

By: Echo Constable

Close Encounter with Drako & the Runaway Mom

Morning broke, right in half for that matter. This part was there, none over there and the other part was in Lincoln Smith's ear, my ear that is..... I can hear a lot better when I'm asleep. Sometimes I wake up and it's all wet. I realize I tried to think about her with my shorts and my cock in my hand. Her tits were big and bouncy. She was wearing crotchless underwear, black stockings, and a short mini-skirt with stilettos. She was on all 4s. They're always on all 4s. When I picked her up, she looked like a little kid just learning to ride a bike. Those super high stiletto heels made her wobble. Warble. I thought she was drunk on glue or something. She almost fell over; luckily the car door was there. She had shades on and her face was hard to see. First thing I look for is the over zealous adam's apple. OHHH huhhhh. Can't find it. No over sized features. Good. She's a woman! She said "What?" Then Booooooooooom. I woke up; I sat up scratching my head. Coughing and gagging.

I had one hell of a wacky time at the King Edwards bar downtown last night; morning broke again, right in half for that matter. I was lying there in my apartment on Edgemont for about an hour and half. My side was sore. Sore from drinking, thinking, that I got it made. Made in the grave. The night before I had some chick from behind. We smoked some. And I banged her. It was good. So too speak. She screamed. I screamed. I woke up in a trance, looking at the curtains. She was gone. I saw movement amongst the shadows of the curtains. Sleep was eradicated. Sleep deprivation setting in. I thought something or someone was trying to get in through the window. I went back to sleep. My eyes, still peering. And it happened again. I thought someone was clawing there way into my bedroom. Raping me with their eyes. This has been ongoing for the last month or so. Some nights on and some nights off. Increasing paranoia. Sometimes I would see dark figures moving across the roof. Shadows crawling towards my apartment building. Why me? Why did they want me?

My apartment was in the corner, next to the fire escape. People could break in easily, if they wanted to. Eric, the tree trimmer, came over to record a couple of songs one time and he told me ten ways a person could break into my apartment. So I took measures. Put up cameras and trip wire everywhere. Eric helped me, while we smoked. I never invited Eric over again.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore, I had to do something. I threw the curtains aside. I thought I saw a shadow scramble up the side of the building. Like a lizard. The moon was bright. A street light burning bright next to my window. Blinded me. Once again, I tried to sleep. My eyes, still peering. There it was again and again and AGAIN! A scratching noise. Screeeeeeeeccccccccccch ! Like long nails on a chalkboard. Bewitched even. Shivering with a chill in my veins, I threw the curtains aside and I saw figures crawl up the side of the wall. Sideways, up, and down. Translucent. Smiling with a head dress, cap, or the like. Were they elves? Did I have the Holy Grail? "Snell snell lock it quantum", I uttered. Did they want my secret dust? At that point I grabbed a chair leg with one arm and I ran out the bedroom into the apartment, hiding in the shadows.

And I asked Klay, my roommate, “ Did you see that?”
He said “What?”, Wrapped in his robe; Hugh Hefner like.
I said” Did you see anybody or hear anybody on the roof?”

He was like,” No !, What are you talking about?” Shaking his head, “No more dust for you !”. Cackling... “what the fuck?”, he whispered to himself.

So I took the chair leg, put on my 10 + hit point armor and helmet, and ran to the fire escape and climbed. Hand over hand. And as if I were an escapee, I wisp myself to the top of the roof. It was dim and shadowy. Murky. Ready to rain. The stars were out tonight but almost hiding. Obviously, it was night out. When, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something moving on the rooftops below me. They were like dark shadows with torches. I combed over the whole roof. Pretended to scare someone off. Or something. Screaming and yelling, “I’m coming to get you mother fuckers! Lend me your arms!” Two arms, Two arms, and another and another. Raising the chair leg. Screaming like a wild Comanche Indian. But no one was there. Not a peep. Not even the sound of footsteps scattering away. Was I too late? Where they waiting on the other rooftops? Where they able to build a bridge? I proceeded down the side, opposite of my approach. With my chair leg in hand. I darted to my blue honda. Flanking behind each bush or shrubbery. Singing “IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN, BABY!” Hearing the sound of an organ solo. Breathing quite heavily at this point. Off I went, to the place I thought I left my car last night. By the bank. Fuck!!!! It wasn’t there. The bank! No Car! Could someone have stolen it? Was I driving around the block last night, looking up at all the Bic lighters flickering in the windows, waiting for the perfect moment to enter my apartment building, without anyone seeing me and/or her for that a matter? I looked up and down Edgemont. Up and down. Down then up. Finally spotting a car like mine. “There it is!!!!” I thought to myself, pointing. Walking towards the identified object. That blue piece of shit. “I love you.” Could someone have stolen my car and parked it? Why? Or was I so wasted last night that I once again misplaced it. Uneasy, I performed a quick inspection of the car. I toured the perimeter. Performed a 30 point inspection. Glancing at each cross road like an oversized magnifying glass. Everything was in place. No holes in the tires. No signs of a break in. Mirrors were intact. Check. And so I jumped into the passenger’s seat, crawled over, and threw my chair leg on the floor. I turned the key to the ‘on’ position. Waited for a bang. Then I threw the car into a roar. Broooooomm!! And proceeded to race around the block, sticking my head out the window. I looked like a hound dog on a country road. My eyes fixed on the roof of my apartment and the apartment buildings surrounding. Finally, I saw people on the westside of the building. Where they going to church or something? They were definitely not American, maybe Armenian like. I stopped, skidding, skreeeeeeeeeeeeeecch. Acting as if it was casual Sunday afternoon drive.

