and Haha'. Uncle Harold's face went through numerous judgements in a second before he settled on.

"Dese peple, ugly please explain to dese two for me... Dey keep saying dis to me!... and showing me dese dancing tings like dis ah, what is dis?" he stated and got up and tried to show the floss move.

"You sit down and listen to your elders for a change eh." uncle Harold said and left the room.

Drake laughed a little. "Come here little mother fuckers." he whispered and waved to the twins in an American accent. They giggled and moved to the sofa where Drake was at.

"I know your winding him up but, how you lot actually feeling about the tournament?" he asked. Antony jumped in first. "I feel ok but I'm a bit edgy about it tho, I know we can do good..

but... It's like..I either get too fast or my brain ain't working, init?" he asked and looked at Devi.

Devi was looking at the floor, lifting his head up he looked first at Antony then at Drake...

"Yea." he said exhaling deeply. "It's like I love playing but at da same time I just can't be bothered...until.. it's like I forget that I can't be bothered if you get what I mean!?" replied Devi. Drake had to quickly think about how to reply to this because these questions weren't the norm for him.

"Yea, I get what you mean..." Drake looked both of them in their eyes briefly. "But hear dis, it's not about how you feel, it's about you deal with those feelings, me personally I make those feelings into characters that I can tell what to do. "What do you mean?" asked Devi.

"Well.. for instance, you two are gonna play for a cup and.. what position you play?" Drake asked the twins.

"I'm central mid" said Devi.

"An I'm a striker" said Antony.

"Cool..so..you got a responsibility not only to the team but to you two as well. The feelings that you got of 'Can I be bothered' or your brain ain't working at the same pace as you.. these stem from the security you have in each other cos no matter what

you know your good.. and that shows on the pitch when you.”

Drake looked at Devi. “As you say ‘forget about being not bothered, and you Ant, think straight no doubt?’” he asked the twins who nodded in unison.

“See, I know this is different but I like a glass of rum in the evening, but at times when I don’t want one, and a voice in my head is saying ‘yea you do’ do you know what I tell that voice?” asked Drake. “Go and get it then if you want it.” They all laughed. Drake continued.

“This gives me power over my bad habits, if they can’t do it, then I feed them and they only want me to fail. So, we gotta be strong and be boss of our bad habits and attitudes cos they want you to trip at the goal and roll into the net all twiss you get me.” They all laughed but Drake could see they had adapted something new into themselves.

“So.” Drake said. “This “I can’t be bothered dude is now named “Dude.”

Drake made a face and got a giggle. “And whenever you feel like this “Dude” is climbing on you, you can say ‘Dude Get Off me man you lazy ass MF! cos you can’t swear!’” Drake said pointing at them.

“This will give you power over the things that might put you in a box or make you feel uncomfortable if you know what mean?” asked Drake.

“Yea I get it cuz.” they both said in unison.

“You gotta stop doing that man you come in like aliens.” said Drake laughing. The two of them got up and pretended they were aliens and jumped on Drake.

“AY!” They heard uncle in the distance and entered into a silent movie called ‘The Drake beat down.’

After a few minutes of this movie the twins got tired and hugged Drake before going up-to bed. Drake sat there for a while before billing a bedtime zoot that he had smoke in the garden.

While Drake stayed with his uncle he helped out around the house, doing a few DIY jobs and helping with the twins. He took them to the park and played some footy with them and found out they were actually really good, they played off each other naturally. Drake had another little talk with them on the field and could see the new confidence in them both. They said they’ve been writing a rap for the club and had a chorus for me to hear.

“Go on then.” said Drake smiling. They started bouncing to a beat in their heads.

“Yo, yo, yo, yo, we’re gonna ramp up tha game, put our name on tha map, cos we’re tha Whit..Whit..Whit..Whit-stable-Champs!” they ended in a pose they must have practised and looked at Drake like he was a thousand fans. Drake nodded and clapped his hands.

“Well done.. that was actually kinda good.” they were all beaming with appreciation. “Let me know when you finish it tho, and I’ll make beat for you.” said Drake winking at them. “Don’t lie! Will you for us!?” asked Antony excitedly looking from Drake to Devi.

“Yea! come on, you lot are my future bank accounts, I’m here to take all your money an that.” replied Drake. The twins looked at him with screwed up faces and chased drake laughing and shouting out “Come back here! You Leave our money alone!”

It was match day and the twins were excited, uncle Harold was trying to hold he’s “Dese peple” face but Drake could see that he was proud of he’s boys. They were both in the starting line up so Drake was looking forward to watching he’s little cousins

play. Drake and uncle Harold went to the shop for munchies and then went to their seats.

