

Threads of the Story

A glimpse into Ronaldo Gilley's **Savage Land...**

Desperation doesn't erase choices—it just hides the good ones.



"Here," he said. "Take this."

Lucky frowned. "What's this?"

"Open it," Razor said. "Shit."

Lucky opened the bag to find it filled with cash. He thumbed through it. All one-hundred-dollar bills. *Damn.*

"That's three grand," Razor said.

Lucky wrinkled his brow and asked, "What's this for?"

"Early graduation present, lil nigga," Razor smiled.

Lucky squinted at Razor. This was definitely unexpected.

"What," Razor smirked. "You thought I would forget?"

Lucky hesitated for a second, but finally said, "Razor, I can't accept this—"

"Mutha—, don't insult me." Razor replied, pulling off from the stop sign.

"Razor, I gotta tell you somethin'," he mumbled.

"What?" Razor asked, looking at Lucky from the rearview mirror. "About Princeton?"

Lucky's eyes went wide.

"Yeah, I knew about that." Razor continued. "Look, man. That's a pipe dream, dawg. You need to forget about that shit."

"What?"

"Fuck college," Razor spat. "What you need to be focused on is stickin' round and making this paper with me, mane."

Razor puffed the Mild and took a swig from his plastic cup. Lucky could smell the strong aroma of cognac permeate throughout the car.

"But Razor, this the opportunity of a lifetime man," Lucky explained. "I *can't* pass this up."

"Fuck all that, Lucky," Razor slammed on the brakes and turned around. "I got opportunity for you. Right here. In a year, I'll be bigger than my plug. Shit, I'll be the plug."

"Razor," Lucky spoke hesitantly. "I don't think this game for me, man."

Razor pulled his black Beretta from the glove box and placed it on his lap.