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about 250 words

Date Night

by Jamal Rashad

"Jesus! Could you NOT do that to me? You know I hate that!"

"Now, Jamal, it wouldn't be any fun for me if I warned you before scaring you." Lot grinned.

"Right, because everything is a joke to you." Jamal rolled his eyes.

"Who you gettin' all pretty for?"

"Nunya, mane. Could you please let me finish getting dressed and stop harassing me?"

"Lisa. Oooh. Wait a minute? Isn't that the girl we met at Barnes & Noble the other day?"

"How did you-?"

Lot tapped his head with a sly grin. "Really?"

Jamal hung his head. "Oh yeah. I forgot."

"Wait. Jamal has a date and didn't invite **us**?"

"Dear God, not you, too! Can y'all **please** let me have this evening to myself? I really like her!" Jamal hung his head in desperation.

"No can do, señor," mocked PitStop. "We're going, too. We need to know that she's good enough for our dear boy and to make sure YOU don't screw it up."

"Me? Screw it up?" scoffed Jamal. "You two are always buttin' into the conversations, making me seem crazy."

"But you are crazy, Jamal," PitStop and Lot said in unison, "you're literally talking to yourself in the mirror. We're just figments of your broken imagination."