

Exit Through An Entrance

Part Five of a Nine Part Series

by **Eric Heise**

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Hu Jia crouched down inside a doorway and tried to catch his breath. Cops again, he thought. He peered around the corner. Nothing there. Hu dipped his head back against the brick wall. Sweat poured down his face and arms, feeling the service revolver still in his right hand. He opened the cylinder and checked that the six bullets were still in there, as if one would have fallen out when he ran from cops for the second time in as many weeks. After the last disaster at the docks, he pulled the old .38 from the shoebox that was buried in his closet. He had bought it years ago when he first started in the business and the first deal had not gone very well. He had managed to escape from that one unseen, as he had escaped from the deal a couple of weeks ago with Roger and his gang at the docks. He knew he'd escape from this one just the same, but he wasn't going to take any chances. Hu had never killed anyone, never even fired the gun in his hand. He didn't even know if he had the right bullets in the cylinder, but those were the ones Donnie the Man sold him with the gun. Hu had kept it wrapped in a sock in that shoebox and when he pulled it out the other day, just to make sure it was still there, the gun looked the same as it had when he last looked at it, some two years ago when he thought he might have to kill the guy upstairs for spying on his sister when she showered at the YMCA. Fortunately for Grant, Hu found out it was someone else, someone more his sister's age and Grant relocated upstate.

The cop that chased him was the same one from the warehouse incident. Hu didn't think the cop saw a good look at him, it was dark, but Hu knew that his ethnicity might also hide him. We all look alike, he thought.

A siren wailed off in the distance, a good ten blocks away and headed in another direction. It was time to move. Hu stood up and looked around, the gun drawn to his side and pointing to the ground. He held it loosely in his hand, almost as if he wasn't holding it at all. Hu pulled his backpack off and opened it. He slid the gun into the pack next to the cash, re-zipped it and slung it back over his shoulders. The last thing he needed was to have one of those cops come around the corner when he wasn't expecting and see the gun in his hand. He'd be dead for sure. Hu knew that cops just loved to blast any hoodlum in the hood with a gun, even if it just looked like a real gun. Shit, it could be the guy's hand. A dead hood from the hood is one less of a problem child as far as the cops and city hall would ever be concerned. Hu just didn't want to give them that satisfaction on his time. Besides, he had his mother and sister to worry about.

He blended in with the night crowd about three blocks down the street, when he hit the Treasure Boulevard stretch of town. That was mostly strip clubs and adult bookstores and peep shows. He minded his business and walked through until he came to the Spanish end, which separated him from the Suki Strip, the Chinatown version of the Treasure Boulevard stretch and then Chinatown itself. Through the Spanish section, he took to the dark shadows and alleyways again until it was safe to reemerge on the Strip.

Only one police car passed him before he walked in the front door of his building, but they didn't see Hu, nor were they probably looking for him. They had two hookers in the back seat already. His mother didn't fall asleep in front of the television and that was good. The last thing Hu wanted to

have to deal with was his mother struggling to get to bed and his sister waking up and asking where he'd been all night. "Out and you go to bed," he'd say, which never worked. But he would say it anyways and he would ignore her until he could get to his own room and shut the door behind him.

He pulled the old shoebox out from the closet and opened it up on the bed his mother got from the Veteran's Hospital when they were cleaning out the facility on 10th Avenue. Hu opened the cylinder and looked at the shell casings for a moment before deciding that it might be a good idea he unloaded the weapon before putting it away. His sister didn't have a habit of going through his things, but she was getting nosier everyday and he couldn't risk Li shooting herself. Inside the box was the sock and he used it again to wrap the gun up and put it back under all the junk on his closet floor. The box was laid under a pile of pants three sizes too small, some other boxes and a hockey mask, which lay on top. Should that mask move, Hu would know Li had been in there.

The deal tonight had gone very bad, but he still needed to make some money. He laid in bed, listened to the sounds of the city and thought about his next move. The cops were closing in too close to him. He didn't think they were after him, not yet anyway, but a couple more deals like this and he'd be public enemy number one. He drifted asleep and woke throughout the night remembering that the rent was going to be due again very soon.

"And here's your money, *Whojah*," Marco said handing Hu the four fifties. "Very nice doing biz wit'chu. Now if you'll esscuze me, I have to put this pretty little white stuff to some good use." Marco grinned with his tongue straight out like Gene Simmons of Kiss and tugged his crotch, then walked away. Hu watched him for a moment and then left himself.

