Kua Yassin, born in 1853 in Senegambia, the region of Mauritania, knew her motherland for only ten years before her parents traded her for resources to survive.

Kua was a child who was still learning her ways in the world that her parents had lived in, that her ancestors roamed from the dawn of life when she was given away for a few pieces of food that wouldn’t last more than a week. She was scared, and didn't know what to do or who to speak to. The words of those around her were different and hard to make out, even those who looked like her sounded unlike those in her community.

She was dragged to a coast alongside hundreds of other terrifying children and adults alike, all of them huddled together to wait for something to come. They didn’t know what they were waiting for or why they were there, all they did had in their minds was that they would never see their families again. Kua, besides her parents and many siblings whose names and faces she already forgot, had friends and people who watched over her in the community where she lived. There were lessons that she never forgot, and games that she too enjoyed with others in her future.

The land of Mauritania was dry, hot but it was the land she knew and the one she longed to return at least for a day before her death. Kua knew her land and could recognize it if she saw it just once more, she was proud of it despite her short time in it and she stared at it as she and everyone else waited for something that the people in strange clothing were bringing.

After days of waiting many of those who had been brought together with Kua began to fall and never to stand up again. They were without water, shade or food to indulge themselves in and already having endured many days without it in their own homes many couldn’t endure it any longer.

Kua too, fell on the ground many times but through the help of other children just as her she was lifted and not allowed to pass before her time. At this sight the formidable guards passed down pieces of food to Kua and the rest of them. It had barely done any good.

The food was filled with flies, a foul stench made many of them throw up what little food was still stored in them and those without any forced blood down their throats, killing even more than the sun and dehydration had done so.

Kua was fortunate enough to have been so torched by the heat and lack of water that her smell had been missing when this was distributed. When the wasted-food had been thrown at her side she waited no time to begin the consumption. She devoured the meat, paste or whatever it was that she could no longer identify and through force she kept whatever had been eaten down for what little nutrients it still had could be absorbed by her body.

The voyage was no better, it was worse and many more lost their lives in it. None of them had ever seen such a grand boat that could travel and carry dozens of people in its upperside, much less have a lower one with hundreds of people all pressed against each other in an unbearable heat that left no room for air to pass through.

Kua doesn’t remember much of this journey, only the beginning and end of it. Her memory of the sea trip that took her away from her home ended with sunlight shining through gaps in the wooden planks above them, voices similar to the one of her captors shouting loudly, stirring her awake or from the illusions her mind had conjured.

She knows that before she had gone inside the ship there were many children near her age, but when she was leaving of it she didn’t see them anymore and she didn’t dare to look for them as there was no doubt in her mind where they were.

It was dark, the ground or that below was soft and rotten as if she had been lumped with dead animals but she didn’t remember any when being loaded up. She walked on top of it and approached the light, the people who had robbed her and was blinded by the light that was still familiar to her, if only that as the land was unknown to her.

There were more people than she had ever seen grouped together and all of them were wearing strange clothing with eyes on their faces that were filled with disgust, awe and shock. Kua didn’t know why. She was the one whose family had sold her, who was ripped of all her belongings, taken to a foreign land in an object that she had never seen before and was now in a land that wasn’t hers. Then she looked back and shared the disgust and fear in her eyes.

The guards were dragging onto the grass the corpses of those who didn’t survive the voyage. Kua didn’t know them, but she didn’t need it to know that her people, her community and her blood whose mother and father were the same gods to whom she believed in.

She recognized the children whose faces were violet and still, some of them disfigured and Kua wonders if she was the cause of it; Kua when reaching out to the light felt in her soles shapes that at first didn’t gave too much thought, but now pieces together that it was the bodies and faces of those who had perished. They were all so crowded that the dead were stuck up, standing by the pressure of the others bodies all pressed against each other. Kua wonders if everyone pressing against her were dead, and how long has it been for the smell of rotten meat to be normal to her senses.

With no time to pass the shock or the need to throw up, they were all rounded up and transported yet again to another location. They didn’t know where they were being taken to, or for what purpose. Kua was yet again afraid and calling for her mother and father, hopelessly but still she did it hoping for a miracle. But no miracle came to happen.

They had arrived at a farm and so began her new life.

After hours of dreadfully waiting a boat bigger than Kua had ever seen arrived on the coast and immediately all of the still surviving prisoners were loaded into it and then left their land as the ship departed and began its course to what would become Kua’s new home, South Carolina.

//Current year 1863, she gives birth to child/children in 1867 and dies during childbirth.

Immediately after arriving Kua was thrusted into working the cotton fields that covered most of the farm’s perimeter except for sectioned areas that housed the slaves and other smaller fields for distinctive produce.

Two years in passing and Kua was still alone, the other captives now submitted to their lives as slaves and the plantation owners and workers made it their purpose to quickly imprint who is in charge. Whips were used without hesitation against the oldest and youngest of them who didn’t follow their commands that at first were riddles for they didn’t know this new tongue. Kua, just as the rest of them was victim of them whips, threatening tone and often sexual abuse at the hands of her captors. She didn’t know what they said to her, but she learned to read their directions and do what they asked.

Despite this effort of her in part to avoid the continuous treatment that she didn’t dare wish on another the whipping didn’t stop, nor did the sexual taking upon her. Her cries and anguish went unheard on their manic grins and restraining of her arms and legs.

It was perhaps due to this, favoritism of her captors that she was taken off the picking of cotton and assigned to the more humane labor of indigo fields. She found joy in the act; the physical abuse had lessened and her wounds began to heal, a first for the young girl who still had yet to reach womanhood, but still the dominating force of those in charge of her didn’t stop but by this point Kua had accepted them and did her best to not cry, that is to avoid the thrusting of their hardened knuckles against her jaw.

A year later and Kua had become accustomed to being washed in blue, an effect of the process that she had observed, replicated and now taught to others to do; by watering indigo leaves until the blue color began to appear in the water, then the separation of the water and the blue liquid, the removal of the leaves and the final steps of gathering the muddy blue left behind and drying it up where it would lastly be cut and stored for the  plantation’s owner personal use. A year later, in 1865, she was pregnant.

Kua was twelve years old, and by the actions of those with power over her she carried in her unbeknownst to her at the time, twins,  two girls that she would not come to know nor love.

The two girls were born at the beginning of the new year, a day of January in 1866. Kua died in fear, pain and hatred against her captors for giving her a life that she never wanted, where not a single day was pleasant.

The girls’ father was indeed white, he had white eyes and luscious golden hair. The girls that he didn’t care for had his bright, blue eyes and in time also grew the color of his hair and yet their skin was that of their mother.

The girls were never acknowledged by their father and instead their upbringing was given  by those held under the chains of enslavement. They had no names. Kua didn’t want them nor did she wished for them to be alive, the pain that they had been forced upon her and that their lives would be just as her final years had been broke her spirit and ultimately, her will to live.

