

Chapter Two

Daddy's Grown-Up Games

I remember the first time like it was yesterday. Mama and Tonio were going to church and, after that, straight to bingo. It was raining that Sunday morning. Daddy never went to church with them. Mama tried to wake me up, but Daddy said, "Leave her alone. Let her sleep."

Daddy told them to go on, have a good service, pray for him, and to also have a good night at bingo.

After Daddy saw them off, he came straight to my room. Daddy seemed taller and darker as he stood over me. He scared me!

"Are you awake, Tonae? Do you want some breakfast?"

"Yes, Daddy. I want some bacon, eggs, pancakes, and orange juice."

"Okay. Before we eat, we're going to play a grown-up game."

"A grown-up game?"

"Yes."

"It's called touch and feel."

"Okay, Daddy."

I had no idea what was about to happen. I was only six. What the hell did I know about a grown-up game?

Daddy continued, "Before we start, here are the rules. You can't tell anyone! I mean no one! You can't tell

Mama or Tonio. You sure as hell can't tell that nosy ass pastor at the church."

"Okay, Daddy."

"Sit up in the bed."

"Now, remember, you can't tell anyone! If you do, I can't take you to McDonald's anymore," he warned.

As I stood up in the bed, Daddy stood tall in front of me. He had on a white t-shirt with his pajama pants. He took his shirt off and said, "Look at my chest. Do you know what these are?"

He pointed at his nipples.

"I want you to lick them."

I stood tall on my bed. Daddy's chest was right in my face. As I licked Daddy's nipples, his dick grew, poking me in my stomach. He laughed and said, "Look what you did."

"What did I do, Daddy?"

He pointed at his dick and said, "Now, you gotta touch it."

"Touch what?"

"My rod."

I timidly touched Daddy's long black you-know-what.

"Now, reach over there and get that baby oil. I want you to put it on my rod and jack it for me."

He smiled down at me.

"Good girl."

Then, he raised his head toward the ceiling.

"Yeah, keep doing it. Slow. Fast. Slow," he moaned.

I guess my pace wasn't good enough for Daddy because he grabbed his dick and told me to lie down on my back while he stood over me and jacked his rod himself. Daddy started jerking, moaning loud, and calling my name. Finally, Daddy came all over my favorite

Wonder Woman pajamas. I was in complete shock. I had just seen my daddy's rod throw up.

"Don't move. I'll clean it up. See how you made your daddy feel? You made me feel real good. I am so proud of you."

I laid there with my eyes closed. It had almost gotten in my face. Daddy got a washcloth and wiped it off. Smiling and looking at his watch, he said, "That game was fun. Did you like that game, Tonaë?"

"Yes, Daddy."

I was ready to go to McDonald's. I didn't care about a stupid grown-up game with Daddy. As the years passed on, I grew used to Daddy and those stupid ass grown-up games.

"Maybe we can play another one before Mama and Tonio get back. Put some clothes on. Let's go to your favorite place—McDonald's.

I was so happy to go to McDonald's that I forgot to take off my favorite pajamas that Daddy's rod had thrown up on. I slipped my flower dress on over my pajamas and put on my mary janes. We got in his Volvo station wagon. I headed for the back seat.

"Get up here with me. I ain't gonna bite."

I reached for the seat belt.

He said, "Get in the middle. Sit right next to me. You don't gotta put on that seatbelt. I know how to drive."

He was driving with his left hand and had his right hand under my flower dress.

"How does that feel?"

"It feels funny," I said.

"Spread your legs wider. Open them up!"

He pulled my panties to the side and slid his middle finger in my pooh-nanny.

"Now, how does that feel?"

"It hurts, Daddy."

While pinching me, he said, "It shouldn't hurt."

I even felt the cuts and crust on Daddy's big fingers. I wanted to jump through the windshield.

He said, "It's over now. We're at McDonald's."

