

Let's Play

I was so thrilled, driving a car in one of the most crowded avenues of Teresina, my hometown in Brazil. Until then I've just driven in my neighborhood. My friend, who was giving me driving lessons, had let me drive his car around the city. I was so pleased driving with him from a shopping center to another one, making turns, passing cars and having fun with the traffic when I saw a roundabout and thought I could turn over and repeat the way I was driving...

Already in the roundabout I turned rapidly the car to the left, it wasn't a hard turn but still, I was on the outer lane and not on the right one. I didn't flash the lights before that so all of the sudden I heard a huge sound... Powww!!!! I had hit the car that was on the inner lane driving in a straight line.

The sound was overwhelming and alarming, I thought I had wrecked the car and hurt somebody but soon I realized both my friend and I were safe and sound and so were the couple in the other car... I asked myself then continually what have I done, how stupid I am to do this, I'm screwed. What am I going to say to my parents? They don't even allow me to drive... My friend, frightened, didn't say a thing, only asking me to calm down. In panic, I didn't think twice and stepped on the pedal, driving away...

- *I'm gonna make it! Don't worry man; it'll be over soon. We can do it, there'll be no story to tell later on,* said I to my friend and myself.

- *You're crazy! Stop the car, we won't make it! Pull over there and we'll fix it,* said my friend trying to convince me.

- *You're crazy! I'm not telling this to anybody! We'll,* and when finishing the sentence I saw the car I hit beside me with the driver pointing a gun at me and yelling to pull over and to not run. I couldn't talk just thinking that now it's real, it's a gun and I don't run from guns. I pulled over and immediately stopped the car, quite scared and repeatedly saying I was sorry to my friend...

Looking at the rear-view mirror I see the armed driver leaving his car and walking towards me... Now at my window he aims the gun at my head telling to take the key off the steering wheel... (In my head, I was asking God to make it all go away, to do something with that gun, asking for forgiveness and everything...). I reply frightened I won't do anything, I won't touch the wheel, nothing, calm down please! He puts his arm inside the car and takes the key off with him... I go out of the car, telling I'm so sorry, begging put the gun away, we don't need this... He replies furiously, gesticulating with the gun on the middle of the road, yelling that I've played with adult stuff and he was traveling from far away, on a 16-hour-journey only halfway ran, that I'd fucked everything up...

I wouldn't stop asking for forgiveness, saying I'm sorry; that I didn't have a driving license because I was 16; that I was only learning how to drive in a crowded road; that I fled without thinking and didn't know what had happened in my mind then. He was telling me off, saying the whole thing was a marginal deed. I listened ashamed to everything and looked at the scratches in both cars, which by the way weren't that big or deep. There were only few scratches and broken tires in both cars. But later on we unquestionably had to buy some new pieces for his car...

After he had put away his gun (in the car), he proudly called the police, yelling and telling them he was an ombudsman, a man of the law and wanted them over there as soon as possible... At this time I went to the passenger sitting anxiously in the car, the driver's wife, and tried to apologize to her vainly when it did strike me that, while doing it with my guilty head down, I looked at my legs shaking and sweating in agony, fear and shame. It was the worst deed, I had ever done in me entire life... quite regretfully unbeatable thing I did. I asked myself what should I do now? How am I going to tell this to my parents? What is my family going to say about this childish thing?

- *Hey you! I need your name!*

- *My name is Kjell.*

- *Don't lie to me; you've got some serious problem already.*

- *I swear, my name is Kjell Arne Caminha Johansson, look at my mobile. See? It says Kjell Arne.*

- *No way! Give me your ID!*

- *Actually, I don't have it with me right now...*

- *Go get in the car then!*

- *Well I don't have it there either. I've just got my mobile. I swear to God, trust me. I'm Kjell. (All I had was a mobile phone and some change to pay for more gas, hoping to drive a little bit more!).*

When the cops arrived so did my dad. I had called him thinking that he, a calm and objective person, would certainly solve the problem faster than my mom, I thought. He talked to me and made me less worried. He said, wearily and positively at the same time, *everything is going to be alright... everything is going to be alright.*