

# Second Chance

Jack Williams



First Edition

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This is a Work of Fiction



Raphael was in his cell. They called him Raph for short. Soon it would be time to go out on the range. He was tense. Today was an important day. Today was the day he was going to beat Viktor. Vik owed him money. And it was time to pay. Raph sold drugs that he had smuggled into the prison. And if you didn't pay you got fucked up. Raph was a dangerous guy. He was in for murder. He murdered a bank teller in a botched robbery. That was fourteen years ago. Raph was also in a gang. The Aryan Brotherhood. Raph believed that whites were the superior race. And him being white was superior. He had always believed that. His Father had taught him that when he was young. He especially didn't like blacks. For some reason he just hated them. When they were not around he called them bad names. He especially hated their music. Rap. Or hip-hop. He was not sure which was which. Here in the prison there was lots of blacks. Some of them were Islamic. He hated Islam. He also hated Jewish people. Catholicism was the correct religion as far as he was concerned. But blacks he hated the most. There were several on his cell

block. He only seen his fellow gang members occasionally and when they went out to yard. It was morning. He had just had breakfast. Bacon and eggs. The coffee was cold. So today he was going to beat Viktor. And he was going to beat him badly. Get him on the ground and then pummel him. Like he was a gay. Raph knew the guards would pounce on him as soon as he beat Viktor. He was going to do it anyway. Beat Viktor badly. Soon they would let him out of his cell and then it would be done. His cell was tiny. He couldn't stand it. He felt claustrophobic. And committing the beating would only get him more of that. After the guards pounced he would be put in an isolation cell. The hole. What could he do? It was business. It was his business. Drugs sold for a lot in prison. They were a valuable commodity. They were worth perhaps ten times as much as their street value. And he took a lot of risk doing it. He could be caught at any time. His supply he kept safely tucked inside his anus. It was packed in there. Safe and sound from the guards.

His cell opened. It was time to go out on the range. He got himself ready. He had to be hyped to do this. After all it was a big deal. Viktor needed a good beating. Hopefully no one would interfere. He left his cell. He went down the stairs on to the range. There there was tables, chairs, and there was a television mounted to the wall. No one was there yet. He was early. He went down and sort of paced around. Someone then came out of their cell and joined him. It was Bear.

“How you doing?” he said.

“Good Bear.” said Raph.

Bear went for the television. It refused to work. The guards had not yet turned it on. Soon they would. Raph mentally prepared himself. He had to win this fight. It was his job. And as a member of the Aryan Brotherhood he had a reputation to uphold.

Some of the other inmates arrived. It was the rules that you had to leave your cell. You couldn't stay and hide inside. You couldn't stay in bed. No matter how much

you wanted to. Raph liked to go out of his cell. He had claustrophobia. Being locked up sucked. However he didn't regret the murder he had committed. He liked the action. He liked it a lot. What he really wanted to do was burn someone alive. Someone who was a different race. There was no gasoline in prison though. That sucked. It sucked a lot.

The other inmates began talking and playing cards. They were all a bunch of violent dudes. But Raph thought that he himself was the most violent of all. He cherished that. It was important in the slammer. Although he wished he had another life. One where he was not in prison. One where he was free. He thought about it everyday. Thought about it. Felt it. It felt good to think about freedom. Sex with women. It had been so long. So long. And now here he was. Waiting for Viktor. To beat him senseless. That fucker. Fucking bastard. Not paying his debt. Fucking deadbeat. It would be even worse if he was black.

Then Viktor emerged from his cell. He

went and joined a game of cards. He sat. His back was turned. He was a big guy. He had not been able to pay his debt because his money had not arrived from the outside. His family had let him down. Now he was going to get beat. Beat the fuck up. He deserved it too. The fucking deadbeat. Yeah Raph had a job to do and he was going to do it. He knew when he was going to make his move. When they closed all the cell doors he would jump Viktor. Get him from behind. That way he would have nowhere to run.

The moment arrived. The cell doors closed. They were all locked in together. Anything could happen. Raph made his move. He pounced on Viktor. Viktor turned around and tried to fight back. It was no use. Viktor fell to the floor unconscious. Raph had a strong punch. He was not finished either. He leaped onto Viktor and continued delivering blows.

