



The Magic of Moses

by D.R. Smith

...A steady summer rain spattered the plate window next to where Mike Magee was seated at Duffy's Tavern, a popular eatery about a block from Belmont Park.

"...when I was little kid, my Grandpa used to say people are like a race of raindrops— a bunch of colorless souls, created in the heavens, and born by chance upon a window pane of life; like this one here."

...I owed everything I am today to an old Negro; the most decrepit, flea-bitten, worthless old codger that no one in the world would have dreamed could affect *anyone's* life, much less mine?"

"...use your head, boy; you ain't thinking! I just said we ain't got enough for Diggery, so how in hell do we pay for the bastard when he's *two* grand more than I got?"

"...aw, now Massah D, doncha be sayin' dat about da 'Hasset. Why he tain't no sumbitch. Nossuh. Jess you wait 'n see, cuz ol' Moses be workin' his magic now, fo' sho