

# White Cop, Lil Black Girl

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*It was never about RACE. It was simply about POWER*

a novel

by

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**EXCERPTS...**

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#### *Wrong Place at the Wrong Time*

As I walked, I kicked the dirt and looked at how peaceful the sky looked. The clouds were thick, white, and fluffy, and the sun was just about to set. I got to the end of the rocky road and looked up at the Kennedy's house. Right when I was getting ready to go and knock on their door, I saw Spyder pull up in his gray Lincoln town car.

"You want to go for a ride?" he asked as he rolled the window down.

I looked down at J.J.'s house and mumbled, "Five minutes, my ass."

What choice did I have? Mama wouldn't open the door, and J.J. was preoccupied with Jessica. I opened the door and sat in his smoked up car.

"See. This is why I have tinted windows," he said as he rolled the window back up. "The police can't see when I am smoking on this good shit."

He put the car in park. Spyder had on a Polo hat. He wore it so low that I could barely see his eyes. He had worn Polo in school, and he still wear it now.

"I was on my way to your mama's house," he said as he pulled off. "I don't know why you always run to that racist bitch's house next door to you because she don't like black people. I know the real reason why she's divorced. Her husband left her for a fine-ass black woman. I'm sure you know the rest. Once you go black, you never go back. You need to run with me. I can be your shining armor. You are too pretty to be going through that. I can take you away from

all of this. You know what I do, but I have money saved up. I am going to make one last transaction. We can go live anywhere in the world. I am tired of watching my back out here in these streets. I am a smart dope nigga. I move weight. I carry my gun everywhere I go. I'd rather get caught with it than to be caught slipping without it," he said as he got out the car.

He walked to Mama's door and knocked a couple of times. She opened the door, and he handed her a small package, and she gave him some money. She looked out the door and saw me sitting in the car. She flicked her cigarette out the door and went back in the house. He got back in the car and said, "You and your mama have some serious issues, but you don't have to worry. I will take care of you. My mama and I don't talk either."

He cranked up the car.

"That's why I live with my auntie. My mama put me out because I kicked her boyfriend's ass when I found out he was beating on her. It happened about a year ago when I walked in from school. She was in the bathroom, putting peroxide on her wounds. He used to beat her all the time, giving her black eyes, turning her pretty brown complexion purple and blue. I looked at her face and immediately ran to their room where I found him asleep. I pulled him out of the bed and threw him on the floor, and I beat him for my mama's old and new bruises. Then, she ran in there and slapped me across my face, telling me to get off of him. By the time I got off of him, he had two black eyes, a broken nose, and a busted lip. I'd rearranged his face. She put me out the same day, and we haven't spoken since then."

I had no idea that his mama wasn't shit either.

"I have to make a stop at my crib," he said as he turned off the ignition. "Come on in here with me. Let me show you

something.”

When we walked in his house, there was a portrait of a woman on the wall. It was probably his mama.

“This is my grandma,” he said as he pointed at the photo. “I wish she wouldn’t have died, but we shall meet again.”

He opened a safe on the wall. I instantly memorized the combination. It was not that I was trying to. I was just good at remembering numbers. I could remember my friends’ phone numbers from the fifth grade. When he opened the safe, I almost fainted. I had never ever seen that much money in my life.

“How much money is in here?” I asked as I walked over to the safe.

“About thirty million,” he said as he grabbed about ten stacks.

“I can’t even count to a million,” I said as I touched the money like it wasn’t real.

“Me neither. That’s why I use this money counter machine,” he said as he held it up. “It’s equipped with a UV light to detect counterfeits.”

He closed the safe back, and, as we were leaving, he grabbed an AK 47.

“What are you going to do with that?” I asked as my eyes grew big, staring at the gun.

“Look! If you’re going to be my girl, you have to learn to not ask so many damn questions,” he said as we walked out the door.

“Well, excuse me,” I said as I got in the car.

“We’re going to take a quick trip into the city. This is my last and final drug deal. I don’t want to go to jail. Hell! The word jail ain’t even in my vocabulary. No one uses that word in my car? Plus, I have lawyers on speed dial. I have

dirty cops who look out for me. They are known as the old timers. Then, I have those young rookies who are against me, trying to be heroes and shit. They are the ones that are fresh out of the police academy. They're usually the ones looking for some action, looking to get a medal, but I already have two strikes, and I'm not going back to jail. If I go back to jail, I will never see the daylight again or my thirty million!"

He didn't want me to talk, so I just listened to him talk about how much money he had.

"When we get in here with these lasagna eating motherfuckers, you don't speak even if you're being spoken to. We're just here to pick up five kilos of cocaine, and we're going to be out."

"Well, can I just sit in the car since you want me to shut up and just look cute?"

"No, because, if you're going to be my girl, I want you by my side at all times. You can talk. You just need to know to speak on the right shit at the right time."

I couldn't see myself being with him. He was too bossy. I guess the saying is true— If you have money, you pay the cost to be the boss. We pulled up to a gated mansion. The mansion was huge, and, as we got closer, I saw what appeared to be guard men on the outside, holding guns. When we got to the keypad of the entrance, I heard a voice say, "What's the password?"

Spyder said, "Virginia Ann Kennedy"

"You have to say a name?" I said as I looked around at our surroundings.

"That's my boss's way of keeping track of his workers. He knows all of our mothers' maiden names. If we cross him, our mothers will face death. What he doesn't know is that he can kill my mama because I don't care. She put a man before me anyway."

The gate opened up, and it looked like we had just entered a war zone. There were men who wore army fatigue clothing and combat boots. They all carried big guns over their shoulders.