Only some of the other prisoners did not like what they saw. Two black inmates – James and Stu decided they would jump in. James grabbed Raph and lifted him off

of Viktor. He held him from behind and Stu started to lay punches to Raph's face. Only Raph was just too tough. He broke free of James' grip and then knocked out Stu in one punch. Stu fell to the floor. James backed away but it was no good. He was trapped with Raph the monster. Raph laid several blows to James. Then James fell to the floor. Raph then began to deliver kicks to all three unconscious men. The guards arrived. They had seen the commotion on the television monitor. They surrounded Raph and told him to give up. Raph just ignored them and continued kicking Viktor. They drew tasers and then subdued him. There was a crackling noise given off as the tasers were deployed. Raph fell to the ground. His central nervous system was unable to function under the electric shock. The guards pounced on him. Then they carried him off to the hole.

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The hole was good. It was nothing more than an average cell. The only difference was that you were alone. Isolation. That's

what the prison called it. There was not much they could do to Raph. He still got his meals. It was good food too. There was not much difference to it. It would only last a couple of days too. Then he would be back on the range. Viktor would have to face him again. Now that his debt had gone unpaid he owed double. Those were the rules. If he didn't pay double he would get beat again.

Raph was still trying to figure out what happened. Why the two blacks had jumped in. He hated blacks. And they hated him. It was a hate he had felt all of his life. He didn't know why. He just hated blacks. He thought that Adolf Hitler was cool. He wanted to be a Nazi. He called Hitler 'da fuhrer'. He loved the swastika too. He had several tattooed on his body. Most likely the blacks – James and Stu had jumped him because of his affiliation with the Aryan Brotherhood.

Raph was in his cell pacing. Pacing and thinking it all over. Now that he had beaten the blacks there would be repercussions. He wasn't sure what would

happen but something would.

The guard arrived. He knelt and spoke through the meal tray slot on the door.

“Raphael. That was quite the fight. You knocked out three guys. Why'd you do it?” asked the guard.

“I didn't.” said Raph.

“Yeah sure. You'll be here for forty eight hours. Then its back to your cell in the range. And there better not be any problems when you go back. Got that.”

“Yeah I got it.” said Raph.

The guard left. Time continued to pass. Eventually Raph went to sleep. In the morning his meal arrived. He ate and spent the day pacing. There was no TV. There was no shower. There was no books. There was nothing at all to do. Raph didn't mind. He stayed focused on what was going to come. The fight that would break out when he returned. He had no doubt the blacks would try and jump him. His gang would be no use. They were all on different ranges. The Aryan Brotherhood. He loved the Brotherhood.

The day passed. Raph went back to sleep. He dreamed. He dreamed about the fight. Only in his dream he lost. He was beaten to the ground and he died. He died. Then he woke up. It was early morning. Soon the guards would be here to take him back to the range. To fight the blacks. Why had they interfered in the first place? They must like Viktor. Viktor who had not paid his debt. Why would the blacks protect him over that. It wasn't like Raph was picking on him. It was business. Strictly business. Eventually the guards came and got Raph. Then they brought him back to the range.

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He arrived. Everyone stared at him. The cells were locked. He would have to wait it out in the range. James and Stu eyed him. They were sitting playing cards. Viktor was nowhere to be seen. He was at the infirmary. His beating had been pretty bad. His face was severely bruised.

Raph just stood there. He was wondering

when to expect it. The fight. James and Stu did nothing. Said nothing. They continued with their game of cards. Raph felt out of place. He felt like everyone was looking at him.

The guards had now left. James and Stu were free to seek revenge. Only they didn't. They did nothing. Lunchtime arrived. They all went to their cells to have lunch. Raph tried to keep himself ready for the fight. Little did he know it was going to be more than that. Lunch ended. It was time to go back on the range. Raph emerged from his cell. Then he was caught by surprise. Three dark figures jumped him. They restrained him. And then they slit his throat.

“That's what you get.”

Was the last thing Raph heard. He died.

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The phone rang. Ring, Ring. Ring, Ring. Raph awoke. He didn't know what was going on. The phone just kept on ringing.

He was in bed under the covers. The phone was right next to the bed. Raph decided to answer it. He picked up the receiver and held it up to his ear. He paused for a second. What was he doing?