Kua was only fourteen years old when she became a mother, a girl now was a mother to two younger girls before even being allowed to become a woman. A girl died before she could learn to live on her own and was robbed of a future, of freedom and of learning the ways of the world. Those in the ship alongside Kua were older, wiser, more mature but just as broken by the laws of the new world that they despised with their every fiber. They took care of the loveless children and having no name from their mother they were named by their captors, Jane and Mary.

As the years passed they too grew in the same confinement that their mother had lived and died in. For the gifts of their father they were accepted, or rather endured by those with whips. Their soft, delicate light skin was almost a shield that brought shame to the others. There were still many that did mark their whips on their small bodies and more so that abused them. Having been born in this new world they learned the words of their masters and of their guardians.

Jane was unlike her mother, happy despite the forced labor and found joy in the menial tasks. She cried and begged for understanding of the physical enforcement but still she held up the courage to smile.

Mary too was not as her mother Kua had been. Full of energy and vigor Mary was so much that despite the dark complexion of her skin she was food for the eyes of her master. As Jane had been taught the English alphabet so was Mary and this helped her to gain the trust and friendship of the children that would often come visit the plantation, the granddaughter of the owner.

The lightness of their skin, the blue in their eyes and the growing golden hair that was the mark of their father alleviated the force of those directing their whips and closed fists. They still endured a harsh life full of abuse, labor under the sun for hours and hours and without end and yet they couldn’t escape from the feeling that they had it easier than the rest of the imprisoned slaves. They too saw this favoritism.

The other slaves who had seen these girls being born and growing up into the young girls they now where had in them confusion cloud their judgment. Hatred and jealousy burned deep within them for the lighter life they led and those who raised them from infancy to their present age tried their best to speak for them, that their suffering was just as harsh as theirs, that they didn’t have the pain of missing their land or of being taken from their families,; Jane and Mary didn’t have a family to miss, much less a family to cry for them. They felt alone and helpless in this new world that held disgust on one side, and resentment on the other..

And yet, the young girls didn’t lose their tender smiles that warmed as the sun nor the innocence that protected them from seeing the depth of their aggressors words, a gift that was quickly used by them as well.

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Mary and Jane didn’t have last names. They didn’t know their mother’s name, no one would them about their mother as everyone thought it too cruel at the time to share with them how the cruelty of the world and of their captors had made their own mother despised them before being born, a desire for them to die alongside her was Kua’s final wish and prayer.  And so, they were called Mary and Jane Kua.

They were beautiful, or so the other children called them to be. They were but young children still living the lives that had been given to them and knowing nothing better they did their best to find joy in it, a joy that aroused in others a rotten anger that for years circled their minds.

As the years passed the girls grew more and more beautiful, them being twins grew identically and even more so as their mother was seen in them. They looked like Kua, and yet everyone from the encampment would say that they had been mistaken, and still right. The twins indeed looked like Kua, a spitting image of her but these girls smiled and laughed, something that Kua never did. She never had a reason to do so.

Kua was a child when she was taken from her home, a child when she was stuffed in a ship with hundreds of other scared children and adults packed so tightly that many died pressed against each other. She was a child when she was forced to work under the sun and pick cotton, to gather indigo and she was a child when she was raped over and over by the same men who with a whip marked their names on her back. Kua was a child when she gave birth to Jane and Mary.

Kua was a child when she died.

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Days after Mary and Jane are born, President Lincoln signs the 13th amendment, outlawing slavery in the United States.

The slaves celebrate the news en masse. The thought-no the realization that they would no longer be chained to a state where their voice mattered nothing and their lives were meaningless. Now they were free and could live and work for themselves and no one else. No more they would suffer whipping without fault, not ever and they would enjoy their lives as white people did. Many cried and smiled for this news that had illuminated their clouded and darkened minds for all their lives.

But it was for naught.

The promised freedom never came and those enslaved felt mocked and once again illuminated by their white captors. The harsh work under the sun continued with no sign of their shackles coming free.

In the camp where Kua had been, where her daughters were living, this too was a pain all too familiar for the slaves who dreamed of returning home once more. Years after this their anger and resentment had been so much that a revolt was made. More than thirty slaves rose against their masters in an attempt to cause enough chaos to escape. Three guards were killed in the riot and half of the slaves died in the process. The escapees managed to survive outside their fields and had planned to make their way up north in hope for a better life, but they were caught by the law enforcement. Upon capture they were returned to their captors and some where lynched to serve as an example to others. That the only freedom they’ll ever know is that given by death.

Jane and Mary were seven years old when this happened. Throughout their lives they saw hundreds of inhumane, cruel and vile atrocities made towards people who look like them and the horror never went away, but every time they saw another the memory of the revolt, of the hanging of the people that raised them and taught them how to read, talk and behave to avoid being punished. But now seeing those same people being ‘punished’ to such horrifying extent made them aware that despite following the rules and doing as they’re told even when said things are wrong and humiliating they would still be treated as if they had done something wrong.

This had an immense effect upon their young minds and crushed all hope of them ever escaping from the grasps of their white captors whose reach wasn’t just in their home, but the entirety of the land around them.

//Now we talk about Mary and Jane with less detail upon them and more of an overview of their lives (chapter and summary kind of thing).

Many years after the revolt and the supposed freedom had come and gone things returned as they had been. News of land being distributed began to circulate and how slaves were now freemen but for all these knew they were nothing but lies, that is until their masters freed them, unshackled their chains and told them to go wherever they wanted. As they had learned, all declarations previously heard were indeed true and pieces of land along the state of Missouri had been distributed to the slaves but before they were let go the ones holding the whip informed them that freedom had in fact been declared, but that still it was a harsh life out there for them who had no income, no food or resources to survive in the wild where there weren’t no fences to protect them from being lynched in the middle of the night or day.

Tactics to generate fear in them is all they were, and all these worked on them to continue their imprisonment. Ten of the fifteen slaves left immediately, the fear of being persecuted for no reason was a strong one in their minds but the thought of working under the blazing sun and feeling the end of their whips was greater.

The remaining five stayed not for joy but because they had understood the words of their captors. No strangers would come for them, it would be themselves who would come for them and hang them by their necks, burn them and shoot them on the spot. Against their will and their instinct, they stayed. Ashamed and scared they remained, two of them being Mary and Jane who didn’t any better and thought that the chance of survival was higher within their captors reach, even if the daily torture was to continue.

But as progress had come it brought with it changes as well. It had been promised that they would not be killed, or die in ‘accidents’ as many had done so before. The men would no longer be allowed to force themselves upon the women and pay would now be given for their work.