That makes four deals today, Hu thought. Four successful deals with no cops. He sat behind the big oak in the park, far from any of the other park goers and counted his cash. He had had a kilo left over in his inventory and spent a day before breaking it up into smaller quantities. His mother and his sister went to visit some relatives and were gone most of the day, to Hu's delight and surprise. He made a variety of sizes, not knowing how they'd sell, he tried to figure out what sizes would go the best. After the deal with Marco, that made an easy twelve fifty in cash with plenty of inventory left over to make double that. It had been a real good day.

The idea came to him the morning following the bad deal. He sat on the front steps eating a Hoodsie ice cream cup when he saw Darryl make a deal Tony from the cellar. Tony from the cellar was a strict small timer, so small he made a rule to only sell to friends and people he's known for a long time. Tony from the cellar wasn't a big time dealer; he wasn't even a small time dealer. His sales could barely get him jail time if he was ever caught, but none of that mattered. Tony from the cellar had given Hu a great idea to start selling small time. He thought of people like Darryl who used on a small scale. Hu was first surprised that Darryl used, then realized it just wasn't any of his business what people did, unless it could benefit him on a retail level. Darryl's usage could in fact benefit him.

Hu never wanted to do small time deals. They got too risky. Either the buyer was a cop or a snitch or a first time user who'd have the bad luck to overdose. Hu had seen a couple small timers get

some cop action because one of their customers was a newbie to the shit and they overdosed on the first snort. To make matters worse, Hu always knew Murphy's Law would make the OD a daughter of a city councilman or son of a cop. It was never worth the lousy fifty bucks and Hu never trusted the odds unless they weighed heavily in his favor.

But selling small time could be a good change. So far if the cops were looking for him, they were looking for a wholesaler, not a retailer. Hu knew enough people who used small time to start a customer base. From there his business could grow to referrals. And he could make more money selling small quantities; it would just come in slower. He'd already broke even with the Marco sale. By the time he was done, he'd have a nice profit left over.

This could easily get out of hand, he thought. The cash would roll in fast and I wouldn't pay attention to who I was selling.

He'd have to pay attention. So far, he was good. Everyone he met today was clean, either by his association or someone else's. He smiled and stuffed the cash in his pocket. The money hid well in his baggy pants, and it came none too soon. The rent was due in a few days and with this he had enough to cover that and the utilities. He'd be all right for another month.

"But I do not understand why I can not register for classes here today," Hu said. He'd been in line at the registrar's all morning. There must have been a thousand people who went through here already and there's bound to be a thousand more. "I already tell you that I will have tuition *before* the start of classes. I have had bills before and always pay. Why not now?"

The woman behind the counter sighed. She'd given this speech a hundred or so times that day. "It is new policy for this year that no student will be allowed to register for classes until they have either paid for the semester or made payment arrangements." She started to shift through some papers, hoping Hu would walk away.

"Ok, fine, let's get payment arrangements then," he said. "I will just pay them all off before the semester, but I have to register for classes today."

"Payment schedules need to be made through accounting."

"Ok, accounting. Where is that?"

The woman sighed again. "Down the hall and to the left."

"Then I can register for my classes?"

"After proper payment and/or arrangements have been made, only then can students register for their Fall classes," the woman said.

“Thank you vedy much,” Hu said and left to go down the hall. He had a couple of classes that were going to be tough to get into this semester and he wanted to get into them. He thought about holding off on the rent, using that money to pay for the Fall semester, but he knew better. The rent was more important and school would have to wait for their money.

He walked down the hall and found the Accounting office. The office had cracked glass doors, just like the rest of Bryce Hall, and he pushed the right side open and walked in. The lines were shorter in this office, only three deep. He stood behind the last person and thought about the money again. He had cleaned out the last of the stuff, making a great profit and more importantly, no cops. The rest of the money went to paying bills and he set aside what was left to the next month. If he could stay ahead a little better than he has, paying the bills wouldn't stress him out as much and maybe he wouldn't have to sell as much during the school year to make the ends meet.

There was a three weeks before the start of the semester and that meant three good weeks of selling before school work would have to take over. Hu stared off to the left at the wall and thought about the economics. He didn't want to have to get extra inventory, but he would if he thought he could sell a lot more in the next few weeks. Extra purchase on his end meant a better price. Since he was selling smaller lots that meant more profit for him. He did the math quickly and realized that he could sell enough to pay all the bills through the Christmas season, and maybe have some left over to buy his mom a new bathrobe. Maybe he could get his sister a new winter coat. She looked to have out grown her coat last year, but had to wear it because they didn't have the money for a new one.

