

---

Senior Projects Fall 2021

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

---

Spring 2022

## The Minx

Amirah B. Miller  
Bard College, am7729@bard.edu

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj\\_f2021](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_f2021)



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

---

### Recommended Citation

Miller, Amirah B., "The Minx" (2022). *Senior Projects Fall 2021*. 45.  
[https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj\\_f2021/45](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_f2021/45)

This Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Senior Projects Fall 2021 by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

The Minx

Senior Project Submitted to  
The Division of Languages and Literature  
of Bard College

by  
Amirah Miller

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

March 2022



I dedicate this to black women attending a PWI who were considered “not enough” or a “handful”.

I dedicate this to my parents who I love dearly and supported me when no one else could.

I dedicate this to any Bard professor and/ or staff member that helped me with my long journey to self-discovery



## Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my senior advisor **Dinaw Mengestu** for helping me create my senior project with his advice and guidance

I would like to thank my dad for taking the time to teach me “knowledge of self” and taking the time to apply it to my everyday life

I would like to thank my mom for reading to me at such a young age and exposing me to the wonderful world of literature.



## Table of Contents

Chapter 1.....	2
Chapter 2.....	9
Chapter 3.....	14
Chapter 4.....	22
Chapter 5.....	29
Chapter 6.....	31
Chapter 7.....	34
Chapter 8.....	39
Chapter 9.....	48
Chapter 10.....	56
Chapter 11.....	61
Chapter 12.....	67



*Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols. - Revelation 2:20*

*Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness,*

*Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. - Galatians 5:19 - 5:21*

## CHAPTER 1: Initiation

Trinity was an 18-year-old undergraduate student majoring in Philosophy with a concentration in African Literature. Trinity wanted to become a mythology college professor. Trinity took an interest in Philosophy when she was just seven years old. Her father would read to her the mythologies and philosophies of the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Norseman, and many nights before bed, African mythologies, and lore. Her interest peaked in high school when she attended a philosophy class with a bright, sharp stand-up man named Mr. Winkle. Many of the high school girls had a crush on Mr. Winkle, including Trinity. However, despite the motives of the other girls attending this philosophy class for the attention of Mr. Winkle, Trinity's true intentions were displayed when she took an incredible interest in the subject and it showed up in the work she completed for the class. She ended up getting an A in the class, but she regretted not catching the attention of Mr. Winkle. Throughout high school, Trinity was a great student but sexually repressed, frustrated, and oftentimes confused with the male gaze.

When Trinity attended college she started as a Bio major but Trinity quickly lost interest in the study. Trinity grew disappointed with the atmosphere of the college she chose. Cloistered, tight nite, cliquy is what she described the environment to be every time she spoke on the phone with her dad. Trinity initially wanted to study infectious diseases like TB, Hepatitis, and HIV/AIDS. This interest in studying Biology came about when Trinity was 16. Her first boyfriend, whom she also gave her virginity to, was a liar and a sex addict. Most days he treated Trinity with decency. He took her out to fancy dinners paying the whole tab, bought her flowers when she was upset and stressed about school, wrote her poetry and letters expressing his “love” for her, he even bought expensive gifts for her every holiday and took time to even wrap the gifts in elegant wrapping paper with a bow on top. But some days he couldn’t find the right words to

say to Trinity. “Beckhard!”. The name that Trinity would scream at him when he didn’t listen to her while they argued for hours, the name she would call if he drove too fast in his car, the name she shouted when she caught him with another girl.

Trinity was too trusting and naive to see that Beckhard didn’t truly love her. Trinity always told others about how Beckhard loved her, but she never explained “how” he loved her. Beckhard had a reputation for womanizing and sometimes being an “opportunist” in sexual situations. Trinity always had “Special Girl” syndrome. She thought she was the one to change a guy like that, All it took was that one special girl to change his ways. One day the syndrome was gone.

A month after Trinity’s 16th birthday she received a phone call, the caller ID stated, “CINCINNATI DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH”. She picked up the phone, her voice trembling as she answered yes and no questions. Trinity’s left hand became clammy as she struggled to keep the phone to her ear, she felt a shiver down her spine, her body was still but her mind went to a million places all at once. The lady over the phone repeated “Hello” three times before Trinity snapped back into reality and responded with a cold “yes”. The lady stated an address to go to for STD testing. After the phone call ended, Trinity lay in her bed numb. She couldn’t believe what she was told over the phone. An Aids scare. Trinity began to cry, her bed was the only comfort at that moment. Her covers hugged her and the soft warmth encumbered her body. She knew Beckhard was the only person she gave her body to as she was a virgin before him. “Beckhard isn’t gay?” Trinity spoke to herself.

To Trinity, HIV was known as a gay man’s disease. Trinity took an Intro to Bio and Infectious Diseases course in her sophomore year of high school. It was considered an AP class that would give her college credits. Trinity took note that HIV/AIDS was mainly transmitted

from receiving anal sex, also known as “bottoming”. Only a blood test could state whether an individual has HIV or not. Trinity never did anal with Beckhard. However, Trinity was oblivious to the dangers of having sex with a known womanizing a sexual deviant. Beckhard never displayed signs of homosexuality or even being “Downlow” to Trinity, but his secret could no longer be kept hidden since Trinity received this phone call.

She got ready for school just like any other teen girl but this time she was heading to the address that the lady told her previously. Her father offered to drive her to school but she declined. Trinity didn’t like lying to her father or skipping school, but she had business to attend to as her health was on the line. She left the house and started walking to the bus stop. This address was in the city bounds, the other side of town. Trinity never frequented the area except mall shopping or hanging with friends after school. She took the line 59 bus that stopped a block away from the address. She got on the bus, gave her change to the bus operator, and found a seat in the back. Trinity wanted to be hidden, she felt shame as she walked past each aisle of seats, she felt eyes staring her down, reading her thoughts, analyzing her. She felt as though they KNEW what she was going through and where she was headed. She put her hood on and sat down. She had a window seat to herself. She put her earphones on and started playing music. Marvin Gaye and Blue Magic soothed her soul as she rode the bus.

She got off the bus and began walking. Her legs started shaking and she felt a sharp pain in her stomach. Her eyes began to water as she kept walking. Walking and crying, crying and walking. Trinity kept up the ritual until she landed at the address. “CINCINNATI DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH”. The building was built of stone with two blind angels that “watched” over lost souls. Trinity wiped her eyes and entered the building. Trinity went to the front desk and explained the reason for her visit. “Room 306,” the secretary said. The building

didn't have an elevator so she climbed the stairs with her trembling legs and teardrops. Once she got to the third floor, a doctor escorted her to the room. The angel appeared like a light, with guidance and patience to help the poor lost soul. She opened the door, the smell of Iodoform and hand sanitizer kissed Trinity's nose, she walked to an empty chair and sat down. Her mind began to space out and flashbacks hurled their way into her vision. She sat there in a trance for fifteen minutes until her name was called. "The doctor is ready for you," The nurse said to Trinity.

Trinity was embarrassed riding the bus back home. Her right arm was sore from needles. Her eyes were swollen from crying. Her mind was tired from traveling a thousand miles. She got home and headed straight to her room. She closes the door. The door was the gatekeeper and her bed was the only solitude away from everything. She threw herself on the bed, took her sneakers off, and covered herself in her fleece blankets. The soft warmth encumbered her again, this time it felt like a hug. She could no longer form tears so she gazed at the ceiling replaying memories in her head, memories turned into visions, visions turned into conversations with herself. She repeated this pattern until she fell asleep. She woke up to dinner being made by her father. The smell of turmeric and chopped onions woofed into the air.

Two weeks later, Trinity received another phone call from the Department of Health. She went to her bedroom and closed the door behind her. Solitude filled the dusky room again. She answered. The man over the phone with a particularly deep voice told Trinity she needed to report back to the department of health to fully receive her results. Trinity was in a deep state of panic. Her mind began to wander into a million different places until she felt physically sick. She quickly dressed and headed out of the house. She ran to the bus stop and caught line 59 bus just in time. She quickly gave the bus operator her bus fare and sat next to the window again. This time she rode the bus in silence. No music, just constant thoughts, and regrets. When she arrived

at the building again she glanced at the two blind angels as she jogged up the steps and went inside. "Room 235" the secretary stated. Trinity bolted up the steps and entered the room. No patients were there this time. She sat alone. Ten minutes passed until her name was called by the nurse. Trinity in a panic state headed to the back room where the doctor resided. The doctor greeted Trinity with a pleasant smile, Trinity wondered why the doctor was smiling at such a time like this? Trinity followed right behind the doctor into the white room and sat down next to his station.

The smell of chemicals filled Trinity's nose and made her more anxious. After two minutes of the doctor reading Trinity's results to himself, he finally spoke. "Trinity you were diagnosed with Syphilis, however, your ratio is 1:1 so you just need 1 shot to fix that". Trinity was relieved and horrified at the same time. "So no HIV?" Trinity responded in a shaken voice. "No. we ran all the tests and all we found were traces of Syphilis in your blood work, No HIV strains were present," the doctor said in his peculiar stern tone. "I'll send you to the next room so you can receive your shot okay?" "Okay doctor, Thank you" The doctor closed his folder and scooted his chair to his phone to page the nurse for an incoming patient to receive a penicillin shot. After a few minutes the nurse called back and the doctor told Trinity to go to the room across. Trinity opened the door and exited the room and a nurse was waiting for Trinity's presence.

The nurse instructed Trinity to sit down, pull her sleeve up and brace for a slight pinch in her right arm. When the nurse injected Trinity with penicillin, Trinity felt a burning sensation in her whole upper arm. "Is it supposed to burn like that?" Trinity asked. The nurse nodded her head up and down and the look on her face told Trinity that this wasn't the only time this happened with patients taking penicillin. "You're all done, next time please use condoms dear,"

the nurse said to Trinity in the dearest tone. “Don’t worry I will for now on, that’s a definite” Trinity responded. Trinity was relieved that this was all over. She still held a deep sadness for her relationship and what it meant for Beckhard. She exited the building and walked back to the bus stop with her head down, reflecting on what happened and what it meant for future endeavors with men. She caught the bus back home listening to Smokey Robinson while watching out the window at city life in real-time.

Trinity vowed to never speak about that experience with anyone, not her father or her close friends. She felt like a fool trusting this person with her body let alone her emotions. She tried to call Beckhard but he didn’t pick up his phone nor tried to return Trinity’s phone calls, texts, or voicemails. He was MIA. Trinity gave up trying to contact Beckhard. Trinity returned to class, received her missed work but no signs of Beckhard. Days turned into months since Beckhard’s disappearance. Some students claimed he was kidnapped while others said he ran away from home. Trinity didn’t speak on any of it. Trinity was truly hurt but also realized her life was spared. Trinity grew quiet and withdrawn from her friends and eventually everyone close to her including her father.

## CHAPTER 2: Growing Pains

Growing up in a small city, Trinity was very sheltered from the world because her father always spoke about the evils of it. Her father was in tune with what the world can offer and what the world can snatch away at any single moment. One night Trinity's father stated "You see Trinity, this world is cold. It can make you or break you and most days it breaks people like me and you" Trinity's father liked watching the evening news. He always made comments about certain news stories and made into his own pass time to preach to Trinity about the woes of the world. Trinity just called it "talking to the TV". "Trinity please be careful where you go with your friends, I just heard on the news about a serial rapist targeting girls like you, don't go anywhere by yourself where you're not familiar with your surroundings". As much as Trinity enjoyed watching TV with her father, Trinity wasn't very close with her dad as he always went away for business trips, so his absence always left a dreaded silence within the house.

Trinity's father is described to be very uptight, firm, strict, but he always had a soft spot for Trinity when he wasn't away for business trips. Sometimes they would take walks together, fishing trips, and even trips to the museum as it was Trinity's favorite activity to do. However, those experiences were very limited as he always made more time to work at his law firm than spend time with Trinity. One time Trinity had to spend her thirteen birthday alone because her father had a very important business meeting to attend in Louisiana. No birthday cake, no balloons, just cold dead silence that dwelled within the house. Trinity kept herself busy by painting her nails and watching pastime television of her favorite shows but she began to understand the meaning of solitude. Trinity's solitude time then became self-exploration time as her hormones began to rage around that time too.



Trinity's late mother wore many hats in her lifetime as she was a nurse practitioner, soccer coach, and a PTA attendee that baked homemade chocolate chip cookies that would melt in your mouth; the aroma of cinnamon kissed the tip of your nose when you took a bite. Trinity was very close with her mother. Her mother knew when Trinity was upset, sick, hungry, and even sleepy in most cases. It's as if she had this psychic connection with her daughter. One time when Trinity was in 6th grade she started her period in school and didn't know who to go to for that type of "stuff". Trinity was too embarrassed by the red stain on the back of her pants and isolated herself in the bathroom until she heard on the intercom, "Trinity Richards, please report to the nurse's office, TRINITY RICHARDS, PLEASE REPORT TO THE NURSES OFFICE, THANK YOU." Trinity was confused yet relieved she could finally escape the bathroom. She tied her pink XS Juicy Couture sweater around her waist and exited the bathroom and rushed to the nurse's office.

