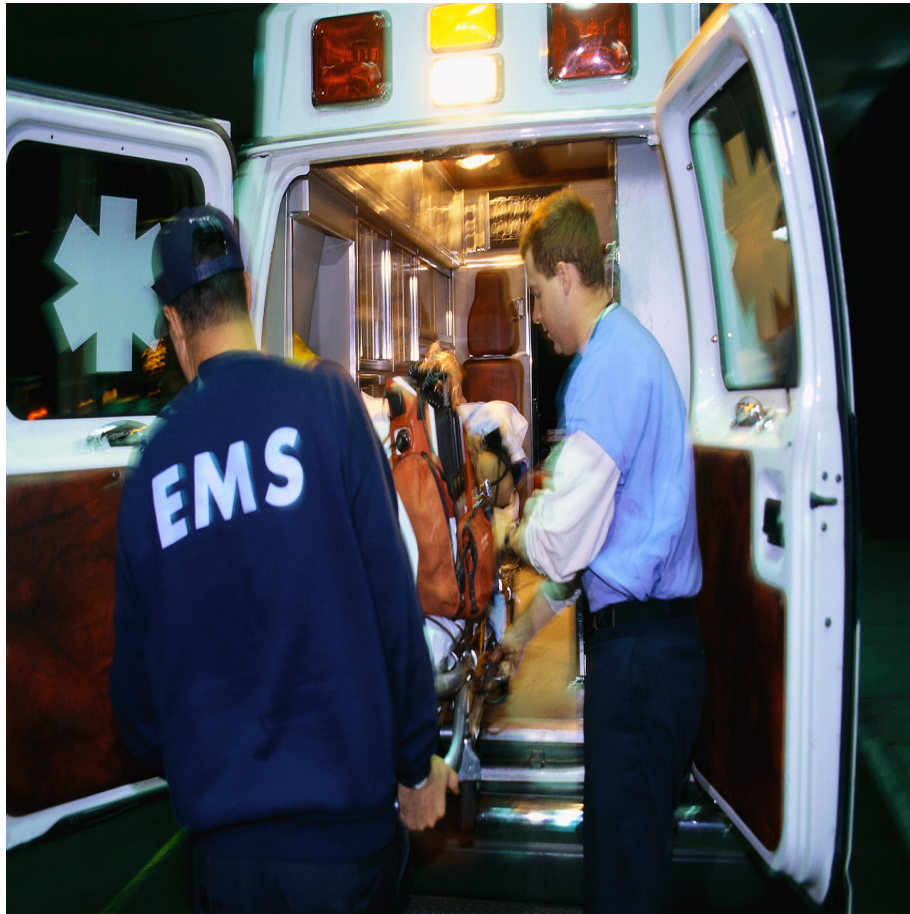


Diamond in the Rough



Diamond didn't remember getting shot. He remembered being on the basketball court with his friends. The game was tied, and he had the ball. As he turned toward the basket, he saw a car on the street, driving slowly.





He knew he should duck, but it happened too fast. He was down on the ground, and everything turned dark.

The gang he wanted to join, the one he thought would make him feel important and special, left him on the court to die. No one came to help him.





In that moment all he wanted was to see his mom. To say he was sorry. To warn his little brother not to make the same choice he had made.



There's no way to undo what's been done.

There is no un-singing a song that's been sung.

You'll never un-ring a bell that's been rung.

This is a game that just can't be won.

THE END