

Red Lights
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By
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If you are putting up a show, you better have security.

The tongue inside the speedometer case spasmed at 145 kilometers an hour. Girder above that held the big red light dared stop his agony. The traffic in 4-way junction broke in to a jigsaw exclamation as his bike tilted to an almost sleeping right and the breaks screeched to a whimpering pause till it could get back to an adrenaline-thrusting motion on its circular legs with anti-skid traction tires.

Settling pace with the car he was after, he flagged his hand at the car, commanding the driver's attention. Dressed in a party suit the driver frowned at the waving arm. Man in shotgun with an inebriated Mohawk on his head pressed the window down from a button on the deck. "Ssup Bitch?" He condescended to the biker.

Biker smiled at the Mohawk. "This your car, my friend?" He was polite in his asking.

The question was directed at both. The driver and the Mohawk.

"Why your momma gonna needa ride in this?" Concluding with a giggle, man behind the wheel spoke this time with a provocative tongue gesture. A silver dumbbell flashed in his tongue.

Mohawk guffawed adding, "On this you mean?" and in repeat cupped his privates. Driver and Mohawk both share a private moment.

A city bus divided their near conjoined pace together. Biker came back around and caught up with the car again.

With a look of satisfaction the biker posed, "Based on the answers you two have given, I take it that this is indeed your car along with the sticker on the rear windshield."

"Now I git'it. Dude wants to send his mami." Mohawk nudges his friend/driver and they both raise hands to commemorate a high five.

"Pleased. You see that signal there?" Biker pointed his hand in riding gloves to the traffic signal that was 200 metres ahead of them. "Before the red comes up on it, your car will be painted red." Biker announced in a cool cucumber demeanour.

Bitng intensely on the biscuit of babel, Mohawk and the driver both stared at each other and then back at the biker.

It was not the biker that they saw. Mohawk's eye was punched back far inside the skull by the very thing it caught a mini second memory of - the silent death end of a gun. Blood spewed on the biker's glove in right hand, as the pierced-tongue driver's heart declined to beat another transaction, for it was punctured by a sharp 9mm body piercing madman made of civilised copper.

Panic-struck swerve on the electronic steering, earned him another madman on his chin from the biker and with that the car toppled and hit the asbestos fencing of an empty plot that had laid tier-1 foundation to build a 60-storey luxury housing property.

Sticker on the rear windshield, ***"Shh! Your Girlfriend On Board. Cum Inside Or Tape Us Cum On Her"*** was crackled in to several unreadable pixels over the windshield's circumstantial trauma.