

## **The Situation on Gayley**

So I'm scootering home from the cafeterias right about 2 pm, down Gayley. There was a lot of traffic due to some construction project which had blocked off the northbound lane and people were honking for like 5 blocks all the way from the Engineering school down to Law. Then there's this guy running on foot in the road full speed down the double-yellow, face pearly-white running from what turns out to be this little kid, like 6 or 7, chasing him with a gun, a fuckin Barreta, a fucking Baretta that looks like it's gonna take the kid's arm off with the weight of it. The guy is obviously way faster than this infant, and he's making good progress and I guess the kid realizes it so he slows up, like pulls up and gets ready for a shot and everybody in the cars is screaming or ducking down or trying to drive out of the way up the curb or whatever, just get the hell out, and I'm standing there frozen on my scooter with one leg hanging mid-air to the side, still moving down the sidewalk with the momentum of my last kick, and then I realize I'm moving at the exact speed of the kid, like right next to him on the other side of the cars that are scattering like potato chips in a hurricane in front of this puppy menace, and I'm watching him with my eyebrows slowly rising and my eyelids slowly following my eyebrows and my jaw starting to slip down lower and lower and my brain just clearly not up to par with the tempo of the situation, and then boom one of the cars veers off and hits me head on, and the scooter is out from under me and my knees hit the hood and I start to do some sort of flip and the toddler, who was just about ready to let it rip I think, looks to the side 'cause the scooter hitting the bumper is loud and then the person flying through the air catches his attention for real and he forgets about the Baretta but he still pulls the trigger and the whiplash on that thing is so intense it smacks him in the face and I see his soft children's-skull deform, like it's a ball of silly putty on two sticks, no joke, fuckin disgusting, and then the kid's flying back, just like me but he's in really bad shape, I mean his head is nowhere close to round anymore. Later at the hospital the three of us are lying there, the kid with this huge dent in his soft children's forehead, foaming a bit at the mouth but speaking, pretty coherently, about some kind of dispute with the guy he was chasing about a chicken or maybe it was about ordering chicken on his sandwich or whatever, me, with two shattered-kneecaps and a scrape on my elbow but no head trauma, and the guy, who turned out to be the kid's drug dealer I'm not fuckin kidding, and maybe also uncle and caretaker, whose got a hole in his leg where the Baretta did its work but honestly it looks way less disastrous than the fucking dent in the toddler's forehead.