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# PREACHERMAN BLUES

*“Whoever controls the images,  
controls your self-esteem, self-respect,  
and self-development. Whoever controls  
the history, controls the vision.”*

*Dr. Leonard Jeffries*

## PROLOGUE

“**F**ifty dollars?” The sing-song voice had all but disappeared. “Negro...” The same fingernail that ran up the length of TJ’s arm a minute ago was now threatening to stab him in the chest. “You really thought I was gon’ open my legs for your old crusty behind for fifty damn dollars?”

TJ looked around the small church, knowing good and well they were the only ones there. Suddenly, he grabbed her arm and pulled her “kiss close”. In a low, guttural tone, he replied, “A deal is a deal. I gave you twenty the first time for nothing. The second time I gave you thirty so your momma could get your lights turned back on. And both times you promised that you’d come back to play.”

“Ouch. You’re hurting me,” she whined.

He released her arm.

“No more games, Pastor Money, I swear. I just need one more tiny favor, and I promise I’m all yours,” she said, licking her bright red lipstick stained lips.

TJ crossed his arms and legs, trying to prevent Tracy from seeing the bulge emerging from the crotch of his gray slacks.

## *JHAD*

“Aunt Carmen ain’t got no money, and she tired of getting slapped around by her husband, Ray. She need sixty dollars to buy a gun so he can’t come get her when she move in with us. I swear to God—”

“Don’t swear,” TJ interrupted her.

“Promise to God, cross my heart, hope to die, stick a brick in my eye—you give me that money right now and I’ll be back in twenty.”

Tracy’s small chest heaved and her little nipples threatened to break through the tight cotton wife-beater she wore.

With his eyes still glued to her chest, he reached inside the small bank bag with the day’s tithes and offerings. “I’m going into God’s pocket for you, little lady. You can take it or leave it, but I’m tellin’ you, if you don’t make good on your promise, I’ll be around to collect what you owe God.”

## *JHAD*