

## Cocaine Superman

I'm coked up, right, colours comin' down on me like I'm God, like Superman, right? And I reckon I can handle it, I'm keeping the lid on, cruisin' it, and I'm thinkin' we need some milk, want some milk, just a pint, get some tea in maybe, go home, have a cuppa, ride it out, yeah? But I've got no cash, and I sees the guy behind the counter, some right straight-up bastard, cardigan up to here; and he's watchin' me, lookin' at me like he thinks I'm going to knock him off, just starin' at me, eyes all weird and kinda fixed, right? So, just for the hell of it, just to shit him up, I says 'I gotta gun, mate, and I'm takin' this milk, nuthin' you can do about it, yeah?' and the guy just keeps starin' and I tell you it's freakin' me, weirdin' me out, just the way he looks and I'm feeling the buzzin' in the back of my head like I'm way powerful, so I just cracks him one, flathanded. And, Christ, if he doesn't just drop, falls like some kinda block, straight down, din't even see him go.

So, yeah, I got the milk and then it's like I'm gettin' worried, this guy hasn't come back up and I don't need no fuckin' murder rap on me, not after that last time, so I sorta leans over the counter. Reckon I'll just see if he's breathin', and maybe I can check out the till, might as well have sumthin' to show for the crap that's goin' down here, 'sides, I can feel the coke kickin' out, just round the edges, right, not comin' down yet but it's on the way, and there's no more back at the flat, the girls got goin' on it and I know they're gonna want more, or it's no goodies for Marcus tonight, yeah? You know what I'm sayin'? And I reckon I'm due a little fun, a little R&R, 'cos, shit, there weren't none inside...

So I leans in, and fuck me if this guy doesn't come up like shit on a spring! He's got blood down one side of his face, and his eyes... tell ya, that guy was more out of it than me, like, he's way, way outta town, crack mebbe, or acid, and he grabs me, right, by the neck, drags me over the counter like he's fuckin' Arnie or somethin'! He's gotta be, like fifty, sixty, but he just drags me! Like I'm a kid or somethin'! And then he puts his mouth right up by my ear, and he's like, kinda dribblin' and frothin' and his eyes are ... well, it was serious shit man. And he just whispers...

'Get out of my shop'.

Get *out*? Tell ya, I din't stop runnin' til I got home, that guy looked crazy enough to fuckin' kill...