“Hey sir, did you see anybody up on that roof?” I pointed.
He looked up. They all looked up. Then they looked at me.
And the guy said “No, what are you talking about?”

“Up there.” I pointed. “Can’t you see them moving?” Right then I saw the shadows crawling towards my apartment window.

“There, there!!!!” Pointing again. The guy mumbled to the others in Armenian.

Then he looked at me and said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Leave us alone! Crazy kid!”

Unsatisfied with their response, I threw up my middle finger and drove off. Then driving my car around and around and around and around the car came to screeching halt. Like it had a mind of its own. I was parked in the bank parking lot, once again. I was relieved, Focused, lost and very still, as I locked the door and searched the perimeter of the parking lot. By this time my night vision goggles were dangling from my face. But, I kept my cool.

When I arrived at my apartment. I thought I heard voices inside. It was almost like a whisper. “Psst. I think he’s losing it.” It sounded like a man and a woman talking. As I opened up the door in a shout. I found my roommate Klay taking a whiff of the secret dust and this blonde chick sitting next to him, playing with herself. Her clit was gigantic and perplexing. Monsterous.

“Hey Lincoln!” She said, “What’s up? What the hell are you doing with that chair leg?” rubbing her clit as if nobody would notice. I wanted to shove the chair leg in there.

I told her, “It’s none of your business, but if you must know, I thought I saw something on the roof.” Klay and the clit massager looked at each other and laughed like hyenas.

Klay then said with a grin, “So did you find them? Did you clobber them? Mulch them?” I hesitated, “No”, I said. “Don’t you believe me?”, pointing to the windows. “Look for yourself.” Stomping off to my bedroom, landing on my mattress, the chair leg hitting the wall.

I couldn’t stand seeing that bitch again. I thought to myself. Here is this 40-year-old tiny be-bopping chick that was married with 2 kids. White trash. Red rash. She was always running away from her family, snorting the magic dust, and blabbing strange philosophy. Whispering confidence into Klay’s ear. I was worried. Klay was hanging out with her too much. Then the phone rang. Klay answered it, “Hello, oh hey john. No she’s not here. I haven’t seen her in a while. A week ago or so.” She was silent next him, rubbing her clit. What a lie. I thought. Her eyes bugging out as Klay went on to say, “ If I do see her though, I’ll let her know, you and the kids are looking for her.” As if they wouldn’t be looking for this runaway bitch. Runaway Mom. She was weird. She had this lump on her tit and hole in her face. I kept thinking that something was going to crawl out of it..... The hole that is.....Klay must have met her one night at Raji’s. All the freaks were hanging out there in ‘95. She was the main connection to the magic dust. So I tolerated her for the time being. Klay and I wrote some music together. It was cool at first until he started hanging out with the runaway mom. She twisted his head up real good. He had this song called “Drako”. He would sing it. And sing it til’ he was blue in the face. She loved it. Her nostrils were flailing. He looked like the devil. He was a bible belt boy anyway. He would sing “OoohIIIIII, OoohIIIIII” like he was the devil calling on his witches. That bitch. She was freaky. He had a really sinister smile

when he sung that song. And it was really getting to me. Like 'tall tale heart'. I wasn't into it at all. I just laid there listening to them jabber on and on and on. He would sing. And to her, it was like Beatlemania. Finally throwing my arms up, I shouted. "Jesus Christ, is this the only thing we have to live for?" I got up and stood in the doorway. Blank face, they just stared at me. I rushed for the front door. I yelled, "Oh what a relief it is..!", right on the other side. I just couldn't take it any more. I headed for the bar. Raji's. "What a life", I thought. But I didn't much care for the situation anymore. I just wanted a fucking drink.