Mary and Jane who knew no better thought that their future was looking better, hopeful and promising. For once they thought that life was soon to improve and be more than it was now. But this didn’t come to be.

Both Mary and Jane continued their paid enslavement just as they had done so in the past, but soon they realized that nothing had changed. Their imprisonment was still a painful one and the promise of change was but a lie, a transformation in words only and nothing else.

The years passed and Mary and Jane were now fourteen years of age, the year was 1880 and their lives were still the same. The plantation owners true to their words had in fact with time freed the slaves, but none took their chance of freedom. Their region of living wasn’t welcoming to them, it wasn’t south enough that but neither was it too north where africans-americans had more of a choice for how to lead their lives.

In the state of Missouri slaves were freed but only in words, as many if not all were still so poor that they didn’t have enough to survive, to buy resources or the ability to make a living for themselves. Many were given land to cultivate their own but the government’s aid was so little in that regard that in order to sustain themselves and their families many rented their lands in contracts to white men where they continued to work. They worked for their own land but still they were under the watch of white men who may have not assaulted them but still treated them with so much abuse that to call themselves free men was an insult.

Mary and Jane were still young girls, women in fact but not by choice. The same fate of abuse that befell Kua was now repeating itself in Mary and Jane, the only difference being that now it was their brethren who forced themselves on the few women at their disposition. They cried and fought but the only aid they received was the brute force that knocked them down, a horrific and yet better than actively enduring sensation of losing the only thing that white men couldn’t rob them of, their sense of security.

More years passed and soon Mary and Jane took the chance of leaving the plantation field with hope of reaching the north where it was said that the negro could make a living without having to spend days under the intense heat of the sun, without the constant abuse of everyone around them and where if possible, they could attend schooling to better their futures, nay, to have one.

They left with no money on them for what money they had gathered was held by the land owners, for they were women and it had seem to the government that land was no such thing for the female gender. The sisters whose world had been nothing but a misery and whose jou had been robbed and taken by the hits of life, both literally and theoretically. Their faces were still in good shape and their figure as it had been so many times taken by men also was of liking.

Their ‘escape’ was in the middle of the early morning and they took with them nothing but what they had on. This wasn’t because they couldn’t bring their belongings with them, or that it would bother them too much but that what they had wasn’t worth anything to them and what it was had no use. The clothes riddled in holes and patched so much that they ripped at touch, the food was rotten and not fit for consumption.

Escape is not the right word rather they were running for a life, moving forward a life worth living and not one already doomed.

They reached Washington, DC, but this journey wasn’t without its perils nor losses that both Mary and Jane grieve for being much greater than expected.

After leaving the plantation they quickly encountered already alarmed people on the lookout for runaways slaves -  them, to be exact. As a result their desperate journey came to a halt as they stopped and hid themselves in what little darkness they found around. Days came and went without being able to move for fear of being caught, and with it hunger and dehydration came too. The sisters who had barely traveled across the state were already defeated and hoping for death to come for them, but it wasn’t to be as a miracle presented itself to them late at night.

A familiar face spotted them and immediately Mary and Jane faces dropped, their spirit broke and a cry that many took to be a haunting of the spirits was heard from Jane.

A farm hand that had unleashed his grip many times on them grabbed Mary and pulled her out from where she was hiding, with his hand he covered her mouth and signaled Jane to be quiet. It was here that they resigned their lives and were just happy to accept their lives as finished, to end and for everything to become nothing in that instant.

But it didn’t.

The man who let go of Mary and took the water container hanging on his side and gave it to them. It depleted almost immediately.

The man who they had known for all their lives for the first time revealed his name, Arthur, and told them that he didn’t mean to hurt them, or take them back to the farm. He continued to pull things out of his back and gave it to them who for the entire time couldn’t talk nor moved their gaze from the man’s, Arthur’s kind actions.

He had given them bread, apples, corn and such foods that they couldn’t think of anything other than to eat that which he kept taking out. It was only when he stopped giving food and that they finished everything he had brought that they saw him and realized fully who he was.

He was brief and to the point: he knew a way up north and had experience taking runaway slaves up north. He had done it many times already for many of the slaves that escaped from the nearby regions.

He didn’t say more and urged them to remain where they were until he came back. He promised them that if they waited for him he could get them on a train that went to Washington and there they could begin a new life. He didn’t want anything in return or exchange, he wanted to help them escape and that was it. Arthur left as sudden as he had appeared.

They didn’t know what to do, take their leave now that they were fed and able, or wait for the supposable aid from the man who had for many years whipped their backs. They decided to wait, not by choice nor preference but because they didn’t know their way around, where was north, what was Washington like or how long they would need to travel for before someone else spotted them and brutally murdered them as it had done to so many other people just like them.

They waited for three days and two nights before he came again on the third night with more provisions huddled to his side and just as before he gave little talk or explanation as to just where they were now going, with whom and for what reason. Mary abd Jane feared that he had been tricking them the entire time and that he was actually leading them back to the farm to be lynched or burned as a message to everyone else. It was after hours or slowly making their way in complete darkness in a path littered with tree trunks, rocks and obstacles that if they weren’t careful could’ve taken their lives easily.

After what seemed like a never ending journey to their deaths a man, a white man was sitting down reading a newspaper with an oil lamp resting next to him. He looked up and saw Mary, Jane and Arthur. He sighed and began walking  to what they now saw with more clarity to be a covered cart full of hay.

Arthur said one last thing before he left the two young, scared and trembling girls who were desperately hoping he didn’t leave.

“I’m sorry.”

And he returned back to the dark path where his figure quickly disappeared. The man climbed to the driver’s position and without ever having acknowledged the twins behind him he whipped the horses attached to the cart.

Not knowing what to do or where else to go, Mary and Jane climbed the back of it and made their way underneath all the hay and hoped that this in fact was a path to a better life and not a sadistic joke elaborated to mess with their shattered minds whose spirit was clinging to this last struggle of them.

After a long journey where they stopped counting days they finally stopped for good at a destination unknown to them. The man took the hay out and waited for them to get down. It was another dark night, but this time they recognized the place, the object in front of them. It was a train station.

The man didn’t say a word but he walked towards one of the closed containers, opened its door, dropped the bags on his shoulder and left back to his cart, returning to the path from which he had come from.

Still unsure of their whereabouts or of the trains destination they did as the main had without words told them to do and entered the container, picked the bags that they discovered to be full to the brim with enough resources to last all their lives (an exaggeration to signal how much food it was, more than they had ever seen in their lives. A quantity that they had never ever dreamed of). The container was packed with closed boxes, squares of hay and rags covering them all. They saw no one else in it and closed back the door to avoid being seen. In it they waited for something to happen, for hours they waited until they saw sunlight entered from its crevices and then it began to move, where to was unknown to them but it moved and this made the two young girls break down, letting all tears that have gathered over the years, all the animalistic beatings, all psychological killing and violation of their rights that their smiles have held since the moment they were born.