Trinity was surprised to see her mother talking to the nurse holding a bright purple box that had the word KOTEX written all over it in fancy cursive writing. Trinity's mother whispered to her daughter "I thought you might be needing these babe". Trinity took a couple of pre-wrapped pads and stuffed them in her khaki pants and took an extra one. She hugged her mother and gave the biggest thank you and asked "Mom, how did you know?" "Mother knows best, dear. I've been in the same situation before and I knew someday you would experience it too." Her mother winked at her, kissed Trinity goodbye, and left the nurse's office. Trinity wanted to cry but she sucked it up and walked towards the nurse's bathroom. She turned the squeaky knob opened the overly painted door and entered. Trinity looked at the pre-wrapped item curiously then thought, "Now how do I put this on?"

Trinity's mother also knew when Trinity was lying in most cases as Trinity once tried to change her grade on a 3rd-grade spelling test from a C- to an A+ with a magic marker, but Trinity always thought her parents were born yesterday and didn't know her mother had her teacher's cell phone numbers on speed dial. Also, the A+ was poorly crafted over with the marker as her mother pointed out "That's a weird-looking A".

When Trinity was 12, her mother developed uterine cancer and later died due to complications with the medication she was taking. Trinity would spend nights with her dying mother just talking, laughing, and reminiscing. Sometimes they would talk for hours about Trinity's problems with bullying, other conversations would be Trinity's mother preparing her for a life without her mother. They would laugh, cry, and oftentimes celebrate Trinity's accomplishments in school. This lasted for 6 months before one day Trinity's dad received a phone call announcing her mother's death. Trinity's school got ahold of the information and gave her a month's break from school to grieve. Trinity stayed in her room for ten days straight staring into her baby blue ceiling contemplating thoughts of suicide, running away, life, death, rebirth, and reincarnation. Trinity didn't want to live a life without her mother, her mother's love, affection, integrity, her warm smile on Saturday mornings, and the smell of her Sunday cooking that roamed through the house like a spirit. Trinity's mind spun like a hamster in a wheel just laying there with her tear-soaked pillow kissing her cheek. She just wanted her mother back.

Trinity didn't blame the hospitals or the medication for her mother dying but she blamed the system of another black woman dying of a fatal disease yet again. Trinity's father always discussed with her the medical biases of how black women are treated and cured of their ailments compared to their white counterparts. When Trinity and her father watched the news together there was one story that struck Trinity. The news story states, "THE RISE OF CANCER

IN THE BLACK AND BROWN COMMUNITY”. The news story flashed photography and videography of different patients awaiting their test results while dramatic music played in the background. The reporter told the story of doctors releasing documentation of their cancer patients being mostly Black and Brown people of color and their numbers appear to be rising throughout the decades. The story ended with interviews from patients receiving treatment and interviews from their family and friends discussing the hardships of having a family member with cancer. Almost every interviewee said the financial hardships from having cancer are worse than having cancer itself. Trinity and her father continued to watch the news that night while having dinner. Two months went by when the day came to bury her mother. On the day of her funeral, Trinity didn’t feel sorrow, pain, or even shed a tear. Trinity was relieved that her mother didn’t suffer anymore. She knew her mother was in a better place than before.

All the events that have taken place in Trinity’s life eventually made her decide on Biology as a major in undergrad but she quickly changed her major to something else she enjoyed studying, Philosophy. Trinity was equipped for any discussion regarding her mixed heritage of St. Lucia, Navajo, and Igbo and how culture plays a part in one’s life through spirituality and philosophy. Her father was Jamaican and her late mother was part Native American and African. Trinity used to enjoy the vacation trips she and her family used to take to Jamaica and Cameroon. Every summer up until her 12th birthday her parents wanted Trinity to see her parent’s origins and where they grew up before coming to the Americas.

Trinity is considered a 1st-generation born American according to her parents. She received a scholarship based on that fact including her grades being stellar throughout high school. Her parents would show her different parts of their home countries, from the beaches and coastlines to the poor areas and the ghettos. Trinity appreciated every place they went to and

learned so much from each trip. She even acquired some books on background history, culture, and even folktale and lore from both places. Those were her favorite books and she guarded them with her life on some occasions. She always boasted to her middle school friends and peers about her family trips and the things she saw while traveling within both countries. “Oh my god, we know Trinity! You have money, sis! WE KNOW GIRL” Her group of her friends started to jokingly mock her while laughing and hugging her for bringing in optimism to the group.

After her mother died the summer trips stopped. Her father had to start working overtime to keep up with the expenses of the house as he was now the only breadwinner present. Trinity’s father tried to keep up the rituals of bonding with Trinity but continuous business trips left a dent in their relationship. Trinity couldn’t get the same amount of affection or even advice of being a growing young woman from her father as she did from her mother. Trinity relied on her close friends, the internet, and SEVENTEEN magazines to show her what “true” femininity is. What was considered feminine? What’s the difference between a young lady and a woman? Why can’t I use the word female when describing a biological woman from birth? Trinity couldn’t ask her father these questions because he was simply a man. “You see Trinity, this is a man’s world” her father uttered from his mouth while watching a news story of another rapist striking again.

### CHAPTER 3: Love, Sex, and Magick

While attending college, Trinity started to develop visions or premonitions about certain events or interesting underlying facts about people. During her first week of college, she kept talking in her sleep. Her incoherent mumbling was mistaken for spellcasting by her overzealous religious roommate and that was the start of the magical rumors. Her roommate eventually moved out and another girl named Valentina replaced their spot. Trinity's sleep talking eventually stopped but her dreams became more realistic and then prophetic. Trinity had a "dream" of the school shuttle ending up in a crash and injuring five students. The next week it happened but Trinity wasn't on the bus during that time. Her mistake was talking to some students about it previously before it happened. One of her friends was on the bus and ended up having to be taken to the hospital because of a broken leg. Trinity tried to visit the hospital but they ended up denying her because her supposed friend didn't want to see anyone during that time, except her "other" friends, her family, boyfriend, and dog. Trinity already knew the reason her presence was denied.

Some thought she was psychic, others cast her as a witch. Trinity started to dabble into witchcraft and esoteric knowledge from the books she acquired from her college's library. Trinity would visit her college library twice a week to the esoteric and metaphysical section to exchange books based on what she wanted to learn about for the week. Occasionally she would choose books on Alchemy and hermetic. Trinity found the same solitude in the library as she did in her bedroom back home. It was comforting but overwhelming at the same time. Her reading took place in the basement of her dormitory as she had access to food, refreshments, and her bed if she ever got tired and didn't feel like walking half a mile from the library to her dorm. Trinity

spent hours reading these books and trying to apply the knowledge she read to her personal life. Sometimes she would envision herself creating rituals of transmutation and applying the knowledge of astrology to her trials and tribulations. She just wanted to make sense of her life, her situations, her troubles, and her past.

Trinity would apply her knowledge of alchemy, hermetic, witchcraft, and much other esoteric knowledge to her philosophy term papers. She always received a B- on them by her pretentious and snobby philosophy professor. Mark Globber was his name but he forced his students to call him Dr. Globber, even though he only had a Master's degree. Globber was not only stuck up but he favored his female students, especially those that were his particular “preference”. He kept a rotation of female students in his office hours that would sometimes overlap into other students' office hours with him because he insisted they needed “extra” help in his class. There was even a rumor of one of Trinity’s friends getting pregnant and dropping out of college because of Dr. Globber. However, truth be told that it was one of the staff members of the school.

One day Trinity received another B- on her philosophy term paper by Dr. Globber and she immediately went on her phone and sent Dr. Globber an email addressing the matter and scheduled to meet him during his office hours. He replied an hour later stating, “It’s good to see an email from you, Trinity, However, that time doesn’t suit my schedule” “Bullshit” Trinity thought out loud. “I’ll make an appointment next week at 1 pm. Thanks!” Trinity closed her email app on her phone and shook her head. Trinity was laying in her bed and shoved her face into her pillow in complete despair of her new college experience. She was always under the constant stress of school work, work-study, and the cloistered environment of attending a college she didn’t much enjoy.

The only release she had was from sex and studying “occult” knowledge. Even though Trinity was scared of men since her ex-boyfriend Beckhard, she enjoyed sex. The thought of another man touching and caressing her body became constant fantasies for Trinity. Trinity liked the feeling of sex but she certainly didn’t enjoy the presence of another man. She would always get flashbacks of her losing her virginity to her ex-boyfriend. She would experience a sense of disgust followed by being turned on due to her craving for that same experience again. She yearned for it. She could no longer hide in the shadows of her past experiences dealing with a guy that didn’t care nor love her. She wanted to find herself sexually and wanted to explore what it felt like to be sexually liberated and “free”. Trinity started having casual sex with any guy she sought interest in.

Her body started to develop as she also became more sexually active during her first semester in college. She started to train her body to retain fat in places she felt were more womanly and appealing to the male gaze. Throughout her time in high school, she bought various weight gain supplements to make her ex-boyfriend more content with her body. Beckhard always made her feel self-conscious and insecure about Trinity’s slim and petite body and the proportions of her weight. At times, Trinity would catch Beckhard glancing at other girls who were more “thicker” and curvy than she was.

After a while, Beckhard just didn’t care if Trinity saw her not, he was more worried about catching the attention of curvy women who would glance back. Some did, but most didn’t as they would figure he had a slim girl by his side as he fetishized their bodies from a distance. Trinity would cry almost every time she came back home from hanging with Beckhard as he made her feel small, inadequate, and much less of what a woman is. As Trinity was having flashbacks

of her ex-boyfriend and slight body dysmorphia from her teen years, she received a text from “HOT BOD GRADUATE” stating

*“are we still down for tn?”*

Trinity responded,

*“ofc. See you then, sexy;-\*”*

Trinity’s heart began to race as she forgot she had to meet her friend with benefits that night at 11:30 pm. She was a bit upset that he canceled the last time they were supposed to meet so she texted another dude that gave her his number through Snapchat.

Trinity’s first day of undergrad was “interesting”. She acquired two phone numbers from a sophomore and a graduate student twenty minutes away from campus when she visited a nearby shop. She was planning to have sex with both soon after, starting with the graduate student. His name was Kennedy, a fairly attractive, masculine, chiseled body but flaky at times. Sometimes Trinity wondered why she kept contact with such an unreliable fuck but every sexual conquest with him was enough satisfaction to keep her coming back. Kennedy was handsome but he had intelligence that backed up his physical appearance. Trinity couldn’t understand her natural attraction to Kennedy but he struck her as a “wizard” of some sort. She didn’t find herself emotionally connected to this person but she couldn’t keep away from his masculine aura.

Trinity claimed him a wizard when he spoke to her after sex about his errands for the day or what his tasks included for his graduate program. He was studying Chemistry for the time being as he wanted to be a Biotechnologist after he graduated. Trinity was interested in his choice of career and a bit jealous. Trinity was always intrigued yet jealous of genius men, as she wanted the same knowledge that they held, and with knowledge comes power. However, Trinity always brushed it away by saying to herself “Men are just more logical I suppose”. The time was



7:16 pm, Trinity started to get ready for her late-night “meeting” with the wizard. While showering her mind started to wonder about her classes and schedule.

Trinity initially asked for 20 credits on her schedule because she thought 16 credits would be too easy. She picked 102 Intro to Philosophy, 101 Intro to Sociology, 245 Biology and the Reproductive Organs, 297 LIT Women’s Industrialization, and 125 College Algebra. Trinity struggled with her 245 Bio class as she picked the class because of her initial bio major but fell out of interest with it. While the suds from her dove soap trickled down her body she thought of an idea to “utilize” Kennedy’s wizardry in Chemistry to help her with her bio class. She washed off the rest of the oozing suds and stopped the shower. She got out, wiped herself dry, and stared into the mirror until she could locate every flaw about herself and her body. She noticed a bit of weight gain in her thighs and breasts as she caressed them in front of the mirror to create cleavage. She felt more womanly and for the first time “feminine”. Trinity brushed her teeth, washed her face, and headed back to her dorm room. Her roommate appeared to be in a drunken state, again.

Valentina Drovo was her full name. A white, wealthy girl that transferred from Penn State because it wasn’t “The Vibes”. Trinity’s presence in the room always seemed to bother Valentina. Valentina was also an art snob who was entitled to any and everything that surrounded her, especially their dorm room for the time being. “When are you heading to class?” was always Valentina’s go-to phrase when she didn’t want Trinity in the dorm for “personal reasons”. Trinity always responded “In a few” to keep the dorm princess happy. This time Trinity was annoyed. When Valentina would get into her drunken phases anything on the table was possible to happen. Last week, Valentina got into a situation while being drunk. It had to take the dorm’s PC and campus security to mediate the situation.

