

Hail Mary
By Garin Turner

"Man I told you we shouldn't have come to this neighborhood," Don said.

"If all you're going to do is complain then you should've stayed home," Ed said.

"Look in your rearview mirror man, we're black it's 1970 we shouldn't be here," Don said.

It was a pretty eventful night would soon take a turn for the worse. Both Don and Ed had accepted scholarships to play football at Grambling State University. It was a dream of theirs to play college football together. Despite being the best of friends, they both came from different backgrounds.

"Man you need to chill nothing is going to happen to us. So we ran out of gas, this is the best night ever. Nobody and I mean nobody can touch us," Ed said.

"This has been a night to remember. Speaking of remembering, you need to remember where we live man. This is the south. We're in Alabama we're not in Minnesota," Don said.

"Oh, here we go again for the 100th time. I know where we're at," Ed said.

Ed was growing tired of hearing the same story every time Don got worried. Don was from Minnesota and didn't experience much racism while Ed living in Alabama all of his life hardly went a day without seeing some form of violence due to racism.

"What's with you and this as long as it hasn't happened to me it won't happen to me attitude? You think you're invisible," Don said.

"Look, man, you're not going to ruin this for me, not tonight! Every time in the past you've worried absolutely nothing has happened," Ed said.

"Well excuse me, we happen to be two black men in the richest, whitest neighborhood in town and we're out of gas. Oh and did I mention it was midnight and its past curfew," Don asked?

Ed was about to respond when the pulsating sounds started. His body suddenly cold; he was a few moments away from Don seeing what he had for lunch. "Is that who I think it is," Ed asked?

"Yup, it's the police so what's the plan now Mr. Invisible, Mr. Nothing will ever happen to us," Don asked.

"Don't come at me with that, not right now. We're not going to run I know that much," Ed said.

The sirens finally stopped. The police car came to a complete stop. The two men started to wonder if this was their last night on earth. Or maybe they would go to jail that would be the lesser of two evils. The window eerily lowered and a light bright enough to light up the darkest of nights shined on the two men.

"What seems to be the problem tonight gentlemen? You do know it's past midnight," the policeman asked?

"Well you see sir, that's our car back there, and I swear to you we were on our way home and we ran out of gas," Ed said.

"We aren't looking for any trouble officer," Don said.

"Wait a minute, I know the both of you. Aren't you Don and Ed the football players," the policeman asked?

"Yes sir," both Don and Ed said simultaneously.

"I knew it, anybody who can help the team win the state championship is okay with me! Now, do you guys need a ride home? My buddy drives a tow truck I can have the car transported to either of your houses," the policeman said.

"You mean we're not in trouble? No ticket for being out past curfew," Ed asked?

"I thought everybody here hated black people," Don said.

"Heck no, you guys aren't in any trouble. You're going to Grambling State I'd be celebrating too," the policeman said.

"News sure does travel fast," Ed said.

"Son, unfortunately, there are a lot of people who don't care for your kind, but I'm not one of them, and there's a lot more like me," the policeman said.