When we walked in, I went straight to the bathroom. A white lady was in there with her daughter. The little girl and I were about the same age. We were both at the sink washing our hands. As they were leaving, the little girl said, "Mommy, that black girl stinks."

"That's not a nice thing to say, Sara," whispered the little girl's mother.

"But it's true, Mommy! That little black girl smells bad."

The lady looked at me and smiled. I didn't find shit funny. Now that I think back, she should have told her outspoken ass daughter to apologize. Instead, she said, "Sara, that's not a nice thing to say."

After drying my hands, I went crying to Daddy. He was already sitting down. He'd already ordered my favorite—the cheeseburger happy meal.

"Why are you crying?" Daddy asked.

"The little girl in the bathroom said I stink!"

"What!" My daddy said in disbelief. "Come here. Let me smell your neck."

As he reached over the table to get closer, he noticed my pajamas under my flower dress.

"Get up, Tona. Let's go to the bathroom."

When we got in the bathroom, Daddy was very angry. He was mad because I had forgotten to take off my favorite pajamas.

"Why do you still have on those pajamas?"

"Daddy, these are my favorite Wonder Woman pajamas."

"That's where the smell is coming from."

Daddy's damp cum smelled loudly through my clothes.

"Take it off and give it to me. Do you know you could get me in trouble?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy."

He put my pajama shirt in his pocket. We grabbed our food and headed home.

When we got home, Daddy went to his room and grabbed a couple of his work pants. He put them in the washer along with my favorite Wonder Woman pajama shirt. It was around 3 p.m. I asked Daddy if I could go outside.

He said, "No. Come in here and sit with me."

I sat there on the sofa with Daddy watching football. He reached under the sofa and grabbed his brown paper bag. He turned that Jack Daniels up and said, "You ready to play another game?"

"Sure, Daddy."

Luckily, I was saved by the bell. The doorbell rang, and it was Uncle Buck.

I asked Daddy to please let me go outside. I knew he would say yes 'cause Uncle Buck was there.

"Go out there. Don't get lost. When you see your mama's car pull up, you get back in this house."

"Okay, Daddy."

Uncle Buck said, "Where you think you going, young lady? You know you gotta give your Uncle Buck some of that sweet sugar."

I ran and jumped in his arms. He kissed me on the cheek.

"She's gonna make some man a happy husband someday," Uncle Buck said.

I looked back and saw Daddy smiling with a wicked look on his face.

Uncle Buck asked Daddy to pass him some of that Jack Daniels. They continued to watch the football game.

Later that evening, after Uncle Buck had gone home, Tonio and Mama were eating in the kitchen. Mama spilled collard green juice and barbeque sauce from the rib plate she had gotten from church on her dress. She ran to take it off and put it in the washer so the stain wouldn't set. She looked in the washer and saw my pajama shirt in there with Daddy's work pants, but she didn't say one word. Mama knew right then and there that Daddy was molesting her only daughter...

Chapter Three

A Birthday to Remember

On my tenth birthday, I begged Mama to let me have a birthday party. My birthday fell on a Saturday. It seemed like every Saturday Mama and Daddy would have a party. She'd party Saturday nights. Then, she'd go to church on Sundays. Mama really didn't have a choice because, if she would have said no, Daddy would have overruled. Mama knew that Daddy and I had been intimate for the past four years now. I don't know why she never killed him for touching me. I had yet to find out. She always seemed somewhat distant and in her own world.

Neither Daddy nor Mama worked on weekends. Daddy and Uncle Buck were always in the living room drinking their favorite pop. They would listen to Johnny Taylor, Otis Redding, and Sam Cooke. I still listen to those oldies today.

Even though mama knew what was going on between Daddy and me, she still tried to be a mother by having my favorite cake. Mama had a big sheet cake made for me. She knew how much I loved Wonder Woman. The cake was red, white, and blue with the Wonder Woman emblem in the middle. We all gathered around the kitchen table.

