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Chapter 1. Part 1

It's time

September 19 2025

It's Time for the Percolator

Could be heard from blocks away like a
calling...

It's time for the percolator was like the Bat signal
if you weren't already dancing you jump at

the chance.

It's time (like a howl of a wolf seeing prey to devour) this call was famous here. This siren calls spirits of all kind and tonight as we dance we welcome it all, (well at least I know I did.)

I'm Home place home of the Deep Dish Pizza, Footwork and Famous Gangster Al Copone. Yes, you guess it, im in the Chi. at a Backyard house party on my block in the Summer of 94. I'm a Thirsty 18yr. just graduated African American Male on the South side.

I knew I was fresh, Lined up High Top Curly fade, balled on the sides. New Nike

freshly ironed TSHIRT, High Top Nike Air Force 1. Only missing my Thick Gold herringbone necklace.

I'm in the party with my guys from my block and we try to touch feel rub on any girl that will let us. The music got us wild'n and we all beat our bodies together like a crazy hup fest. There are several hood dance rituals being performed. 1 of the circles was becoming increasingly popular because of the young female dancing exotic and sexually with her chosen

partner. The crowd continued to grow around the couple as the music seemed to consume her. As if she let a spirit take controlling her of her body and she allowed

herself to be used for the very intimate sexually encounter with clothes as the only boundaries from penetration. Looking to the other circles and I see similar dancing rituals being performed. 1 circle the girl was bent over touching her toes another circle the girl sitting on the young man. Nothing matters in that moment within each circle. The Spirit of Lust consumes all of our minds and all that is left is to test to see how

provocative, how nasty and how close we can get to the edge.

Meanwhile there is some argument growing behind me:

"Hey Dog, I didn't know that she was with you but she was dancing on me."

Maybe it's the heat being 90 degrees on this hot summer night or maybe it was me but I could feel the atmosphere change. It's too much going on in this small space. I tell 1 of my homes yo I'm gonna go to the front of the house for a min.

As I was walking out

It got weird...

Like a new spirit enter into this space.

The argument got louder and the party felt like it was getting out of control. More

people came out of the backyard to the front alone with the 2 young men arguing.

I'm standing in the street and now there is a crowd of about 30 young people yelling at each other.

For a brief moment every thing slow down.

I could still hear the music in the backyard yard tanting "Uh, oh, I Need, uh, oh, I need, uh, oh, I need, UH OH I NEED"

"Can you hear me, hear me!!

CAN YOU HEAR ME, HEAR ME"

THIS NEW SPIRIT WAS

Like EGGING US ON

Fight FIGHT

YOU COULD FEEL THIS.....

UNCONTROLLABLE ANGER and RAGE

CONSUMING...

THIS NEW FEELING WAS UNSTOPPABLE

As the 2 young men argued under the lit street lights the 2 young men became the center of the cypher. Rahim was a

childhood friend of mine and the other guy was a unknown guess at the party.

The unknown young man got the last word and broke through the circle of people and walked

over to some nearby bushes to retrieve a hidden dark weapon.

The crowd spreads as Rahim sprints away from everyone to a nearby alle on the opposite side of the street. As he disappears into the darkness of the alle my life went back into slow motion.

Even the music slowed down.

The young man with the weapon stepped over to where Rahim ran now only several feet away from me. I watched this young man raise the black firearm to his eye level and aim in the direction of the alley.

I can see the fire escape from the gun as the weapon was unloading in that direction. I turned and yelled GO GO AS I HEARD SHOTS BEING FIRED TOWARD OUR DIRECTION.

NOW IN FULL SPEED I'M RUNNING AND YELLING AS I kick my sleeping wife laying next to me.

In a second I went from yelling telling everyone to run to waking up in bed yelling and kicking from past trauma that still haunts me in my dreams.

Hey Babe are you OK?

You kicked me...again

I'm sorry I was running and your leg tripped
me.

Really....

You can play all you want, I hope you
telling your therapist you still having
nightmares.

Yes yes