

Books by R.J. Green

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SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMIES

DELAYED EFFECT

# **DELAYED EFFECT**

R.J. GREEN

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R.J. Green. Delayed Effect.

“Mr. Morgan,” Judge Thatcher grumbled from his throne. “You are our psychological expert in this new phenomenon.”

“Delayed, your highness” Mr. Morgan whispered from across the room, before the place erupt into laughter. “He has a delayed effect.”

“Are you saying he’s slow?” the persecutor beamed.

“I’m innocent you ’uckers! Go ahead, lock me up!”

“Order in the court!” Judge Thatcher’s voice thundered.

“Get down prisoner 12666!” a guard bellowed. “Don’t move!”

“You gonna die from a heart attack Thatcher, you sumbitch-”

“Get down prisoner 12666!”

“Get off me, stop, help!”

“Prisoner 12666 is contained, do you read me!”

Judge Thatcher grabbed his own chest and with his eyes bulging out of their sockets he wobbled forward then hit the ground with a thud.

“Call an ambulance...”

“Judge Thatcher, do you hear me?”

“He’s not breathing.”

If it was not for my big mouth I would be a free man, not just some jerk sitting on Death row pleading, well, I maybe guilty of a few things, like; skinning my neighbors cats, scalping a dog, ripped off the neck from a live goose, watched a few people got strangled to death, I tried to eased them of their pain, but felt helpless...

Mr. Morgan said I have a delayed effect, if those stupid judgmental whore wasn’t making so much noise I would listen to what the nice fellow had to say, I requested his advice to help me figure what’s wrong with me, but nobody heard from him since our last encountered, I’m not sure if he’s embarrassed from been laughed at or me ranting at that mean sumbitch Thatcher. After Thatcher died I spotted people staring at me with their mouth wide opened and their hands gripping their jaws.

“What kind of a name is 12666,” I randomly asked myself, “should I capitalized the one or the whole number?”

Death row is not the kind of place you want your son or daughter to party at, decent citizen like myself don’t deserved this crap, a small cell with just enough room to turn. The putrid scent made my allergy acted up a bit, with time on my hand I enjoyed watching sprayed of mist gushing from my nose, barely comprehended how a man paid his shared of taxes, served his country, rid the earth of parasite like you, ended up in this slammer.

As I said, if it wasn’t for my big mouth I would be free. When I was much younger I glimpsed things that made me stronger, some said I could see the future if I tried a little harder. My first sighting began when my stepfather swung an axe at my mother that connected her in the forehead, ripping her skull in two. Like a fountain the blood sprayed over my face, almost blinding me. When I woke it was only to find myself tie to a bed, with my trousers down to my knee, and my dick stuck out like about to rip from my body. I got real thirsty and licked my lips;

a strange taste filled my mouth, a few minutes later my dick got even harder. I began to wonder if someone forced something down my throat while I was unconscious. I wiggled and wiggled until I freed a hand I used to untie the rope knotting my body, tiptoed across the cold wooden floor to a door located on the far side of the room that had a scent of cigar reeking in the air. The place looked like an old barn yard, but I wasn't sure.

My heart fluttered as I peeped through the keyhole and spotted a large fellow jamming a knife into one of the wooden pole used to support a broken down balcony at the front of the building; loose soil followed the wind, forming dust balls, a rustic look of the Midwest was evidence. This was nothing like the green suburb I once lived; almost as if I jumped into the distance past, before I had being born.

"Where am I?" I whispered, as I braced against the door that buckled under my eighty pounds frame. Swinging back and forth on rusty inches the door squeaked aloud, making the man jumped to his feet.

"Don't moved boy," said the man, pointing his knife towards me. He stood like a giant with water drooling from his bluish black teeth.

I leaped off the balcony and landed on my two feet below, a burning sensation hit my right ankle; it became numbed as I hopped away. Towards the street the man came charging down the stairs; a shot rang out in the backdrop, the man held his stomach and came to a crawl. One more shot rang out and the fellow collapsed. I never did get a glimpse at the shooter, but I was surely happy to be alive. At the side of an abandoned house I hid behind a water trough and peeped at the familiar town I once spotted while watching a western.

"Get up boy!" a male's voice thundered. "Why did you kill your parents?"

I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was back at my parent's house, only this time my stepfather lay dead too, I'm not sure what killed him, but my prayer was answered.

"He's just a baby for heaven sake," a woman blurted.

"He's not too young to kill, are we boy?" said the man, as he tucked away a pistol beneath his coat.

The woman stood by the dresser and fixed her hat in the mirror.

"The poor thing can't even lift that axe," she said.

"He's a lot stronger than he look Madam. What is your name boy?"

"Can't you see he is too scared to talk, poor thing look so lost. I will take him home-"

"I reckoned this is his home Madam-"

"I'm taking him with me."

"You gotta be kidding Madam?"

"Do as I said," the lady blurted, and walked towards the exit. "That's why I paid you good. His father was a no good bastard anyway... he owed me a fortune, besides the boy might comes in handy. My psychic power will tell."

The man made a scratchy sound with his throat. "Welcome home boy," he said.

The woman stared into the boy's eyes and step backwards, sweat gathered on her forehead began to drip down her face, her heart pounded faster and faster. She'd glimpsed death, felt its presence, and knew her time had been near.

"What's the matter Madam?" said the man.

"She's dying," the boy whispered, the first time they heard him speak.

"Nobody else gonna die around here you evil little thing," said the man in a threatening tone.

"Maybe I should take you to the police myself." As the man moved towards the boy a tumbling sound comes from behind, the man swung around and spotted Madam sprawled out on the floor.

I was later held for Madam's death, my stepfather and mother's murder. I had no clue what was going on, but I found myself in a school for kids who'd no parents, they worked us night and day, with barely any rest or time to play. It was real tough, but I didn't complain much. I met Ringo and Johnny who became my best friends, I tried not to make friends, 'cause they always die; and they blamed me for everything, even when am not there. I realized the less I talk the less they blamed me, so I reckoned I will keep my mouth shut as much as I could.

"Leave him alone!" Ringo always screamed whenever the other kids called me dummy. I never blamed them; it had been five years since I last said a word, when I told Madam she was dying. As if yesterday, the image stuck in my head, the older I got my eyes widened with surprise. I had a gift, well, more like a curse for making my life more wretched than it already been. Some people glimpse the future, others stirred up the past, but I can tell when people about to die — the expansion of their pupils, the fading of their complexion, and the strangeness of their faces as they reached out to death and kissed his cold soul.

## About the Author

“I noticed you leave your daughter in the car,” said R.J.

“It’s a boy,” a lady blurted then faced away.

Doing the right thing is never a good idea, especially in the world R.J. Green created filled with chaos, uncertainty, family morals, Gods, hatred, fantasy — a reality where people fell in love with Tanny Anderson, Detective Mullson, Jack, and are captivated by Engulf’s power and Wrath’s curse. A writer with an imagination larger than life, who’s not afraid to provoke, intrigue...

R.J. Green is currently living in Florida, has a daughter, and is the owner of Masta Recka Publishing Co. BMI.