He moved up one in line and glanced at the teller behind the counter. She was certainly a student, he remembered her from the cafeteria last spring. Her blonde hair was hard to miss. Hu looked up at the tile ceiling and thought about numbers again. He could do it, if he could maintain his customers and get new ones. But as soon as school started, class work would have to take precedence. He wasn't going to pay all this money and not get his grades. As a rule, as a good rule, Hu never sold on campus. He needed that separation of worlds.

“Can I help you?”

Hu stared at the ceiling with his mouth open.

“Excuse me? I can take you now.”

Hu looked up and saw the blonde girl in front of him, smiling.

“Are you all set?” She giggled. “I didn't break your count did I?”

“Count? Oh, no, I not counting.”

“It just looked like you were counting the nooks in the ceiling tiles, that's all,” she said. “Cheer up, at least you're not in the Registrar's line.”

“I already been there. They send me here.”

“That’s ok, we’ll take you here,” she said. “Do you have your paperwork?” Hu pulled some papers out of this back pocket, unfolded them and handed them to the blonde girl. She took them, still smiling. “Ok, here we go. Hu Geeya?”

“Whojah,” he pronounced, but not so flamboyantly as others sometimes did.

“Hu Jia. Hu?”

“Ah, yes, Hu is correct,” he said.

“Well great Hu, I’m Melanie,” she said. “Very nice to meet you. Do you need to make a payment, verify a payment or create a payment schedule?”

“Ah, schedule, but I will pay it off before start of semester,’ he said fidgeting.

Melanie smiled and put up a stop hand. “That’s ok, we’re going to schedule it out the whole semester, so that you won’t have to worry about paying it all at once. If you plan to be here in the Spring, we encourage payment plan students to schedule for the whole year. It makes it easier when registering for the Spring classes. Is that something you’d like to do?”

“Ah yes, that is fine,” he said. It was going easier than he thought. “I will get paperwork to show registrar today?”

“Yes, you will and you will go into the computer to show your payment status, but I can actually register you here,” she said. “That way you won’t have to wait in that long line again.” She smiled and winked.

Hu felt flushed and smiled. “Thank you vedy much.”

“Oh it is no problem at all,” she said. “I’m a junior now, so it’s easier for me, but I remember being a freshman and sophomore, trying to register for classes and running into road blocks. It’s so hard to get the classes you want sometimes.” She typed information in to the computer, glancing at his paper work here and there. “Ok, you have an excellent account,” she said flashing her eyebrows, “no outstanding balances. If you have your course selection sheet, I can get you into those classes.”

“Oh sure,’ Hu said and handed her the heavy eight by five card.

Melanie looked the card over and set it between her monitor and the keyboard. “Hey, you’re taking Cold War History?” Hu nodded. “I’m taking that class too, same section. Well that’s cool, now I have a friend in there.” Hu smiled and Melanie finished inputting the information of Hu’s course selection into the computer. She tapped a button with her index finger and said, “Ok, just going to print this all out for you.” She turned around to the counter behind her left shoulder and stood at the printer. It spit out three sheets of paper. She took them and returned to Hu, who was staring at her at the window.

“Ok,” she said handing him one sheet. “This is you payment plan. Right now,” she pointed to the bottom figure, “you owe thirty-seven forty-two. These are the payment schedules. They’ll send you a bill every month as a reminder. If you overpay, they’ll credit you the next month.” She pulled

out the second sheet. "This is a statement of your account," she pointed again. "It says you are in good standing with the college, you are on the payment plan program and your tuition is being taken care of." She slid that page to him and pulled out the third. "And this is your schedule. See, you got in all your classes, especially Cold War History, which we're in together." She slid that page to him. "If you lose any of these, just come back and we can print you out new copies. But you're in the system, so you shouldn't have any problems." She smiled.

"Do I need to still register?" He asked.

Melanie shook her head. "Nope, I registered you already, so you all set for the First Day."

Hu nodded and smiled. "I thank you vedy much. You are vedy kind."

"Well you're very welcome," she said. "Hope to see you soon, Hu."

Hu nodded and stumbled while walking backwards. He bumped into the entrance doors as someone tried to come in. He waved and exited the Accounting office and out of Bryce Hall. Melanie watched him go for as long as she could see him.