“Yes ugly, we ah going to win this one!” exclaimed uncle Harold sitting down. He looked Drake beaming his toothy smile.

“De boy’s ah going to kill it!” he said nodding his head.

Drake looked out on the pitch and saw them choosing sides.

“Yea unc's man, I played wid dem yesterday and they got skills, I was shocked! How come you never told me before?” asked Drake.

“I told you, you have to be here to receive presents.” they laughed just as the whistle was blown for kick off. They both stood up.

“Come on my boys!” said uncle Harold.

“Come on twins!” said Drake.

The twins had a great game, it was a close one due to the opposing team being rated number 3 in the school league, but they beat them 3-2 with Antony scoring first and Devi getting the winner with a long shot on goal. It was meant to be a cross but it went in and everyone lost it. Uncle Harold was crying like they won it with his team The Arsenal, and the twins were elated doing all sorts of moves and poses with the team. Drake

was surprised at their professionalism on the pitch, and so proud that they told their demons to bounce and enjoyed the game. They all went back to the house floating on a cloud of happiness and big dreams.

“Dad did you see my super star goal though?” Asked Devi with he’s eyebrows almost touching his hairline.

“And my curler one dad, that was the best one init?” asked Antony trying to wind up his brother.

“Na man! How can that even be true? My one’s like four of yours in one.” jumped in Devi laughing.

“But...you didn’t even meeeean it bro, did you.” said Antony in a sing song voice. Devi looked at Antony with a corner eye stare.

“Maaaaan, you just a hater, ha, you just a hater ha ha.” he started rapping in response moving his head from side to side.

“Okey you two, you both did very well ‘together’ today you must remember this. You played well boys but remember you are not playing against each other, it is de other team you have to beat eh.” said uncle Harold. The twins settled down and Drake got ready to leave, they hugged him and thanked him for being there for the game. Uncle Harold walked Drake to the door.

“Make sure you hear what I said to you Drake.” he said with a hand on Drake shoulder.

“Yea I hear you unc’s, I think I got it sorted all out, I’ll keep in touch though.” Drake hugged his uncle and walked to the car.





## CHAPTER FOUR

### RAGE & CRIM

Waking up at home felt a bit weird, he felt in a good mood but 'It didn't feel the same' thought Drake. He got ready and turned on his phone. Ping, ping, the phone went. He scrolled through to see who'd been in touch, Amy and Yanks, he stopped on Amy. His heart thumped in he's chest. 'Can she be....?...na." he thought and opened the message.

*Hey Drake, I hope you're ok and keeping safe.*

*I just wanted to speak to you about something, can you call me when you get this please?*

*Spk soon Amy Xx*

Drake looked up and into thin air. What could she want to talk to him about? He looked back at he's phone and went into the message from Yanks.

*Yo bro got some info still shout me!* He wrote.

Drake pressed the call button, it rang twice and Yanks picked up. "Yo D fam, wha gwan? You good?" asked Yanks.

“Yo bro yhyh, I’m good still wha gwan where you at?” asked Drake.

“I’m coming down still, I’ll shout you when I get close, you can meet me in Starbucks yh.” said Yanks.

“Yhyh fam see you ina bit.” replied Drake and hung up.

Drake checked in with Crim.

“Yo g wha de man a seh?” Drake asked Crim.

“Yo G-star, wha gwan? Whe you bean head been at fam?” asked Crim.

“Yoo I went to see unc’s still but check it, them two are playing football for their school club now an dat fam!” said Drake.

“Is it! Gwan that’s messy they might get scouted g.” replied Crim.

“Yea fam that’s the plan.” said Drake. “Where you at though? Yanks has some info still, coming down.”

“Yea fam gotta push them young fools, but I’m on ends still where you meeting him?” asked Crim.

“Junction Starbucks.” said Drake.

“Starbucks?” Crim was confused.

“That’s what I said.” replied Drake and laughed.

“Aight say nutten.” said Crim and left the conversation. Drake got up and started pacing, thinking about Amy he got her message up.

He read it again looking for any clues as to how she might feel. Well, she signed it like usual so she may have changed her mind he thought. He messaged her.

*Hey Amy,*

*I just got your message are you free to talk? X.*

He waited looking at the phone. It seemed like minutes went by but it was a few seconds and she replied.

*Yea, I'm home you can come down if you want x.*

Drake took a deep breath. 'Maan' I need to just chat to her and stop this madness in my head, he said to himself.

*Ok cool can I see you in a couple hours? X.* wrote Drake.

*Yh that's fine message me whe you're on your way x.* Replied Amy.

