

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 42 | Number 1

Article 13

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Fall 12-1-2019

## The Interception

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### Recommended Citation

Fresa, Edward Karl (2019) "The Interception," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 42 : No. 1 , Article 13.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol42/iss1/13>

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## Fresa: The Interception

starter jacket and kept all his gear. He claimed he never tucked a chain in his life, and he always wore a stupid fat one. And me and Jojo had seen enough with him to know the truth of the legend, but even if it was a lie we wouldn't clown him about it cause we was boys with our own lies to tell. But Dana said he felt like flying was something unnatural because he couldn't hit it, or make it bleed, but that's just how he was back then. Jojo said it was because he was a crack baby, as Kendrick would say we all was, but we didn't talk about mommas like that back then, so we just kinda changed the subject if it ever came up.

If we had had any sense, good or otherwise we would have stayed home. But we had heard that New York smoke was fire, and the honeys were fine, and we weren't gonna leave sober and without stories, so everyone had to sack up and fly. We drank through the flight, maybe slept some, but not much, we didn't have no checked luggage, or anything but the clothes on our backs, the plan was to buy and bring back authentic fresh ass Brooklyn gear, new fitteds and jerseys. We wanted to look like natives, to blend. And by the time we landed, and our feet touched the ground that Dana was gonna kiss, until he saw a grown man pee on it right out in the open. We stepped out into the daylight, ready to get something started, and hailed a cab with no destination in mind, maybe just ask the driver to take us somewhere to get a room. But the driver saw the three of us, and wouldn't stop, and it was just like home.

36 hours left, so we just walked, nowhere in particular.

RONDA CRAWFORD



*The Interception.* Edward Karl Fresa, Acrylic on Canvas