Mama said, "I hope your wish comes true, Tonaë."
"I hope so, too, Mama."

I wanted to tell Mama my wish, but I had heard that, if you tell your wish, it won't come true.

Daddy said, "I know I'm gonna get the first slice."

The kind of slice I wanted to give Daddy was a slice from ear to ear. I cut Daddy a big piece with Wonder Woman's mask. Tonio asked if he could cut his own piece.

I said, "Nope. It's my birthday."

I cut him a very small piece. Daddy looked at Mama and said, "Where is the damn ice cream?"

Mama went out to get some ice cream. Daddy also told her to bring him a fifth of his favorite pop. Tonio tagged along. He was always with Mama.

Mama must have gotten tied up at the store because, while she was gone, I ate almost all of my cake. I was feeling sick. I went in my room to lie down.

Daddy had gotten tired of waiting for Mama to bring his favorite pop, so he asked Uncle Buck to keep an eye on me while he ran out to get it on his own.

Uncle Buck came in my room and turned on my Wonder Woman lamp, whispering my name as he did, "Tonae? Tonae? Are you 'sleep?"

"No. I'm just laying here, Uncle Buck. My tummy hurts."

"Your Uncle Buck is here. I can make that tummy ache go away. What do you want for your birthday? I'll get it when I get paid next Friday."

"Ooh, Uncle Buck, can you get me a Wonder Woman karaoke machine?"

"Yeah, I can get my little princess anything she wants. I can make your tummy feel better."

"How, Uncle Buck? You don't know any magic."

"Look and learn, little princess."

For some strange reason, I knew that Uncle Buck was going to play a grown-up game just like Daddy had been doing.

“Uncle Buck, you’re not a magic man. You don’t have special powers.”

“Do you love your Uncle Buck?”

“Yes,” I said, rubbing my stomach.

“Well, you have to trust your Uncle Buck. Let me listen to your stomach.”

He laid his head on my stomach and listened, saying, “Yep, I know what it is.”

“What is it, Uncle Buck?”

“You have to lay on your back, so I can massage the pain away. How does that feel?”

He gently massaged my stomach.

“It still hurts,” I said, looking at him and seeing the horns grow from the top of his head.

He said, “Let’s play a grown-up game. The name of this grown-up game is hospital.”

He explained the rules just like Daddy did. He told me not to tell anyone, especially Daddy. He said that Daddy would kill him. Then, he wouldn’t be able to buy me the Wonder Woman karaoke machine that I wanted for my birthday. He told me that he would be the doctor, and I would be the patient. He grabbed my hairbrush and pretended that it was a stethoscope. He then listened to my heart. I was just laying there, waiting for him to start touching me since Daddy did it so often. It didn’t make a difference if my Uncle Buck did it, too. He pulled my shirt up and said, “You have little cherries up here on your chest.”

He rubbed my nipples and asked me, “How does it feel?”

I told him that it felt weird.

Then, he licked them.

“Look at my pants. Do you know what that is sticking out?”

“No,” I lied.

I had seen Daddy's rod plenty of times. He pulled his rod out, and it was two tones – black and pink.

It wasn't big like Daddy's. It was short and fat.

He said, "Touch it."

I touched it, and it was semi-hard.

"If I wasn't an old man, I'd marry you."

Uncle Buck was older than Daddy. I think by 15 years.

I said, "For real, Uncle Buck? You'd marry me?"

"Yep. I sure would, and I'd buy you all the Wonder Woman stuff you wanted. Get that hair grease, put it on my rod, and play with it."

I was familiar with this. Daddy had made me do this numerous times.

"Girl, if I didn't know better, I'd think you'd done this before. You wanna taste it? Just joking. Keep stroking."

I don't think he was joking.

"I'm almost there."

I knew he was getting ready to let go. It didn't take him long when I was jacking his dick. He was looking at the ceiling, saying, "Yeah, Diane Carroll, suck this dick. Don't be selfish. Give Lena Horne some. Lena, share this dick. Let Dorothy Dandridge finish me off."