So I jumped into my blue piece of shit. Road up and down sunset blvd. Counted approximately 11 whores out that night. Two were transvestites. One had plastic surgery that had gone bad or weathered from age. Another walked so fast, while listening to a walkman, with her body jiggling to the beat. Robotic like. She probably couldn't chew gum or suck cock at the same time. Nobody could pick her up if they wanted. She was moving 5-10 miles an hour. She was sailing. When she talked she sounded like a man. And like these other two, ugly ugly ugly ugly!!!! You could catch herpes just by looking at her. The wheel chair girl was out. I could always find her crawling in and out of this old abandoned car parked by the arco station at mariposa and sunset. At first I thought she owned it and just ended up there. Maybe she ran out of gas and parked it. And said fuck it!! Sometimes she would just have on a gold bra and underwear. I would see her downtown in the clothing district when she was able to walk. It was like a lingerie commercial gone bad. Then she started walking with a cart. And would stop in front of Raji's bar or wherever. She would just freeze there. She wouldn't move a muscle. Sometimes I would talk to her. I could tell she was listening. She would occasionally talk to me, sometimes. Smile at me. She eventually ended up in a wheel chair. Dirty, battered, curled up speaking to herself. Yelling at herself. Scolding herself. She was too far gone. Then I saw greg, the jesus freak, walking as fast as he could. He always looked like he was on a mission. Years ago, I would see him back on Selma ducking behind bushes every time he saw headlights. He looked like an abused chimney cleaner, trapped in the beams of oncoming headlights. He was always high as a kite. In March. His head seemed to have enlarged. I thought he might have a pituitary problem. And of course there was Linda. Linda managed to stop traffic for the 10th time this week. Bronson and sunset. She was out on the street. Screaming at everybody, "You talking to me, don't you look at me!!" Tall and slanky. Her clothes always seem to change. Sometimes clean. Sometimes pissed in and on. She always had a pint of vodka in her purse. Not much else in her purse other than that. Used cleanex. Keemow was standing by the front door to Raji's. Stinking drunk. Drunk as a skunk. He always had a pint of vodka also. Like Linda, I handed him a couple of bucks. Drank a gulp or 2 of the vodka. Then I entered the bar scene. The regulars were all in order. No change. The black gay in the corner. And a couple of others drooling on the bartender. Thai Tammy was working. Black guys were walking in and out. Occasionally, a black girl would walk and wink at me. This one was hot as cactus sitting in the Mohave Desert. I clinked at her. The thought crossed my mind to follow her, so this time I did. Her ass was bubbled to perfection. We managed to get in the hotel next door. She got me in the stairwell next door and I could tell this was going to be good. She slipped my pants down around my ankles. And she started to blow. Blow me

up. When I felt these hands around my ass. In my back pockets. Her nails were long. She scratched my ass.

Then she grabbed my wallet. "Fuck". I said "what the fuck? Give me my wallet back!!!!" she's like, "give me your money!"

I said, "I don't have any money.....Hey come on man.....i have important phone numbers in there.....hey I'm a friend of your man next door. Does he know your doing this shit?" she sat there a second and she finally gave it back to me.

I said "fuck!", sweating really hard. I said, "Can I buy you a drink?" she said, "Sure". That was an easy sell.

I pulled up my pants up. And we proceeded to the bar. She walked in and I darted to my car. Fuck that chick. That fucking bitch. I'm tired of those niggers. So tired of the niggers down here. I wanted to shoot them with rotten eggs. I liked their bitches, some of the time. After 12 AM or 12 beers. Big asses. Nice titties. Like their furry pussies. Anyway I got in my car. Went to another bar or 2. Got fucked up and headed home. To Edgemont. I arrived home. Parked the car at the bank. The latino bar across the street was still hoppin'. Musica latino style. I jumped out of my car. And proceeded up the stairs to my pad, drunk I slipped on the 2nd to the last step in the stairwell. Hit my knee. As I arrived. I heard some whispering. A female voice was moaning. 'Fuck' I thought. 'She hasn't left yet.' Trembling, I put my key in the door and opened it. Klay was right at the door.

And I said "what the fuck man.....i need to go to work tomorrow. Are you going to party all night!"