"Hey man, you sure you want this much stuff?" Telly asked Hu. Hu nodded and gestured with his hands to hurry everything up. Telly was a cautious supplier for the Bossman. He knew Hu and knew he could be trusted, but bad accidents had happened lately every time Hu had made a deal with larger quantities. "This is three times what you usually wholesale and you even said yourself that you been retailing lately. This shit will go bad or get busted before you clear it."

Hu had his bag open on the table in the large dark cellar of the warehouse. He counted his cash for Telly. "Yes, I want it all. Hopefully, if all goes well, you won't hear from me for a while."

"What are you, retiring?" Telly asked. "The mighty fucking *Whojah* is retiring? HA! No way!"

"No retire," Hu said. "Just taking it slower."

"Yeah man, I can dig that," Telly said. "There is some mighty hot fucking heat out there these days. The Bossman almost didn't want to sell to you, seeing that some of your latest deals have not gone entirely unnoticed."

"I am clean, no cops."

"Yeah, you ain't got no cop problems, but some of your customers got some cop problems," Telly said. "Tony Strauss got himself in a big ol' sling the other week. Guinea fuck was caught with three keys hangin' out in the wind. Word is that you sold the shit to him."

Hu shook his head. "Tony not smart. I haven't sold to him in over a year, just before his cousin overdosed on the heroin."

“Hey man, just relaying what I’ve been told,” Telly said.

“And I tell it is not true. Make sure the Bossman understand it not true,” Hu said. “I have had my problems, yes, but no get caught. Tony been buying from other dealers. Do not know who, just other dealers.” Hu handed Telly the cash.

Telly flipped through the bills, counting but knew Hu was good for it all. “Hey, ma’ name’s Paul and I leave it to y’all. Whatever you say *Whojah* is good for me.”

“You make sure Bossman knows,” Hu said.

“I’ll tell the Bossman you send him your best,” Telly said smiling. “Always a pleasure to do biz with the Mighty *Whojah*.” Hu loaded up his bag, zipped it up and nodded. He slung the pack over his shoulder and Telly extended his hand. Hu shook it and Rumbles the guard led upstairs and then outside through a back entrance.

It took Hu two nights to segregate the stuff into smaller packages. He had to do it in his room after he was sure his mother and sister had fallen asleep. There was a small desk in his room from an elementary school his mother once worked on as cafeteria staff and he used that to divide it out. He worked through the night with a bandana wrapped around his forehead as to not drip sweat on the stuff. When he was done, he figured he had enough to get him through to spring. That was good; it would leave him free and clear to

(Melanie)

get his course work done and concentrate on other things

(Melanie from the accounting office)

than the rent and the bills. He needed a break. The business was getting too heavy, too hot to handle. He had less than three weeks before

(Melanie in your Cold War History class)

classes started and he had to sell all the stuff. He taped up the last package. He sat back a moment and took a deep breath. He kept thinking of Melanie in the accounting office, how Melanie was so nice to him and how she made a point to remark how they were both in the same class. Melanie who treated his as an equal and not a dealer or a delinquent. Melanie who would probably never go out with him or even look at him again, but he thought about her anyways. He also thought about how a girl like that would never, ever date a dealer like Hu. A girl like that doesn’t even know where Hu lives and would never go into a neighborhood like that. Still, he thought, there might be a chance. He loaded the packages into a brown paper bag and buried it in his closet out of sight. He wished he knew law and could figure out how many years in prison his closet could get him between the coke and the gun and whatever else might be in there. Maybe it was just as well he didn’t know.

He had some customers to visit tomorrow; a few said they knew people who were looking for a new supplier. Hu let them know he was only selling to familiars. The store wasn’t open to the general public. It would take a few days of sales to break even. After that, everything was gravy.

Four sales, four happy customers, Hu thought. He had a couple more stops before the end of his day and his inventory was quickly going down. His last four sales had been larger than expected and after yesterday's totals combined with what he thought he'd done today, he'd hit that break-even point. His next stop was to the barkeep at the Charlie's Tavern (they occasionally kept a little party favors handy for the better customers) and then some new guy, a friend of a friend who needed a little pick me up.

"I don't care what he needs," Hu said to himself after he left the three guys at Woodrow Deli. They'd bought enough to make his day alone. "Just as long as I can get my cash and get rid of my stuff." The new client was to meet Hu at a ball field on the other side of town. Hu arranged the meeting to happen after his last drop off, which wasn't far from there.