I didn't have to worry about Uncle Buck's cum getting on me because his dick was too small. It got all over his shoes.

He said, "Good girl, Tona. I'll have that karaoke machine for you next week. Remember to keep this a secret. If you don't, I won't be able to get that karaoke machine for you."

"Okay, Uncle Buck."

When it was all over, my stomach hurt even worse. I hated having to look at Uncle Buck's shriveled up dick. He went back to the living room and acted like nothing

ever happened. I just laid there thinking that, if I kept being good to Daddy and Uncle Buck, I could get all the McDonald's and Wonder Woman stuff I wanted.

Daddy and Mama pulled up at the same time. Daddy came in fussing, talking about how he had missed the football game. It was Saturday. That football shit came on Sundays. What he meant was he missed out on our grown-up game, but Uncle Buck beat him to it that time.

Tonio ran in my room, yelling, "Get up, Tona. It's still your birthday."

I didn't want to get up. My stomach was still hurting from eating all that damn cake.

"Well, since you're not gonna get up, can I ride your Wonder Woman bike?"

I kept telling Tonio my bike was for a girl, but Tonio didn't care. It seemed that he felt something was wrong with me. He continued to beg to ride my bike, and I finally said, "Go ahead, Tonio. Help yourself."

Chapter Seventeen

Mama's Notebook—Blue Lights Flashing

I continued to read Mama's notebook where I had left off. Mama's mama had asked her to carry a child for her and her boyfriend.

September 5, 1971

The night I was with Mama and her boyfriend in the basement, I was very high. Mama was giving me hot shots in the arm, and Antonio was giving me bumps of heroin in my nose. He kept saying, "Here, chase it with this gin."

Mama was so stoned. She kept saying, "My baby can handle this."

We were lying on a bed in the basement, listening to Al Green's "Love and Happiness". If I hear that song today, it reminds me of the threesome we all had together—Mama, her boyfriend, and me. Mama kept saying, "I can't wait until you have this baby for us."

I was so stoned. Blue lights were flashing everywhere. I felt like I was floating on clouds in outer space. Mama asked if I wanted to get high. I was wandering how high I could get. She kept giving me shots of heroin and gin all night long. We all laid in the bed. Mama rubbed her hands through my hair, saying, "Baby, this isn't going to hurt. You know I love you, right?"

If this was love, I don't want it anymore. What could hurt me? Because Antonio and I had slept together plenty times

before. Mama pulled my pants down and said, "You're going to give us a beautiful baby."

I was so high. I was nodding my head. I wanted to say something, but my mouth couldn't speak words. I wanted to cry, but tears couldn't even flow down my face. I was so numb. I just laid there. Then, Antonio came and pulled my shirt up, licking my nipples and saying, "I told you I could make them grow."

I was only eleven. I still had nubs from when he played the first grown-up game with me. I wanted to scream but again no words could come out. All I could do was just lay there and let them have their way with me. Mama was so stoned. She didn't realize that she was sliding her fingers in and out my pussy, playing with it. She said, "Nay, Nay, when you have this baby for us, it'll be just like yours; but, since you're so young, we'll have to take care of it."

Mama was so in love with this man that she gave her only daughter to him to satisfy his needs. I was out of it. The room was spinning. Antonio told Mama to come up to the top and suck my titties. Mama turned up that bottle of gin and did what Antonio told her to do. I wanted to get up and run, but I was too stoned to do anything. While Antonio was fucking me, Mama was sitting on my face saying, "Eat this pussy. Eat it."

I didn't know nothing about eating no pussy, and I had to eat my mama's pussy. How crazy was that? When it was all over, I had vague memories of the night before. When I woke up, I was sick from all the bullshit my body had consumed. Mama was gone on her hoe stroll. Antonio was there looking at me. I felt a different vibe from him, and I was right. He told me that once I had the child, he was going to make me his wife. I said, "What about Mama?"

