

The Lies I told ~~Lies~~

It was the morning of November 8, 2007 when Cash woke up. Today he would have to do a terrible deed to join the East side killers. He put on his clothes attempting to be thuggish and went down stairs to tell his foster mother he would be home later. Cash soon hurried out of the door so he could go meet up with his friend at a park. When he first arrived to the park he was excited, From the thought of joining a gang ignited. Nearby he saw his friend Chauncie who was also joining the same day. Chauncie came up and they started to think about what they would have to do.

"Maybe we will have to rob a liquor store or mug somebody," Cash told Chauncie.

"Yeah, man I can't wait till they get here to see what is going to happen.

The East side killers, known for their ^{wise} rage and high amount of crime. Johnny the gang leader came up and said, "Are ya'll ready because today I will see

who can stand up and be a man, ~~in my gang~~.^{nodded} The both ~~shook~~ their heads ^{signaling} ~~quickly with~~ a yes.

Out of know where Cash got fear in his stomach wondering if he was really ready to go through with this. He started to think about his foster mom and how she had took him in when he was five from a life of a crack head mother, and how she chose a black boy to be her son. They lived in the suburbs and everyone knew that, but Cash knew he had to prove to his friends that he wasn't just a black kid from the suburbs. He thought about how his mother told him he could be whatever he wants and not fall into life of the streets and he believed her but he knew he could not turn around now.

Chancie pinched Cash and said, "Snap out of it Johnny is trying to tell you what to do." Cash a little shaken up asked, "Are we doing it together or something different for the both of us[?] and what will happen if I don't want to do it[?] Johnny quickly snapped and said, "You will do it alone and if you try and leave now it will be from a gunshot to your head. "But I'm only 17 I can't," Cash ^{still in the hood.} ¹⁸ _{only 18.}

quickly stuttered. ^{No.} "Oh you will do what I say, but common were all in high school just think you will get more attention and more girls ^{pay with the ladies and win more attention.} if you hang with us." Johnny said trying to sway Cash's mind.

Cash said nothing but knew there was no way to turn around now. Johnny told him that he would have to carjack a man and gave him the gun to do it. His hand was shaking but he got up the strength to do it, and asked was the gun loaded. Johnny replied "no." Chancie looked and tried to cheer Cash on, but Cash was already on his way up to the car that was sitting at a stoplight. He quickly ran up to the car saying to the man, "Get out of the car, get the fuck out the car." The big black man got out of the car and was shaking with fear but he could tell Cash was scared too. As Cash was about to get in the car the man tried to fight cash for the gun and his car but the next thing he knew the gun went off and someone was dead.

He stopped as if the world stood still in front of his eyes, but

somehow he knew what he did was wrong. Chancie screamed in terrible fright, "Run Cash the police are coming." He did just that, he ran with his life flashing right before his eyes. Once he got around the next two blocks Cash and Chancie stopped because they had somehow lost the police. "Man I Can't believe you did that, you are so in," Chancie said with excitement. Still Cash stood there as if someone was holding his tongue. Thinking to himself that Chancie is supposed to be his friend but why was he so excited about what he had just done. "I am a ^{murderer}murderer." Cash thought to himself.

He looked at Chancie and said, "I Can't be a ^{murderer}murderer I have to go to the police I can't do this, what am I suppose to do?"

Man you can't go to the police do you know what Johnny will do to you."

"Yeah I do but I just can't stand the thought that I just killed someone's father and ^{the}husband"

"Don't even trip on that anymore you in a gang now and now you will have everything you ever wanted."

"You just don't understand that this is not everything I wanted, I want to go to college and live a happy life I can't do this ^{shit,} I have to go tell my mom."

"So what am I suppose to tell Johnny when I call to tell him we did not get caught."

“ Tell him that I want out.”

Cash walked home with tears in his eyes ^{as} and the shooting ^{replayed} replaying in his head. As he opened the door to his home he could hear his mother in the kitchen cooking dinner. As he started his way into the kitchen he contemplated telling his mother about what he just did. Wondering would she still love him and would she regret ever taking him in? He got into the kitchen and said, “Hi mom how was your day?” She replied, “Great and how was yours.” “The same.” Cash went up to his room thinking of what he should do. It seemed like that thinking went on forever.

A week of school had already passed and still he had the thought of telling the police of what happened. He had not even spoken to Chancie or Johnny since then and really didn't care what they would try and do to him.

He came home from school as usual when he heard his mother telling his father about a murder on TV and how the family has nothing now.

Cash rushed into the living room and said, “What all did the people on the news say, did they say who did it.”

“They don't know who did it but they did show a picture of the family and a number if anyone has information on who did.”

“Well did you get the number because I would like to give my condolences, his son is a friend of mine.”

“Yeah I did hear, tell your friend I hope he and his family will be alright.”

Cash ran upstairs and hurried to the phone he picked up the phone and asked, “is this the Richardson residence?”

‘A woman replied, yes this is may I ask who’s speaking.’

“Yes my name is cash and I am a coworker of your late husband I would like to bring your family some flowers for your loss.’

‘Oh sure you can I will give you my address.’

