

R. A. ROBINSON

THUGGIN IN MIAMI



THE FAMILY IS MADE



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Table of Contents

Chapter 1.....	15
Chapter 2.....	32
Chapter 3.....	54
Chapter 4.....	70
Chapter 5.....	83
Chapter 6.....	101
Chapter 7.....	122
Chapter 8.....	147
Chapter 9.....	164
Chapter 10.....	195
Chapter 11.....	221
Chapter 12.....	247
Chapter 13.....	264
Chapter 14.....	277
Chapter 15.....	294
Chapter 16.....	307
Chapter 17.....	327
Chapter 18.....	343
Chapter 19.....	360
Chapter 20.....	381
Chapter 21.....	388
Chapter 22.....	404
About the Author	423
Acknowledgement.....	426
Message from the Author	428

This book is dedicated to my lovely daughter who is my purpose for living, Rin-niya L Robinson, and Mikel "Comcast" Mittal for believing in my dream, and helping to make it a reality.

And to those who are dearly departed, my father Adolphus E Gary, my beautiful mother Carol Robinson, and my loving grandmother Bessie Robinson, I love you all, and this one's for you.

-R.A. Robinson

Chapter 1

“Yes, Adulfus E. Gary was a good man! A giving man!” the preacher called from the pulpit, voice full of righteous vibrato. From the front pew, Richard Gary could see the droplets of sweat beading on the pastor’s brow. Every time the short, pudgy man raised his hands towards the heavens to emphasize a point, the yellow sweat stains in the armpits of his white Oxford shirt became visible. New perspiration now filled the yellow rings.

Adulfus E. Gary? Can't use street names at funerals, I suppose.

Had the funeral not been for his father, otherwise known as “Big Wine,” Richard never would have known whom the pastor was speaking of, but he had to admit that the government issued name made things easier. It gave the funeral an impersonal feel. Impersonal kept Richard from crying.

“*Psssst!*” whispered Alicia, Richard’s youngest sister. She leaned forward and waved her tissue in his direction, trying to catch his attention. Black mascara streamed down her face. The black rings around her eyes reminded Richard of a raccoon. “Boy, you a’ight?”

Her question resonated in his mind, took him back to a memory of his father.

“Rick-Rick! Boy, you a’ight?” Big Wine asked. Little Richard could tell that his father was searching his face, trying to understand what he might be thinking, or maybe feeling.

Richard couldn't understand, let alone explain the feelings swarming through his body then. He only knew that he felt sad, empty. Everyone around him cried and sobbed. They all looked so sad. Maybe they missed his Momma too. Where had she gone?

"Yeah, Daddy, but why everybody crying?" Richard asked, looking up at his father. Richard's father looked away, his gaze distant. That big face, normally so full of happiness, looked so sad and lonely. Maybe he missed Momma too, Richard had thought. "Daddy, where my momma at?" Big Wine slowly brought his gaze back to Richard's. No words were spoken as father and son sat in that church pew, but Richard understood the look in his father's eyes enough to know his Momma was gone and she wasn't coming back.

"Rich!" Alicia yelled, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings or the inappropriateness of yelling in the middle of a funeral proceeding; she only cared about grabbing Richard's attention. Still seeing no notable signs that he'd

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