He said, "What's wrong with you Lincoln?" "Are you ok?"

"OK? Mother fucker I've been dealing with your shit all fucking week.....all fucking month! Where are her fucking kids? Where is her fucking family? Where is that magic dust? Who are all these people in my apartment?" Klay rushed at me. Damn.

Right then, I threw a punch and knocked Klay's glasses off. He tried to get away. I hit him again. And again swinging at him wildly. Like I was possessed. I Shoved him into the stool. He grabbed the phone, I was choking him as he dialed 911. I slammed the phone into his head and proceeded to administer a concussion that he would never forget. At the same time the runaway mom was screaming bloody murder. While the sounds of gun shots were heard across the street at the latino bar. Bang! Bang! I hesitated for a second as Klay ran out the door. "You mother fucker!!!!!!!!!! I'm going to kill you!!!!!!!!!!" I grabbed a can a mace and my trusty chair leg and I chased him down the hall. The blonde runaway mother screaming, quickly followed. 3 stories down. Bammmmmmm!!!!!!!!!! I almost had him. By then I thought the whole building woke up. I hit the front door. And Baaaammmmmmmmmmm. " Freeze!!!!!! Put yer hands in the air!" I was surrounded by 2 cops. Guns drawn. I was guilty. Guilty of every crime I ever committed and got away with. Slowly my hands were in the air. I didn't want these trigger happy cops to shoot the wrong man. "Drop the bat and mace! Put your hands on your head! Turn around! On the ground! Hands out! Lay face down! " I turned my head, "But I didn't do anything!" The cop in a screech, like the movie scanners, "Everything

you say can and will be held against you.....” Klay just sat there scared as can be.....he gave the cops a report.

“We were just minding our own business, when Lincoln busted down the door, drunk as shit and attacked me.” ‘Yeah right.’ I thought to myself. ‘You fucking bible belt freak. I will rip your head off, when I get out’, as we drove off to the cop station downtown, LA. I looked out the back window as Klay’s face got smaller and smaller. He seemed almost sad to see me go. As we eased down Edgemont passed the hospital. To sunset. The whores seemed to salute me as I drove by. Kind of like the white knight. I finally was caught. Nearly invincible. Sunset peeled threw silverlake. The silverlake lounge was dead with punked out zombies meandering. Down passed Alvarado. No fucks were there tonight. We hit a bump. My head hit the door. I sat back up my hands still cuffed, in pain. We rolled through echo park like it was the last place I would ever see. A ghost town. Passed another mexican dance club. Large collard dress shirts. The street sign changed from sunset to caesar chavez. Fuck. That building was tall. Are they taking me to county? They turned on los angeles street or something. The lights were low. We rolled into a garage. The cops got out. Pulled me out of the car. “easy”, I said. As the cop lifted the back of my arms. I thought I heard him say, “punk!” So I put my punk face on. Slid into a one room holding cell. He proceded to book me. Fingerprints, etc. Gave me a coin or 2. I called far away. Talked to my sis. “Please get me out of here, I didn’t do anything” I told her. She said she would call a bail bonds man. It must have been 5:00am there. About 2:00am here. They took me back to the holding cell. I sat there with about ten other hoodlums. I found a cot. And proceded to lie down. They didn’t seem to mind. My head fell down. I went into a dream. I dreamed I was hitting Klay so hard that his head fell off. “Smith!” “Lincoln Smith! It’s time to go, you made bail!” I woke up everybody look like they were getting ready to get to know me. I jumped up and went for the cell door. “you Lincoln smith?”, the guard said. “Yes” I said. “You just made bail.” “What time is it?” I asked the guard. The guard told me it was about 6:00am. They gave me the envelope that had all my goods. No cabs available. No money. Shit! Luckily, I found 5 bucks in the bottom of the envelope. The cops called me a cab. My shoes half on I jumped in the car. Got a ride back up caesar chavez. Up sunset passed Alvarado. Up to Vermont. Then ran out of money. As I Jumped out, “I’ll walk the rest of the way” I was so pissed. Paid the man. Then I marched. I wanted to kick Klay’s assso bad. I stomped up Edgemont to my apartment. Went up the steps and I fell. On the first step, then on last step. I was going to kill that fucker, I thought. Rip his hide. Tear his knees, give him ease. Crime wasn’t something I thought about.....As I approached the apartment, I saw Drako (Klay) and the Runaway Mom leaving the apartment. But they appeared scared and ran back in the apartment and shut the door.