Valentina was then fined \$3000 for the cost of damages and the presence of alcohol in a freshman dorm, but her parents took care of that like always. A spoiled, irresponsible brat she was. Valentina slurred, “HEY TRINIDY, HEH HOE ARRRHE YOU?” “Huh?” Trinity thought to herself. “Did she just call me a hoe?” Trinity thought again. “HEYY GIRL YOU GOOD?!” Valentia struggled to keep her head up as it fell onto her pink silk pillow. “Yeah, I’m fine, Val. I can see you’re having a good night.” “HELL YAH I AM!” Valentina shouted. As Valentina turned over and fell asleep, Trinity unrobed herself to finish getting ready. She smothered her body in whipped cocoa butter and jasmine oil, applied deodorant, and made up her face with cosmetics she ordered from Sephora and Narc. Her favorite makeup tool was eyeliner as she would always do a sexy and sleek cat-eye look. She slipped on a see-through form-fitting dress that hugged her “new and improved” curves. For the finishing touch, she spritzed Jimmy Choo’s “I want Choo” perfume on her pressure points and between her thighs. Valentina sneezed, startling Trinity. Trinity received a text from “HOT BOD GRADUATE” stating, “pulling up now”. Trinity grabbed her black shaw, put on her black ballerina slip-on, and headed out the door.

When Trinity got downstairs to her dorm the smell of Mary Jane roamed the halls while trap music blasted from one guy's dorm. He was a White male economics student from Massachusetts. “It figured” Trinity spoke to herself. Trinity stepped outside and began to feel nervous. She could feel butterflies in her stomach as his 2021 black BMW pulled up outside of her dorm entrance. Trinity waved and got in his car. The smell of car air freshener and freshly washed leather made her calm as it reminded her of the time she visited Jamaica with her family before her mother’s passing. Kennedy took Trinity’s chin, turned her head around, and started to make out with her as his left hand fixated on her breasts while his right hand caressed her

semi-pudgy waist. “Ooo you gained some weight since I last saw you, it’s nice” Kennedy spoke with his deep sultry voice. He grabbed Trinity’s upper thigh and pulled off.

While Kennedy was caressing Trinity’s right thigh, Trinity’s mind began to travel a million places all at once. Her first thought was how bad she just wanted to get on top of Kennedy and blow his breath away with her death kiss but she didn’t want to end up on the 10 o’clock news. Her second thought was how in the hell was she gonna get home so late in the night. Then her mind went on to school work, homework, term papers, Mr. Globber, and finally, they arrived at his place. Kennedy pulled up next to the curb and his car slowly made a halt. Trinity’s heart was racing and pounding like a drum. She was nervous and became queasy until Kennedy grabbed her throat firmly and pulled her head close to his and began making out with her once more. This time he caught a case of sticky fingers and couldn’t let go of her neck and thigh. He squeezed both firmly as Trinity let out a faint moan and he looked into her eyes. He stared into her soul for a few seconds before he started shoving his tongue down her throat. Trinity liked the sensation of his tongue and saliva running down her throat as his hands groped her lady bits. Her primal thoughts overpowered her and she began to rub his erection that was bulging through his black bootcut jeans. He smelled like a mix of old spice and turmeric, a scent that reminded Trinity of her father’s cooking. Trinity was fully turned on.

Kennedy stopped kissing Trinity and said to her “let’s go inside now” “okay” Trinity said softly as she shook her head to his command. Trinity always tried to play this subservient role when it came to Kennedy. She found the thought of his masculine aura overpowering her fragile and feminine state erotic. Trinity always wanted to be erotic when it came to her sexual escapades with men. Kennedy winked at Trinity and removed himself from the driver's seat. He circled the 2021 BMW and opened the door for Trinity. “Play it cool, Trinity ” Trinity thought to

herself as she exited the vehicle and stood up while making a bedroom face to Kennedy. As she stood up and fixed her slip-on dress, Kennedy smacked Trinity's behind when she walked past him to get to the doorstep. Trinity chuckled and headed to the doorstep then stopped when she reached the top step. Her body temperature began to rise as the warm summer air was stagnant.

Kennedy did a slow walk to the doorsteps after he locked up the car and undressed her with his eyes. Trinity felt the sexual energy Kennedy gave off from the look on his face to the way he walked towards the doorsteps. Kennedy stopped at the door, took his keys out of his pocket, and unlocked the door to open it. The jiggling of the keys gave Trinity flashbacks to the way her father used to jiggle his keys playfully in front of Trinity before he would open the door to let her inside. Trinity was always alleviated by the noise of jiggling keys because it symbolized a sign of home, returning home after a long day, and a loved one making it back home to safety. Trinity's flashbacks stopped when Kennedy stepped inside. Trinity followed right after him. Kennedy walked to the light switch and flicked it up, thus creating his studio apartment lights to turn on.

*“And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, and it was good, and God divided the light from the darkness.”*

## CHAPTER 4: The Wizard

Kennedy led Trinity into his bedroom and sat her on the bed. Kennedy once again began making out with Trinity as he caressed her body this time trying to undress her with his thick masculine hands. They felt warm against Trinity's clammy skin. Trinity felt secure in his embrace and let him undress her until she was fully naked. She laid on his bed fully exposed, ready to be devoured by his masculine chaotic energy. As Kennedy began to undress, Trinity sat up and inquired about a condom. Kennedy puffed his breath and asked her "Why? Don't you trust me? We've been having sex for about a month now, I don't have anything." Trinity said, "I don't care, Kennedy, I still want to use a condom. 4 weeks isn't enough time to have sex with someone you just met. We're not even exclusive-". "Then why would you give the pussy up if you just met me? Huh?" Kennedy interrupted Trinity.

Trinity couldn't answer Kennedy's rhetorical question. He was right. The wizard struck again. "I'll just go, I didn't mean to upset you," Trinity said as her eyes began to water and removed herself from the bed. Kennedy pushed her back down and looked her in the eyes. He put his hand around her neck firmly and kissed her on the lips. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say it like that. I'll grab some condoms right quick okay?." Kennedy's voice became gentle; it settled Trinity's anxieties. Trinity waited for 2 minutes on the bed before Kennedy came back into the room with three magnum condoms. Kennedy charged at Trinity on the bed and they got into it.

Trinity's primal instincts were equally attached to Kennedy's as he expressed his masculine prowess unto Trinity's warm, moist, feminine energy. The room filled with primal rage, Trinity's loud moans, and the sweet sound of Smokey Robinson & The Miracles Much Better Off played softly in the background. Kennedy finished. "Wow, that was amazing,"

Kennedy said as he rolled over and took a breath. The primal rage was soothed by the satisfaction of a warm release and the feeling of watching fireworks on the fourth of July. Kennedy lit up a cigarette and took a draw. He tried to pass it to Trinity but she denied the cigarette. Kennedy shrugged his shoulders and smoked the rest of the cigarette until it was just filter left. Trinity removed herself from the bed and went to the bathroom to wash off Kennedy's masculine essence. She then stared into the mirror at herself and began contemplating.

Trinity came out of the bathroom, laid next to Kennedy, and began to cuddle with him. The smell of old spice and tobacco delighted Trinity's nose. "Hey, Can I ask you something?" "Yeah, what's up Trin" "How well do you know about Biology?" "You gonna ask me that question?" Kennedy grinned at Trinity as he caressed her body and bit her lip. "Not like that, Kennedy. I mean like undergrad Bio, I'm struggling in my biology class and I need help. I know you're a Chem major and I was wondering if I can utilize that big brain of yours." "You can utilize more than my big brain Trin" Kennedy grinned again. Trinity was entertained by his pseudo sexy grin but she felt a slight disgust from it. Maybe it was the grin or the thought that another round of sex was on his mind during that moment of asking for help. "So are you gonna help me, I'll treat you if you do" Trinity winked at Kennedy but her inner monolog consisted of confusion of what WAS the thing she was gonna treat him to. She hoped Kennedy took it as more sex from her but maybe he took the "gift" as something else. Besides, Trinity's main focus was to just get a better grade in her bio class. "Sure Trin, I'll help you out, but you have to come over here for the sessions". Trinity didn't mind walking 45 minutes from campus to his place as long it was still light outside. Trinity never felt comfortable wandering around outside of campus past dark.

“Okay, that’s fine. But you have to drive me back to campus. It can be once or twice a week depending on my schedule”. “Depending on my schedule too. I’m busy with graduate classes and work, Trin.” “I know, I know I’ll just text you the days and times when I’m free” “Okay, that’s cool” Kennedy said. Trinity looked on her phone to check the time, “3:49 AM WEDNESDAY” “Hey Kennedy I have to go soon, I have an 11:15 class in the morning.” “Just wait until it’s morning to leave, I’ll drive you back.” Trinity didn’t like spending the night with guys she wasn’t exclusive with. It screamed desperation and neediness. Trinity didn’t want to appear anything like that to Kennedy but she realized there was no point in making Kennedy drive in the middle of the night back to her dorm. Trinity laid back down and rested her head on the pillow. Trinity, exhausted, began to feel sleepy. Kennedy spooned her from behind. Trinity closed her eyes and soon fell into a slumber.

Kennedy’s alarm clock awoke Trinity’s slumber and her eyes opened to the ray of sunshine that entered through the window across from her. It created a dusky scene in Kennedy’s bedroom. Kennedy already stirred for the day passed Trinity her belongings. “I’ll be waiting in the car outside,” Kennedy said while downing a cup of orange juice. He took his keys off the mahogany end table beside the bed and headed out the front door. Trinity, still in a half-sleep state put on her clothes, slipped on her flats, and checked the time, “9:46 AM WEDNESDAY”. Trinity fixed her hair from a matted state, checked herself out in the mirror, and left the bedroom. As she approached the front door she could hear legendary Gangster Rap group, NWA blaring out the car of Kennedy’s. She exited out the front door and walked to his car. Trinity opened the passenger side door and got in. Kennedy zoomed off in his spaceship.

When Kennedy pulled up to Trinity’s dormitory, he reminded her to text him the scheduling of the “tutoring” sessions before she got out. Kennedy then pulled off and headed to

his wizardly endeavors for the day. Trinity rushed to her dorm room reminding herself of her 11:15 morning class. She did her morning ritual of showering, primping, and making sure she had everything for the rest of the day. Trinity for the first time in a while felt decent about herself. She rushed off to class.

After a full day of classes, office hours, and mental stress, Trinity was finally glad to head back to her dorm only to find her roommate Valentina smoking weed in their dorm room while multiple personal fans blew the smoke out the window. “Heyyyy Trinity” Valentina greeted Trinity. Valentina’s eyes were low and red. Trinity greeted Valentina back and headed to her bed. “You wanna hit” Valentina held out a lit spliff towards Trinity’s direction. At first, Trinity wanted to deny it but she caved in and walked towards Valentina. Valentina handed Trinity the spliff and Trinity took a draw from it. Trinity began to cough, her lungs aching at first but a mellow feeling came over Trinity. She took another puff and passed it back to Valentina. Trinity felt a wave of euphoria hit her like a soft pillow with feathers inside of it. Trinity stood there for a moment in a trance before Valentina blurted out “Good shit huh?” Trinity snapped out of it and responded “Yeah”. Trinity plopped back into her bed and got under her covers. Trinity got on her phone, put her earbuds in, and started to play some music.

As she played slow jams of The Spinners, contemporary disco of Blondie, to alternative electronic music of FKA Twigs, Trinity imagined herself in different places and sceneries. Every time Trinity smoked this THC-infused plant they call Weed, Pot, Reefer, Mary Jane, Zaza, Sour, Marijuana, her mind not only wandered to places but through places, spaces, dimensions, and time. She was a traveler, alone in her mind, wandering through places, some familiar and some not. The music helped her journey as each song was a different place and time in her travels. Trinity was a time traveler, lonesome dweller, lone wanderer. Sometimes she would play video



games on her phone, maybe watch Youtube videos with weird visuals and comedy, but this time she wanted to be a traveler. The euphoria lasted for an hour before she came down and recollected her thoughts. As she lay there she decided to turn to the window next to her bed and stared out the window at the trees. The colors of the leaves on the tree were changing to their autumn color. A nice gradient color of green and orange splashed upon the upper part of the trees making them into double-dipped paint brushes that seemed to stand up.

When Trinity spends time to herself just thinking, she thinks of the past, the present, and the future and what it might bring to her. Trinity began an inner monologue “The past. What is my past? My past consists of hurt, pain, and all the things that break my heart into a million pieces.” Trinity’s anxiety flares up as the progress of her thought. As Trinity lays her head down on her pillow, facing towards the window, her eyes start to trace out the trees and outline each branch and each leaf connected. As Trinity gathers her thoughts, her eyes begin to shift to different trees and branches, her eyes becoming frantic trying to line each branch, each twig that comes into sight.

