

# A Recreational Story from the plot of "The Tragedy of Othello"

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Picture source:

[www.theamericanconservative.com/articles/othello-and-the-nature-of-everyday-evil/](http://www.theamericanconservative.com/articles/othello-and-the-nature-of-everyday-evil/)

These names here are adopted from an AP Lit class activity while learning the play "Othello."

Othello - Francois

Iago - Jeff

Desdemona - Nia

Cassio - Brutus

The wine cup broke itself as its owner smashed it onto the table. The owner, an elegant black young man, Francois, put down his cigarette calmly in the middle of the glass debris. His eyes fixed on Jeff's eyes, making his friend too afraid to look back. As he took out his handkerchief and wiped out the sweat on his forehead, Jeff started doubting himself about making up this story for Francois. He would not like any negative consequences after making Francois lose in temper.

"Tell me!" Francois's face twisted into the shape of a black puma's face. His voice was even more horrible, which made customers at tables around them shocked.

"I mean, don't, don't be angry at me, OK? It's just, well, I did see Brutus drive Nia to her apartment last night, and they spent a long time talking in front of her household. It was not, not me, I did not have anything on Nia, OK?" Even though he knew he was fooling Francois, Jeff was still so afraid that he did not even notice that his handkerchief has already fallen to the ground while his hands were shaking.

Francois took out a napkin and wiped the sweat on Jeff's face for him, his eyes were filled with a horrible curiosity. Jeff, on the other hand, panted out with his eyes looking down onto the bench. After panting, Jeff did not move his eyes elsewhere. He fixed his sight on the bench and was calculating all the possible outcomes after he made his friend lose in temper. As an orphan, Jeff hated being controlled, and he swore to ruin everyone that looked down on him after being repelled twice by the homestay families. As his boss, and the only descendant of a wealthy, local African family, Francois was always demanding and rigorous of Jeff at the company. During rest time, Francois loves talking to Jeff and listening to his wandering experiences in youth, but still, as his boss.

"Just tell me more. I want to know more!" Francois lowered his voice as he realized that his noise has affected his neighbor.

"Similar situations have happened a couple of times, I learned that from Nia's neighbor, whose son also works at our company." Jeff looked back at Francois with much more confidence because he knew that his friend has already fallen into his trap at that point.

Francois sat down slowly after his guess got confirmed by his friend. His eyes were firmly fixed on the glass debris on the table with a finished cigarette in the middle, and no one knew what Francois was thinking at that point. Suddenly he stood up, paid his part of the bill, rapidly fixed his collar and tie, and walked steadily outside of the restaurant.

“Hey, mate, come on, calm down.” Jeff chased and stopped Francois. He knew that he cannot stop Francois at this point, and he was not going to. He just tried to show a nice gesture.

“It’s fine. I am fine, Jeff.” Francois tapped his friend on the shoulder and kept walking at a fast pace back to the company’s building.

Jeff then put on his overcoat and walked outside calmly after he finished paying the bill. There was a statue of a golden bull in the middle of the crossroad. Jeff stopped in front of it and laughed.