*Will do x.* Drake wrote.

Drake had an urge to check on the Glock and went to look out the front of the block. Scanning the area, he didn't see any police or over activity down there. He turned and grabbed his gloves and coat putting them on he went and took out the bin, tied it off and went downstairs. Getting outside Drake looked at the surroundings and felt it was ok, he went into the chute and felt for the Glock. It was there. Chucking the rubbish in the bin he walked out and closed the door.

'Nice' he thought. He was about to go back up but changed his mind and went out for a walk by the Themes. He liked walking down there. The water soothed his mind and helped him to think clearly. Hopefully he'd get some news on Reckless's cause of death. But his mind kept going back to the dude that night. Why did he try to stab Reckless? Was he high himself? Drake couldn't make any sense of all this, and wondered how it was him in the middle. He's uncle's voice was ringing in his head. 'Time holds my future' he thought. He starting walking over to his computer when the phone rang.

"Yo bro, gonna be in Junction in about ten minutes." said Yanks. "Aight g say nutten." replied Drake and hung up. Drake dialled in Crim.

"Yo guy whe you at? going there now." said Drake.

“On ends still, meet you up there.” Crim responded quickly and hung up.

Drake drove down to Starbucks and saw Yanks through the window sipping a hot drink. He walked in and ordered a coffee.

“I’ll be over there.” Drake pointed at Yanks and went to sit down.

“No Problem.” She smiled with a side nod.

“Yo Yanky-dododle what you saying bro.” said Drake in an American accent.

“Yo Drake the hater what’s cracking.” replied Yanks in the same fashion. They both laughed as Drake sat down. They spoke about a few unrelated things, cracked some jokes, Drake told him about the twins and then Crim entered.

“Yo bitch-asses!” shouted Crim as he walked in. Drake shook his head, there’s etiquette wid dis guy man, he thought. He waved him over to sit down.

“Nigga!” Drake said to Crim. “Why you have to draw attention like that huh? Ain’t we supposed to be inconspicuous?” said Drake raising his eyebrows.

Drake was getting tired of this guy’s noise all the time in his head. All he wanted for his life was the road and Drake weren’t about that. He had plan and goals outside of the road ting. The

young assistant brought over Drakes coffee. "Thank you." he said.

"Soo Yanks, what's the news g, is it Recks?" he asked "Yo, it's a bit deep still you know, it's been going on for some time now."

"What you talking about what has?"

"Bruv, that dude yh?.." Drake nodded.

"He's cousin Rage was giving Reckless bits, and some synthetic drugs that make you high and your tings ridable for days bro, bare man's doin it.... But that dude was there cos

Reckless bumped Rage of the last payment, bout six bags or suttin. I think it was this fake ting dat killed him tho bro, cos it's not the first time someone dead offa dis ting so I'm hearing."

"Fuucking helll Reckless man..." Exhaled Drake. "So Yanks where was this other death from this ting?" "Wandsworth fam." replied Yanks.

"So wait..my man was there to do Reckless with the knife, so Reckless died of an overdoes den?" asked Drake.

"Boy we ain't had no coroner's report back yet.. but must be dat for real" said Yanks. They sat back and looked at each other. Reckless was about to get plunged with a zombie, no matter what anyone would of done.. that night was the start of his

ascension, thought Drake. And that dude or Rage will be next... it's written otherwise...

"There not actively looking for man doe." Yanks snapped Drake out of his thoughts.

"Yea that's a bad sign in my books, like there waiting for me to slip and catch me off guard." replied Drake. "Plus, him and whoever he's got round him are fucking up ends. We don't want dead bodies dropping all over the place it's bate." Drake was trying to justify going for Rage but inside he was scared this time. Scared that either way there could be a possibility that he will still lose if he wins. Jail is a big prospect as there could be too many people involved.

"How much man has he got round him?" Drake asked Yanks.

"Not a lot...about six main ones but he's like the top doe tru he's got history." said Yanks.

"You know the deets for him?" asked Drake. Yanks went into his sleeve and pulled out a small piece of paper and slid it towards Drake. Picking it up he looked at Yanks, winked and nodded.

"I gotta go still bro ima shout you later." Drake stood up, spudded them and left.

Walking back to the car Drake was thinking about Amy, when his shots phone vibrated. He looked down at the screen and let

it ring out, put it on silence and put it in the glovebox. He pulled out and headed to Amy's.

When Drake got to Amy's he was anxious and excited at the same time, he did like her and was upset about the whole situation, he wished he didn't even go there but 'that's then and this is now' he thought and pressed the buzzer.

"Who's that?" she asked

"it's Drake." he replied

"Okay." she said and let him in.

