

A RACE WITH MORTALITY

by

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At the sound of the gun Robert Young was off and running. The two time Olympic gold medalist track and field star turned professional at the age of twenty-five. He joked with friends saying why run for fun when you can dash for cash. His professional career so far has been very profitable going undefeated and leaving every opponent in his dust.

All except one. This opponent looked strange and Robert almost laughed when he saw the man at the starting line getting ready placing his feet inside the starting blocks. He was old and not just any kind of old, but relic. Hair white as snow, face withered, long muscular, but stringy body and the man kept pace with him. Robert felt strange, he never thought about anything while running. He races were simple, he ran and won and got his prize money then prepared for the next event.

The competition today was different and Robert notice it before the gun sounded off to start the meet. The people in the seats. Not a sold out, but the spectators different in the sense of a sparse crowd. The people were young, old, tall, short, and faces of culture from around the world. Robert was disturbed seeing babies on bleachers without a parent. Who would be that irresponsible leaving infants unattended. In fact the crowd had children of all ages and they too should have had parental guidance, but there were none.

Robert stopped watching the crowd because it scared him. He saw people looking sick and some looked covered in blood and wounds to there bodies. Gunshots, stabbings, and blows to the head. Again why was he doing all this thinking while running a race? He never did that before and why now of all days. Robert grimace from a sharp pain in his

heart, but kept on running. He felt a chill and it got colder as he continued to run.

Robert wondered what happened to the warmth and sunlight before the race because he ran into total darkness. The old man ran with him stride for stride.

The race ended a tie. He approached the man who ran with him toe to toe. Robert shook his hand then snatched it back. He thought he touched a block of ice.

“Who are you? Robert asked.

”My name is Death.”