Trinity’s chest began to tighten, breathing heavier, thoughts racing of the past. “Things I could’ve done differently, things I wanted to do differently, and things I no longer have control over to do differently”. Not only did Trinity feel hatred but guilt started to flare up inside Trinity as well. Even though her ex-boyfriend Beckhard wasn’t too much of a great person to Trinity, Trinity in turn felt like she had to take responsibility for the things she did within the relationship and the amount of time she gave that person to keep mistreating her. Trinity knew she had to take accountability for her actions and the consequences of those actions. The hatred that builds inside Trinity’s chest for who caused her such pain. “I still hate this person! This person had no right to treat me like shit!” As Trinity continues to trace each tree with her eyes, her mind begins

to wonder about the detailing of each tree she lays her eyes upon. “Where is the branch? The branch seems to be missing. The branch probably fell to the ground.” The warm, wet ground that people probably stepped on, snapping the fallen branch into pieces. The broken branch on the ground. The pieces disconnected from each other. The pieces that make the branch whole. “This tree has a nice proportion of branches and twigs!”

The twigs were connected to the branches that were connected to the tree. The tree was the base, or was it the ground that was the base for the tree? Trinity’s eyes detailed the twigs on the branches. The twigs were smaller in comparison to the branch it was connected to. The branches birthed the twigs. The tree birthed the branches. The soil in the ground birthed the tree. The roots of the tree in the ground birthed the tree, branches, twigs, and the autumn-colored leaves. One tree turns into three, three turns into nine, many, many trees in sight. Trinity sat there for almost thirty minutes tracing each tree that was visible from her dorm window.

As Trinity traced each branch, each twig with precision she realized that this person she felt such hatred for, she had to let them go. Trinity felt it slowly killing everything good in her, leaving her a hollow shell of a woman. “Maybe this person needs to heal as well” Trinity finally said to herself as the grips of hatred finally released her. “I need to focus on positive things,” Trinity told herself. Her body relaxed on the bed and her mind was free from such hatred. Trinity was soothed by the music still playing in her ears. Trinity then remembered to text Kennedy her schedule and the period when she is free to meet for tutoring. A couple of minutes later, Kennedy texts back his schedule and the times when he is free. Trinity noticed that Sundays and Wednesdays at 6 pm were a good fit for the sessions. She texted Kennedy of the times and days when the sessions can happen based on their schedules. Kennedy texted back in agreement.

Trinity was relieved of her hatred and began to perceive positive thoughts as she began to sit up on her bed. As Valentina smoked the rest of the spliff, Trinity asked “Can I take another hit?” A couple of hours and two spliffs later, Trinity and Valentina’s dorm was full of smoke and giggles. This was the first time Trinity and Valentina bonded and enjoyed their time spent together. There was a knock on the door. Trinity and Valentina’s eyes widened in fear. They disposed of the rest of the spliff, sprayed as much air freshener and Victoria secret as they possibly could until it smelled like a brothel. Trinity headed towards the door and cracked it open to expose half of their face. It was the Economics student who always blasted trap music from his dorm. He asked Trinity about weed but handed the request to Valentina as she was the go-to person for those types of requests. Trinity passed off the conversation to Valentina and headed back to her bed.

## CHAPTER 5: Lost Innocence

The next few days for Trinity consisted of the regular college routine. One day she headed to the campus center to watch some TV, preferably the news channel. When she got to the TV room it was empty, silence filled the room which comforted Trinity. She sat on the bean bag and pressed the power button on the TV remote. She changed the channel to her favorite news station and her father watched back at home. The news consisted of a scandal that happened in NYC, they busted a sex trafficking ring that consisted of underage girls. The ages ranged from three to fourteen. Trinity had zero tolerance for predators, especially pedophiles. Since her father was a man of the law, Trinity would be told countless horror stories by her father of the number of pedophiles that he had to defend and read about. The number horrified Trinity into believing that the average joe/man could be a pedophile.

As Trinity watched the news it was reported that the sex traffickers were young men between the ages of 22-55. These men owned houses, property, had good jobs but were a part of the lucrative scheme of taboo pleasure and the corruption of innocence. Trinity shook her head in disgust. It was reported they had connections in NYC, D.C, Los Angeles, Texas, and many other big cities. Their methods of kidnapping included the old-fashioned method of luring a kid with a lollipop to a van, inviting preteen girls to “big parties with celebrities”, modeling gigs, and babysitting jobs. At first, Trinity blamed the nativity of the victims but she had to realize she too was naive to some degree. She started to feel empathy for the victims as they told their frightening experiences of being sex trafficked, assaulted, physically beaten, and even muzzled.

The news story ended with hotlines to call if you know or see something suspicious dealing with sex and human trafficking. The news story ended and started to report another

political story with current officials lying once again to the mass public. Trinity zoned out and went on her phone to check her notifications. Nothing but news stories, social media pop-ups, and the occasional ads from employer apps. Trinity sat there in a boring state until another student came in and sat down at the oval table. Another minute passed and another student came in and sat down next to them. Two white girls, attractive, blonde, and sophisticated in their speech and manner. One girl started to cry while the other one comforted her. Trinity noticed the girl that was crying looked familiar but couldn't place her face to a distinct person she knew. Maybe she just saw her in passing while heading to class. Her face was red, flushed, and full of embarrassment and hurt. The other girl whispered something to her and she made a slight smile.

“DOWNEY’S BAKERY,” Trinity thought to herself. She was the little girl on the TV ad back in the 2000s. The little girl on the ad was the daughter of the founder and CEO of Downey’s Bakery. It was based in NYC for a while before there were multiple chains in some locations, including Trinity’s hometown. Trinity never frequented the place but it was a well-known LLC, nothing big or international. As Trinity overheard their conversation it became apparent to Trinity that her father was one of the ring leaders in the sex trafficking scandal. Trinity felt bad for the girl but couldn’t feel empathy as she was white, rich, and attractive. Trinity knew even though her father would be indicted for his criminal behavior, she would be well off and be given favor in people’s actions.

*“At grief so deep the tongue must wag in vain; the language of our senses and memory lacks the vocabulary of such pain.”*

## CHAPTER 6: Limbo

Trinity zoned out of the conversation and went back to her phone to check the time, “6:52 PM MONDAY”. Trinity got her belongings and went to another room to give the two girls their privacy in the grievance. Another room was empty but the bright lights from the fluorescent bulbs would always hurt Trinity’s eyes and make her feel weird. Not sickly but her eyes became too sensitive to bright lights, it would always distract her from her work. The walls were too white, it encompassed the whole room. There were no decorations, no posters, only tables and seats that made Trinity’s butt throb after sitting too long in them. She entered the room and sat down in the very corner. She took out her laptop, her notebook and began to read Dante’s *Inferno*. She had the Latin version and English version both on her screen.

The room that Trinity sat in reminded her of the same room she went to at the Health Department. Trinity didn’t want to be reminded of that time again but this room made it hard for her to forget. It became a part of her like the white became a part of the wall’s color. Trinity also called this room Limbo. The room reminded Trinity of how Dante described Limbo in the *Inferno* as being bland with the absence of human joy. Limbo was a funny word to Trinity. Limbo was a word used to describe a game of testing your flexibility skills while moving under a pole that gradually lowered itself. “How low can you go?” was the motto of the game. However, the question “How low can you go?” still refers to Dante’s *Inferno* and the descent of one’s soul based on the deeds and acts they committed during their time on earth. Limbo was a place full of people who didn’t believe in Christ, who was born before the teachings of Christ, and good-hearted people who were more attuned to human philosophy and teachings rather than the teachings of Christ. Trinity questioned the validity of placing poets and philosophers in this

realm as they had their ways and teachings of living out one's life. Why was that considered such a sin? Even though they weren't punished as harshly as the others in lower circles, their indifference from God was punishment enough. God decided these were the "good" sinners. Those that were indifferent to God and his teachings were in turn indifferent to them and their teachings. This time, they knew their ways and teachings were wrong and it cost them being denied the presence of their maker. Limbo was a place of the bland and the bland souls that dwelled there.

To Trinity, the bland room felt like a sad hospital room with nothing to look at. Nothing changed, a lack of passion dwelled in the room. Hospital rooms had more decor and liveliness than this room. While Trinity skimmed through Dante's Inferno she started to compare each circle of the inferno to each other. Each circle is worse than the next and with this comparison, she started to compare them to the seven deadly sins and the biblical description of hell in the King James Bible.

Trinity was never religious but rather spiritual in her journey of finding faith and a power that was greater than her. Trinity found two circles from the Inferno that stuck out to her, Lust and Treachery. One is a part of the seven deadly sins and another is an act of deceit. Lust, being a part of the paradigm of sex, was considered more of the physical aspect. A sexual attraction that mostly consisted of sexual attraction and curiosity of the particular subject. Trinity always wondered why sex is considered a sin. It even had its circle in Dante's Inferno. Why is something so pleasing and pleasurable to the human body and mind considered something so bad to the human soul and their divine spirit?

Trinity looked more into these circles which consisted of big names and known figures in history. Cleopatra, Homer, Virgil, Julius Caesar, and many more names that Trinity identified.

Satan was in the lowest circle that was considered to be Treachery. Trinity knew of Treachery but according to Dante, Treachery was a term that was of the lowliest. It was the worst thing you could do to someone since the days of Jesus and Judas. Treachery was noted to be acts of betrayal of voluntary relationships, family, nations, and their very own leaders and benefactors. Betrayal was a demonic act.

Trinity equated this circle of the Inferno to her ex-boyfriend Beckhard. His betrayal was demonic. His lust was demonic. When you mix the two, you make a perfect equation of a selfish and reckless human being. That he was. Trinity started to understand why Treachery was considered to be the lowliest thing according to Dante. Treachery was nothing but disappointment wrapped up in a big credible word. Treachery was when Trinity found Beckhard with another girl at the mall. Treachery was when Trinity found out her mother died due to the “complicated” medicine she took. Treachery is when Beckhard almost gave Trinity HIV. Trinity didn’t like Treachery. It seems as though Treachery is all of the seven deadly sins mixed to create a concoction of hate and unworthiness. Treachery was unworthy. It was hatred. What person of good morals and character wants to betray someone that didn’t deserve it? Only a person with bad character and sneaky ways would only do such and act. Treachery, betrayal, and backstabbing only have one distinct cause, low morale.

Trinity kept reading on, line by line, verse by verse. The story of the Inferno intrigued her. She sat in Limbo for hours before she realized the time had passed her by and didn’t even realize. She checked the time on her laptop and it read, “11:11 PM MONDAY”. Trinity knew it was time to head back to her dorm and rest for the night. She packed her things and left Limbo, heading towards Purgatory.



## CHAPTER 7: False Witness

Trinity walked down the hall to go downstairs to exit the building. She walked back to her dormitory and saw flashing lights from the distance, they blinked blue and red. She wondered what all the commotion was about as she came closer to the dorm. Her body could feel something bad was in the air but she stopped before the two cop cars and saw her roommate and another student on the ground with their arms crossed behind them. Trinity was scared, not scared for her own safety but scared for Valentina as she thought the smoke session earlier set her up for this Predicament. However, the shouting from Valentina and her friend told Trinity this was far deeper than the smoke session in the dorm room. Trinity's heart began to pound as the officers pulled them up from the ground and stood them up against the trunks of the cop's cars. The cop split up Valentina and her friend so both of them can give an alibi of what happened. Her friend was obviously African American as his features were strong and distinct. Trinity clocked him from the football team and remembered why his face looked familiar. He was a scholarship kid as well.

When Trinity saw that the cops split up Valentina and the guy from the football team, She was curious enough to find out what caused the scene. The other students shared Trinity's curiosity trying to overhear how good enough Valentina's alibi was. However, Trinity went over to the football player's "side" first and she overheard in great detail why they were under arrest. Apparently, Valentina and the football player were transporting drugs across the campus, from weed to Oxycontin. The football player's speech was filled with anxiety but full of intellect and analysis of the situation. Trinity was surprised that a football player had much intelligence and knew how to express himself. Trinity began overhearing the conversation between him and

campus security. “Look I’m not the one that’s transporting the drugs I’m just friends with Valentina, we were just driving around campus.” “Is this your car sir?” The officer asked the football player. “Yes, it’s my car but I wasn’t transporting any drugs officer” “Then why is there a kilo of marijuana and cocaine in the back seat?” “That’s not mine” “But it was in the back seat of your car.” “I know but it’s not mine” “Then who put it in your car?” “Valentina. That’s her stash, I don’t do drugs sir, I’m a part of the football team.” The officer didn’t make eye contact with him as he wrote down notes in his notepad. “Okay, but the stash is still in your car and the car is in your name.” “But the stash isn’t mine though” “Sir since the car is in your possession, technically, the stash is under your possession as well” “But sir!” “Calm your voice when you talk to authority. Listen, boy, you had the drugs in YOUR car, why are their drugs in YOUR car if the drugs are not YOURS!” Trinity gawked at the police officer’s expression and the frustration of the football player as they went back and forth with the logic and reasoning of the situation. The police officer told him to stop talking, threw him on the back car door, and placed handcuffs on him.