Drake had calmed himself by the time he got up to Amy's, he walked to the door and she opened it before he could knock..

"Raa you were waiting for me." said Drake smiling.

"Don't get a big head Mr, I counted the time it takes for the lift to come cos I was board." she laughed and reached up to hug Drake. He breathed in her scent and had flash backs shooting through his mind.

"How have been?" asked Amy pulling away and walking inside she was wearing a shorts and sports bra set. Drake watched her walk and bit his lip. Oh God what's she tryina do to me! he said to himself.



"I've been ok, been doing a lot of thinking and I wanted to apolo.."

"Hold on before you do that can I apologise first please!" she asked spinning around.

"What you gotta apologise for?" he asked

"Well, I just kicked you out babe!" she said with her hands out palms up, shoulders hunched and a cheeky grin on her face. Drake laughed.

"Aww you nutter" said Drake smiling. "You did the right thing tho, no need to apologise, I shouldn't have thought of getting you involved in this ting anyway soo..." Drake mimicked her pervious actions with his hands exaggeratedly higher than here's were. They laughed and spoke about a few other things, Drake like her company because she always had a plan to correct an injustice or fix an international issue, she had a brain like his and it was easy to just be around her. Even tho she wore this set and hugged him like that Drake didn't want to take it the wrong way and got to the point.

"So, babe I don't wanna be blunt but what was it that you needed my assistance with my darling?" Drake ended on a posh accent. Amy started off in the same fashion.

"Well darling." she said. Fanning herself with an invisible fan she laughed.

“It was to say sorry, but for real though, I wanted to find out how you were, you looked stressed the other day, and like I said I just kicked out like I didn’t care.”

“Ohh, so you doo care!” Drake said winding her up. “Na but jokes aside thanks showing yourself after what I did. It means a lot, you could of just went about your business but...I’m cool though.” he looked at the ground briefly. “Just a couple things I need to sort out.” he went on to tell her about the twins and his uncle. Then she asked a question he wasn’t expecting. “What was it you need me to help you with the other day?” was this a trick question? did she bring him down here to get that info and then kick he’s arse out again?

“Well.” he said clasping his hands, he looked at the floor “I don’t know if you knew but my friend Reckless was the one found dead in Asda’s.” Drake looked up and didn’t even know he had a tear in his eye. Amy rushed over, stood between his legs and held Drake to her chest.

“Oh my God drake why didn’t you say that, you’re so stupid.” she said. Holding and stroking his head she couldn’t help but to kiss him. Drake held her for a second after and took a deep breath.

“That was so nice but babe I did want you to hold onto something as well but I couldn’t say any of it when I saw you

last. I don't want you to think..." Amy cut him off by grabbing him and kissing him so hard he thought she was just trying to squeeze his face, and had to open his inside eye to make sure she wasn't. Satisfied he responded accordingly. They kissed with her sitting on his lap for some time, when they came up for air Amy asked. "Are you hungry? I cooked some fish stew and that."

"Yea I can do with that right now babe thank you." replied Drake and kissed her. Amy got up and wiggled to the kitchen on purpose, Drake laughed a dirty laugh and she looked round teasingly.

"What choux tryina do to me main!" said Drake imitating a Texan. They ate and watched a few things on Tv and then Amy put on 'People' featuring Ayra Starr & Omah Lay. They danced for a bit and Drake ended up staying over.

Drake woke up and Amy was still sleeping, he watched her body rise and fall with each breath. He saw the damp little hairs on her neck and her lips were slightly parted, he leaned for a kiss and blew air into Amy's mouth making her gasp awake and smack Drake on his head.

“What the heck are you a fucking idiot or something” she said leaning back into the pillow and they both realised she said ‘some-ting’ and started cracking up. Drake liked to wind her up a little bit, even though most of the time he got a wack, the looks that go across her face just crease him up, and he thought some of them were kinda sexy too. He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips.

“Morning babe.” he said with his best winning smile. Amy looked at him and stroked his face before giving it a little slap. “Go way.” was all she said before rolling over and pulling the quilt over her head. Drake laughed and went to get showered. It was almost 10am now he thought, by the time he was finished she would be awake. He’d spent a lot of time off the clock so he had to go back and put in some extra hours. Once Amy was awake and washed they ate scrambled eggs on toast that Drake made and Drake had to say he’s goodbyes.

Amy was in he’s arms at the doorstep.

“Thank you, for being you.” he said.

“Thank you too ugly boy.” she replied with a little giggle. “I knew I should’ve kept that to myself.” Drake said smiling his face off.

