

by IKE HOLTER

NUNLEY SIDE

Edited to be read as a monologue from page 17.

NUNLEY

When I got jumped In Lincoln Park, which is, I don't know man which is like going to a hot dog stand and getting an ice cream cone just bizarre stakes, right, just outta the blue, boom, took two weeks pay *like a dumbass left that shit in my wallet*, ID, license, passport, shit, remember that, *I was fucked*, member that? Least you didn't get that, cause damn that--I'm still getting over *that*.

White guy.

See if it was me on the other end, they'd catch my black ass in a second, But try telling someone that you got jumped by a white dude in a Cubs hat with a backpack they'd be like "Which One", you know, like--

...It's crazy tho, at the same time, like--physically, whatever, we got you we got band aids we got gauze we got all that, stacks and stacks in the back, all that, right, like but mentally--

stays there for a little while. Kinda hard to shake. But. And I know it doesn't seem like this now, I know, but Abe:

This stuff happens more than you think. To more people than you know.

You're gonna be *fine*.