

SHARON M. DRAPER

TEARS OF A TIGER

The first book in the powerful Hazelwood High trilogy



CRASH, FIRE, PAIN

Newspaper Article

NOVEMBER 8

TEEN BASKETBALL STAR KILLED IN FIERY CRASH

Nov. 8—Robert Washington, age 17, captain of the Hazelwood High School basketball team, was killed last night in a fiery automobile accident on I-75. Witnesses say the car, driven by Andrew Jackson, 17, also of the Hazelwood team, had been noticeably weaving across the lanes of the expressway just before it hit a retaining wall and burst into flames.

Jackson, who police said had been drinking, was taken to Good Samaritan Hospital, where he is being treated for burns and bruises. He is listed in good con-

HIT THE SHOWERS!

HIT THE STREETS!

Locker-Room Conversation after the Game

NOVEMBER 7
9:30 P.M.

—Hey, Rob! Live game, man. You be flyin' with the hoops, man! Swoosh! Ain't nobody better, 'cept maybe me.

—Yo, Andy, my main man! I see you been eatin' bull crap for dinner again! You only *wish* you was as good as me! I, Robert Orlando Washington, will be makin' *billions* of dollars playin' for the N.B.A.! Want me to save you a ticket to one of my games?

—Man, you be trippin'! You better be lookin' out for *me*—here's my card—Andy Jackson—superstar shooter and lover to the ladies—'cause I'm gonna be the high-point man on the opposin' team—the team that wipes the floor with you and your billion dollars!

—Dream on, superstar! Just for that,

I'm gonna make you *buy* your ticket!

—Let's get outta here, man, before I feel the need to dust you off. This locker room smell really funky tonight.

—I'm with you, my man Andy. You the one with the raggedy ride. Hey, and when you take them funky basketball shoes and your underarms outta here, I bet this locker room be smellin' like roses.

—You fulla mess, Rob. See, one minute, you makin' plans to keep me outta your N.B.A. games, and the next minute you beggin' a ride in my raggedy wheels. You think the brew is cold, man?

—Yeah, man. It oughta be. We put it in the trunk of your car hours ago—Ain't nothin' like some cool bottled sunshine in the moonlight after a hot game!

—Talk about hot! Didja see my Keisha up in the stands? She had on this short, butt-huggin' skirt, and she kept jumpin' and shakin' every time we scored and . . .

—Well, she did a whole lotta shakin' then! I was in there! No wonder you only scored six tonight. You too busy scopin' the women in the stands. Keisha got your nose wide open. She say "jump" and you say "how high."

—Hey, jumpin' with Keisha is like touchin' the sky. I'd say I had an honorable excuse, my man. Yo, I betcha I score more than six with Keisha tonight!

IN ONE HORRIFYING NIGHT, ANDY'S LIFE CHANGED FOREVER...

Andy Jackson was driving the car that crashed one night after a game, killing Robert Washington, his best friend and the captain of the Hazelwood High Tigers. It was late, and they'd been drinking, and now, months later, Andy can't stop blaming himself. As he turns away from family, friends, and even his girlfriend, he finds he's losing the most precious thing of all—his ability to face the future.

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