

Timothy R. Taylor  
October 21st, 2023  
Professor Sherron Gordon-Phan  
ENGL 110C

### **Timothy - Five Years Later**

"ARF!" yelled Trixie, my sweet Labrador Retriever as she proudly marched toward the sliding glass door. "Alright, alright! Who wants to go outside?" I asked, peering down to see Trixie wagging her tail frantically. Together, we walked out the back door and onto a stretched path of neatly packed rocks and concrete. My eyes fixated on the rows of Hyacinth and Pelargonium growing in the flowerbed. As we walked, an exhilarating aroma of lavender and peppermint filled my nasal passages. My piercing focus on the flowerbed was broken by the startling yell of my spouse resonating from behind me.

"Wait for me!" exclaimed Giveon, eagerly sprinting to catch up to us. Giveon and I have been married for nearly a whole year. He was astoundingly tall, standing at a whopping six feet! His hair was raven black with well-defined curls that perfected his mid-fade. His Lapis blue eyes drew in my gaze as I stood patiently for him to reach the tread. Once he caught up, I intertwined my fingers with his and began down the walkway with leash in hand. Soon enough, we emerged from the tree line and reached the trailhead.

Ahead of us lay a setting sun which painted the sky with vibrant shades of orange, pink, and purple. The scenery was so otherworldly that it felt like a movie scene. Trixie shimmied and rolled around in the dirt, covering Giveon's fresh pair of Jordans in a fresh coat of mud. He let out a slight giggle, then reached down to give her a belly rub. Enthusiastically, I joined in before turning to tickle Giveon as well. He jolted into laughter as he rolled out on the ground. He wrapped his big burly arms around me and pulled me into his loving embrace. "I could lay here in your arms forever," I said passionately.

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After a few moments of silence in Giveon's light squeeze, I rose to the sound of Trixie's abrupt bark. Together we rose to see the lake that lay at the end of the trail. It was a Wedgwood blue hue with an almost pristine, crystal texture. On the outer edges lay strings of cattails with some hyacinth scattered few and far between. I approached the water and brushed the surface, watching rings oscillate from the contact made. We sat for a while, listening to the birds chirp and ducks frolic with one another. Trixie excitedly jumped in in an attempt to join them, but they scurried away from her in an instant.

Eventually, the crickets began chirping and the sun was no longer visible. Nighttime approached, and we began the journey back to our lovely villa. As we drew near, Giveon frantically announced, "Babe, look! Your clematis sprouted from the garden!" There I spotted the sweet autumn clematis under the dim garden light. Tears of joy began to run down my cheek as I recalled our wedding night in astounding detail.

We began recollecting stories we had not shared since the wedding. "Remember when we got blackout drunk at the bar and drove off with your best friend's car?" I smirked. "Haha, yeah! Then we crashed into the lamp post after getting not even half a mile down the street. You were such an irresponsible drinker back then," Giveon teased. "Tiffany was furious with me! That was her brand new Mercedes that I scratched up, was it not?" I curiously asked. "It must have cost a fortune." Giveon looked at me with a melting expression, as if to express his sympathy for me. A sense of security flowed over me; Giveon made me feel safe and sheltered. He was the anchor to my boat, and I loved that about him.

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"It's getting late, we'd best head inside before Trixie makes a fuss," Giveon suggested. I nodded in agreement, tugging lightly on Trixie's leash. Once we arrived at the patio door, we wiped our feet and stored our shoes in the hanging shoe sorter. Adjacent to the lobby was our kitchen, where I stopped to feed Trixie some kibble and a dog biscuit. The kitchen had smooth, white marble countertops wrapped around the perimeter of the kitchen wall. The cabinets and floors were made of east white Pine that complimented the marble exquisitely. In the center of the kitchen was a breakfast bar consisting of denim blue cushioned bar stools. Once finished with her meal, Trixie swiftly followed Giveon to the bedroom while I departed to my office.

My office had a softly-tinted glass wall with an L-shaped oak desk. In one corner stood a metal filing cabinet next to a wooden standing planter. Three thirty-two gigabytes of unlimited bandwidth servers stood upon a server rack in the adjacent corner. The desk was aligned with a multi-display of three monitors and a Linux Operating System. The room provided two hundred square feet of space to work in.

Five years ago, I went down the certification rabbit hole. I was offered an opportunity to receive my first Information Technology certification in CompTIA A+. This certification was a keystone to my future career. CompTIA teaches troubleshooting and system repairs. Afterward, I transitioned to my Network+ and Security+ certifications. Additionally, I received my Masters Degree in Cybersecurity earlier this year. I attended a career fair where I met a government contractor looking for cybersecurity majors. After presenting him with my impressive resume and extensive background, I was instantly offered a position within his company.

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Presently, I work as a Penetration Tester for the Department of Defense. A penetration tester performs routine tests on a company's defense in an attempt to find vulnerabilities in the company's network. I work at an international level with my husband and dog from a remote villa in Barbados. I am constantly given opportunities to travel alongside my family while working in a profession I am happy about. If not for the aid of my professors and personal dedication to my future, I never could have imagined such an amazing life for myself.

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**References:**

Coursera. "How to Become a Penetration Tester: 2023 Career Guide." *Coursera*, 12 Sept. 2023, [www.coursera.org/articles/how-to-become-a-penetration-tester](https://www.coursera.org/articles/how-to-become-a-penetration-tester).