“Hello.” he said.

“Raphael.”

“Yes.”

“You're name is now Martin.”

“What. What are you talking about. How did I get here.” said Raph.

“”Listen your dead. Yes Raph. They killed you. But all is not lost yet Raph. I am going to give you a second chance. Yes that's right Raph a second chance at life. Do this right and you can continue to live. Raphael I am God. Yes that's right God. You didn't lead a good life Raph. This will teach you to be a better person Raph. So Raph you're name is now Martin and you're a...get this a black man Raph.”

“I'm black. That is crazy.” said Raph.

He hated black people. He hated them so much. Now he was one. That was fucked.

“Raphael. You have to live one day as a

black person. That way you can see what it is like. There's nothing wrong with it. It is just living. Do this and you get another life. Can you do it Raph?"

"I guess."

How bad could it be?

"There's one catch Raphael. You have a job and you have to go there. You're a guidance counselor. At a high school. Saint Joan of Arc High School. You have to be at work at eight am. So you have two hours. Complete one day and you get another life. So get up Raphael and get ready. Get showered then put on a suit. Okay."

"This is fucked. I'm black."

"Yes you're black. And your name is Martin."

"Okay."

"Okay so get ready. I'll phone you back and direct you to work. Have a look in the mirror. You're black. There ain't nothing wrong with it. You'll learn that today. Okay."

"Okay."

"Alright I'll call you soon on the

cellphone. It is there on the dresser.  
Goodbye.”  
“Goodbye.”

Raph got up. He found the light. He was in a bedroom. It was a nice bedroom. There was lots of nice things. It was not shabby. He felt weird. He was used to a prison cell. He looked at his hands. They were black. He felt his face. He had a beard. This was bizarre. It was blowing his mind.

He went out the door. He was in a hallway. It was a small house. He could tell. He found the washroom. He went inside. He was amazed. He was a black man. It was fucked up. Fucked right up. He looked at himself. He was sort of chubby. He had a beard. Short cut hair. He didn't know what to think. Guidance counselor. That was fucked. And he was supposed to go to work. He suddenly felt good to be free. To finally be free from the prison he had been trapped in for so long. And he was dead. Raph wondered if he would ever get back to his body. His muscular body with his tattoos. He liked his body. Who didn't like their own body?

There was nothing else to do so he hopped in the shower. It was nice. Nice and warm. It sure did feel weird looking at his nude black body. He was a big guy. He was not weak. But he was black? That was fucked. He didn't want to be black. Yet he was. This was fucked to live the day as a black man. He finished his shower. He got out and toweled himself off.

Then he went back to the bedroom to find some clothes. There was lots. He found a shirt, pants, and tie and put them on. He looked good. He felt good.

He checked his appearance in the mirror. Black. It was so fucked.

He then decided to have some breakfast. He went to the kitchen and had a peek. Cereal. That would be easy. He got himself a bowl of cereal. It was good. Better than prison food.

The cellphone rang. He could hear it. It was in the bedroom. He went and got it.

“Hello.”

“So you're ready. Time to go to work. Can you drive?”

“Yep.”

“Okay you're cars in the driveway. Get in it and I'll direct you to Saint Joan of Arc High School. So go get your shoes on and get in the car. Keys are on the dresser.”

“Okay. But then I get to go back to my body right.”

“Right. Of course you do. As soon as you finish the work day. Then you can see there is nothing wrong with being black. Don't knock it til you've tried it.” said God.

“Okay lets do this.”

Raph found the keys. Then he left the house and got in the car. It was an Audi. Nice. He started it up and reversed out of the driveway. He had to use one hand for the wheel and one for the phone.

“Now go left Raph. Then drive to the lights and turn right.”

“Okay.”

Raph did that. He was now on a busy road.

There were many restaurants.

“Your work is on the left three intersections away.”

Raph continued to drive down the busy street.

“Do you see it?” asked God.

Raph saw it. It was a big High School. New. It looked nice. He pulled in and found a parking place. He was not a bad driver considering it had been years since he had driven.

“Okay so now go inside. Are you having fun yet Raph?”

“No I'm not.”

Raph exited the car and found his way inside.

“Turn right and go down the hall to the guidance department.” said God.

“Okay.”