He said, "Don't worry about her. She's washed up, and I want you."

I asked him if he was going to put me on Stewart Avenue. He told me that he wanted me to have this child and get back into school. His whole demeanor had changed. He wanted

us to be a family without Mama. When he left that morning, I got up, went to the bathroom, looked in the mirror, and made up a poem called "Pain."

Pain

*Pain, oh, God, it hurts so bad.
You see, my life, it's so sad.
I'm a little girl and can't have fun
I wish I had the courage to leave home and run
I write a lot of poems when I'm drunk and high,*

*But all this shit is true. I keep it real. Why lie?
I write and write and keep it real.
Hoping to God that one day all this pain He'll heal.
I'm carrying a child now, and it's not easy
Looking back on history all my ancestors was sleazy.
Yeah, you frown and say, "How can I say that?"
Not even my mama had my back.
One day all this hurt and pain will be heard
And no, I'm not just another person that's disturbed...*

After crying my heart out to God, I thought, Why should I give my baby to them? Mama don't love me. And Antonio don't even love Mama. All he cares about is the money that she and Auntie Shirley bring him from prostituting on Stewart Avenue. That's why Mama couldn't have no more kids because she was sleeping with all them different men. She had gotten a bad infection. When she finally did go to the doctor, it was too late. Her fallopian tubes were badly bruised. She was sterile from then on.

I don't want to have this baby, but it's too late. And if it's a girl, I want to comb her hair just like I used to do my baby doll. I want to be able to protect her from Mama and Antonio. If I run away, where will I go? I want to keep my baby from them.

They might have a threesome with her. Antonio might make her start sucking his dick when she turns ten like he did me.

One night, while I was 8 ½ months pregnant, Antonio came in my room. He was going on about how he was tired of Mama. She was out there just fucking men and not bringing him any money. She was doing it just for the high. He said, "You're still young and tender. Maybe after you have our baby, you can go work on Stewart Avenue, too."

He said that he'd gotten us an apartment on Cleveland Avenue, not too far from Stewart Avenue. Mama was 26 and Antonio was too, but I was 14 and carrying their child.

When I went into labor, Mama was out in the streets. Antonio was at home with me. We had just got through having sex. He fucked me so hard from the back. When he finished, I went to the bathroom and all this yucky stuff started flowing down my legs.

He said, "Let's go. It's time."

We went to Grady Hospital. I wanted Antonio to give me a fix in my arm so bad so all this pain could go away. We went in, and the nurses asked him if he was my father and where my mother was. He said, "I'm her step-dad."

They checked me, saying, "Yeah, she's ready to deliver. She's already 9 centimeters."

Antonio was right there holding my hand. He wasn't so bad. He kept saying, "Just breath slowly." They put tubes in my nose and gave me an IV. The tubes were for oxygen and the IV was to keep fluid in my body so that I would stay hydrated. The doctor was in front and Antonio and the nurse had one of my legs each pushing them toward my chest. I pushed and screamed. It felt like my pussy was on fire. At first, I thought I had shitted myself. Then, I heard a loud cry.

"It's a girl!"

Antonio said that he would marry me and take care of me and our child.

"What about Mama?"

"She's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. To you. Let her be dead."

When I gave birth to our child, Antonio changed. He didn't have any other kids.

He said, "Let's name her Tonae Ann Watson."

