Once Upon a Time… The Day I Was Sure I Was One of the Good Guys

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Once upon a time, in the city of Baltimore, we lived on a street that ran down a hill. At the bottom of the hill our street T'd into another street. At the ripe old age of eleven we played in the street.

One day we found an old tire and me, my younger brother, and another guy were rolling the tire back and forth as we ran down the street. Somehow we lost control of it and we stood and watched it roll down the hill. We stood and watched with mouths open as a car entered the intersection. We froze when we saw it was a police car and could only watch in horror as the tire hit the cop car and bounced off. When the car stopped, turned, and headed up the street we, in unison, also turned and began running up hill.

The two other guys veered left and right and escaped between the houses. I stopped and thought, what the hell am I doing running from the cops? Was this the start of a long life of crime? I was one of the good guys and so I waited for the prowl car. They picked me up and drove me home. The cops stood on the porch holding me by the scruff of my neck and rang the doorbell.

My mother came to the door and in shock thought the cop said I was stealing hub caps. All my mother could say was, "wait till your father gets home!"

I mark that day as the day I was sure I was one of the good guys. The good guy don't run from the cops or resist arrest.