The football player tried to hold his composure as tears began forming from his eyes. His face screamed of anger and sorrow. His eyes filled with fire and brimstones, his face became stone as if Medusa had taken hold of his eyes and gazed into his soul. Trinity remembered he made the same face when he lost the first football game of the season, this time his eyes weren't. The officer began writing in his notepad again as if nothing happened. The police officer chuckled a bit before he looked up at the football player and used his walky-talky. The police showed no emotion on his face as he described the situation and spoke in codes Trinity didn't understand. Trinity observed the whole scene and something rumbled in her stomach. She couldn't explain the feeling in her stomach, was it butterflies or discontent? Trinity understood

that the football player was in a very bad position, especially since he was black and was on a full-ride scholarship. The officer began to raise his voice at the now cuffed football player as his face became inflamed. Trinity couldn't listen anymore as she pretty much knew the odds weren't in his favor.

Trinity went over to the other side of the second police car and saw Valentina talking to the second security guard. Trinity stood close so she could hear the conversation. "Miss Drovo, you were in the car with one kilo of weed and one kilo of cocaine. Do you mean to tell me you weren't a part of any distribution of those things?" "No sir, I didn't have any knowledge of that being in the car." "Then why were you in the car with the other student?" "He's my friend." "Who owns the car?" "He owns the car, I don't have a car" "Then who's drugs is it?" "I believe it's his sir, I don't do cocaine." "Okay". The officer glanced at Valentina while he wrote down notes on his pad. "Miss Drovo, I believe you but you can't ride around with anyone that has that type of stuff in their car, it's bad for your image and the school as well." "I know sir, it won't happen again." "Okay, I like the sound of that" The police eyeballed and winked at Valentina before he walked over to the other officer and began intimidating the football player.

"I didn't do anything, those aren't even my drugs! VALENTINA!" Valentina hid behind the cop car as they placed the football player inside the cop car. The other police officer went back to his car. The police car with the football player drove off first, you could see the anger and discontent on his face from the back window. The other car pulled off following behind the first one. Trinity felt disgusted, not just for Valentina but for the situation as a whole. Her supposed friend, Valentina, just lied upon a student, a black student, and framed him for the whole ordeal. Trinity didn't like how the officer's handled the football player and how Valentina disregarded taking accountability. After the police cars drove off the remaining students just stared at

Valentina. Some stared at her in disbelief while others stared whispering to their friends.

Valentina just flipped her hair and went back to her dorm. Trinity shook her head and went into the dormitory with Valentina.

She followed Valentina to the dorm room and closed the door behind them. Trinity asked Valentina “What happened out there?” “Oh, they busted us for some drugs that’s all” “That’s all? They arrested him and now he’s about to go down” I know Trin, I know but technically the drugs were in his car so that’s why they took him instead.” Trinity stared at Valentina for a moment before she asked “Then why were you in the car and why didn’t they take you too?” “I just explained it to Trin, they were in his car so they took it as something under his possession” “Okay Val” “Why would I lie about something like that?” “I’m not saying that but he is black and is on a full-ride scholarship so that’s in jeopardy for him.” “Ohhhh he’s a scholarship kid, nice” Valentina said in a sarcastic manner. “Well, at least he was a good fuck!” Valentina laughed and rolled over in her bed. Trinity became numb and just sat in her bed silently contemplating what just happened. For the first time, Trinity realized that her “friend” Valentina lacked compassion and integrity. Valentina was your average careless rich girl, she lacked basic humility for life that wasn’t her own. Trinity couldn’t blame Valentina for being careless but what she could blame was her background and how she was raised in a sheltered privileged bubble with no remorse for life besides her own.

When Trinity met Valentina on move-in day there was a brief introduction between each other. Trinity told her she came from Cincinnati, had a Caribbean background, and wanted to major in Philosophy. While Trinity introduced herself Valentina interrupted stating “Well that’s nice, my name is Valentina and I’m from Cali. I’m not sure what I want to major in yet but probably designing or writing.” Trinity knew that the college didn’t offer design nor “writing” as

a major. Trinity didn't say anything else and acknowledged Valentina's indifferent statement. "Well I hope we enjoy the semester together, I'll be a nice roommate" Trinity winked at Valentina and continued unpacking. Valentina stared at Trinity for a quick minute before she asked Trinity "Do you smoke?" Trinity tried to think of a witty response but failed to think of one at the moment and said "Not usually, I just don't smoke cigarettes". "I don't either but I do smoke spliffs occasionally" Valentina responded. "You want to smoke later? I also know a party that's going on tonight. You wanna come?" "No, I'll just stay in my dorm," Trinity responded. "But on the first day of college? Classes start in two days, you might as well have some fun before the semester starts." Valentina made a sad puppy face before Trinity responded with "yeah I'll come but I have to get back before midnight to finish packing" "I'll text my friend that someone is tagging along okay" "Okay let me get cleaned up before heading out". Trinity's vivid memory was disturbed by the thought of her overdue biology homework. Remember she needed help on the female reproductive system and the chemical hormones that affect the female human body. She threw the covers next to her and texted Kennedy, "Hey you free tonight? We were supposed to meet anyway for a study session". There was no response from Kennedy for ten minutes before he answered Trinity's text with a response,

*"Yeah, I totally forgot, I'll pick you up around 9 tn.  
wear something tight."*

He added a wink emoji at the end of his sentence. Trinity felt a slight disgust and stared at the ceiling.

## CHAPTER 8: Judas

After Trinity got out of the shower she began to check out her body in the mirror. Everything seemed to be normal except her neck appeared to be more swollen than usual. She spotted a lump on the side of her neck. She touched it. It felt tender to the touch but smooth. Trinity didn't think much of it as her throat began to feel achy and dry. "Must be a sore throat coming" she thought to herself. She started brushing her teeth and made sure to use her antibacterial mouthwash to gargle for the oncoming strep throat. Trinity then checked her phone for the time "8:47 PM WEDNESDAY". Trinity then rushed back to her dorm and found Valentina smoking another spliff in the room with the fans blowing again. Trinity took a whiff and started to cough, further aggravating her present sore throat. "You okay?" Valentina asked Trinity. "Yeah I'm fine, it's just really smokey in here" "Hell yeah!" Valentina shouted at Trinity as she blew smoke into the running fans and Trinity coughed more.

Trinity got ready for the night but started to get qualms about meeting with Kennedy because of her achy throat. She received another text from Kennedy about his arrival in ten minutes. She quickly got herself ready, put on a tight blouse and a mini skirt to display her petite shape, and slipped on her favorite black kitten heels. Valentina asked "Where are you going?" teasing Trinity. "To meet my bio tutor" "Dressed like that?" Valentina snickered. "Yeah, I just wanna look nice that's all," Trinity said in a nervous tone. Trinity didn't want to leave Valentina with thoughts she was actually using sex to keep Kennedy's attention to help her with Biology. "Oh okay," Valentina winked at Trinity and continued smoking.

Trinity was surprised that Valentina noticed her outfit. Trinity wasn't used to getting attention on her outfits or even confirmation that she looked good on a particular day. It made

Trinity feel good at the moment. Trinity received another text from Kennedy stating “here”. She responded with “be right down”. Trinity primped herself in the dorm mirror, packed her bag with her Biology work and textbook before she left, and went downstairs. She spotted Kennedy’s car across from the dorm walkway and headed to the car. Trinity felt butterflies in her stomach as her legs began to shake with each step towards Kennedy’s car before she was facing his passenger side door. She heard it heard it unlock and entered the wizard’s vehicle. The first thing Kennedy did was grab Trinity’s thigh and suckle on the left side of her neck. Trinity felt a pulse in her lower region but tried to fight it and said “Hey Kennedy, I know we promised for things to happen during our sessions but I have an oncoming sore throat so I don’t know if I’ll be up to it tonight, maybe some other time I can do those things okay?” “For real Trinity?” Kennedy said in a calm manner but Trinity heard some annoyance in his voice. “Yeah, my throat just feels a bit achy that’s all” “What that got to do with me?” As Kennedy grabbed Trinity’s left breast and kissed her neck with more force and began fondling her body.

Trinity didn’t like the thought of passing on her soar throat to Kenndy but if it helps pass her bio class she didn’t mind. Kennedy fondled Trinity a bit more and began driving. “So how has your week been?” Kennedy asked. “It was pretty okay, just regular college classes and college stress, nothing really spectacular. How about you?” “Oh nothing much either just graduate school and work, I received a managerial position at my job though so that’s something to look forward to.” “Oh, that’s nice!” Trinity responded. Kennedy didn’t say anything else as silence filled up the car while he drove toward his destination. Trinity began to feel as though her presence alone wasn’t enough to keep Kennedy’s attention. Trinity also felt her presence wasn’t wanted as she made it clear that her sore throat was enough to cease any sexual interactions between the both of them for the night. Her thoughts were interrupted by Kennedy grabbing her

left thigh, pulling it closer to him as he drove with one hand. Trinity observed Kennedy's action and was slightly impressed but also turned on by his manly swagger and mannerisms. Trinity was ashamed of herself because she knew Kennedy was only helping her due to the sex she gave him in exchange for a good grade but she was caught off guard by his male physique and the way he carried himself. Trinity understood that her sexual attraction towards Kennedy was nothing more than that, sexual. Trinity didn't have a crush on Kennedy but she was physically attracted to him. Her primal urges wanted him but her mental psyche kept reminding her that this was just a temporary thing to pass an undergraduate class. Kennedy pulled up in front of his house.

Trinity unbuckled her seatbelt, readjusted her skirt, and exited the car. She noticed that Kennedy didn't look back to check if she needed help out of the car or even a glance when he started heading towards the front door. Trinity felt shame as she kept reminding herself she was only being used for her body at this point. She closed the car door and trailed behind Kennedy as he pulled his house keys out of his pocket and began unlocking the front door. He opens the door, looks back, and allowed Trinity to enter first as he tapped Trinity's bottom before he followed behind her. He closes the front door behind him and for a moment Trinity caught a whiff of feminine perfume that faintly lingered in the air. Kennedy began caressing Trinity's body as he pulled her hair to make room for his mouth on her neck. The feeling of being caressed made Trinity ooze with sexual deprivation, however, while Kennedy was too busy kissing on her neck, she spotted a necklace with a diamond-encrusted heart on his coffee table and purple mood ring. Trinity knew Kennedy wouldn't sport such jewelry as it appeared to be too feminine for his style of dress. Kennedy grabbed Trinity's arm and pulled her to his bedroom. The scent that Trinity noticed when she entered the place became stronger and more pungent when she fell on the bed as Kennedy pushed her on the bed in a rough house manner. Trinity didn't want to ruin the



vibe by asking about the perfume scent and the jewelry she spotted as she felt it was none of her business to know. Trinity wanted to let happen whatever it was to let happen for the night so she could get help with her biology work. Kennedy spent two hours making sure Trinity was satisfied with his performance in bed. Trinity wasn't upset with his performance but she was wary about the things she observed before they had sex. After Kennedy finished he got up and headed towards the kitchen. Trinity began observing more of her surroundings but didn't spot anything unusual this time. However, the perfume scent from before lingered in the bedsheets, and her mind went to a million different places about the jewelry she spotted. Trinity wanted to understand if the jewelry was from a previous hookup or if it belonged to someone Kennedy was seeing exclusively. The thought of Kennedy being exclusive didn't seem to cross her mind at all before this night. All she knew was that he had to help her receive a passing grade in bio class. Trinity began to feel self-pity as she kept calling herself stupid for not spending enough time to background check Kennedy. Kennedy comes back with two bottles of water and passed one to Trinity.

Trinity twisted the cap off of the crisp cold bottle and takes a chug before she feels a slight pinch in her throat. Her throat starts to feel achy again but she quickly takes another sip before she asks "Are you ready to help me with my bio work now?" "Oh yeah- yeah let's get to it. I have work in the morning so let's finish up around 1:30." Trinity checked the time on her phone, it read "11:36 PM WEDNESDAY". "Okay I'll get my stuff set up and we can start". While in the nude Trinity heads towards her bag, unpacks her work and textbook, and heads towards the pile of clothes on the floor. Kennedy stops her by saying "you don't need to get dressed, we can study in the bed, it's more comfortable that way". Even though Trinity was up for the idea but she wanted to get away from the scent of another woman's perfume that lay in

the sheets with them. Trinity didn't want a constant reminder of Kennedy's past hookups or even his current partner while she tried to study for her bio class but she obliged Kennedy's request.

