The Game
By Amberr Williams

First Quarter

Ring Ring. The bell went off at 8:25 am. Students rushed down the long hallways and stairways of Conway High in South Carolina where I lived for three years. I watched an mix of black and white faces as Angie and I walked to government class, passing the green and yellow lockers planted into the brick walls.

Angie: “Are you ready for the game tonight?”
I said: “Yeah, but I will be glad when we get done with this test, so we could go to the pep rally.”

Ms. Thompson: “Good morning everyone. Are you ready for the weekend?”

Then the game started, and I’m not talking Friday night football. I’m talking about the race game that people liked to play in South Carolina.

Lindsey hunter walked into class wearing her camouflage jumpsuit. She looked like she was ready to hunt a deer. She sat down next to Angie.

Lindsey: “Why the hell is Ms. Thompson always moving around our seats? It’s so stupid.”
Angie: “Because she can. She is the teacher.”

Angie was always known to have a smart mouth.

Lindsey: “No one was talking to you.”

Angie: “So, you asked a question. I gave you an answer.”

Lindsey: “Shut up.”

Angie: “You shut up before I do you like I did you in middle school.”

Me: “Just leave it alone, Angie.”

Ms. Thompson: “Girls, girls. Just clam down”

Then the game took another turn. Not a good one. Not a touch down, but a flag penalty.

Lindsey stood up fast and brave with so much confidence and dignity: “I’m tired of you stupid NIGGERS,” and the door slammed behind.

Angie and I made eye contact. The look on her face was a look I never seen before... fear, anger all in one, mixed with a little bit of surprise. The thoughts that went through my head were not normal. When I heard that word so many different things ran through my mind images that were just unimaginable. But the first quarter was over.

Second Quarter

Angie and I walked to break, quietly. I could hear our minds talking. The hallways seemed empty, but in reality they were full of our senior class. Soon as we approach the end of the senior hallway we saw Lindsey.
The timeout was over and it was time to walk back on the Lindsey field. This time we were on offense. As Angie and I approached Lindsey, she tried to avoid us, but there were too many students in the hall.

Angie: “Lindsey, what the hell did you call us in class?”

Lindsey: “I called y’all some niggers, and if I had my truck today I would beat you niggers with my bat.”

I pulled Angie away just as the bell rang. Then it was time for the pep rally. Seniors stormed the hallway like a stampede of tigers.

**Third Quarter**

The whole Conway High School was in the gym. The school band was playing. The flag girls were dancing. All the students were yelling the names of their graduating class. It was like one big party. My friends and I were sitting below Lindsey and her friends. They began to throw things at us like empty bottles, lunch trash, paper balls, pencils... you name it. I thought they had lost their minds. We ignored them because we didn’t want to get in trouble, and I knew we had lost that quarter.

**Fourth Quarter**

As we left the gym, my friends and I followed Lindsey to her car. Word had spread around campus about what had happened. When she saw the mob of students behind her, Lindsey walked quickly to her car. She practically ran and locked herself into the car. When she unlocked the door to let her friend in, Angie pulled the door open and BAM! she punched Lindsey in the face.

After that hit, we thought the game was over with it being tied up and Angie scoring the touch down at the end of the fourth quarter. But it wasn’t a touch down. Lindsey’s team said it was a flag thrown on the play.

We didn’t know this game would head into an over time. Monday morning a group of white students rushed to the main office. Soon, Angie and I were pulled out of class and escorted to the principal’s office. We were treated like the bad guys, since Lindsey’s team decided to describe only the fourth quarter of the game, instead of the whole game.

Several of us were suspended for three days, while Angie was kicked out of school. After that I knew the whole truth had to be told. I wasn’t a violent person, but I was angry. We didn’t even get to tell our side of the story. I had a few days to think about it, and I knew that I needed to tell the truth. I was more surprised at what had happened, how bluntly and non-caring Lindsey had acted. Before it was all over, the principal had a school hearing for Angie. A week later, Angie was admitted back into school with her senior class. Once the entire story came out, Lindsey was expelled and sent to an alternative school.

I never thought that race would play a part of my high school experience, but it did. It made me feel like we still weren’t over this whole race game. Still, the experience turned out positive because Lindsey got kicked out and Angie came back to school.

I liked being on the winning team.

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Amberr Williams was born in Los Angeles California and graduated high in Conway, South Carolina. She is currently a student at Santa Monica College, where she is in the Black Collegians Program and is also a member of the Student Writing Collective. She works at Forever 21 and enjoys dancing, fashion and sports.