

A cheating girlfriend - and a fit of rage - landed Brad in jail... where he quickly realized that the only chance a frail white guy had in prison was to join a clique, becoming the unlikely recruit to a predominately black gang.

Upon his release, his new-found "street credibility" thrust him into the role as the leader of a group of misfits bent on becoming the first white gang in their small rural town, and the Spyda's were born.

Rodney, his black former cellmate, reunited with Brad in his hometown and decided to stick around for a few laughs. But when a task force was formed to clean up the town, all fingers pointed to the darkest face in the crowd.

Now friends become foes, and the ensuing mayhem is unlike anything this town's ever seen before...



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Blood. Brad's vision was hazy; but as his eyes regained focus all he could see were pools of the sticky red fluid.

His stare was fixated on a blotch of crimson soaking through the sleeves of a tan Dickies work shirt, plastering the fabric against an arm that he didn't recognize.

As he fought against the haze that engulfed his mind, more details came into focus: Sticky globs of plasma dripping from a pair of knuckles; a blood-soaked fist gripping the handle of a steel hammer, as chunks of flesh and clots with hair caked on its metallic head.

His body shuttered as he suddenly realized that the fist he observed was his own, and he dropped the bloody hammer to the floor. Instinctively, his eyes followed the tool's descent as he watched it bounce softly on the carpet and slide under the bed.

'The bed?'

His eyes rose slowly from the floor, ascended above the mattress, and settled on the backside of a four-legged man with blood pouring from a gaping hole in the back of his skull.

Suddenly panic-stricken, the room felt as if it was spinning in slow motion as he desperately tried to concentrate on the scene before him. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and looked again...

The man didn't have four legs; he was lying on top of someone else.

Brad leaned over to see the face of the person underneath, and in a flash he remembered everything...

Brad worked as a roofer for a small construction team in Carbondale, Illinois, but this morning he couldn't seem to be on top of anything. His day started off badly, and just seemed to get worse.

He was scheduled to start at 7am for a roof/tar job-- but he overslept and didn't even tumble out of his bed until 6:56.

Rushing to reclaim lost time, he scooped the filthy shirt and pants he'd worn the day before off the bedroom floor and swiftly dressed. Totally skipping his morning regimen, Brad grabbed his keys — without even attempting to touch a toothbrush or a bar of soap — and darted out of his single-wide trailer into the dank morning air.

The morning's gloom matched his spirits as he made a wild dash for his car. He peered through his windshield at the overcast sky, turned on his headlights and sped to the work site. He silently mumbled, "I hope it doesn't rain," because he knew that a storm would put a halt to any roof work he was doing, and if he didn't work then he wouldn't get paid for the day.

As fate would have it, moisture drizzled from the clouds the moment he arrived at the job site and climbed on the roof; and by 9:30am torrents of water were exploding from the clouds, causing the foreman to cut their workday short.

Workers ran to their cars, some of them using newspapers as umbrellas, and by the time Brad got down from the roof, the parking lot was almost empty. He darted to his automobile with his keys in his hand, jumped in the driver's seat, turned the key in the ignition and... nothing.

He looked down at the dashboard instantly knew why the car wouldn't start: he'd left his headlights on the entire time he was on the roof and now his battery was dead. By the time he looked up to see if one of his co-workers would give him a jump start, the last car was pulling out of the parking lot.

Brad plodded through the thunderstorm and headed for the bus stop— then waited for another thirty minutes for a bus to arrive. To make things worse, he was soaked to the bone when it came and the bus driver had the air conditioning on.

By the time he made it to his stop, he was sneezing uncontrollably. Sheets of rain pelted his face and soaked his clothes every step of the way between the bus stop and his home, and thunder boomed as he reached the front door of the Salem trailer he was renting.

He noticed that the screen door was unlocked and smiled to himself, knowing that it could only mean his girlfriend Sonya had used the spare key to let herself in. She was still a senior in high school, but it wouldn't be the first time she had used his place to play hooky and snort some hash, so he didn't mind. Besides, he couldn't think of a better way to spend a rainy day than to be cuddled up beside her as he sipped a hot bowl of soup.

He could hear Justin Timberlake blaring through the stereo before he even turned his key in the deadbolt lock, so he wasn't surprised that Sonya didn't respond when he announced that he was home. He kicked off his wet construction boots in the hallway and dropped his tool belt on top of them. The song was ending at that moment, and as the music faded Brad heard her screaming "Stop!" at the top of her lungs.

He slid the hammer from his tool belt and ran toward the direction of her screams, which seemed to be coming from the bedroom. When he burst through the bedroom door, all he saw was a husky middle-aged man, totally nude, straddling Sonya. She was still fully dressed in a sleeveless v-neck, a blue jean skirt (pulled over her waist), and a pair of white canvas Easy Spirit sneakers. Her legs were flailing in the air, her nails were digging welts in the man's back, and her ear-shattering cries were loud enough to drown out the sound of a freight train.

Brad could remember thinking, *'Oh my God! She's being raped!'*

As the lightning flashed through the window, it animated the silhouette of a six-foot-one-inch, one-hundred-sixty-pound, nineteen-year old guy with a hammer extended over his head; advancing on a middle-aged rapist with the physique of a pro wrestler.

The thunder rolled.

The hammer swung.

A loud crackle echoed across the room; followed mere seconds later by blood squirting from the rapist's head like a fountain.

The next thing he could recall were the shrieks coming from Sonya as he watched her lying under the corpse.