The train did in fact led the north, and in its wait a pair of white men once again opened the doors and welcomed them into their arms and a home full with other runaway slaves. Mary and Jane were confused and unsure of their future, but at the very least they had a roof over their heads, plates with food not rotten with flies above it and friends alongside to talk, discuss and smile. They thought it heaven, and rightly so as their life before it had been a torturous existence that just calling it hell leaves it kindness that it doesn’t deserve.

In Washington they could hear the news and work jobs where their lives were not in peril and earn income not for others but for their own. These two became washerwomen who once gained enough to live on their own did so. The sisters in unity left the provisional home and began a journey that was dependent on their effort of their own hands.

It was a happy one where their lives faced no major challenges, nothing compared to their hellish years of childhood. The years passed and Mary had a steady stream of income cleaning and washing the clothes and utensils of privileged white women who didn’t dare dirty their hands with filth. Mary had no complaints, her life was better, not perfect thanks in enlarged by the continuous discrimination that she faced by whites for the color of her skin, and of men, noth black and white who with their large and immense force when compared to hers took her and madea their way.

It was a difficult life, even after it but it was a happy one that she could call her own and not somebody else's.

In 1896, at the age of thirty the impossible came to be for Mary. She was pregnant. Years before she found herself a lover, Roland Brown, a shoemaker employed in a store owned by white businessmen. Mary met him by what could be said to be, a chance. Rolan was picking up a bag of shoes from one of the properties Mary had been picking up clothes in her usual route. She saw him pass and thought him to be odd. This then megan to occur with more frequency and soon enough an interest had sparked from the now young, attractive and strong man who had become a regular pleasing sight every two weeks.

To Mary’s surprise the same thing had been born in Roland and having this burning desire in the two of them Rolan took a chance and spoke to her, and the rest is history. A baby boy was born in 1897, his name was Arthur Brown-Kua. The name was given and allowed only because it was the name of the person who had given this new life to Mary, and Rolan fully understanding of this he agreed to it, while having been promised that he’ll chose the name for all upcoming childs with appropriate names from their home.

But this never came to be, no more childs were sent froth from Mary who sadly died from an illness. It was a fever that came to her when Arthur had eight years of age. Roland knew she wasn’t going to make it. The sickness had come many months prior but never truly left her, despite this she worked and worked and raised their child with the fever only growing worse. They were unable to see any doctors and all home remedies or attempts from those in her community all were in vain when one cold night of December she hugged Arthur and told him not to worry because she was overjoyed to leave this physical realm. She had lived a full life since she escaped the vile home of her captors in Missouri, a full life that had been soured by her sister’s death just when light had struck them.

She was happy to leave them because she was now going to see her Jane’s warm smile once. She described her to him fully, an easy task as they were twins but still she was always the more beautiful and was sure she hadn't changed one bit.

She kissed Arthur and began to dream of her sister, a dream that would now never end.

Arthur was eight when his mother died, the year was 1905. Jane had gone out the first day of arrival to see the sights but she never returned. She was found dead a week later with bruises all over her body and face.

Rolan Brown after the death of her wife, Mary Kua, didn’t know how to live with himself anymore. His son reminded him of her every day and he cried at his sight. He focused himself on his work daily and left no room for the child who grieved as much as he did but who had nothing to distract himself with.

Time passed and so did the relationship between Roland and Arthur who had nothing to discuss. They lived together but that was it. Rolan began this by avoiding his child only by feeding him and that’s it. He left him to fend off for himself as he had forgotten how to do so since losing Mary. Roland loved her dearly, it was the first time in his life he had loved anyone as much and to lose that was the same as losing the will to live before death had even come.

Arthur was a boy who had now lost both his parents, had no other relatives to rely on or who helped him grow and learn. It was as a result that he began to work in a mining industry from a young age in order to survive.

More years passed and the kid of eight years of age was now sixteen, a grown man who had the strength to back his claims and the demeanor to scare any whites from mocking him to his face.

The years of hard labor had given him a strength many times greater than that of the common man but this too made him a target from scare citizens who just by looking at him found faults for breathing and walking. He knew the rules set by them, he abided by them and still he felt the sting of their judgment, the hatred of the kids who pointed at him and oftentimes threw rocks at his back.

Arthur no longer remembered his mother Mary who in his eight years of life always taught him to be kind to others, to help when no help awas asked and to love as if the world had only a day more. Arthur at first cried many times for her and screamed at Rolan for not doing more to ease her suffering when she screamed and cried for help,

Arthur thought his father to be weak, poor and stupid for not being able to provide and help his wife. He despised him for it and despised himself for being born black. He knew that because his skin was different to that of those in power he would never rise above poverty, that he could never achieve what he wanted nor could he help those who needed help because all he had was brute strength. He called himself an animal for so long that with time he started to behave like one. He drank, fought and spent his days alone in his home where his father longer resided.

Arthur had come home one day when he was fourteen and waited for Rolan to return home from his work, but he never did. Arthur didn’t wait for him anymore and threw him off his mind and memory. He wasn’t anything anymore. He couldn’t be a person because a person has people who love them, who cares for them and waits for them. He didn’t have anything like that, he wasn’t human. He was an animal and like an animal he needed to be beaten to death to end their suffering.

One day after a hard day of work, Arthur went to a saloon to drink to forget. That day was payday.

He didn’t know where he was anymore, didn’t know if he was alive, awake, dead, dreaming or simply somewhere in between. Everything was blurry, dark, hazy and what little he could see was unknown to him.

He swears that a moment more and he would’ve lost consciousness, but he heard something that called his attention. It was a sharp, loud scream that made him think of his mother. He remembered her face when she screamed for help, how her whole body jerked by the insufferable pain of the disease.

He followed the sound that was now much more quiet, muffled and combined with a solid sound af if something were being pressed furiously. After walking for god knows how long he saw two figures togethers, one over the other and the closer he got the more sharp the image was.

It was a woman, her whole body laid bare with clothing that was on the floor next to another figure. It was a man, and he was forcing himself on the woman. It was then that his memory left him and when he woke he was in a strange place that at first scared him. He began to touch all over his body and held his tongue as everything brought him much pain. He could smell blood from himself, he tasted it in his lips and felt it already dry in his hands.

It was dark, small and felt a stare in front of him. Before he could react, the voice to whom the eyes belonged spoke, it was a woman’s voice, and then he felt a woman’s touch on his arm.

She told him her name, it was Marie Anouilh. She told him how thankful she was for his assistance, that she would’ve died if not for his great strength againsts the man who was forcing himself on her. She said that he was her savior.

At this he sobbed just as he did when Mary, his mother, died eight years ago.

Marie was French by birth and a prostitute by work.

