

Down the bustling city street the small group of students moved, their loud voices carrying alongside the sound of the busy road. As they walked, they laughed and joked, simply enjoying their time together as each went to their classes. Fortunately enough for them, they all had class in the same building, albeit in different rooms. However, even if unspoken, each of them were grateful to be spending this time with one another. "Boy, I *know* yo' thirsty ass still ain't tryna slide in her dms after she *already* curved you!" Their conversation was rather loud, easy to hear for those that walked around them, lucky for them there was no one nearby. There was something else unspoken between them, though not for the same reason as their gratitude. This remained unspoken because it was already known between the three of them, it was a fact of daily life and something they needed to be aware of, and accept whenever they walked to class together on Tuesday's like these.

They were a group of three black people walking around, ultimately someone else's fear was all it really took to end their lives on a given day, so keeping their distance from others was just second nature for the group. Once more, the shortest of the group spoke once more. This time, her finger raised and pointed at the male as she continued to berate him. "I already done tried to hook you up wit' her, you fucked up. That ain't my fault." This time, the male responded.

"I know, but ian think I'd get curved that quick tho, and I tried a different way this time too." A mixture of irritation and disappointment painted Giovanni's face as he responded to Kayla, his arms raised, moving about as he spoke.

"I told his ugly ass not to send her that second message, shoulda' just let her leave you on read after that conversation ended." The third finally chimed in, Dimitri's tone was rather quiet, as he tended to only speak when he felt necessary to chime in.

"So *you* knew it was a bad idea, *and* Dimitri even told you it was a bad idea, and you still did it anyway?" Kayla's brows furrowed as she stared at Giovanni, awaiting whatever subdued response he'd give.

"Ayo chill on me, I'm doin' my best out here." Their conversation carried on, each of them

still well aware of their surroundings as they headed towards class. Though admittedly, Dimitri more so than the other two. Upon arrival, the three split, Kayla taking the stairs up to the second floor for her class, and Dimitri and Giovanni heading into the elevator. “ ‘Ey Dimitri, dawg.” Giovanni’s eyes shifted towards his companion, in the elevator beside him. “You shoulda took this class wit’ me man. I don’t fuck wit’ nobodyyy in there.” Dimitri laughed a bit what Giovanni said digested.

“Do you think I do? That class is for *your* major, man it’d be an elective and I got classes I need to take too. Peace bro.” With that, the *ding* of the elevator arriving at Dimitri’s floor broke the conversation, leaving Giovanni in silence for but a moment before yet another ding followed, as Giovanni arrived his floor. Through the door he entered, and for him he felt the entire air around him switch (as it did everytime, honestly). He made his way towards the back of the class, finding a seat a little further from the rest of the students and sitting down. Though, with the class filled like it was - borderline packed - he still ended up seated just beside another student. Just after he took his place, the professor made her way into the class. Giovanni was a little late, but without a doubt she was later, so he lucked out. From his backpack, he pulled out notepad, and drew out his pencil to get himself ready.

“Hey.” A whisper struck Giovanni’s ear, followed by a soft nudge at his elbow. “ ‘Ey man. You do last night’s homework?” Despite Giovanni’s rather talkative nature, in all honesty he leaned more towards being an ambivert more than anything else. He enjoyed talking to his friends in his group, it revitalized him, but meeting new people, and talking to people he didn’t know drained him without a doubt.

“Yeah, I did.” His response was curt, but he glossed it with a rather friendly tone through the whisper. He *really* did not want to talk to this kid. He did not know him, nor did he really want to.

“Can I see it? I was confused about a few things, I just wanted to compare my work.” Damn. This kid wasn’t even trying to cheat off him. It’d have been a hell of a lot easier to just

outright decline the kid if he was cheating. Giovanni responded, begrudgingly, though he refused to let it be seen as he drew free the work from the night before.

“Here ya’ go.” The kid smiled at Giovanni, almost forgetting to whisper as he responded.

“Thanks. I’ll get it back to ya before she goes over it.”

Giovanni didn’t let it show, but the experience had already pissed him off. The only thing he really wanted from this class was to pass and be left alone. Calculus didn’t really have any role to play in where he wanted to be in life, it was just a college wide requirement, and even more so he didn’t really want to interact with any of the other students within his class. His only goal was to pass the class and get out of it. He was already halfway through the semester, and was doing a good job maintaining his B average. At this point, he was only a point or two away from an A, though he didn’t feel like going through the effort to pester his professor to bump it up anytime soon. On the bright side, just as the kid promised, before the professor could go over the work he was handed back his work.

“Thank you so much man, I really appreciate it.” The kid gave a wide grin to Giovanni as he slid the sheet back over to him.

“No problem man, anytime.” Giovanni desperately did not want to do that again. Not at any point in time. Though, without a doubt he knew it was in his best interest, so he’d simply grit his teeth and go along with it, because in the long run it was better to assimilate than deal with the repercussions.