

Asphalt Kings (excerpt)
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It started simple enough. Simple the way anything is after you've practiced it over and over and over. But even after all that practice, some things still just don't work out right. Not according to you, anyway.

I had asked for a pack of cigarettes, and when the pasty cashier turned around, my buddy Jake pulled out his .44 glock, and pointed it at the back of the poor guy's head. Simple enough. When the guy turned around, the little color he had in his face melted away. He stood, open mouthed, and stared.

"Gimme everything you have in the register. And give him his cigs."

Jake was always thinking of others.

I took the pack as it was handed to me, opened it, took out one for Jake and myself, and using a lighter off the counter in front of me, lit them up. Jake took his without taking his eyes of the cashier.

The whole situation lasted no more than six minutes. Simple enough. Just like if we had practiced it over and over.

Simple enough, until Jake pulled the trigger.