Raph did that. It was locked.

“You have the key Raph. It's the big one.”

He took the key and opened the lock. He went inside and flicked on the lights. Then he sat down.

“Okay get to work Raph. Your assistant will be here soon. Her name is Cheryl. I'll call back okay. And don't forget your name is Martin Smith. The students will call you Mr. Smith. So get to work.”

God hung up. Raph put the cellphone in his pocket. He continued to sit in the chair. Quite a bit of time passed. He got bored. Still he was glad to be free. Free of the prison. Free of his cell. He hated his cell. It was all a faded memory now. Gone.

A woman arrived. She was black. She was pretty. Probably about twenty-five years old. Her hair was died red. She was thin. She had a lot of hair. It was long.

“Good morning Martin.” she said.

“Hi.” said Raph.

This was fucked.

“So are you already for another day at work?” she asked.

“Yep. What was your name again?” Raph said.

“You know my name Martin. It is Cheryl.” she said.

She put her bag behind the desk. Then she sat down.

“How come your not in your office Martin. Usually you're in your office.” she said.

“Oh well. I'm uhh... Going to do that. I was just waiting for you.” said Raph.

She picked up a clipboard and looked at it.

“First up is Matthew. Matthew has been skipping science class. You talk to him Martin and get him to straighten up.” she said.

“Okay.” said Raph.

She turned on the computer. It beeped. She began typing at the keyboard.

“So when does Matthew get here?” asked Raph.

“Nine AM.”

Raph was nervous. He didn't know what to say. He figured he would just get through this. Then he could go back to his life. Although what if that meant going back to prison. He didn't want that. Certainly not. He waited. Time passed. He checked the time on the cellphone. Nine AM.

Then the boy arrived. He was a black kid. About fourteen years old.

“Hello Mr. Smith.” said the boy.

Raph figured this must be Matthew. So he reciprocated.

“Hi Matthew.” said Raph.

“Hi.” said the boy.

“Aren't you going to go in your office with him Martin?” said Cheryl.

Raph figured why not.

“Yes of course. Come this way to my office.” said Raph.

He walked into the office. The boy followed. They both sat down. Then they sat in silence. The boy looked at him.

“So. Matthew. You've been skipping classes?” said Raph.

“I just couldn't make it.” said Matthew.

“Oh.” said Raph.

He didn't know what to say next.

“Well stop.”

He figured that was what he should say.

“Okay.” said Matthew.

“You can go.” said Raph.

“Okay.” said Matthew.

He got up and went for the door.

“See you.” he said.

“See you Matthew.” said Raph.

Raph just sat there. He considered leaving.

He wanted to leave and get drunk. What the fuck was he doing anyway. Learning to be black. It wasn't so bad Raph decided.

About an hour passed. Then Cheryl entered the room.

“Aren't you going to work Martin?” she said.

“Yes of course. Of course I am. What should I do?” said Raph.

“The same thing you do everyday Martin.” she said.

“Oh. Well I'm not actually Martin. My name is Raphael and I'm a federal prisoner. I live in cellblock G.”

“Sure Martin. You're name is Raphael?”

“Yes and I'm also white. I don't even know how I winded up like this.” he said.

“You're white?”

“Yes I'm white. I'm actually a member of the Aryan Brotherhood.”

“Whatever Martin. Get to work.”

Then she exited the room. Raph picked up a pen and pretended to write. The day passed. Raph started to get bored.

More students came. Raph pretended to be Martin and talked to them. By the end of the day he was getting good at it.

Then the cellphone rang. Raph took it out and answered it.

“Hello.”

“Okay you're done. Good job. See there is nothing wrong with being black. You're just living life. You're a person. That's it. So time to go back to prison Raphael.”

Raph's heart sank. He didn't want to go back. He would stay black if it meant being free.

“Do I have to?” said Raph.

“Yes.”

“Well how do I get back?”

“Don't worry we'll take care of it.”

Then God hung up. Raph sat there for a moment.

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Raph awoke. He was back in his cell. He

was wearing his orange jumpsuit. He got up. He looked in the mirror. He was himself again. He was a white supremacist. Had it all been a dream? Raphael never could tell. After that he left the Aryan Brotherhood. Eventually he was even released from prison.

THE END