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Chapter 1

Please Buster Please

The long winding road that led from the highway to the old abandoned junk yard was dark and spooky. The trees aligning both sides of the winding gravel covered road were slouched over forming what appeared to be a canopy. They looked like they were going to come alive and attack any and everything that traveled past.

Other than the van's engine and the sound of its tires crumbling everything beneath them, the area was void of sound. The extended black Ford van slithered and moved in and out of the road's curves like a big black Cottonmouth Water Moccasin snake slithering across a murky pond.

The willing occupants of this black metal serpent were Buster and his trusty sidekick Tippy. The reluctant occupants of the vehicle were Tommy, Nathan, and Michael.

Buster and Tippy were quiet while Tippy drove and Buster navigated. Concentration ruled – conversation was unnecessary. Their only form of communication was non-verbal. Buster pointed and gave directions while Tippy - who could barely see more than five feet in front of them - squinted as he tried to find his way through the thick fog and darkness.

The unwilling occupants of the vehicle lay in the back of the van face down with duck tape around their wrists, ankles, and across their mouths. The inability to move their limbs made them look more like three oversized fish rather than three men.

Nathan and Michael were still dazed as the blood that poured from their scalps started to stick to their faces like molasses. Buster nearly decapitated them when he lodged the butt of his rifle in their foreheads.

Tommy, Donna's former best friend, was alert and very aware that this long ride could in fact be his last. Of course he didn't feel he deserved this type of escort, but he knew Buster well enough to know that the odds of him being around long enough to ever recant his story to anyone were improbable.

Finally, Tippy broke the silence by asking Buster to explain his intentions.

“So tell me Bee, do you really wanna put these niggas under?” asked Tippy in a low voice.

Buster just stared out the window as he sat quietly in the passenger seat. He really wanted to dispose of all three of them. They’d messed with Donna. Donna and his mother were the two people on the earth he’d defend at all cost – even if it meant returning to prison.

“Maybe,” Buster mumbled as he glanced back at his intended victims.

Tommy heard Buster’s response. He started squirming like a worm on hot pavement and crying like a helpless baby.

“Shut your punk ass up!” Buster barked.

His stern command startled Tommy and awakened Nathan and Michael.

“Tippy, pull this ma’fucka over!” Buster commanded as they approached the entrance to the junkyard.

They’d traveled at least two miles into the thick woods. The lights from the main highway could no longer be seen. Like the moonlight, the highway lights had been covered and swallowed by the menacing trees. If it wasn’t for the headlights of the van, they would have been swallowed by the darkness.

After Buster unlocked the rusty gate he gestured for Tippy to drive through. Tippy drove the van about fifty feet and then stopped. He exited the vehicle and walked towards Buster who was still standing near the gate.

“Wuz up dog? How you wanna handle this?”

“You know what I wanna do,” Buster replied as he rubbed the stubble on his jaws and chin.

“You know I got your back,” Tippy said. “But, I wouldn’t truly be your boy if I didn’t ask – are you sure you wanna do this? You know we’ve put quite a few niggas under out here. If this junkyard could talk, we’d get a few charges. Truth be told, them niggas we dug ditches for out here in the past got what was coming to them because they played with our money. This situation is a little different. I know Donna is your homegirl, but did they really violate enough for us to take it to this level?”

The average acquaintance wouldn’t have the opportunity or guts to openly question Buster’s decisions, but Tippy was different. He and Buster had been partners-in-crime since the third grade. It was Tippy who helped Buster deal with their enemies, dig necessary ditches, lie to the cops, hide from the cops, and carry out an assortment of misdemeanors and felonies over the years. Tippy had earned the right to question Buster’s intentions.

Buster looked at Tippy and shook his head in agreement, “You’re right dog. I’m not gonna kill the first two clowns, but those ma’fuckas gonna regret the day they fucked with Donna. As far as that nigga Nathan, that’s a different story. He gotta be dealt with.”