As Kennedy and Trinity lay in the bed together naked with her biology textbook and various printouts of the female reproductive system laying around on Kennedy's dark gray comforter, he kept receiving notifications on his phone like someone was trying to urgently reach him during that time. Kennedy would interrupt their study session just to check his phone for five minutes then go back to studying with Trinity for fifteen minutes then would check his phone again. Trinity felt a bad vibe as he continued to go back and forth between her and his phone. Trinity was annoyed at Kennedy's disinterest in helping her with her biology work but was curious as to why he was getting so many notifications on his phone. She pretended to look at her biology textbook at first but tried to glance at Kennedy's phone to see who or what kept taking his attention. The first attempt was a failure as Kennedy had a privacy guard screen protector on his phone. Trinity took the initiative to reach over to him for a kiss to get a glance at his phone but Kennedy denied her advances and continued on his phone. Trinity became infuriated and blurted out "What's so good on the phone?" Kennedy quickly pressed the power button on his phone to shut his screen off, there was a frown on his face. It reminded Trinity of a frowning theater mask as his face became engraved with obvious frustration.

Kennedy responded to Trinity "It's nothing, just my job asking me for stupid shit". "Oh okay, do you need a moment or-?" "No, no it's okay. Let's get back to studying". After that moment, Kennedy put more of his focus on Trinity's bio work and eventually ignored the constant notifications he kept receiving on his phone. Even though Trinity was alarmed at the constant vibrations from Kennedy's silenced phone, she was pleased she finally had time with him to study.

Trinity checked her phone and the time read “1:15 AM THURSDAY”. “Oh Kennedy I have to go soon, I’ll start packing now” “Okay Trinity, I’ll be outside.” Kennedy got out of bed put his clothes back on, and quickly exited the bedroom while his face was glued to his phone. Trinity quickly got dressed, packed her textbook, collected her biology papers, and placed them in her bag. At that moment she didn’t care if the notes were in order, she just wanted to leave the perfume-infused bedsheets behind and lay in the comfort of her own bed. Trinity exited Kennedy’s house and headed towards his car. Kennedy unlocked the car door and Trinity sat in the passenger seat. He was still on his phone frantically texting with an angry scowl on his face. His expression made Trinity fear him, he no longer appeared cool and with swagger but filled with suppressed masculine rage that made her uncomfortable to be around. She was witnessing Kennedy’s alchemical process of his emotions twisting and turning inside of him. The wizard was angry.

Kennedy took five minutes of Trinity’s time texting on his phone before he started his car and drove off. The car was once again filled with silence. No thigh grabbing or sweet-talking from Kennedy, just angry silence and the motor running. The smell of gasoline and fresh lemons filled his car as Trinity noticed he changed his car freshener that dangled in the rearview mirror. It had a design on it and was circular. Trinity spotted Metatrons cube on the car freshener as Kennedy passed by the street lights illuminating it. “Metatron’s Cube?” Trinity asked as she wanted to break the awkward silence between them. “Yeah, I got it from the gas station the other day, I was surprised they had such a thing there”. “Well, that’s lucky” Trinity acknowledge as she smiled at Kennedy only for him to say “Yeah” with a deadpan face. Trinity didn’t speak for the rest of the car ride.

When Kennedy pulled up to Trinity's dorm his phone began to vibrate but this time it was a vibrant pulsing sensation. Kennedy didn't answer his phone and wished Trinity a goodnight before he checked his phone without saying another word to her. There was no eye contact between them. Trinity got out of the car and before she headed to the front door of her dormitory he pulled off without even checking to see if she made it inside. Trinity felt a deep pulse in her stomach before she began to cough as her throat started to hurt. Trinity dragged her feet up the stairs as she headed towards her dorm. Once she reached the door she heard a faint moan while soft tempo music played in the background. She noticed a sock on the doorknob. Trinity was filled with annoyance as she took out her key and unlocked the door and opened it. When she entered the room, the smell of sex and strong marijuana flew in her nose. Trinity turned on the light and saw Valentina and two shaken male athletes jump from her bed. Trinity was taken back from the scene when she saw two flopping pink condom-covered penises that were now etched into her memory bank.

"Trinity! What the hell? Didn't you see the sock on the door?" Valentina said as her voice was filled with embarrassment. Valentina was red with shame but Trinity couldn't tell if it was from being caught having a threesome with two athletes from the soccer team or from her escapade she just walked into unwarranted. "Valentina they have to go!" "Damn Trinity what crawled into your ass?" "I mean it, Val, I'll call security and tell them what really happened downstairs," Trinity said with a deep and stern tone. "What? What are you talking about?" Valentina stared at Trinity with a conspicuous face. "Let's get the fuck out of here bro" Trinity heard one of the athletes whisper to the other one. They began to frantically search for their clothes and tried to sneak out while avoiding eye contact with Trinity's angry death glare. They

left the room and Trinity slammed the door behind them. She heard one of them say “Damn that bitch is crazy” as they laughed down the hallway.

Trinity stared at Valentina in disbelief as she walked towards her bed and sat down facing her. Valentina’s eyes grew darker as she stared back at Trinity. Trinity wasn’t scared or even phased by Valentina’s faux death stare as she knew something about Valentina that Valentina probably didn’t even know about herself. They stared at each other in silence until Trinity laughed at her how Valentina tried to make her face grow more menacing. “What’s so funny bitch?” Valentina hissed at Trinity. “You’re funny and watch your mouth when you talk to your dorm mate, remember, you live with me,” Trinity said to Valentina. “That’s supposed to change the fact you acting like a bitch right now and what was that comment about you said earlier?” “You’re a liar” “A liar? What are you talking about? I didn’t lie about anything”. Trinity wanted to jump at Valentina but held her composure as she just shook her head and started to take off her shoes. “You come into my dorm and interrupted my good time and now you accusing me of being a liar” “Your dorm? OUR dorm Val, OUR dorm. You are so fucking selfish and privileged you can’t even fathom the thought you’re still sharing a space with someone” Valentina quickly rebutted “You’re just jealous I come from wealth and get more attention than you, I felt that vibe from you since move-in day. It’s always girls like you I have issues with. That’s why I don’t like sharing my space with your kind” “My kind!? What fucking kind you speak of!?” Trinity snapped at Valentina. “AT LEAST I’M NOT SOME FUCKING PRUDE THAT BARGES IN ON PEOPLE FUCKING AND GET’S JEALOUS OF OTHER’S SEX LIFE. THAT’S WHY I HATE BLACK BITCHES LIKE YOU-” Before Valentina could finish her disgusting comment, Trinity took Valentina’s exposed bong water she’s been saving for weeks and threw it at Valentina’s direction.

The stench from the bong water made Trinity cover her nose as Valentina screamed in terror as she was now drenched in pungent bong water. The scent reminded Trinity of strong coffee and spoiled eggs. “YOU BITCH!, YOU’LL PAY FOR THIS”. Trinity immediately left the room as she noticed other students peaking their heads out of their dorm rooms due to the commotion they heard. Trinity ran downstairs and ran out of the building in fear of campus security hearing about the altercation. She remembered that the campus library had 24-hour access and headed there. By the time she got to the library, she was out of breath and wheezing trying to regain herself. She started to cough but eventually threw up and saw bits of phlegm in her vomit. Her breathing regulated as she wiped droplets of sweat from her forehead and the vomit from her bottom lip. She made sure she was okay before heading inside the library. Trinity tried to find the furthest spot from the entrance so she could hide from whatever repercussion she thought was heading her way. She found a personal desk with a dimly lit lamp and sat down. She crossed her arms to cushion her head and tried to analyze what just happened. The argument between her and Valentina kept looping until the silence encumbered her and her thoughts became null. Trinity was at ease again.

## CHAPTER 9: Jacob's/ Yakub's Children

Trinity sat at the desk in silence. The thought of murder crossed her mind when Valentina popped up in her thoughts. She wanted Valentina dead after she had the audacity to utter that vile and racist comment towards her. Trinity began to remind herself of the shadow work she needed to do after this situation. Trinity didn't want to think about killing her own roommate let alone hurting her. Trinity knew she was better than that and the action alone would only lower her down to Valentina's level or worse. Trinity began to do some deep breathing exercises and relaxed her body in the wooden, sturdy chair. "Breath out. Breath in. Hold it in for ten seconds. Breath out" Trinity did this ritual for five minutes before her body was completely relaxed her thoughts were back to normal. Trinity started to think about her dad. Trinity remembered what her father told her before she left for college. Her dad reminded her that she will meet people that would be unlike her in many ways and would not have her best interest at heart. He also warned her of the racism, classism, and elitism that comes with attending a college similar to the one she's attending now. Her father attended an HBCU and Trinity always wondered why didn't he want to attend a regular college with white people but now she understands why he made that choice. He did say that every college and university, including HBCUs, has its own problems with elitism and classism but attending a PWI as a person of color is "another ballpark". Her father always made baseball euphemisms as he loved baseball. The thought of her father and baseball put a smile on her face.

The last thing her father requested her to do is read the biblical story of Jacob and Esau and compare it to the Nation of Islam's version called Yakub's History. He also told her to not only read the biblical story in a literal sense but make sense of the story and try to find the

symbolism of each character and the situation between the two brothers. He always told her that the bible should be read in a metaphorical viewpoint or “in codes” as he described it.

During the first week of the semester Trinity came across a quick guide to the story of Jacob and Esau and tried to break it down herself. The story starts off with Rebekah, the mother of Jacob and Esau, feeling a struggle in her body and approaching God for help. He prophesies that “Two nations are in thy womb” meaning that she would birth twins, Jacob and Esau. It was also prophesied that the firstborn would receive a “birthright” meaning he would be blessed with a fruitful life on earth and the hereafter. The firstborn would hold authority over the land and his family and gain his family’s wealth in abundance. However, One “nation” of people shall be stronger than the other and the youngest will rule over the eldest. Esau, being born with red hair all over his body, was born first while Jacob, smoothed skin, came out of the womb grabbing the heel of his brother thus being considered the youngest child.

As the twins grew up, they had different interests and occupations. Esau’s interest was agriculture and hunting, in biblical terms, he was a worldly man that was more in tune with the physicalities of the world than his everlasting spirit. Rebekah noticed this about Esau. Jacob had an interest in breeding and tending to animals. He was considered more of a homebody or a “simple man” and was upright for God. Rebekah also noticed this too and took a liking for Jacob because of this fact while their father Issac took a liking for Esau because of his natural skill to hunt for game.

One day Esau was exhausted from his hunting and came back home to eat. He asked his brother to make him a meal as he felt faint and near death. Jacob offered his brother a bowl of red stew in exchange for his birthright and Esau agreed. In biblical terms, this portrayed Esau as a profane man that didn’t deserve his birthright from the very beginning as he cared more about



his physical needs than his spiritual rights. Esau didn't really care too much for his birthright and Rebekah noticed this about her own son. God knew that Esau and his lineage, Edom, would be enemies with Israel, Jacob's lineage, for some time and preordained Jacob to be the lineage of Jesus. When the boys got older it was time for them to receive their blessings. However, Rebekah created a plan to deceive her elderly, blind husband in mistakenly giving Jacob the blessing instead of Esau. She knew that Jacob was destined to have the blessing as he was considered the younger child and the youngest child would rule over the eldest. Isaac told Esau to hunt for a meal to feed his father for his birthright blessing, which led Rebekah to instruct Jacob to dress as Esau and receive the blessing instead. Jacob was unwilling at first as he felt he was deceiving his own kin but Rebekah told Jacob to let his curse be put on her instead and just follow her instructions. He went forth and pretended to be his brother and received the blessing from his blind, senile father. Esau returned from his hunt and realized his own mother and brother deceived him out of his blessing. Isaac realized his mistake but because of God's prophecy for Jacob being the chosen one for the blessing, he gave Esau a "lesser" blessing which basically equated to Esau using his skills in agriculture and hunting for survival instead of the blessings from the land itself and living by the sword or in Esau's case living a life full of violence and chaos within his lineage. Esau was told he would never know "Heaven" and had to live away from the richness of the land.

This infuriated Esau and he cursed at his brother and vowed to kill him after the passing of his father. Scared for Jacob's safety, Rebekah told Jacob to move away in fear that his brother was planning to kill him soon, and Jacob fled to his uncle Laban. Esau moved away to another place later called Edom. While Jacob worked for his Uncle Laban, he got married to both of Laban's daughters and conceived 11 children, also known as the "The 12 tribes, including Jacob

which his name changed to Isreal later on. After some strange occurrences with messengers from God and the ladder he dreamed about called “Jacob’s Ladder,” he was ready to face Esau. Jacob was instructed by an Angel to return to his birthright location and face Esau. Jacob sent “welcoming” gifts to his brother and in return, Esau sent a messenger stating he would have 400 men with him when they face each other. Jacob was alarmed by the message but still decided his meet his brother but it was in warm regards on Esau’s part. Esau forgave his bother at the end of the story and even understood his path would never be in line with Jacob’s but he put it beside him and they both buried their father.