Arthur didn’t know for how long he wept in Marie’s arms, nor did he care for her profession because in that moment he felt something that he had forgotten. He remembered that he was a human being after all, he wasn’t a senseless animal who had no one who loved him. He had Mary watching him over wherever she was. He felt her gaze again, just as he did when he was a child.

Marie, as if by some divine virtue allowed him to hold her, after all she felt grateful for his intervention and had planned to offer her services for repayment, free of charge of course. But he refused. She insisted again that it was the least she could do, but again he refused as calmly, eloquent and graceful as he could, as he was taught to do so in the company of others.

He thanked her for saving him, which confused the French woman who was now overwhelmed by the delicacy that this giant of a man was showing her. He thanked her one more time and left her without giving a chance for her to insist anymore.

Arthur walked home and smiled and laughed the entire way, many thought him to be a maniac on the loose but assured them that he was overjoyed. He was in disbelief in the woman’s name, Marie.

Days came and went with Arthur now feeling something that he hadn’t felt in a long time. He was happy, curious and with a childlike sense of discovery. He had forgotten what it was to live. He had been dying ever since he could remember but now he was breathing and thinking for once in almost a decade.

But there was one thing that he couldn’t stop thinking about, Marie. How was she doing? Arthur worried for her, wondered if she was okay, unhurt, or alive? This made him once more feel something that he had forgotten, what it was to worry for someone else's sake.

A day later after work he went back to where he had found her, but she wasn’t there. He began to worry, so he went to her home, or to where he had woken up from his drunken state. But she wasn’t there either. This made his alarmed and thought the worst, but before coming to any conclusion he swore himself to return the day after and the one after waiting for her.

Thankfully, he didn’t have to wait that long as when he was leaving she heard the voice to which he had woken. Arthur looked to his right, began walking, almost running before running into Marie who now looked much more appealing. She had long, reddish hair that fell to her shoulder blades. Her eyes were deep, blue and wide. Her lips thin and small. Out of obliviousness he smiles the more he looked and she blushed, then calling for his attention.

She felt the eyes on her and him, more on him and knowing what was going to happen she took him outside her home and spoke with him.

He expressed his worry over her, his gratitude and she then wholeheartedly did the same to him. The conversation then steered somewhere else, unrelated to any of their original words and they knew that they wanted to see each other again. They did.

They met more and more, until a formal relationship was established. She swore to stop altogether her work, and he to steered himself into a better job that despite his appearance’s disadvantages was going to learn and make something out of himself.

Arthur didn’t know how to read, but Marie did. Arthur didn’t know how to dress properly, talk with proper elegant manners, but Marie did. Marie took care of him, taught him everything she knew and propelled him to be what he wanted, a better version of himself.

But it was for naught. No matter how much he struggled for new opportunities, for riches and dreams, life, or rather society didn’t allow him to even try. He was humiliated, mocked, attacked and threatened for coming near white neighborhoods, white businesses or any other institution where blacks weren’t allowed.

Marie saw him down and with her own ways brought him up. She didn’t seduce his worries away, didn’t offer her body for remedy but her words and embrace that took his pain and shame. He apologized for being black, for being big like a bear and stupid like a dog.

Marie then thanked him for being the beautiful man that he was, for being as giant as the mountains of France and for being as witty, charming, eloquent and marvelous at spotting and figuring things that others couldn’t.

Time once more flew and flew with Arthur unable to grow as he wished, although he was content, no longer yearned for a better life or future as he couldn’t imagine one better than the one he had.

He continued to try to better himself by reading, thanks in large to Marie’s patience with him. He read and read everything he could, his favorite things to read were poems, love poems that as he used to say, expressed his feelings for the world, his people and his Marie.

He wrote too, not for profit but for his wife who despite his failures at economical growth stayed with him and shielded the pain of outsiders who didn’t try to understand her loving husband who only wished to provide more than he did now.

Marie having abandoned her position as prostitute many, many years ago now tended to their home, her husband and their dog. They lived in a poor district where only other african-americans lived as well and the dog was the community’s dog. They tried to have children of their own but it seemed that god didn’t think her to be a fitting mother.

This was her shame and her cross to bear. She said to be her curse for cursing the body that she had been given, for bringing disgrace to it in her younger years where she had only her body to use as income. Arthur felt her pain and took her in as she did him so many times. They were happy, not all the time but they tried their best. It seemed life always threw them shots to kill them, either one or the other.

They were many the times that Arthur was attacked, almost killed by white assailants without fault. Marie was never able to breathe calmly if he wasn’t at home in her arms. She worried always for him and him for her.

They had grown old together and couldn’t have asked for a better life because that which they had was a happy one. It had its difficulties, sure, but what life is worth living doesn’t. The year was 1947, two wars had come and gone with Arthur serving in them both. He earned awards, recognition for his bravery and cheers and applause for his courage and distinguished bravery at adversary. He had forty-seven years of age and Marie had forty-four.

He was a hero and had photographs with many politicians, stories of honor and courage from the war and days that many would kill for. And yet his proudest day, his most precious memory and act that gave his life the most meaning and recognition, was the day Marie told him she was pregnant. The year was 1950, she was forty-seven, and he was fifty.

Their baby boy was born in 1950, his name was Roland Kua-Anouilh, and their baby girl was named Mary Anouilh-Kua.

Marie loved her children more than anything in the entire world, she regretted how she had lived the initial years of her life and vowed upon herself and Arthur that she would do everything in her power to raise them right, to instruct them properly and make sure that they continue a straight path in life. Arthur understanding Marie’s intentions, knowing the weight of her words, he embraced her entirely and did as Marie herself had done to him so long ago. She spoke to him, told him her struggles and the things she did, things he’s fully aware of and yet they feel so raw to say out loud for the first time. This was the day her children were born.

This was forty years ago.

Roland is a Professor of philosophy at The George Washington University. He has an extensive and lucrative career in creative writing, various collections of poems arranged in theme. He thinks of himself as a serious, tense man who has no time for idle chatter or nonsensical issues. He is a character despised by many for this very sense of no-nonsense style Roland has so early in life chosen for himself despite the many teasing from his parents and dear sister who all annoyingly -to him- tell him to loosen up and enjoy himself. His poems all vary in theme, but the most prevalent one is a virtue that he inherited from his father, love.

He’s a romantic who sees love as a powerful symbolic force that when analyzed, thought carefully and understood, it can save the world…or so he says to his class and friends and parents and sister who all stare at him blankly waiting for the joke that never comes.

He admits and realizes the effect of his words, but he is determined to his opinion.

Marie on the other hand, was a wild little thing that broke away from her parents' way of being, their beliefs and found a life, a passion and a future in the city of Toulouse, France as an opera conductor.

