

*Excerpt from "Mind Games":*

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As the screams begin, and the bailiff's body falls to the floor, the courtroom scatters. Frederick tosses the heart to the jury, slides his hands out of the handcuffs, and heads for the window. Before arriving at the window, he turns to look at the jury foreman, who is sitting with his mouth wide open with shock. Frederick smiles, eyes still white, but now turning black, and arms red with blood. He then falls through the window, down four stories, and hits the ground. Standing on his feet, eyes normal, arms clean, he begins to run down the street. Within three blocks, he is out of eyesight.

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With all great actors, feelings can be brought on with just a thought. Orin feels that he should have won enough Oscars to start a small golden army. This time, though, he knows he will have to perform his best. Standing there, still, with his eyes closed, he waits for the entire hall to go silent. Hank tells him through his earpiece, that the cameras all have a tight shot of his face. Orin's left eye starts to tear.

Before he can open his eyes, his cheeks are completely wet. His lower lip starts to quiver. His eyes open with a glaze to them. Almost immediately, the entire hall, and television viewing audience, can feel that something is wrong. They can tell that something has happened, and it has pained Orin to his soul. Orin knows that he has them right where he wants them. He sighs, causing some in the audience to weep out loud.

When the weeping stops, Orin looks around at the hall and the T.V. cameras. "My good souls." He sighs rather quietly, breaking the silence that had gripped the entire arena. "I have seen, not with these eyes, but with the eyes that may see, a terrible event that the Lord has told me

will happen within thirty days. I have been told by the Almighty, that I must ask a great deal of you.

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The sense started out, only faintly, but now as it grows ever so slightly, it makes the hairs on Gypsy's neck stand on end. She has had this sensation, a few times before. But this is the first time, she believes, she feels it while awake. As she gets closer to her neighborhood, she starts to shake.

Walking across a street, she looks to see if any traffic is coming. In the corner of her eye, she sees a man, standing down the block that she just came from. Although she sees him for just a glance, the man burns into her mind. His tall demeanor isn't hidden by his black trench coat or the slight hunched posture. His pale white skin is sunken into his skull, causing his cheekbones to be very prevalent. His fingers look of white, rubber gloved bones.

She looks back to get a better look, but no one is there. She, once again, starts to pray to Obatala. She does relax herself with the knowledge that she is now only a block away from her sanctuary. Soon, she is there, unlocking the door, and quickly locking herself inside.

With a few deep breaths, she starts to calm down: Her shirt, wet from the sweat and humidity of the day. The air conditioner labors, over in the corner. Gypsy pats her forehead and wipes her hands with a towel.

She goes into her closet and collects a few boxes that hadn't been opened from her move here, yet. She, then, starts to set up her altar to Obatala. She sits down in front of it. The altar, white with decorations, brightens up with candles, as she starts lighting them. She made the altar white because everything that is white on Earth belongs to Obatala: the snow, the sky, the bones, and the brain. She starts her ritual and begins to pray.

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