

“The Gang”

“It’s *puff puff* pass, dude,” Stubbs pointed out.

“Sorry, bro. I wasn’t counting,” Responded Inert, equally as cold.

“You two need to stop fighting. It’s getting on my nerves,” announced Lucid. “It’s bad enough I have to watch you three do drugs while I sit here and council all of you,” Relik looked at Lucid hurt. “Except you, Relik.”

“It’s not my fault Inert’s a fucking pussy,”

“Fuck you, Stubbs, I’ll fucking kick your ass!”

“Stop, stop, both of you!” Lucid held them back. “What exactly is your problem?”

Stubbs and Inert sat angrily in their seats not daring to look at the other.

“Oh, God. Did you two...”

“No! Inert’s just a fucking pussy!” Inert raised her fist and punched Stubbs in the face. Stubbs grabbed his jaw in pain.

“Fuck you, Stubbs.”

A message tone rings in the background.

“Fuck, that’s my Facebook,” Relik got up and checked the laptop. “I got to go. I’m picking up a half O.”

“Later,”

“Peace,”

“Let me come with you,” Stubbs demanded.

“Fine, but don’t ruin my high.”

Relik and Stubbs left the apartment.



Stubbs and Relik were walking down the street. They stopped at a park. They sat at the benches and waited for the guy.

“Where is this guy?”

“Chill, he should be here soon,”

A car pulled up beside the benches. Loud rap music was playing. A head peaked out of the window. “Sup, fool,”

“Aye, man. Here’s \$80,”

“And this is yours,” He handed Relik a jar full of mushrooms. “Be safe,” He drove off.

“Alright, man, you ready to chill?”

"You know it," replied Stubbs.

They started walking back towards the apartment.