Trinity was amazed at the end because even though his mother and blood brother practically ruined his path he still forgave his brother and understood he wasn’t chosen by God to have such a blessing like his younger brother. Not only did he forgive but he understood humility. While Trinity was thinking of the story she read of Jacob and Esau during the first week of college, she also wanted to read the other story as she was told by her father that “Yakub’s History” ties into the biblical story of Jacob and Esau but it’s considered pseudoscience. Trinity checked the time on her phone and it read 2:16 AM THURSDAY. She heads to one of the desktop computers in the library and opens the browser. She types in Yakub’s History and articles from the Nation of Islam pops up. She clicks on the first link and it takes her to a webpage discussing the idealogy of the story, the history of the NOI, and the fruit of Islam, lastly, she spots a mapping of the story depicting the symbology behind the story and how it applies to current racial issues and Critical Race Theory. She clicks the link on the website to read a PDF version of the story.

The story portrays a “big-headed scientist named Yakub who created a race of people unlike the original human (The melanated people) to rule over them for 6,600 years due to hatred

of his own people. He used a method called “grafting” which was basically a selective breeding tool he used on 59,999 of his followers on the island of Patmos to eventually create the “albinoid” man to rule over the original man using lies, trickery, and deceit called “Tricknology”. Yakub understood that the melanated being had a “black” germ to produce humans with darker skin and a brown germ to produce humans with a lighter skin tone. The grafting process consisted of letting his followers mate with each other to produce children which would either produce a dark skin child or a brown-skinned child, the dark-skinned child would then be taken away from the mother and killed. The mother would be fed lies about their baby dying at birth due to “complications” while the brown-skinned child would have a chance to live. This process of killing off darker-skinned babies would continue for 600 more years after Yakub’s death until they finally created the “albinoid”. This grafted “creature” is supposed to be the modern-day white people we see every day spewing hatred, racism, and lies that continue to disenfranchise black people.

Their creation came into existence by lying to the black mothers and murder of black infants and by nature are considered “liars and murderers”. This “creation” then traveled to Mecca and began causing chaos and mischief unto the people of the land using their “Tricknology” and lack of empathy and human emotions. After some time they were roped out of “paradise” as soldiers patrolled the land to keep out the “grafted devils”. They migrated to Europe in cold climates to live in caves, living out their savage lives eating raw meat while they roamed around naked. Moses from the bible traveled to these caves and tried to expose them to a more humane way of living but eventually turned on him and had to kill a portion of these “creations” using dynamite. However, in the biblical version, he died in the process.

This “creation” is also responsible for the Atlantic Slave Trade as they used their lack of morals and “Tricknology” to enslave the black population as predicted.

Trinity continued reading and tried to find links to any connection between Yakub’s version and Jabob and Esau. She found a link on the webpage then explained the link between the two versions, it was in the list form. The first thing she spotted was how the spelling of Yakub is actually considered a Bibibcal Hebrew version of the name Jacob. As she continued reading the list it also stated that both Yakub and Jacob were breeders, in Yakub’s version he bred the “Albinoid” man, Jacob was in charge of changing the fur color of the black and brown animals using sympathetic magic at Uncle Laban’s farm while he resided there. Trinity couldn’t find any links between the stories of how Jacob in the bible created the “White” race that Yakub created. Trinity looked for some more links on the website and found an allegory version of Jacob and Esau’s story. She clicked the link and was taken to a page full of infographics explaining that Jacob and Esau were actually two nations of people in the womb of their mother Rebekah.

Trinity concurred that Rebekah was a symbol to represent America as it describes these two “nations” were destined to conflict with each other as previously seen in Rebekah’s womb as they tussled making her body struggle. “If Rebekah represents America what does the father Issac represent?” Trinity said to herself. Trinity made a mental note that the father was old and nearly blind, could this represent him as being “Blind Justice” or the American Government since he was in charge of giving Jacob and Esau their blessings or their fate in life? Trinity kept pondering between the connection of the twin brothers’ rivalry and the creation of the “white” race. In Yakub’s version, Yakub basically created the “white” man using “grafting” and “Tricknology” or teaching them the ways of lies, trickery, and deceit. In Jacob and Esau, even

though Jacob was an upright man for God, Jacob's only sin was his use of deceit to get what he wanted out of people. Jacob was also known as a Trickster by God and his sin of tricking Esau into giving him his birthright and deceitfully gaining Esau's blessing from Issac further proves his trickster ways. Both Jacob and Yakub created the product of their own demise by using deceitful acts to get their way. In Yakub's version, before Yakub went to the Island of Patmos, he spoke to a council of elders and told them of his plans to destroy the people of Mecca, however, he didn't disclose the horrors of the execution of his plan. The council didn't know his exact plans but told him they knew he was up to no good.

Trinity came to the conclusion that Jacob's action in the story of Jacob and Esau actually created Esau's hatred for his own brother thus causing the feud between the two "nations". Jacob created "Esau", not physically but in a metaphorical sense of creating a hateful person from lies and deceit similar to how Yakub "grafted" the "white" man using lies told to the black mother and the murder of black-skinned infants. Jacob's action created the profane ways of the "white" man as Esau was considered a "nation" in Rebekah's womb. The conflict between these two "nations" represented the conflict between blacks and whites in America. Trinity then realized that there were similarities between Esau and how white people operate in their own spaces. Esau was a worldly man that put material gains over his spiritual life, Trinity noticed that her white peers were very materialistic and obsessed over one's appearance/ worldly image. There was also a similarity of how Esau loved the outdoors and hunting then compared it to the stereotypical image of white people enjoying hunting animals for sport, having no regard for life on earth as it did state in Esau's blessing that he would live by the "sword". Jacob on the other hand was considered the "perfect" man with "smooth" skin. Esau was considered very hairy with a tint of red to his hair and skin. The perfect man? Trinity pondered on that thought

before she realized that in Yakub's version, the "original" man could have a similarity to that image too. Esau's physical description reminded her of how white people were always considered hairy and typically seen with natural red hair, known as gingers.

Trinity understood that Esau's lack of regard for his own birthright did, in fact, curse him and his lineage but at the same time wouldn't Jacob and his lineage be considered cursed as well? Trinity remembered that his mother Rebekah took whatever curse that was coming towards him unto her. Since Rebekah is symbolized as America, wouldn't the land of America be considered cursed due to Jacob's action? Trinity took note that if this curse was true, that would explain why the "grafted" man traveled to America to execute their plans of the Atlantic Slave Trade and the persecution of black people on American soil. That would also explain the many horrors of slavery that blacks endured for a 400 year period. Trinity noticed that in Jacob and Esau's version there was reconciliation between the two brothers but in Yakub's version the "grafted" creation was inherently stuck in their ways, forever hating the "original" man and plotting his demise.

As Trinity continued reading and trying to make references between the two stories she heard someone come into the library and was shaken with fear. She spotted a security guard. She quickly pulled her hoodie over her head and pretended to look down so the security guard could just pass by without spotting her. "Hello" the security guard acknowledged Trinity's presence and continued walking inside the library. Trinity realized that the guard was just completing his routine checks around the campus. After the security guard passed by her and went into the corridor, Trinity removed herself from the computer and left the library. For the first time, she felt a weight off her shoulders and enlightened for her next journey.

## CHAPTER 10: Human Anatomy

Trinity headed back to her dorm and noticed something on the ground, it was Valentina's student ID. She picked it up and placed it in her pocket as she thought her dorm mate must have dropped it while heading somewhere. At least she knew Valentina wasn't inside at the moment. She went inside the dormitory and headed upstairs. When she opened her door she noticed Valentina's side of the room was bare as the drawers were open and empty. Trinity realized that all of Valentina's items were gone and only her belongings were present in the room. Trinity headed towards her bed and sat down thinking about the whole ordeal between them. At first, Trinity began to blame herself for Valentina's departure but realized Valentina had a part to play in the feud by what she said with malice towards her. Trinity was relieved but still felt guilty for the situation.

Trinity laid down on her bed as her body felt weak and worn down. Her coughing became worse and her throat felt increasingly sore. Her neck was stiff and swollen to the touch. Trinity decided to make an appointment with the campus health center to see what was going on with her body. She checked the time on her phone as it read "6:52 AM THURSDAY". She called the campus health center and scheduled an appointment at 7:45 AM to check out her symptoms. She received confirmation over the phone and started to get prepared. She rushed to the bathroom to freshen up and get ready for the day as she also had a morning class at 10:30.

Trinity headed back to her dorm after her morning ritual and quickly got dressed. She made sure to bring her insurance card and any other documentation she needed for her appointment. After a thorough analysis of what she needed to bring she headed out of her dorm and started walking towards the health center and began saying mantras in her head to make sure

she was divinely protected and whatever was going on with her body would subdue. It took ten minutes to reach the health center and the first thing that Trinity noticed was the architecture of the building. It reminded her of the health department she visited back at home as two blind angels sat on top of the building “watching”. Trinity felt uneasy as she entered the health center and walked to the front desk to check-in. The receptionist asked for her student ID and insurance card. She handed the receptionist both items. They checked Trinity’s ID and insurance card, retrieved a clipboard from their desk with forms attached to it, and handed it to Trinity to fill out. “Just fill out the forms the best you can, I’ll go make copies of your ID and insurance card to keep a record with us”. Trinity noticed the receptionist disappeared to the back of the office and began filling out the forms with her personal information, background history, medical history, and a reason for her visit. The only thing that frustrated her was the questions of her sexual past and required her to explain how she caught syphilis from her ex-boyfriend. After writing about her traumatizing experience on paper, she set the clipboard down as her hands began to shake. The receptionist came back with a copy of her ID and insurance card and placed it in a manila folder with Trinity’s full name written on the front in capital letters. They placed it in one of the cabinets that were filed in alphabetical order. Trinity stood up, took the clipboard from the table and returned it to the receptionist, and said she was finished filling it out.

“Perfect, I’ll check to see if the nurse is ready for you,” the receptionist said as she took the clipboard and disappeared to the back of the office again. Trinity stood there for two minutes before the receptionist peeked their head around the corner and waved at Trinity to follow her to the nurse’s room. Trinity followed behind the receptionist and they arrived at the room. They introduced Trinity to the nurse that would take Trinity’s appointment, the nurse was an older white lady with curly red hair with short stature but her small frame suited her. Trinity thanked



the receptionist as they returned back to their desk at the front. “Hello Trinity, my name is Paula Fedger and I’ll be your nurse helping you. I’ve read from your chart that you had syphilis in the past is that correct?” Trinity responded, “Yes, my ex-boyfriend exposed me to the infection as I also had to get tested for HIV/AIDS as he almost exposed me to the virus.” “Wow, that’s pretty sucky from an ex” Paula shook her head as she looked further into Trinity’s chart and wrote that down in her notes. Trinity liked the term “sucky” Paula used to describe Beckard. It humored her before Paula asked, “And you’re here today because you’ve been having some troubles with your throat followed by a painful cough?” “Yeah, it’s been getting worse and I wanted to make sure it’s not anything serious” “Okay, I’ll run some tests to make sure everything else is fine and we’ll do something about that throat” “Okay that sounds great” Trinity tried to say enthusiastically.

The nurse exited the room and Trinity sat there alone with her thoughts as her heart began to race. She tried to do some breathing exercises but before she could finish, the nurse returned with several different clear airtight packages, one including a tiny syringe, and another was a contraption that Trinity didn’t know the name of. The nurse started to set up her equipment and told Trinity she would complete a body check of her neck and check to make sure everything was fine. After the nurse stationed all her equipment from the packages, she began a standard procedure of checking Trinity’s neck for any lumps. “Oh, I feel something swollen right here,” Paula said and she continued to make her way down Trinity’s neck and chest. “Okay, I feel a swollen lymph node right under your jaw but it doesn’t feel cancerous so that’s a plus side but I will have to do some blood work and take a urine sample to see if it’s anything else,” Paula told Trinity. Trinity was alarmed at the thought of finding out she had a terminal illness but she didn’t want the nurse to see her in a state of panic.

“Okay, I have some tools to help me extract some blood from you so I need you to pull up your sleeve, you’ll feel a slight pinch” Trinity pulled up her right sleeve and allowed the nurse to tie a blue rubber string that sat just above her elbow. The nurse put on two latex gloves, opened the clear package containing the small syringe-looking item, and pricked Trinity’s skin accessing her main vein to extract blood into the four clear vials that laid across on the metal tray. The nurse quickly filled up each vial with Trinity’s blood as Trinity could feel her arm pulsing and becoming numb. It took about thirty seconds to complete filling each vial as Paula stated “Done” when the last vial was complete. Paula untied the string and removed it from Trinity’s arm before she handed Trinity a small clear cylinder container and said “I just need a urine sample from you, drink a cup of water and use the bathroom that’s down the hall to your left.” Trinity exited the room and spotted a water cooler right next to a door that said “BATHROOM”. She took a paper cup from the side of the cooler, placed it under the nozzle, and pressed the blue button to dispense cold water into the cup. Trinity chugged the water down still feeling soreness in her throat and went inside of the bathroom. She locked the door behind her and observed the cylinder container before she pulled her pants down and squatted over the toilet while holding the cylinder under her vagina. She focused on releasing her bladder and in a moment’s time she began collecting urine into the cylinder.

