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*Extract from
a newly completed novel
by Jamie Collinson*

What he needed to do would start a war. For that, he needed permission.

The city was still gloomy. Big, dark clouds hung low over LA, and more rain was due. The place looked like shit in this weather. LA was a city designed for hot sunshine, not for storm clouds. It felt like doom was on the way, which as far as he was concerned, it was.

Fuck that – for *him* it had already arrived. His brother was dead and his sister’s life was wrecked. His eyes were throbbing with anger as he drove. He felt rage that he could barely contain, that only action could hold back. It was like his head was filled with burning fuel, annihilating thought, scalding him inside.

Forward motion was the only thing that seemed to cool it. Being in the car felt like he was doing something. He had to make sure doom came for some other people now, too.

He picked up Big Ghost at the corner of 105th and South Vermont. Big Ghost used to be just Ghost, but then a kid in their crew had been given the name too. The little pale skin, not survived gunshots have, and come dead. So now it was Ghost.

His own name because he ate a he was a little she told everybody.

name, and she wore a scar on her face that he made with a knife. He grew to like the name, but he was pretty sure she hated that fucking scar.



homie got it for his because he’d that he shouldn’t back from the Big Ghost and Lil

was Vulture, girl’s pussy when homie himself, and Now he wore the

He only wanted one homie with him. Too many people made too much chaos, and him and Ghost were good at this shit. They were both wearing black Vans with long black shorts and hoodies. In the car they kept the hoods down because the last thing they needed just then were cops. Ghost did that without needing to be told, which was one of the reasons Vulture picked him. That, and the fact they’d been friends for most of their eighteen years on earth.

They slowed outside a house on 107th. A skinny kid was sat on the porch, his white socks pulled up above his own Vans. He looked both ways, walked quickly to the car, and dropped a canvas bag through the window. He turned away again without a word, and went back to the porch.

Vulture didn't want to waste time. Once he had permission he intended to be ready. He hadn't told Ghost, but he was going to do this whether he got it or not. He needed to kill someone who wasn't involved – who had nothing to do with gangs. And that was a big thing to ask.

Photograph: *Waking in Dreams*, THEONEPOINTEIGHT