

## *A Recipe 4 Revenge*

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A faint buzzing sensation radiates on Sasha's leg. A direct result of the ankle bracelet she is wearing to keep her parole officer aware of her immediate whereabouts.

"Damn! I only have thirty minutes to get home!"

Still puffing on a marijuana blunt received from a partygoer earlier in the day, Sasha shifts her seat back and cleverly blows the smoke out of the passenger side window. The

driver and longtime friend, Dre, is a former love interest who has accompanied Sasha out to an affluent suburb in Westchester County, New York. Dre speeds up, relentlessly headed toward the George Washington Bridge, which crosses back into the state of New Jersey.

"I'll get you home in time," Dre promises.

Dre is weaving in and out of traffic like a man possessed and continues to accelerate without a care in the world. A repeat offender like Sasha, Dre's driver's license is suspended and the car he is currently driving has no insurance or registration. Two things he has carelessly neglected to share with Sasha. It also happens to be a Sunday evening on the last day of the month, and there appears to be an unusually high number of police officers on standby—most likely looking to fill their quota for the month.

Sure enough, an overzealous officer in an unmarked squad car waves his radar gun in the direction of Dre's vehicle as he attempts to slow down, albeit a bit too late for all parties involved. Flashing lights appear seemingly out of nowhere and the loud sirens of the squad car can be heard over Dre's music blasting from his front and rear car speakers.

“DAMN!” Dre blurts out.

“I told you to slow down!” Sasha yells. “I swear, for someone so damn smart, you sometimes do the dumbest things!”

Dre has a cunning and calculating look on his face. It is an expression that Sasha knows all too well. A look that has gotten her into trouble in the past and got Dre a three year bid back in the day. “Don’t you even dare think about it,” Sasha says.

Normally, Dre listens to Sasha’s every word, but today is different. He has his own agenda going on, and unfortunately for Sasha, she is now helplessly caught up in it.

As Dre contemplates pulling over and making a run for it, Sasha pleads with him not to.

“If they check the plates, I violate my parole,” Dre says.

“And then my black a\*\* is going back to jail!”

“So now you think about that?” Sasha declares.

A lone bead of sweat slides down Dre’s forehead as he slams down on the accelerator pedal, almost crashing into a station wagon driving conservatively in front of him in the passing lane.

“Sorry, ma, but I ain’t going back to jail!”

Dre is now feverishly changing lanes in moderately heavy traffic on the New Jersey Turnpike as the squad car follows closely behind. The sound of sirens grows louder as the squad car inches closer in pursuit.

“I swear to Christ, if I go back to jail...”

Sasha's comment falls on deaf ears as Dre remains silent. He is too busy focusing on the traffic which increases as they travel further south. The only recourse is to get off at the next service station stop, which is about four miles from their intended destination. Dre's plan is simple: ditch the car and jack someone for their ride so they can escape effortlessly and undetected. It is a plan that holds very little merit if Dre is unable to create some distance between him and the squad car that is still behind him.

The lights on the squad car appear almost magnified, and various onlookers do their best to get out of the way. Sasha and Dre are aware that within seconds, additional squad cars will be called in and apprehension will be imminent.

"Can't you lose him?!" Sasha yells in obvious frustration.

Dre maintains his silence and continues his quest to get off at the next possible exit. He moves over into the far left lane and somehow manages to cut in front of a tractor trailer at the last possible moment, temporarily evading the squad car that is in hot pursuit.

"He is three cars behind us," Sasha yells.

Dre maintains his composure, refusing to allow his anxiety to intervene. No matter what, he is a pro, and if Sasha is going to be in a situation like this with anyone, she would want it to be with him. After all, Dre has gone down this dark path before, and will not hesitate to do whatever is necessary to maintain his freedom.

"Get off there!" Sasha yells, pointing to the upcoming rest stop.

Doing as instructed, Dre cuts across two lanes at the last possible minute. The squad car, unable to get across in time, slams on his

brakes, coming to a dead stop on the side of the turnpike emergency area.

“This place is gonna be packed with cops any minute now,” Dre says.

Without hesitation, Dre pulls his car over and instructs Sasha to get out. Seizing the first chance he gets, Dre rushes over to an elderly couple getting into their metallic silver Honda Accord. He waves a gun in the driver’s face and motions for both of them to exit and promptly walk away from the vehicle. Several patrons stop in their tracks to witness what is taking place. Fearing for their lives, the elderly couple quickly complies with Dre’s request.

“Hurry up and get in!” Dre emphatically says.

Within a matter of seconds, Dre and Sasha are back on the New Jersey Turnpike and temporarily safe from police detection. Sasha demands to be dropped off around the corner from her place of residence and instructs Dre to lose her phone number.

Dre had almost single-handedly caused her to once again be arrested and jailed, and she has privately made a sworn promise to remove herself from the presence of those who can jeopardize her ability to stay from behind bars. So, for the time being, Dre and Sasha are not on speaking terms— at least until he can be of service to her again!