"Glad to have you small time for a change, dude," the bartender at Charlie's said. The bar was dark and no one was there except an old man at the other side of the bar. "You always have the good stuff." He handed Hu the cash and Hu slid it in his pocket, feeling the large wad that was already there.

"Anytime," Hu said slinging the backpack over his shoulder. "You know how to get a hold of me for refills." Hu nodded and the barkeep gave Hu a salute. Hu was out the door before he could finish.

Hu saw a curly dark haired guy walk towards the bleachers. Hu sat on the bottom step with his backpack in hand. The man approached him. "Got a light?" He asked.

"I not smoke," Hu replied.

"Got a cork screw then?"

"No, no cork screw."

The dark haired man slid his hand in his pocket. He didn't well to Hu and his left arm was still in a sling. "Are you the mighty *Whojal?*"

"Who wants to know?"

The dark haired man looked around and his foot shook. "The boys sent me, told to meet you here. I'm Mar-."

“I don’t need to know who you are,” Hu said standing. “We don’t do this in the open.” Hu gestured his head towards a dugout. “Step over here.”

The dark haired man followed Hu. “Into your office.”

After Hu walked inside, he said, “You no cop?”

The man shrugged nervously. “No, I’m not a cop. I just need a little something for the pain. I was in a car accident recently, almost died, you know?”

Hu opened his bag and pulled out a small package, but not before looking around. “This the size you want?”

The man nodded. “Yeah, yeah I guess that’ll do. It was three hundred right? That’s what I was told.”

“Yes, three hundred.” Hu passed him a package, the man handed over fifteen twenties. Hu looked around again. “Whatever you do, you no tell anyone about this exchange or no more business we do, ok?”

The man nodded again. “Yeah, sure. It’s all cool. Thanks.” Hu looked at the cash and counted it. He nodded to the man. “So, if I need -.”

“You need more, you tell Johnny you need more. He get to me. That how it works,” Hu said. He stuffed he money in his pocket.

“All right then,” the man said. “I’ll be seeing ya then.” He turned and walked out of the dugout and back across the field. Hu watched him go for a few minutes and then left himself.

“Can you get him that many grams for Tuesday?” Mario asked Hu.

“I can do that,” Hu said. He had just enough to sell to Mario’s accountant friend. The rest of the bundle was due to go to another friend of Tommy Nass on the other side of town. Tommy’s friend Jimbo wanted a shit load, almost a wholesale sale for some big Labor Day party he was throwing on his boat. Hu didn’t care; it was a big score that would set him good for a while. At the rate he had been selling, it would have taken Hu at least a dozen more sales to get rid of the stuff. Now with Tommy’s friend and Mario’s friend, the inventory was going to be gone and not a moment too soon. Hu wanted to rest over the long weekend, relax before classes were to start that following Wednesday.

“Great, *Whojah*, you da shit,” Mario said. “There a parking lot by the old mills, near that pool hall. You know where I’m talking?” Hu did. “Meet him there. He’ll be in the white Beamer.”

That was going to work out nicely. The mills were along the river, which was near the same docks Tommy Nass’s friend had his boat where that meeting was going to be. Finally Hu was coming

into some good fortune. Another day or so and he'd be good to go. These last two sales would carry him to spring.

He packed the packages into his backpack. There were all kinds of stuff still in the backpack and he promised himself to clean it out right after all these deals were done. Most of it was papers and a couple of books he kept in there, one being an English to Chinese dictionary. He thought of school and how excited he was to start. He thought of Melanie, the girl in the accounting office. He thought of meeting with her to study. He knew it was all a long shot, but he had dreams and they were harmless.

The rain was coming down pretty good by the time Hu got to the mill area. There weren't a lot of people around, but he saw that white BMW almost right away. Damned fool for having such a car, Hu thought. Sticks out like a sore thumb. Hu walked over towards it and two men got out. As he approached, the one of the driver's side said, "You must be the Mighty *Whojah*. I'm Mario's friend." Hu nodded and pointed to the walkway along the river. "Yeah, maybe we'd be better elsewhere." Hu walked over to the edge and down the steps. The two men from the Beamer followed. Hu got to a point that was under an overpass and stopped. "Here?" Hu nodded.