He took down the address and hurried to ask his mom could he use the car. Of course she said yes. On his way to the house he picked up some

flowers and hurried to the Richardson’s house. He pulled up to a big blue

house and from the quiet outside you could tell there was sadness within. He

walked in the house and knocked on the door and there was a boy who

answered the door and Cash quickly knew who it was.

Standing there was a tall skinny boy who reminded him of the face he once saw in the man he killed.

"Hi, come in, you must be the guy my mother was telling me about so you worked with my father?"

"Yeah I did, and he was a really great guy is your mom here? because I would like to speak with her for a minute."

"No she ran to the store but you can stay here and wait for her to come back; well my name is Christopher but people call me Chris."

"Oh sorry, my name is Cash just Cash, so what grade are you in Chris, and I heard you had a sister where is she at the time?"

"Well I'm in the seventh grade and getting ready for the 8th and... and my sister should be on her way home from work. Hey can I ask you something?"

"Sure whatever you want."

"I just want to know how old are you because you look a little young to have worked with my father."

"I'm... I'm 18 and I was just a job to help keep me busy you know, but your father was a good man."

At that moment it had seemed like everything in the room got really quite as he saw a tall middle-aged woman walk through the door of her home. She welcomed cash again into her home and asked him if he would like to have dinner with him and he ~~told~~ ^{accepted} ~~he that he would~~. She walked into the kitchen and told Chris to show Cash the rest of the house and to keep him company as she prepared the dinner. So Chris pulled Cash in the

room closest to the living room, which was his bedroom where he wanted ~~to~~ Cash to play video games with him. As they walked into the room ^{he} ~~Cash~~ wanted to know about Chris's father. Chris quickly started to tell all the wonderful things about his father. While Chris was talking ^{suddenly the conversation took a turn.} ~~on thing~~ caught Cash's attention when Chris said, "I wish the police could find the man who killed my father he deserves to die just like my father, I just can't see why anyone would want to hurt him. Cash swallowed hard as stiffness came over his body. He just sat there knowing what he had done, but quick enough he started to get up the courage to tell the boy what he had done

"Chris I think I should tell you something it's about your father, see well I really."

Just as Cash was trying to get his sentence out he was cut off by the sound of Mrs.

Richardson calling from the kitchen saying that dinner was ready. Chris quickly jumped up and ran to the kitchen as Cash slowly walked behind knowing that he had ^{confess.} ~~to get out~~ what he did. As they got in to the kitchen Cash saw all of the delicious food that Mrs. Richardson had made and he also saw a beautiful girl around his age named Gina.

She stood there with long brown hair and light brown eyes. From the way that he was looking at her you could see the attraction in his eyes. They took their seats for dinner and Cash immediately started a conversation at the dinner table.

"So how was work? Your brother tells me that you work at a clothing store on the other side of town," *Cash asked Gina.*

"Yeah its great and it helps out with some of the bills around here. You know since my father died I really have to start helping my mom around the house."

~~After what Gina had told~~ Cash could say nothing, *He felt* ~~else~~ feeling another sense of sadness

come over him. Just in that minute of time it seemed like there was a complete silence at the table. The next thing you know Chris stared to reminisce on the times that he had with his father before he died then everyone started to talk about him too. Cash could say nothing all he could do was sink in his seat.

"Well I think it is time for me to go I have to get home before my mother starts to worry about where I am. "

As Cash went to the door Chris came running to ask Cash if he could come back and hang out with him and Cash told him yes. He told him that he would come back

tomorrow and play games with him. On his way home Cash decided it would be a good thing to be as nice to the family as he could be because he knew that what he did to their

after all he caused their misery.
father was wrong. When he got home his mother was still in the living room waiting for him to get home. As he walked in she started to talk to him about how things went.

"So is the family alright? I hope that they were okay with you coming over to their house."

"Come on Cash I need to make money to help my family I have to join them."

"This is not the way Chris Just go home or I'll have to tell your mom ^{what's} what's going on here. "

Chris quickly ran home in madness but Cash knew it was not over when Johnny stepped in his face.

^{shit}
"Man doesn't be coming around her trying to tell these young men what to do. ~~Now you ran like a bitch and didn't come back.~~ ^{Now you ran} Now what do you think I should do about that mommas boy?"

"Look Johnny I don't want any problems just leave Chris alone and you won't have any problems with me anymore."

Just As Cash said that he felt a fist go to his face and then another, at that point he knew that he was being jumped. He rolled around in the ^{door} trying to block the punches being thrown at him. One thing he ^{saw} was chauncie standing ^{in the} in the background looking not even trying to help him. When the fight was over cash Got up limping but had only one thing on his mind getting Chris to stay away from them, so he knew that he had to tell him the truth.

Cash walked back to his car and drove to the nearest gas station to use the pay phone. He made the phone call that he wanted to make for over four months now, he called the police. After the call he quickly drove to the Richardson's house and ran in where he screamed for Chris and the family to come to the living room. They all ran down asking Cash what happened and if he was ok. All he could say was sorry and started to cry.

"I'm so sorry it was me it was me I killed him I killed him!"