



## Money/Justina Three

---

No Known Copyright

Princeton University Library reasonably believes that the Item is not restricted by copyright or related rights, but a conclusive determination could not be made.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

## Princeton University Library Disclaimer

---

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbcs.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

## Citation Information

---

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

Money/Justina Three

1 folder

## Contact Information

---

## Download Information

---

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:18:55 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/dr26z298h>

Money  
JUSTINA THREE

I met a woman some time ago. I <sup>only</sup> knew her for nine weeks.

Other than a few opportunity couplings, I've known <sup>really</sup> only four women.

Three of them were serious ~~affairs~~ <sup>enjoyed</sup> and I was ~~enchanted~~ with the small breakable thing inside each one of them. Whatever their character, strength or size, <sup>soft lay</sup> inside each <sup>lay</sup> something fragile. Like a breast bone shaped and chosen to wish upon. A little V, thinner than bone and barely hinged that I could break with a forefinger if I wanted to, but I never did.

<sup>I mean</sup> Want to. Never would. Knowing it was there, <sup>from me</sup> hiding, was enough.

<sup>It was</sup> The fourth woman, <sup>who</sup> however, changed ~~that~~. ~~Changed~~ everything. In her company the little V took up residence and made itself at home in my own chest. It was her forefinger scared me.

Women are ready to talk to me because my name is Money. When they hear it, they <sup>chuckle</sup> ~~laugh~~ and make a little joke. Ask me who named me that or if anybody did. If I made it up to make myself feel important or was I a gambler or a thief or some other kind of body they should watch out for. When I tell them my whole last name, they scream. <sup>with laughter</sup> No end of pleasant talk after that and it's enough to keep our friendship going way after its dried up

just so they can say "Hey, Money, how you making it?" Or "Hey, Money. Got any?" Or "Money, come on in here. I need you baby." It's tired, old stuff but it keeps things gentle and welcoming when I get fed up with being by myself and seek out company.