The driver pulled an envelope out of his coat pocket and handed it over to Hu. Hu took it, flipped through the cash inside and took his backpack off his shoulder. He set his it down and opened it. He pulled out the smaller package and handed it to the man. The man smiled and shoved it into his jacket pocket. "Very nice," he said. "See, this is the man. I'm tellin' ya." His friend grinned and nodded his head. Then the man extended his hand. "Nice doing business with you." Hu shook his hand and started to turn away when the sirens went off.

"Oh fuck, the cops," the friend said. The two men turned to Hu Jia, but Hu was already half way down the parkway, running.

The two men took off, climbing a hill nearby. They got to the top and were greeted by two cruisers. They had no where to go."

Hu ran like the wind. He didn't think, just ran. The sirens were chasing him from the street above. There wasn't anyplace for him to go. To his left and up was a street lined with cops. To his right was the river and ahead was open. He could feel the cop on his back, the one chasing him. He didn't want to prove himself right and look behind him, but he had to see his odds. Hu got to another overpass, dipped into the shadows and looked back from where he came. There in fact was a cop chasing him, he wasn't far behind and it was that same cop from the last two bad deals. Of all the rotten luck, he thought and took off again.

A sergeant pulled up to the cruiser with the two BMW guys in the back. An officer was filling out paperwork in the front seat of his cruiser. The sergeant was draped with a raincoat and his thinning hair slicked back. He had another nine months on the job before retirement and he was deter-

mined to get every dealer he could before he left. The sergeant approached the driver's side. "What do we got?"

"Hey, Sarge," the officer said. "We got these two buying and Martinelli's got the seller on the run. Probably has him by now."

"Who are these two?"

"The one on the left is Heinze, Jeremy A. of Calef Road and the other is Morasutto, Francis Xavier of Chestnut Street. Both are 29 years of age."

The sergeant paused for a moment. "What was the last one's name?"

"Morasutto of Chestnut Street."

"Morasutto?" He poked his head inside the car. "You related to a Tony Morasutto?"

Morasutto winked his nose. "I ain't saying shit until I speaks wit my lawyer."

The sergeant nodded. "That's what I figured." He pulled his head out the car. "That asshole is the brother of a detective on the force." The officer's jaw dropped and he nearly dropped the clipboard. "Get on the horn that Detective Morasutto may want to come down the station tonight. Actually, send a cruiser to pick him up." The sergeant grinned.

Hu found his opening, it was a long shot and it was disgusting, but it was a way out. On the other side of the bridge, there was a sewer pipe shooting out and into the dirt. Hu could fit in there. He'd get wet and his inventory would probably get trashed, but he wouldn't get busted, not today. Sprinting across the street, Hu jumped the railing on the other side and slid down an embankment. The cop, John Martinelli, the same cop who'd chased Hu numerous times before, dodged a couple cars and nearly got hit.

Hu got to the opening and didn't look back or think twice. He went in headfirst and slid to freedom. There was a "Hold it" from the cop, but that was the last he heard from him.

Martinelli got to the sewer pipe and stopped, out of breath. He pulled out his phone and called his partner.

"Yeah, Frankie, where does this pipe go?" He asked. He was frantic and looked around to find a sewer worker. There was none to be found.

Frank Marshall was in the unmarked, headed right to his partner when the call came through. "No idea, we'll get the Water Department on it." He pulled the cruiser to the bridge with the single red bulb flashing on the dashboard. Marshall got out of the car and joined his partner at the pipe entrance. "Water department's finding out where it goes, John."

Martinelli shook his head. "Goddamnit, I had that guy, I finally had him."

"You know him?"

"No, I don't think so, but there again, I feel like I've chased that asshole before, I swear I have," Martinelli said. "I may not get him today, but I will get him." He held a finger up to his face. A voice came over to the radio. Marshall ran to the car to answer it. "I swear to God you little mother-fucker, I will get you," Martinelli said to no one.

"Go ahead," Marshall said.

"Yeah that pipe looks like it ends, but it doesn't. It goes into the plant treatment center about four blocks from there. If you hurry, you may be able to catch out on the other side."

"Roger that," Marshall said. "John, come on. He's coming out the other end." Martinelli ran and jumped into the car. Her wasted no time getting on the radio to order backup to the treatment plant off Commercial Street. Marshall raced to the plant, siren wailing. As soon as it was gone, Hu poked his head out of the end of the pipe. He had slid fifty yards before stopping and waiting for the cops to leave. There was no one around. He waited until dark before got out of the pipe and made his way out of the area in the shadows.

- end -