Trinity finished up on the toilet and looked at the cylinder and saw it half full with a fluid that was slightly yellow and warm to the touch. She closed the lip of the small container, washed her hands, and left the bathroom holding the warm container. She returned to the room to find Paula writing down notes in her chart. “Oh, your back! Just to make sure I wanted to test for mono to make sure everything is checked off for testing procedures, I’ll just take this long Q-tip and swap your mouth and throat for any antibodies they may find” “Okay that’s fine” Trinity

handed Paula the warm cylinder container and sat down to be swapped. Paula opens a package containing a long-tailed cotton swab and instructs Trinity to open wide. Paula rubs around in Trinity's mouth and makes her way to the back of Trinity's throat. Trinity gagged before Paula gently retracted the cotton swap from Trinity's mouth and placed it in a skinny cylinder tube. "Okay, you're all set, sweetie. I should get the lab results by tomorrow or Monday at the latest. You'll receive a phone call from me if anything is abnormal which I guarantee is nothing too serious." "Okay I hope so" Trinity chuckled nervously. "Don't worry, you're in good hands kid" Trinity exited the nurse's office and thanked the receptionist one last time before she left the building and began heading back to her dormitory. Trinity continued her deep breathing ritual "Breath out. Breath in. Hold for ten seconds. Breath out."

## CHAPTER 11: The final call

Trinity arrived back at her dorm with no sign from Valentina of her return. She didn't have time to sulk in self-pity again so she collected her book bag and headed to breakfast before her 10:30 literature class started. At the dining hall, she ate two deviled eggs, turkey bacon, and a cinnamon waffle. She washed it down with a cup of orange juice to alleviate any phlegm in her throat. While she sat down and drank the last of her orange juice, a guy stared at her in disgust as she checked the time on her phone. "10:15 AM THURSDAY" Trinity threw out her food remnants, collected her book bag, and left the dining hall. She made her way to class but started to realize that it was a bit chillier than usual outside. The season of fall was in full swing and made Trinity excited as she loved the fall months during school time. Trinity arrived at the lecture hall and found a seat in the back of the room to sit at. She enjoyed her literature class as they had great discussions surrounding women in literature and even introduced a discussion of how women of color revolutionized women's literature throughout history.

As she sat in the back of the class, the same boy from the dining hall eerily gazed at her from a distance. His creepy stare gave Trinity the creeps before she removed herself to use the bathroom. While Trinity used the sink in the gender-neutral bathroom to splash her face with cold water, the creepy boy entered the bathroom and stopped in front of the door before more staring occurred from him. "Can I help you?" Trinity said with callous. "You know Valentina right?" "Yeah, she was my roommate before she moved out, why?" "Well, I heard she moved out and was never seen again. You were the last person that saw her before she went away" "How would you know that? I don't even know you" "That doesn't matter, I need to know where she is" "So you harass her roommate?" Trinity asked him with a confused look. "Look, she

expressed to me some very dark personal thoughts and I need to know where she's at right now". Trinity said to the estranged guy "Me and Valentina had an altercation in the dorm early this morning around 2 AM, she said some very distasteful things regarding my race and I threw bong water at her in retaliation. I left the dorm after that to remove myself before the situation got more out of hand. When I came back all her stuff was gone and I found her ID outside on the ground. That's all I know of her before she disappeared" The guy stared at Trinity with doe eyes before he sucked his teeth and left the bathroom. Trinity felt tears forming from her eyes as she stayed in the bathroom to recoup herself. She felt remorse but at the same time, she couldn't handle the fact she was feeling bad for a covert racist. She remembered the story she read of Jacob and Esau and how Esau forgave his twin brother for his deceit and for taking away his birthright. However, Trinity understood that a person like Valentina lacked empathy and basic human emotions for people that looked like herself. Trinity asked herself "Would Valentina feel the same empathy and remorse that I have for her now?"

Trinity dried the tears from her eyes and tried to clear her thoughts from the depressing news she had been told about her former roommate. When Trinity was ready she exited the bathroom and returned to her lecture hall. The class was over and she saw her stuff sitting in the same place she left it and there was a note on the desk. Trinity collected her belongings, swiped the note from her desk, and left the lecture hall. She exited the building and headed straight to her dormitory to read the note in peace. When Trinity arrived at her dorm she upstairs and went into the room and slammed herself on the bed and opened the folded piece of paper it read

*"Hey I just wanted to let you know that I commend you for being honest about what happened between you and Val, her mental health hasn't been the best since she arrived on campus. She was drugged at a campus party and experienced a*

*gang rape by a visiting sports team from another campus. I'm sorry for trauma-dumping this on you through a note but she confessed to me that she was going to kill herself this morning. I asked around what had happened before she disappeared and someone led me to you for info. Sorry about the interaction in the bathroom, I just wanted to know what triggered her to commit such an act. I knew her since the beginning of high school and right now I'm deeply saddened I may never see her again. I guess it's a curse of mine. Be well"*

Trinity read the note and for a moment the word curse was something she finally understood. She wasn't upset at the boy or was she even upset and Valentina but she felt humbled in her way of thinking when it came to people like Valentina. It was considered a curse to surround yourself with people like Valentina. Not a curse that has been placed on a poor victim but a curse of being affected by the actions of such people like her. Trinity realized why religious people pray for others, not to inflict any self-righteous rhetoric but for those who may be affected by another person's ignorance or woes. Trinity closed the note, folded it back up into a square, and placed it under her pillow. She sat there contemplating the whole situation until she heard a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Trinity shouted. "Resident Life and Advising. Is Trinity in the room?"

Trinity got out of bed and walked towards the door and opened it. "Hello, I'm Trinity" "Yes, I'm the Peer Counselor for this dormitory can speak to you privately?" "Sure, is everything okay?" "I received reports of an altercation early this morning regarding you and Valentina, I'm just checking to see if everything was resolved or if I need to step in" For a moment Trinity remembered the note she received from the boy earlier and asked the Peer Counselor if she could step inside to speak. They both stepped inside the dorm room and Trinity confessed to the

altercation that happened but she had information about Valentina's suicide attempt early this morning from one of her friends that knew her. The peer counselor asked if Trinity had any text messages or evidence of this attempt. Trinity made her way to the bed and pulled out the note the boy gave to her from under her pillow. She walked back to the Peer Counselor and stated "This is the only piece of evidence I received from one of Valentina's friends this morning, I also found her student ID on the ground outside as well. Trinity retrieved Valentina's ID from her desk drawer and handed it to the Peer Counselor. "Is that all?" "Yes, that's everything" "Okay, I'll alert the deans and the parents of Valentina about this situation, thank you for coming with this information you're saving everyone from a lifetime of grief" "Yeah no problem" "Thank you Trinity" The Peer Counselor gave a quick smile before she walked away and began looking at the note. Trinity closed her door and took a breath before she sat on the bed and became numb.

Trinity decided to go to bed early that night and slept for Twelve hours straight. When she woke up around 7:45 AM she received a phone call from the campus health center and began trembling. She answered the phone and it was Paula with her lab results. "Hey Trinity, I got some good news and bad news. I'll start with the bad news first to get it out the way, they completed the mono antibody tests and you tested positive for that but the good news is that you tested negative for everything else including Syphilis and HIV/AIDS." Trinity felt relieved but slightly upset because she immediately knew Kennedy was the culprit of her having mono. "Okay, what should I do about the mono?" "Just stop by sometime today and receive treatment, it should take long since I know you have classes and such" "Okay will do, Thank you, Paula" "Anytime Trinity" The phone conversation ended. Trinity got out of bed, put her shoes on, and headed straight to the health center to receive her treatment.

When she got to the health center she told the receptionist that Paula told her to stop by for treatment. The receptionist paged the nurse of Trinity's presence and Paula came right out and said "Wow you're fast" with a surprised expression. "C'mon, this will only take a minute" Trinity followed Paula to the backroom and went inside with her. Paula gave Trinity two doses of Tylenol and one dose of Advil. She also gave Trinity a cup of saltwater to gargle with and a bottle of spring water to hydrate herself throughout the day. Paula then instructed Trinity to cover her neck since the weather was changing outside and drink plenty of water throughout the week to hydrate her body. "The mono should be gone within two weeks so no kissing, sharing utensils, or heavy sports during that time" "Okay is that all?" "Yup you're good to go" "Thank you, Paula" "No problem, Trinity. Have a great morning and take care of yourself" "You too, Paula". Trinity left the health center and headed back to her dorm.

Once Trinity got back to her room, she tried to call Kennedy but he didn't answer. She tried to text him but no response came from his end. Trinity knew on Wednesday night that something was wrong with him and now with her being diagnosed with mono she connected the dots between his way of actions and the diagnosis. For the rest of the day, Trinity stayed in bed trying to nurse herself back to health. Around 8 PM Kennedy texted her back.

*"Why tf did you blow up my phone like that? I was at work!  
What is so important for you to call me like you did earlier today?"*

*You gave me mono*

*What the hell are you talking about?*

*I've been only intimate with you Kennedy*

*No, you crazy, Ima leave you tf alone because you sound crazy rn*

*Kennedy, why are you being so defensive if it wasn't you?*

*Because you are accusing me of some nasty shit rn. I don't wanna talk anymore*



Trinity's heart dropped to her stomach as she didn't mean to make him upset. Trinity knew deep down inside she liked Kennedy but his actions towards her expressed the complete opposite of his feelings towards her. At that moment, Trinity didn't want to text Kennedy anymore despite them having an agreement to meet twice a week for her "study sessions". She texted back "Ok" and blocked his number. She didn't feel like explaining herself anymore to guys that didn't give her enough room to express herself let alone respect her.

After the whole ordeal with Kennedy, Trinity took the initiative to make study days dedicated to her bio class and even found the bio tutor on her campus webpage for her specific bio class for a small monetary fee but Trinity could manage it with her work-study funds. She received the tutor's phone number from the webpage and saved it to her phone. She felt relieved about her bio class problem and her diagnosis with mono was at least "curable" with good rest and self nursing. Everything felt in order for Trinity and Trinity felt good. It was time for her to get dinner from the dining hall and study for the night as she reminded herself she had a quiz for her college algebra class.

## CHAPTER 12: Final Goodbyes

Trinity was getting ready to attend Valentina's memorial service as she was also packing her things to leave for Thanksgiving. The campus held a funeral service for the showing of her body at a funeral home one hour away from campus. There were campus shuttles that took students to the funeral home and back to campus at an hourly schedule. Trinity took the 1 pm shuttle to the funeral home and saw Valentina's lifeless body lying in the brown casket. Whoever did Valentina's body had done an amazing job making her look beautiful before she was put into the cold ground. As Trinity stood over Valentina in complete silence and mourned the loss of her ex-roommate, she could only imagine what she could've done to prevent this happening or if she never entered the room at all. Trinity said a mantra in regards to blessing Valentina to experience peace in the afterlife and said her final goodbyes.

Trinity walked away from the body and spotted the boy who passed the note to her sitting down, weeping with his hands covering his face while an older couple rubbed his back to calm him. Trinity kept walking and made it to the exit. Once again tears formed from her eyes as she exited the funeral home and tried to quickly return to the shuttle to return back to campus. During the bus ride back to campus, Trinity reminisced all the times she would catch Valentina smoking or caught in a drunken stupor in their dorm. Trinity denied the feelings of missing her but she rather preferred the times of seeing her in a state of living intoxication rather the lifeless shell she just saw at the funeral home.

When Trinity returned to campus there was an eerie silence that settled on the campus that day as everyone was either in their dorms grieving for Valentina or at the funeral home viewing her body. Trinity returned to her dorm room and the cold silence from the room made

Trinity feel depressed but she kept packing her things into her suitcase. Her father called her to make sure she was ready to leave for Thanksgiving break and she confirmed his arrival to pick her up. Two hours passed before her father arrived on campus in his car to pick up Trinity and her belongings. After she packed her suitcase in her dad's trunk, she was ready to finally go home and enjoy Thanksgiving dinner away from campus. During the car ride, she actually got to enjoy a full conversation with her father about the things she experienced during the first half-semester of college. This time he wasn't judgmental nor conservative in his views. He actually listened to Trinity and gave advice to her about what she should do and what she should avoid while in college. Trinity and her dad created a new bonding opportunity of talking about college that would last for years to come. She finally figured out her father was the wizard she was seeking all along.