I said “open the fuck up !”

Klay is like “We are leaving man, don’t hit me, OK?”

“Just open the door, I’m tired and sleepy, and get the fuck out of my life !!”

Klay finally opened the door, hiding behind the runaway mom. Klay said, “I’m going to stay in a hotel.”

“Good !!!!!” I said. And they darted down the hallway. Fuck was I tired. No sleep. No magic dust. Just the American flag. I just laid down and fell asleep.

About 9:00am, the phone rang; some friends up north were asking me if I was still coming up. I told them the situation, and that I was in no shape to come up for thanksgiving. 'What a holiday' I thought. What a bummer. So I slept and I slept and I slept. At least four hours must have past, when I heard a knock at the front door. 'Who could this be?' I opened up the door to find that chick I fucked last night standing there.

I said, "hey what's up? what are here for?" She said, 'that I forgot a comb that she borrowed last, and that she wanted to return it'. She said she would run to the car and bring it right back. So I waited. She knocked. I opened the door. She was rummaging threw her purse.

"It's in here somewhere." Then she looked down the hallway.

"I'll find it in just a sec." Once again she looked down the hallway, like she was waving somebody over. I keep looking at her, wondering what she was looking at.

"it's in here somewhere, sorry." She took her hand out and waved at someone down the hallway. Mouthing, "Come on."

I said, "what's up? are you alone?" and stuck my head out in the hall.

When all the sudden, some dude jumps out and says, "get back inside!" pointing his gun right at my face.

"What do mean?"

He gestured, "get back inside!"

again, I said, "what do you want?" stepping out into the hallway. Away from the guy. Looking at the window and fire escape near by.

With my hands up, "don't shoot, man!" as I backed up a little more.

Again he said, "get back into the room!" Then next door, I heard people talking and moving around, "what's going on out there?"

"don't shoot" as I backed up with my hand over my heart.

the guy began to panic, sweating he wiped his forehead, looked at the chick and then looked at me and reached his hand out, and said, "I must've had the wrong guy, sorry." The he shook my hand and took off with the bitch down the hallway and down the steps. 'fuck, sorry? What the fuck was that?' I was freaking out. I ran into my apartment, dialed 911, grabbed some raid, and a railroad spike and hid behind the door. Scared to death. Fuck. 'are those fuckers coming back?'

About 5 minutes later, I hear a knock.

"who is it?"

"police open up!"

"how do I know you're the police?" then I heard the radios going off.

"OK, I'm opening up" as I opened the door, there must have been at least 7 or 8 cops with their guns drawn. They told me to put my hands in the air and to drop my weapons. So I dropped the raid and railroad spike. Then they threw me up against the wall and searched me. 2 investigators arrived and interviewed me about the situation. At first I didn't want to tell them the truth, but then I said 'yeah I picked this prostitute up last night.....' The whole time I could see my bong under the table where we all sat. I hoped they wouldn't see it or smell it. I knew this event was one I would never forget. About a day or 2 later, I saw the guy with the gun and the prostitute, cruising down

Hollywood Boulevard once again, scanning the road for the next victim. I wanted to run them over with my car but, I just kept on driving.....I was just glad they didn't come around again.

The court was ready to put me on trial but, they had one problem they couldn't find Drako (Klay). They wanted him to testify against me. Drako called me and said he didn't want to take this thing that far. He crashed on my couch one more time. I only let him stay for a night. Then he was busy bouncing around from hotel to hotel. The cops were closing in on him and they needed him for the sure win in my case. Drako wanted nothing to do with it. So he did his best to avoid the police. Finally I got a sexy public defender and went to court. The prosecutor wanted to nail me regardless of Drako's testimony or not. I was nervous and needed an edge. I brought my guitar to present myself as if I were an easy going musician. Hippy like. Peaceful and all. I really was a good person and the court and attendees could see that I just was in a bad situation. Finally, I had the prosecution team on my side. Only the prosecutor vowed to proceed on but, his case was a failure without Drako and the Runaway Mom. The case was dismissed. I felt relieved and collapsed. And I knew I was ready to get the fuck out of LA for a while, possibly head to Seattle or Humboldt to see some friends. Then as I was leaving the court room, the prosecutor sarcastically said "do you want your chair leg back, I mean your weapon?" He was pissed. I said to him with confidence, "no you keep it, I don't want anything to do with it. What use would I have with something like that, anyways?" Smiling, I felt like I finally learned a lesson worth telling. That guy must have trouble sleeping at night, I thought.