

## Going to the party...

It is 2003 homecoming weekend at Virginia Tech. Darin has driven from Pennsylvania to visit his girlfriend Rochelle, who is a junior. It has been almost three-months since they have last seen each other and they are both excited to have some time together. Rochelle has planned out the entire weekend. They have plans to hit up multiple parties, hang out with Rochelle's friends, and go to the homecoming football game.

It is Friday night and Darin and Rochelle are getting dressed to go to an Alpha Kappa Alpha (AKA) sorority party on campus. The dress code is formal attire, and both Darin and Rochelle are dressed to the nines. Darin is wearing a white suit, shiny black shoes, and a white derby hat. Rochelle is wearing a black evening gown with black stiletto heels. She is also wearing her silver bracelet and the matching earrings that Darin brought her as a surprise gift. They joke affectionately, teasing each other about who will win the AKA prize for best dressed tonight. Darin says, "Girl you look good, but you know I am going to take home that AKA trophy for best dressed tonight." To which Rochelle replies, "Yea, okay Darin. You look good and all, but I both think we know who has this year's trophy in the bag." Black Fraternity and Sorority parties at Virginia Tech are more than parties, they are fashion shows. If you are going to step out, you better be sure you represent. As the stylish couple leaves Rochelle's residence hall, they walk towards the quad on their way to the party.

As they walk down the street holding hands, a white pick-up truck with three young men pulls up behind them. The young men are Caucasian, probably in their early twenties. As the truck slowly drives past the couple, one of the young men yells out the window, "Nigger bitch!" The other young men begin laughing and the driver speeds past the couple as they drive away.

Darin stops mid-stride. He is heated and begins yelling obscenities as the truck drives off. “Yeah, motherfucker, come say that shit to my face! Punk ass white boys!” Rochelle maintains her composure. “Darin, calm down baby. Those guys are just drunk idiots, trying to get a rise out of us. Don’t give them what they want by acting a fool and getting all heated.” Darin replies, “I know, but they had no right to call you that. They are cowards and I wish they would circle back around so I could beat their asses.” Rochelle replies, “I know you are upset, but please don’t let the stupidity of three racist idiots ruin our evening. I have been looking forward to having this time with you for three-months, and I will be damned if I let three drunk frat boys ruin our night.” After a few minutes, Darin calms down and the couple continues walking to the party. As they reach the sorority house, Darin says, “This is why I will never go to school in the south. You can talk about affirmative action and diversity all day, but when it comes down to it, we will always be niggers in the hearts and minds of white southerners. It doesn’t matter if you have a Bachelor or Master degree, you will simply be a nigger with a degree—but always a nigger first.”