

# **SAMPLE EXCERPTS**

## **FOR PUSH COMES TO SHOVE by Oasis**

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### **Excerpt 1.**

Kitchie pointed to the light pole while coming up the driveway. "What did I tell y'all hard-headed butts about being outside when them street lights are on?"

"It's more light out here than it is in there." Secret aimed a thumb toward the house.

Junior skipped to Kitchie. "Something's wrong with the lights. They broke, Ma."

Kitchie sat the duffle bag down, looked at the dark interior of their home, and began to cry.

### **Excerpt 2.**

GP: "Rent-A-Center stuck me up yesterday. I got five days to pay the bank or the foreclosure is final." He choked on the smoke then released it. "And the list goes on: Junior wants a bike—which he deserves. Secret needs, and wants, new clothes to keep up with the Joneses. She's a good kid, too."

Jewels: "You need some money, homeboy. It's cool to have big dreams and shit." She tugged at his Street Prophet shirt. "But you got a good wife and kids, too. They don't deserve to get dragged through a mud puddle while you chase your rainbow." She

averted her gaze to her kick-boxing trophies lining the top of the entertainment center. "It's not about you no more, GP. You need to come up or do something to start contributing to your social security. Do your cartoons on the side. Fool, you ain't young no more; you got real responsibilities."

"Twenty-seven ain't old."

"It's too old to be dead broke."

### **Excerpt 3.**

GP climbed the stairs and stood in the entrance of his bedroom. His family was bunched together on the bed. Two candles had burned down to their base, casting small flames from both nightstands.

GP dashed out of the back door and into the garage. He dumped his tool box onto the concrete. *Why is the world caving in on me all at once?* He grabbed a monkey wrench then went to the light meter that was fastened to the aluminum siding. With rage and frustration driving him, it only took four determined tugs to break the meter's lock.

"What are you doing?" Kitchie's brown eyes were plagued with concern.

He snatched the meter out. "What does it look like?" He removed the plastic breakers obstructing the electrical current. He shoved the meter back in place.

The house illuminated.

"There's no way in hell we're gonna sit in the dark looking crazy at each other. I'm doing the best with what I got to work with, and I'm not willing to let the little bit of food that we have in the fridge go bad."

Kitchie folded her arms and turned to go inside but paused long enough to see her meddlesome neighbor watching them from his kitchen window. *Nosy old bastard.*

#### **Excerpt 4.**

GP couldn't stand to look across the conference table to see Kitchie handcuffed. He lowered his head and sighed. Kitchie was an emotional wreck. He could tell that she had spent the majority of last night bawling and stressing. This was the longest time they had ever spent apart since Junior's birth. GP felt her eyes searching the small room for his, but he refused to make the connection. *You're worthless; you'll never amount to nothing.* Mr. Reynolds had invaded his thoughts.

#### **Excerpt 5.**

The Reynolds name sent a shock wave of fear through Kitchie that only a mother could feel. She remembered in great detail all the horrific stories GP had shared with her about his experiences under the supervision of Mr. Reynolds. She had been rubbing him down for years with cocoa butter and love in an

effort to mend his wounds and emotional scars. Tears leaked from her eyes as she constantly shook her head.

**Excerpt 6.**

The hatred shared between their silent exchanges caused Kitchie's skin to crawl. Their silence seemed to communicate more than words possibly could. For Mr. Reynolds, the loathing had begun when GP was only nine years old. He'd discovered that GP had stolen a family heirloom of coins to buy a damn Van Gogh drawing pad and a set of 36 prism-color oil pencils. The handful of coins turned out to be worth over a million dollars. For GP, the loathing began when the beatings and various forms of mental torture wouldn't stop.

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