

hatred, they seemed far more powerful than love. What was she taught when she was little – God is Love? If God represented love and the devil hate, then it was clear who was winning the battle for souls... *if there was a battle going on that is. God don't seem to be in attendance...where is he, what the hell is he doing?* Alexandria wanted to know. A thought flashed through her mind.

At least you aren't in that woman's position, crippled, bruised from being shot in the head. Yet she is still praising God. What are you doing?

Suddenly, Alexandria felt oddly calm.

She pushed the clothes to one side of the bed; crawled in, pulled the sheets over her head, wrapped her arms around her and closed her eyes. I will deal with everything tomorrow, she promised herself, as sleep slowly crept upon her.

Rosalind Thompson was worried; her son was getting himself into trouble again. She just knew it. There was an urgent need within her to pray. She got up out of bed, went unto her knees, clasp her hands and began to pray. She didn't pray for long. Soon the phone rang. Enid asked if she was watching tv the Prime Minister was on. Rosalind got up, switched the tv on just in time to hear Bruce Golding say, "My fellow Jamaicans last Sunday, I advised my party's central executive that I would not seek re-election at the annual general conference to be held next month and I would step down as Prime Minister as soon as a new leader had been elected. I had come to this position after deep contemplation and prayer, seeking to do what is best for the country and the party..." She turned the tv up so she could really hear and sat down engrossed in his words.

“What a gaawn man?” Lennox slapped him on the back, handed him a beer and continued talking.

“Mi nuh see you fi days whey yuh when deh?”

“Working.” Tristan replied as he flicked the cap off the beer.

“Oh me tink sey ah Alex you when deh” Lennox slapped him hard on the back again and gave a hearty laugh. Tristan wasn’t in the mood for conversation. He pulled the cash from his pocket, handed it to Lennox, thanked him for helping him out when he was low on cash and headed for the bar exit doors.

“Mi a go een go get some sleep.” He said.

Upon reaching his house, he sighed in relief.

No one was home yet.

He switched the television on and sat in front of his computer.

Bruce Golding, the Prime Minister was giving his speech to the Jamaican people. Bruce’s voice came out loud and strong but modest as he said, “...we are once again creating new jobs even though we have not yet restored the jobs that were lost; the rise in poverty has been cauterized. While the worst may have passed, we are not yet out of the woods. There are challenges that remain on many fronts that will require strong leadership to overcome and absolute confidence in the authority of that leadership. Questions about the role I played in the Coke/Manatt matter have remained a source of concern in the minds of many people. It was never about Coke’s guilt or innocence...” The Facebook logo came up and Tristan logged on. He was in a heavy conversation with a chick from New York when his phone beeped.

Tristan glanced at the phone; there were several missed calls from Alex.

He frowned; his phone hadn’t rung all day.

Tristan glanced at the time she made the calls; it was earlier in the day.

He decided to ignore them.

Let her wait, he decided angrily.

He switched to the HBO channel as Bruce Golding finished his speech with a prayer of blessings on the country and its people and continued chatting with the chick from New York.

She felt the rage. It was so strong that it woke her up. The heat of it surrounded her. Someone or something was very angry at her. But she didn't know who it was. It felt so hot as though she was burning up. The heat was both scary and painful. She began to sweat. A flash of light. Something hard hit her face. She opened her eyes and sat up in bed. The darkness surrounded her. She waited for her eyes to adjust to the darkness and searched for her phone. "He's cheating on you." Something hard hit her face again. She felt the fear, the anger, the hate, the pain. Sadness enveloped her. Whatever was with her in the room was thinking that she was a fool. The urgent need to call him overwhelmed her and she grabbed the phone. Maybe he will answer this time, she thought. She hanged up after the fifth ring. He wasn't answering. She began to panic. She became desperate. The urgent need to hear his voice, know where he was, what he was doing and with whom became stronger. She rang his phone again. Please pick up the phone she silently begged. Three rings. He wasn't answering. The name came to her mind Rhona Simms. "*He's cheating on you.*" It said again. The fear gripped her more intensely. "*Dear God, help me!*" She silently cried out.

Tristan Davis gave in to the prompting.

He glanced down at the phone, logged off Facebook and dialled Alex's number.

"Where are you?" She barked.

"Why di fuck yuh a ask me dat, whey mi fi deh, me deh home." He automatically felt the need to defend himself. She was always accusing him of doing something wrong.

"With who?" She asked fretfully expecting him to tell her the truth. Then silently laughed at herself. *This is madness* she thought, he can easily tell me a lie. Yet having him on the phone helped. She didn't feel scared anymore.

Tristan hanged up the phone.

The anger within him surfaced.

This is why we end up in so much fucking mess, he fumed. *She never used to believe me and now it noh matter*. He threw the phone unto the settee and pulled his shoes on.

The house was suffocating.

He needed to get out.

He needed a drink!

"u have won" the text message said.

"you have proven that I am an asshole" Alexandria deleted the message.

The phone lit up again.

"you never understand me or know how I feel" Alexandria angrily forcefully deleted the message.

"I am not an awful person" The next message said.

"u don't know how mi feel about u" Alexandria kept that message.

She couldn't respond.

Alex's phone wasn't "Top up" which meant that she had no money on the phone to make calls or send text messages.

She was out of credit.
It was too late in the night to go buy some.
She quickly pushed the frantic crazy thought and feelings away.
That pressing urge to go out and find somewhere to buy credit to
text him back.
She won't act like a fool no more, she told herself.
She went to the computer desk instead.
There she opened the notepad and began to write.