I stopped reading Mama's journal. My daddy, Antonio, was also her step-daddy. That explains why he is so much older than her. She ran away with him when she had me.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Heaven Ain't No Place for My Daddy

Looking at Daddy in his casket, I saw that he didn't look shit like Bobby Knight. Just looking at Daddy, I couldn't cry at all. The only thing that kept flashing in my head was all those grown-up games I had played with him. Daddy had always told me to just act normal. Well, that was kind of hard because I was only twelve and fucking him. He was especially cold-hearted when I used to be on my period. I was glad he was dead. I looked around, and Mrs. Lawrence had the nerve to be there in the back crying like she was married to Daddy. Mama was crying. Her nose was red. I don't know why she was crying. I fucked him more than she did. I should have been the one crying, but my heart wouldn't let me. My brother, Tonio, was just in a daze. He didn't cry either. I just couldn't imagine what all was racing through his head. Uncle Buck was crying, but I bet he was crying because he couldn't come over to the house to drink Daddy's favorite pop no more. Uncle Buck stopped having sex with me when I was about 13. He was supposedly in the church now. That still didn't matter. I had already prayed to God that he would die and go to hell with Daddy. I couldn't put Mr. Antonio Charles Watson, Sr. in heaven or hell.

"Let's just hope that, before he left this world, he got on his knees to repent," Pastor Riley said.

The only time Daddy got on his knees was to eat my pussy or grab his favorite pop from under the bed.

Daddy hadn't gone back to church at all. I don't think he ever went. He didn't have no godly ways in his heart. Pastor Riley hadn't seen or talked to Daddy. He could only preach his funeral. Daddy was fucking before he left this world. He didn't have time to repent. He was too busy fucking me and my teacher, Mrs. Lawrence. Heaven ain't no place for Daddy. He went straight to hell. He didn't even stop at go.

The funeral was over. I looked back where Mrs. Lawrence was sitting, and she'd already left. Now that Daddy was dead, I could focus on graduating and going to college. Mama didn't say much on the ride home after Daddy's funeral. She wouldn't stop saying, "What am I gonna do now?"

She only worked part-time downtown. If she wanted to keep the house, she'd have to get another job. I wanted to work at McDonald's when I graduated, so I could eat all the cheeseburgers I wanted. Tonio was going to the army. I was frightened for him to go. What if he had to go to war? What if he died in war? All those war questions kept popping in my head; but, if he did go, he'd be a better man than Daddy...

Listen

Listen is a thing that I should have done.
Now this life that I go through is not fun.
Doing what I gotta do to get by.
If I don't find God, my soul will surely fry.
I know the right way and how to find God,
But, on this earth, I feel that the devil has won.
I am smart and you can bet your ass
When I get to the golden gates, I wanna pass.
I did shit and it's too late to take back.
My hard headed ass, I just wish God would smack.
He showed me signs that I ignored,
But it was my heart that he'd poured.
I was a fool, and it's out of sight.
A second chance, huh? He just might.
Drinking and getting high won't solve a thing.
When it's my mind, body, and soul to Jesus I should bring.
If I die tonight, because of my health,
Sorry, kids, there was no insurance money left.

Love

Love is a word that I just heard
Come on. Let's keep it real. Love is absurd.
All this shit that is going on today.
Love should have taken a toll and got in the way
We always say that God don't make mistakes,
But what about the bastards who take lives away?
I'm gonna die, and it's okay
Just long as I know my maker, I'll see one day.
I pray and pray, and it seems I continue to frown,
But never knew that God was always around.
So just because God is here in spirit,
I need to listen and quit pretending not to hear it.
He loves me and loves you and this I know.
If we don't straighten up, the opposite of heaven is
Where our souls will go.
It was His decision. He already made.
Thinking we're getting away with shit,
It was ourselves that we played!!!!

Mother, Mother

Mother, Mother
Where are you, Mother?
Please stop acting undiscovered.
You're here nor there.
Instead, you're everywhere.
I think of you all the time
I just can't seem to get you off my mind.
I love watching pictures of you,
But I can't accept the fact that our
Mother/daughter relationship is through.
I love you very, very much,
But I can't meet you halfway if you don't keep in touch.
I won't talk much about your past.
I just want our friendship to last.
I've already forgiven you and the things you've done.
Mom, I just want to see you and move on!!!!