Marie was a character who thanks in large to her mother’s nurture and her father’s beliefs of becoming a free thinker, an individual whose beliefs are made on their own rationality discovered that her passion was not in politics or law, much to the dismay of them.

Since young Marie had always been rebellious, independent and full of energy. She had a fire in her that made her contemplate the beauty in life, the joy in it and in hers. At first, because of her father’s influence and wise advice she enrolled in a nearby University and majored in law where she at the time had hoped to join  firm specialized in african-americans who didn’t have the resources to hire lawyers or any means to intervene in their cases, guilty or not. She understood the systematic abuse that the government had against dark colored people who were different from those in power.

It was in this educational journey where she realized the passion that those around her had for law practicing. Her acquaintances in school were all hopeful for the future, for life and believed that their work, while menial and detested by many, was important, more so those who wished to help the less fortunate. Marie saw this and quickly realized that she didn’t want to be a lawyer. She earned her degree in law a year after this.

Days after this she told her parents of her lack of passion, her fire that began to dwindle before even starting to utilize her new skillset and told them of the arrangements that she had already put into motion.

They didn’t stop her, didn't even try as they realized she was as determined to do as she has ever been, everyone trusted and loved her for it, except for Roland who thought her to be childish, innocent and naive in her beliefs that he considered foolish. He too was there when she announced this and gave his approval just as everyone else, but it was a false one, a dishonesty that all chose to ignore, Marie too who despite the hurt Roland caused in her, she embraced him dearly, thanked him as if it they were his truthful words and let him go.

Since that day she hasn’t seen her brother, it’s been sixteen years since.

The year was 1990, Roland had begun teaching the philosophy class that he had taught for various years now, and a creative class that emphasized creativity by transforming historical events in fantastical worlds; the class was newly founded and proposed by another professor who had to leave due to an unforeseen emergency. To say the least, Rolan who lacked the desire to create such fantasy driven writing was apathetic about the course, but being the only professor with the credentials and disponibility he reluctantly agreed to it.

He ‘hated’ every moment of it and because of his clear disdain of disrespect towards the history of his people (many of the students were of african descent and took liberty with its meaning and significance). The original instructor had a curriculum created beforehand and passed it to Roland, but it was disregarded the moment it reached him.

He instead redirected focus on literary classics that already utilized history such as Shakespeare, Robert Graves, Arthur Golden and various other modern and classical texts that were recommended by his father who was elated at the course’s description.

His rigidity caused many of his students to argue with the contents he discussed, the grading policy that seemed mostly tailored to his opinion and gave up on the hope for growth in his opinion. The semester finished, and upon it a particular student came to see him, a woman called Clara de Latas.

She hailed from Spain. She had white complexion, blue eyes, hair the color of tarnished wood and was tall, a height of  190 centimeters as she stated blatantly not in inches. A fact Roland noticed as she stood and his eyes had to look up from his height of five feet and eight inches, compared to her six feet and two inches.

He couldn’t help himself, he didn’t want to and he fought it, but she made an advanced on him. He knew who she was beforehand, a student of course in his creative writing course. They had clased many times as her way of writing was rather poetic, fluent and extended. He disliked reading her stories not because they were bad, dull or infuriating but because they were to the point and didn’t hold any mystery back. He wished they held its story beats in the dark as her preference was to pull the relationships and the themes, revelations and answers almost immediately.

This he discovered was a trait of her personality as she explicitly told him how she had found him attractive, was no longer a student of his or the University and wondered if he’d want to go out on a date with her.

He was appalled by her forwardness and confidence in asking him, an older, dull compared to her and rigid figure of education to attempt a romantic relationship with him. He stammered in his response, unsure as to how to react,what to say and to say that his defined harsh personality crumbled would be an understatement. He succumbed to her and they met a couple of days later.

Roland and his now possible romantic acquaintance met and drank coffee in a shop within the school’s campus, they talked about many things, about writing, poems and other various random topics that come when the mood is just right. They both blinked and eight years had passed. Clara was now sitting on the couch of her home listening to music from her country when Roland came in with a tray holding two cups of coffee without sugar, they drank it black, and a feeding bottle filled with milk for their baby who resided in Clara’s shoulder. His name was Edward Kua-Anouilh de Latas. He was Spanish. They now lived in Spain where both Roland and Clara taught creative classes in a local private school owned by Clara’s family.

After the first non-school related conversation Clara and Roland both had the feeling that there was in fact an attraction that was not related to sexual desire, it was there of course but more so than anything Clara seemed to enjoy Roland’s companionship purely from a conversational standpoint. She enjoyed his talking points and engaging in deep conversations that would be hard to articulate with other people. His disdainful but appreciative perspective on novels and their foundational principles made for a welcomed and interesting perspective for Clara who was a literary fanatic who never saw things as he did.

They met again, again, and again until Roland felt it right to address her as his girlfriend, to which Clara laughed off not in mocking or disdain but because she had identified him as boyfriend within the first date and had told her friends and family of her interest in him.

Roland changed after meeting her, his rigid, protective and secretive personality morphed into a welcoming one, a happy one that his parents took with big surprise and joyfulness that they said nothing to him, but nodded mentioned in riddles and rustled his hair -the hair of a forty year old man- and talked as always.

Two years after they began their relationship Clara and him talked about their lives, the good, the bad and came to the conclusion that they would move to Spain to Clara’s hometown and teach at the school that her father owned.

Six years after Roland was forty-eight, Clara thirty-two; Clara had given birth to their son Edward Kua-Anouilh de Latas. The year was 1998.

Edward has been alive for twenty-five years, a quarter of a century. He’s a futbol (the right futbol) player who’s part of LALIGA, the Spanish league federation of futbol. He's a member of Cádiz Club de Fútbol as a striker.

Edward, or Eduardo as he prefers to be called, grew in the streets of Zaragoza, a city located on the north of Aragoza. There he made friends, learned about history and enjoyed the musical genres that sounded within its borders. He too traveled frequently to France to see his aunt Mary and became acquainted with classical music and the different types of life that were visible in his commute to and from these locations.

He was dark-skinned as his father and his grandfather were but with the unmistakable facial features of his French grand-mother and his Spanish mother. His jaw was small and sharp, his cheeks long but thin, his forehead focused and short. His eyes were green and his hair frilly adorned with a wooden color as his mother.

Thanks to his frequent visits to France, having grown in Spain and having a father of the American land he spoke English, Spanish and French fluently with other nearby region’s languages at a proficient level.

He was intelligent, or so the school system gave him that indication with more than proficient grading in his subjects. The people around him called him noble, well-mannered, strong, loyal and handsome too. He didn’t bring his successes to others, nor the privileges that his family granted him such as his aunt in France, his mother’s riches nor his american grandparents political influences. He didn’t talk of these things and rather he preferred to listen to other’s achievements in which he truthfully cheered for and encouraged for more.