“Well...I gotta go baby.” they pulled apart reluctantly.

"I know baby." she replied. "I'll call you later." he said, there hands sliding apart as Drake walked to the lift. Amy waved smiling and closed the door. Drake turned pressed the lift call button.

"She is gonna do me in." he said out loud,

"I heard that!" said Amy in the distance. Drake laughed and walked into the lift. 'Peeping tomalina' he thought.

Drake got back to his block and took out the Glock, 'no point in playing it cool' thought Drake. In his flat he done up all the shots he was prepared to do and put out a broadcast to the people. Within minute he got three shouts for 3, so he was feeling a bit more settled. He was gonna call Crim but he was a bit too much for his vibe right now so he left it. The night went smoothly, Drake had one more shot to buss on Battersea Church Road and got in his car to drive down there. As he drove past the Range Rover show room he noticed a blacked-out Benz GLA facing him on their lot with the engine running. 'Na' he said to himself. 'That ain't right' He knew this area and knew that no one parks there except for police on the speed trap. He pulled out the Glock and took the safety off. 'This is a set up' thought Drake and put his foot down and made them see that he knew what was happening. They reacted as he thought and started the

chase, Drake put his foot down and sped away before they turned the corner. Drake was thinking in hyper mode and thought of a place to trap them, he had to get there quickly! He headed to Vicarage walk by the Themes nearly losing control at 35mph on the S bend and parked in the boat access bay. His car couldn't be missed. Running to the right he jumped over the walk and onto the cobbles by the water. He was kinda trapped but he was in complete darkness at night and had the drop if someone even walked past let alone looked over. He waited and heard the Benz break hard by his car. He knew he about 15-20 seconds before at least one of them came this way. He waited, eyes locked on the pathway. 5,4,3,2,1 he saw one, two, and bingo "BLAM" he shot the third man and got him in the top left of his head, he dropped and the first two turned to their friend. "BLAM, BLAM BLAM" Drake squeezed off three, he thought he caught one in the ear but they both ran off back towards their car. Aiming at the same spot Drake climbed out. When he got to the body he saw it was his intended target. Most of the people who claim to be boss hide behind one or two real killers. Yanks wrote the address on a photo of Rage so Drake knew his face, he took the chain off him and pulled him onto the bank and rolled him into the Themes. Drake watched Rage float out

with the shit in the water, he looked at the Glock, bending down he cleaned it with the dirty water rubbing sand and dirt all over it before chucking it far out into the Themes. Quickly he got up out the bay and got back to his car. 'Lucky they got away cah there would be a car sitting here when he left' he thought. Drake got in his car and drove off, listening for the directions of sirens he headed the opposite way. And went the long way back home. On the way back Drake thought about Amy and smiled to himself, 'I can't let her slip away cos of this life man' he thought... I'm out.



Hello everybody! and thank you to all those who bought and read this short story. Bless you and may you be rewarded for your curiosity. I hope you enjoyed the humour and context but..... there is a twist to this story. I put a few clues throughout it to see if anyone would catch on. Did anyone identify what the battle in this story was really about? If you didn't it's cool I'm just like this bad-ass writer who knows how to disguise things in my writing;)

Seriously though this my debut piece. I made it about a person battling with the internal demons that we all have. I used these characteristics or ailments and turned them into the bad or inhibiting actions, and attitudes that make us act and re-act in the negative way that we do. I thought about 7 issues that have been in my life/society and incorporated them into this story, these are:

Anxiety and Depression = Ant & Dev

Crime = Crim

Insecurity = Insect

Rage = Extreme violence

Recklessness = Addiction/self-harm



Social awkwardness = Stiff

As a young person I did have to deal with things most adults still haven't had to deal with or witness, I didn't believe that things that happened in my childhood could affect me in my teen and adult life. I saw a psychologist who was carrying at the time age 13-14 and told her she was the mad one working in that condition, (please forgive me I was a child) she did highlight that my childhood will affect my future though, I didn't see any more of them after that. I grew up with my own oddities popping in and out of my life and making it a mess.

The reason I wrote this was to help others suffering with conditions, to see that even though it's hard, and these characters seem 'life like' we can all overcome them if we find our own way to bring them into our world and beat them at their own game. If that makes sense.

This book is not about glorifying crime, it's about overcoming all the above and becoming the version of yourself that your waiting to show. There are many things that are set up for us to get the help we need. Don't be afraid to speak.

This story is in memory of my mother Vida who died at 49 and my brother Martin who died at 29 due to addiction related issues, Free of it now Our Creator has Blessed you both. May you continue to positively affect our Mother Earth and the People who need you.

Peace & Love XxxxX



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