

Reagan looked back at the crew to notice the single line they'd formed almost like they were in a police line-up. He couldn't help but study their distinctive mugs, postures, physiques. He wanted to store each of their individual make-ups in his membrane for future references. He already knew there was going to come a time when he was going to have to recall exactly what they looked like. That's just how it was in the cops and robbers game they played in the hood.

The first two he noticed was Religion and Justice and how much they looked like brothers. Both were extremely tall, standing at 6'5" and rather slim. Reagan guessed they might have weighed about 200 to 250 pounds each. Both of them wore short templed fades, polo gear and blue denim jeans. The only difference between the two was one was slightly taller than the other. Their age is what particularly startled Agent Reagan. Neither one of them looked a day over 20 or 21; young, black, and dangerous. Definitely a waste.

Then there was Equal, who was relatively shorter than the duo but obviously a degree older. Equal looked like he was in his late thirties. He had a square face that kind of gave him a boxer look. His 5'10" frame and 180-pound build made him look as though he was in his prime. He was.

And there was Glory and Burden, both pretty boys who both served small feds. There was no doubt in his mind that they knew the game. The only question was, did they know how high the stakes were for ex-drug offenders, who stood in front of a blue dog judge armed with a sentencing guidelines manual that's used to calculate Draconian sentences?

Such a waste. But, "I'll see you guys around", Agent Reagan thought to himself as he turned to face his partner while walking out of the door.

"Yeah, I betcha will," Brick smirked. "I betcha will..."