



Excerpt from the Aswala House

Cynthia stood in the pouring rain at the bottom of the steps of the three-story Aswala house, oblivious to the twenty-five acres surrounding the house. She wanted to believe she has good reason for standing in the rain with her packed bags, driven down the gravel driveway by taxicab, even though she owns a brand new Mercedes Benz.

A woman scorned is a woman who is unable to control her own thoughts and sometimes, actions, especially when she is at the very brink of suicide.

Cynthia was unsure if she actually wanted to step inside or even wanted to take the steps under her shoes. She stared blankly at the house, which looks pleasant enough but earlier, her thoughts were somewhere else.

I know it is still haunting me because after three years and two suicide attempts later it remains a part of me like it all just took place yesterday. The last time I had the thought of attempting suicide, earlier today at work, I was standing on the ledge of my window in my fifth floor office, trying to figure out the best way I could get it done without making a mess of things. I didn't want the people cleaning up behind me having a hard time doing it.

Then I saw a girl down there on the sidewalk. She immediately grabbed my attention by what she did and for some reason I was trying to make out her nationality, not that it mattered but I guess I was trying to keep from feeling all of the pain I'm in. Either way, I couldn't figure out what the girl was, whether she was black, Indian or Hispanic. It was one of the three because she had brown skin but wore a hoodie over her head so I could not see her face. Maybe she was hiding the pain she was going through.

She was down on the street working a lock on a chain connected to the wheel of a scooter. She looked around suspiciously as she glanced at the people walking by her. She hurried and snatched the chain away, threw it over her shoulder, rolled the scooter down the street a ways then hopped on it, started it up and sped away.

Five minutes later, a Chinese man wearing a business suit was standing in the scooters old resting place with his hands interlocked on the top of his head.

Even though I knew the girl stole the scooter and she was a rust-orange thief, I still wanted to hop on the back of that scooter and ride away with her; ride my pain to an unknown address out in the desert somewhere and bury it but my pain is far greater than a desert floor.

Cynthia smiled as she climbed down, stepped away from her open window and was immediately saddened by her reality, the constant reminder of events that kept her in such a slumber mood. She sat at her desk and looked in her hand mirror. Even her mascara ran down her face in an attempt to get away from it all and ruined her white shirt. Her eyes were puffy from her never-ending tears, hands shaking, nerves shattered with no hope of repair.

She stared at her multicolored face, unsure of what color her skin should really be. Brown, her natural color, red-mountain angry, Blue-confused or white-transparent, exactly how she was treated that day, like she was not there, like she was the one doing the wrong to someone else instead of the other way around. At first, she wanted to kill then she figured suicide would be better.

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DRAMA
By: Keith

from: Macy (PT2)

I caught Denine out of the corner of my eye. She was trying her best to sneak up on me while I was looking down from the second level inside of the South shore Plaza Mall. I swear, had I known messing around with a fine ass older sister like her was going to cause me all kinds of heartache and aggravation, I would have never slept with her in the first place. Some packages should never be opened and Denine is definitely one of them.

I waited until she got within five feet of me before I threw my hands in the air and acted like I was waving at somebody else. I walked off and left her standing right where she was, watching me. I know she had her mouth all poked out with her attitude because that's just the way she is. The only reason she didn't call after me was because she wanted to see whom I was waving at.

I knew she would eventually catch up to me and I really did not feel like having a powwow with her right now. I got other shit on my mind because she could be a little too dramatic, Ok, she get way too dramatic at times but if we have to talk, it's better that it takes place in a place where it is a lot of people to witness it, so I don't get accused of any wrongdoing.

I walked down to Dalton books so I could get my copy of *Dovergreen* but they went out of business. I looked through the window anyway. When Denine did not show up right away, I assume she came to her senses and finally went home but as soon as I found a seat in the food emporium and barely sat in it, the woman came flying at me; got all up in my face.

The first thing that comes out of her mouth was, "Trey, you fucking lying ass cheating bastard," like I'm her man.

Well, she is right in a sense. I did cheat on my girl, Cheryl, but the rest of that shit that is about to come out of her mouth; she could have kept in it. I glanced around to see all kinds of people staring at me. I mean, people had stopped eating their food to watch this woman devour my ass. Some stopped walking as soon as they heard her yelling, probably figure this'll be better than window-shopping anyway, nosy ass bastards.