Time came to pass as it always done and through his early years Eduardo took an interest in futbol where he came to be celebrated for his skills and careful handling of the ball and more so his ability to shoot with all his strength to the goalie’s direction.

He earned scholarships to the schools of choice, early talks of his future that was being groomed for a “carrera futbolistica”, a futbol career. He was praised by friends, family and strangers too. He had it made, many said, it his family, his riches and his ethnicity. Hate came for him too, one that he thought it ot be undeserved and hurtful.

Ever since he could remember Eduardo felt off. Everyone in school was different from him, they didn’t talk like him either or share many of the same interests. He called his father for it; the now cheeky figure who spoiled him gave him interests that perhaps weren’t suited for a child living in Spain. Eduardo liked to read fantastical books of which he had plenty thanks to his mother and to watch documentaries where the things he loved were made (of videogames which were rar and feverishly devoured).

He was more calm than the other children, reserved and thought of himself as an outlier to his peers. His parents loved him dearly and gave him the time that asked for and that which he didn’t.

As a baby he almost never left his mother’s arms, his nutritional intake came directly off her too and her laugh and giggles was his daily tune, her warmth his vitamin D and her touch his most precious friendship. His father too was a constant in his eyes. The stern voice of his soothed his cries and the poems of love that were so dear to him filled his ears.

He was a baby who lacked nothing and this continued further down his childhood where many would say that he aws spoiled but he would counter this by saying that he was not spoiled, but that he was loved.

He has felt loved since the day he was born and continues to do so and yet he has never felt it right to receive such honest love.

He has always acted as if he needed to earn that love, the appreciation that he was given and the friendship that was offered. He tried to be his best because he felt it was th least he could do fro those he considered dear to him. He was told that futbol was in his blood and his mind, that he had a knack for it and he followed it with passion because he believed them, enjoyed it and chose it continue it as his career so one day he could return the favor to his parents, aunt, grandmother and to himself for being who he was.

He was good, better than good and was offered a position in a lavished and exceptional club, the Cádiz Club de Fútbol where he enjoyed many seasons in, he too was offered a position in Spain’s national team where he served as a backup striker, delantero for the team.

Everyone was happy for him, they cheered in his absence and wished him the best of the best for being always the best.

Everyone, except for him.

he wanted more, he needed more and wished for more. He knew it to be idiotic, wrong and baseless but he couldn’t shake that feeling of his. He knew that if he wished, he could talk to his parents, but more so to his grandfather, Arthur for advice.

Arthur was a building block for Eduardo who saw him as a man of trust, of knowledge and of suffering. He knew of his story in America and at times cursed the country for it. He knew of Mary and Jane, his great-grandmother and great-grandaunt. He knew that Arthur had gone through enough pain to fill multiple lives and yet that pain would not disappear.

The year was 2020, near the end of the year and the global pandemic had limited Eduardo’s ability to play, to exercise and this had a toll on his debilitating mind as well. Eduardo laid himself bare to his grandpa, and Arthur in response did the same.

He shared his own story as a means to create a bridge between the two, in detail, length and in suffering. Eduardo listened, laughed, shed tears and thanked him for his time. Before handing up he wished to talk to Marie, and did the same with her, which made Eduardo’s view of her and of life all the more broken and yet complete. Just the same, he thanked her, wished the best, that he loved her dearly and wished to see her again and kissed her as he did when he was a small, chubby-rounded baby who pulled at her hair.

Eduardo still felt confused, hurt and ashamed of himself and proud of his blood. He began to see things a littlfe different, he didn’t changed his life, quit everything and traveled to the unknown. Eduardo was happy wth his life, it was only a sense of belonging that he lacked but he could see that now and was working towards understanding it enough to not let it bother him as much as it did.

Given the limited work and things he had to do he talked with his teammates and club managers, in this he was told that if he needed things to do, either for income or to remain in the public’s eye they could support charities and be a part of event where he used his skills and abilities all the while doing some good for the world in these times that it was desperately needed.

A friend told him of an upcoming event taking place in Madrid, one where many other futbolistas were coming together to discuss possible opportunities offered by celebrated bands and figures of the world. Eduardo didn’t wish to go, events such as these were not of his liking and instead called his manager and told him to find a suitable charity that aligned with his views.

A charity search began, and a list was composed and in this list the name Joseph Jefferson was seen and immediately recognized. Joseph Jefferson the renowned figure who had done so much for the countries in need, the disaster-ridden people who had no ability to fend for themselves in times of crisis and the humanitarian that he was. Eduardo’s manager contacted Jefferson, made arrangements and placed Eduardo on his board of executives.

The manager thought it to be a more than suitable position. Eduardo would not be involved with the organization’s actions nor its many structural meetings where tasks were discussed, planned and executed but on every reporting outlet it would be stated that he was. Eduardo Kua-Anouilh de Latas was now a humanitarian who took time out of his life to join a charitable organization , he was involved in every level and actions taken and he was spearheading multiple projects that aided development in Africa where basic necessities were non-existent.

The manager dispatched a celebratory call to Eduardo to share the news, to tell him with the utmost joy in his voice and awaiting for Eduardo’s equally elated voice. But before he could dial him Eduardo was already calling him.

Eduardo's Voice was not elated, nor was it joyful. Eduardo was vivid.

Moments before he called his manager Eduardo was reading an article regarding the state of his hometown when as he scrolled at the end of it, read the title of another where it stated that Joseph Jefferson had announced Eduardo Kua-Anouilh de Latas had just become an executive board member in his organization. Jefferson continued to state that after almost a year of discussion he and Eduardo had come to an agreement to join forces in lending a helping hand to those in need. The article continued to relate more anecdotes of Eduardo and Jefferson, all of which were new to him where apparently Eduardo has gone over all the records, reports and effects of the organization before committing to it.

He was taken aback as this had been the first time That he had seen the name Joseph Jefferson and feared that this was an attempt to drag down his name to some false PR campaign.

In the call to his manager Eduardo demanded retribution to that man’s claims, answers and understanding as to how it was possible for him to do so and when he learned that this had been a ruse made by his manager and Jefferson. Eduardo stood quiet for a moment before demanding Jefferson’s personal number.

He was given the number, a meeting between Jefferson and himself was arranged and an understanding was made.

Jefferson agreed to Eduardo’s every word and as it had been requested, a copy of the organization’s every record, action and plan was sent forth to him.

Eduardo looked over all of the papers, receipts, plans and analyzed their feasibility and logic. It was sound, logical and to say that he was impressed by the man’s goodwill would be an understatement. Jefferson had spent a great deal of his fortune on this organization and was continuing to do so. Eduardo tried to find faults, errors to provoke his anger that felt misguided, but he found no reason for it.

