

Seekay's Forgiveness: A Short Story by Sadrac

It was Seekay's first day of school. Seekay was 17 years old and from Atlanta where he had lived all his life until they took him off the streets. They, of course, were the police and Seekay was now facing a jail time sentence not unlike Mandela's. However, if one met Seekay this would immediately prove to be the sole semblance. Seekay, was as many people liked to say, (though never to his face) the (not so) human embodiment of the devil. This was an almost instant connection due partially to the fact that Seekay was not gifted with a beautiful face. In fact, he was, quite contrarily, particularly ugly and people like to associate beauty with goodness, superiority and, of course, holiness, until they look into a mirror themselves. But it was also significantly brought on by the type of radiant malevolence and hostility, with an undertone of general resentment, that Seekay seemed to possess in great quantities.

Seekay was not however dumb. The almost continual looks of fear and dislike from others did nothing to aid his sense of worthlessness and make him feel even more resentful which in turn caused Seekay to spit out increasingly violent lyrics in his recording booth. This, in itself, would not usually cause someone to receive a life sentence. However, Seekay had the particularity of being both an increasingly popular rapper and unfortunately was notorious for being not only explicit, but accurate, in his lyrical spouting. In fact, this was a direct cause for his arrest, prosecution, and conviction for the murders of Daniel Ike and Ignatius Warden, two patrolmen from Atlanta's Red County police department.

Seekay was contemplating about all of this and more when he took his first steps into a classroom. Yes, it was a jail classroom and yes, it was particularly underfunded. But to Seekay it was as foreign as the dark side of the moon. At that moment, it seemed to Seekay somehow less important that he be forgiven for the killings of the two officers who he had witnessed brutalizing some youth playing N.W.A. on his block. For it dawned on him that perhaps the fact that he actually had access for the first time to learning and education. Maybe this in itself could be a path to redemption and forgiveness.