"Calm down Den..."

"Shut the fuck up Trey. Calm down my fucking ass. Your ass knew I was behind you back there and you going to act like you didn't see me. You know me and Jessica was meeting you here for lunch you asshole. What the hell is you doing over here anyway you scandalous bastard? You're supposed to be on your way home."

She snatched a chair from the table next to me then slammed it down right in front of me and sat down. She didn't even pay attention to the lady she took the chair from standing there with her food tray. She let her daughter have her seat. Denine didn't miss a beat either.

"Denine, the last thing you said to me was to call you at *your house*. You did not say anything about me meeting you for lunch." Her face twisted like a contortionist.

"If your ass would have called me, Trey, you would have found out about us having lunch together."

This shit was getting tired real fast. "Just calm down Denine. We can talk about your problem." Boy, why did I say that? The woman went into dramatic drama, waving her hands and arms.

"My problem? My fucking problem is your ass, Trey. You're my damn problem."

People were still eye mugging me into submission, like I was the one who did something wrong to this woman. She was looking fine, though. I have to give her that and I really did, at first, want to take her back to her house and get some of that good loving, for old times sake but I had just about all I can stand of her ass. Unfortunately, this shit was just getting started. I tried the best I could to get her to understand that what she and I did was a mistake. I know she will not listen but I just have to give it another try.

"Look, Denine, it's like this. I told you when we first met that I was staying with my sister."

"With your sister or with a sista?" come on Trey, you don't have to lie to me baby. We're passed that. I love you. If that really is your *sister*, why don't you move in with me and Jessica like I asked you to?"

"You know I can't do that Denine."

"Why not Trey, because this so called *sister* is really your girlfriend?"

"No. It's because I'm in a real relationship and not with my sister, either."

"Trey, will you stop it. You told me you broke up with that bitch so how are you seeing anybody but me. Is that who you brought your ass up here to see instead of meeting me, like I wouldn't find out?"

I disregarded her accusations and let her know where I stand in this crazy ass situation, since she needs clarification in it all but when I stood up, she grabbed me by my shirt and pulled me right back down on the seat. I did not want to cause more of a scene than she already is because I already know this woman can make a scene that look like a five car pile up on her own, so, I sat back down.

"Don't you walk away from me mother fucker, especially while I'm talking to your little ass."

Now that did it. I wasn't about to sit here and take no more of her shit, especially not in front of all these strangers.

"Put it this way Denine, I don't want to move in with your crazy ass. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever. Can your ass understand that, bitch?"

I should have known she was about to black woman attitude my ass even more than what she already did but I'm not given a shit any more. If I wanted this kind of attention, I would have leaped off a fucking building or something. She jumped up knocking her chair to the floor, spilled a ladies drink that was passing by.

"What the hell do you mean you don't want to move in with me fucker? Your ass have a problem with me? Moreover, you think that I'm crazy? I'll show your ass crazy"

She was all up in my face again pointing her finger at me.

"After I sucked your lil' ass dick you going to turn on me like this nigga. I'm a fucking registered Nurse you asshole. I own my own home plus some. I'm not running around with a bunch of baby daddies, either. I have one child and she loves your ass as much as I do and I know who her daddy is. You just can't jump in and out of her life like that, punk. I know I'm a damn good woman. Your ass won't find another woman like me, who'll treat you like I do. That's what's wrong with you lil nigga's now, don't know shit but swear up and down you know every fucking thing."

I could just imagine the aftermath if I just haul off and slap the dog shit out of her ass right now. Two female security guards stood a couple of feet behind Denine, ready to

back her play. That's why it was better if I just think about slapping her ass and not actually doing it, they were waiting for me to do something stupid, even if I was just defending myself, especially since women had a way of making things go in their favor, even when they are wrong. Denine wasn't done.

"Your ass is a trick Trey. That's all you are. A damn bonefide trick with a capital T. You would rather lay your grown ass up with your so-called *sister* instead of living with me and our daughter and having your own shit. How lame is that?"

This broad is crazy. I met her just a few weeks ago and all of a sudden, I'm her two-year-old daughters daddy. Even so, after she made that felonious statement, some of the women around us gasped, even the two female security guards. Damn she was making this look good for herself and at the same time making me look like a piece of shit. I tried to walk away before I suffered an assault charge.

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