But a doubt remained in his mind. Why was it that Jefferson, such a reputable figure, an honest and such kind hearted man had acted with such irresponsibility and so promptly as if in fear of him pulling out of said agreement.

A year passed, the year 2023 and Eduardo had discovered why Jefferson had initially acted with such dishonesty.

It was only months after the initial meeting with Jefferson that Eduardo discovered this. Now that he was an executive board member alongside seven other people, including Jefferson, he felt it needed to meet them, but found it suspicious that no one wanted to meet with him. No one except for Noah Grantham who did so reluctantly, and only if Eduardo would come meet him at a place of his liking.

Eduardo agreed. He flew to the United States, met with him late at night in a nightclub where he was drinking by his lonesome on the side of the bar. Noah explained to him what it was and what had happened to him. Noah told him how everyone else is in the same boat as him, whether by choice or not they’re all bound to Jefferson’s organization, to the atrocities that he’s committed under their name and reputation.

Eduardo leaves him without saying anything, returns to his hotel and to his home the day after. He ponders what to do, how to do it and if it is the right choice. He could do nothing and gain the fame and popularity as most of the board members have done so, but he knows that he can’t, that his spirit wouldn’t allow him to do so.

He calls and meets with Jefferson again, this time to let him know that he isn’t going to let him use his name any further or to continue his arrogance in robbing said communities that he’s helping in act only. But before Eduardo is able to begin his actions, Jefferson stops him and shows him just what he’s really doing.

In Africa he has butchered communities for the mineral resources in the regions, not directly but by funneling funds to political figures in his interest, how there’s messages, transactions and actions all done in Eduardo’s direction, or so the official statements have stated. The documents have apparently been signed both digitally and by hand with his signature, as Jefferson all thanks in large to Eduardo’s money hungry manager who has provided everything that he asks for in order to facilitate the charity-driven acts that help increase Eduardo’s liking throughout the region.

Eduardo wishes to fight him, to condemn him but his mind tells him that it serves no purpose. All documents and actions are legal, the procedure of the law has been followed and because his manager has so much control over his commercial figure it all looks to follow the law by the book, which it does.

There’s no hook or trap, it’s all clear and easily understood because there’s been no attempt to fool the manager, they just didn’t care for the repercussions, only the rewards and gains in Eduardo’s sellable image.

Jefferson never spoke lies to him, he just didn’t talk with him, he talked with his manager who lived to please him. Eduardo felt like a fool, a tool that had been used and continued to be used as Jefferson saw fit. He didn’t know how to stop it, not in a way without bringing the issues to light and his image, his career and reputation.

He left Jefferson and returned home once more where he pondered just what to do.

It was immediately that he decided what to do, thanks in large part to his parents' teachings, his grandparents' sufferings and lessons that they had imparted upon him. He was going to sue Jefferson and bring it all to light. He wasn’t going to consult it with his family yet, first he would set and file everything in an orderly fashion and prepare himself for the repercussions.

He was ready, determined and in the process of ending his professional career, his reputation and his future. He knew that despite the world turning against him his family would support him and be there for him, and that’s all that mattered to him. He would be the one to bring Jefferson’s mischievousness to light.

It was during this process that Jefferson forced Nathan-like character to kill Girl A and Girl B.

It was during this process that Girl A began her quest of killing everyone responsible for Girl B’s death.

It was during this process where Girl A killed Eduardo Kua-Anouilh de Latas before he was able to expose Jefferson.

Eduardo Kua-Anouilh de Latas had the age of twenty-five when killed by Girl A.

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**Initial character concept idea**

**Hayden Jones - Initial concept idea**

He is a kind man, oblivious of how the real world works and in love with himself. He is a lover of the arts and of people who follow their dreams and passions. He comes from a wealthy family with influence over the media industry, directors, writers, painters and celebrated poets who all are involved one way or another in donations and charities all over the world.

Hayden Jones was recruited into this organization through Dana Ward who he has known ever since he was a small child doing plays in private school. Before joining the organization as a spokesperson and leading figure in gathering celebrities to support the foundation with appearances in events, concerts and gatherings with victims of disasters and such occasions, but now his life is filled with satisfaction and an overall sense of pride in the work that he does. He believes that the work he makes truly is a spark in the dark world that he lives in and for once he’s not the spoiled child from a prestigious family, no longer supporting himself off the efforts of his parents but a member that could stand high alongside them.

Dana brought him into the foundation with hopes that he could serve as a voice and nothing more, but soon after having such an impact over people and how they perceived the foundation so positively Mark Jefferson personally invited him over to his home. Hayden, being ecstatic, listened to his every word about making the world a better place, one where people may not have all their needs provisioned, but one where there I hope that it can be, one day at a time. Jefferson offered him a position as a corporate member where he would have a say in the operations of the foundation. Hayden saw this as an opportunity to grow not only the pedigree that was already cultivated, but truly how he himself could be involved in the organization, how he could learn and grow within a group of people who despite being from so different background, personalities and with so many differences were all so united in one single goal, helping people.

But he was manipulated, he was tricked into positioning himself in a place where he had to do everything in his power to protect the image of the foundation, all of the illegal dealings and irregularities that he now was aware of had to be hidden from the public, news and reports manufacture and played as errors or misunderstandings. He now had to lie to everyone and act as if the foundation was nothing but an irrefutable and dignified organization with the sole purpose of helping those in need, in desperate need of aid, food and other resources that they could offer. And yet the only thing that they all are is thieves who put up a front of sainthood for the public while they rob and butcher the innocent and helpless for everything they have and don’t have.

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**Character concept reconceptualized**

**Family tree:**

Kua, born in 1853, had two childs, twins whose names were blank in 1867. She died during childbirth.

The twins are girls blank and blank, given white people names by plantation owners. Twin girl A lived until the year 1910 and had multiple children but they all died in their infancy. Twin girl b had one daughter in 1900, she was named girl C.

Girl C lived a full life but was never given the chance of being a mother, she had accepted that God didn’t choose her to be one, but at the age of sixty years old she was pregnant with a boy whose name was Edward Everett Eshu.

Edward led a simple life, a harsh one that was always under the oppression of those in power and the hatred of the white community. He had a son that carried his name in 1980 and a second in 1988.

His first born died in a car accident where a car lost control during an illegal race and rammed the audience, killing him on impact.

The second son worked managerial jobs and always held big aspirations for himself, but because of the limited opportunities he had and the necessity to support his family he never could take the risks that he deemed necessary for the future he dreamed of. He had a son in the year 2004, his name was Oya Everett, who later resigned himself to be called Oya Eshu as remembrance for his family’s roots.

Edward Everett Eshu Parent of  Everett Eshu jr

Great-grandmother Kua born in 1853, had two childs, twins whose names were  in 1865

search old african region and along the way find names of said region