“Now, remember, when we get in here, don’t say shit,” Spyder said as he grabbed the Gucci duffel bag full of cash.

“Yes, sir,” I said sarcastically as I stepped out of the car.

When we got to the door, we were searched before entering. Spyder was searched by a man, and I was searched by a woman. She looked like she didn’t speak a bit of English, but she frisked me quickly and mumbled something in a foreign language while she was doing it. When we walked in, one of the men told us to follow him. We walked into a room that was full of men who looked like they were from all over the world, but no one in there was black. We were the only blacks.

“Come on and have a seat,” one of the men said. He sat at the end of the table.

He looked like the one in charge. Spyder walked over to him and placed the duffel bag in front of him.

“It’s all there, Hector,” he said as he sat down. “Do you want to count it?”

“No. I don’t have to count out one hundred thousand dollars.”

He had a very heavy accent, and he sounded like Tony Montana from the movie *Scarface*.

“I know what it looks like. Besides, you’re one of the loyal ones. I’ve never had to worry about counting money after you.”

He snapped his fingers and waved for another man to bring in the five kilos. Hector looked at me. He got up and

walked over to where I was standing. Then, he said, "Who is this pretty little angel you have here with you?"

I looked at Spyder. Then, I looked back at Hector. He turned around and said, "Wow! She's loyal just like you are."

"She's my neighbor. I needed some company to come on this long-ass ride with me."

"My name is Tasha Jean," I said as I looked him directly in his eyes. There was just something about my middle name — I loved it! I didn't know what I wanted to be in life, but my name had a little spunk to it.

"She talks," he said as he grabbed my hand and kissed it. "You know you could always come to work for me."

He went back to his seat.

"No, thank you," I said as I looked at Spyder.

Hector looked at Spyder and said, "I thought you were gay because I've never seen you with any pussy around you before, especially not one that has green eyes, curly hair, and a smooth, beige complexion."

Everyone at the table laughed. Spyder looked at his watch and said, "We have a long ride ahead of us. We must be going."

He grabbed the five kilos, and we left.

"After I sell these in the morning, I will officially be out of the game," he said as he threw the five kilos into the back seat.

As soon as we pulled out of Hector's driveway, we saw blue lights flashing.

"Shit," he said as he grabbed his gun. I was about to turn around, but he said, "Don't look back. Why in the hell are they fucking with me? Did you set me up?"

"How the hell did I set you up? I've been with you all day."

He looked at the rearview mirror one last time. Then,

the chase was on.

“What are you doing?” I asked as I held on. “You have to pull over.”

“Bitch, if I pull over, both of us will go to jail and never get out. I have enough drugs in here to keep us in prison forever! I am a convicted felon, and, if I get caught again, I will not see daylight again.”

He had no intentions of stopping the car, so I began to pray out loud, asking God to please help me make it out of this police chase alive.

“God, please let me make it back home to Mama. If you let me make it out of this, God, I promise I will be at church every Sunday.”

“God don’t hear people like us. You didn’t know that?” he said as he continued to speed from the police.

I was still praying out loud, saying, “God, I’m sorry. Please let me make it out of this ordeal alive.”

“Bitch, if you say one more thing to God, I will blow your head off!”

“I am scared as hell,” I said as I put my hand on the barrel of the gun.

“Well, bitch, if you’re that scared, you better jump out because I’m not stopping!”

We were cornered at a dead end street, and I heard the police say over the bullhorn, “Driver, step out of the car slowly!”

I looked at him and saw sweat bubbles forming on his head. I felt bad that he was going to go to jail forever, but I didn’t want to die a virgin. Hell, I wasn’t ready to die at all! He looked like he was about to surrender. Then, he turned the car around and put the pedal to the metal. He went full speed at the police cars. The policemen jumped back in their cars, and the chase was on once again. The tires shredded

into tiny specks of rubber. Then, Spyder lost control of the car. After that, everything went black.

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### *First Time Offender*

After being in the hospital for a month, it was time for me to go face the music. The hole in my neck had healed, and the nurses had treated me so nice. The policemen didn't waste any time. They came and got me once they heard that I had healed.

While I was riding in the back of the police car on the way to the police station, I was thinking, *How much time will I get? At least, it will be for two kilos instead of five, but I don't want to go to jail at all. By the way the detective put things to me, it is as if I don't have a choice. He is so anxious to put me behind bars. If I can prove that he took the other three kilos, maybe I can get him charged with the two that he's charging me with, but how can I win against a sworn dirty officer? Either way it goes, I am going to find out how I can find dirt on him.*

The officers put me in a small holding cell, and I was allowed to make one phone call, but I didn't have anyone to call because Mama was dead.

"You'll get to see your lawyer tomorrow," the officer said as he closed the iron door back.

I looked around the cell. There was a bunk, a shitty toilet, and a dingy sink. *This has got to be hell, and it smells like a Chevron gas station.* I sat on the bunk bed and started to weep for Mama. She was dead just like that. I had wanted to tell her so many times before that. I loved her, but I never told her because we were always at each other's throats. I started to feel guilty, and I wanted my mama back. I was crying so loud, but no one heard my cries, not even God

because if He'd heard me or if there was a God, why was Mama dead, and why was I in jail for drugs that weren't even mine?

I couldn't lay on that bunk and go to sleep. I wanted to see Mama and tell her that I loved her. I wanted to see Mama and tell her that I forgave her for putting me out. I wanted to see Mama and hug her and smell the beer on her breath one more time. I wanted to see her smile with that slight gap between her two front tooth. I wanted to just see Mama one last time. I wanted her to scream at me and put me out again. I loved her so much. She wasn't the best mother in the world, but no one is perfect. Now, she was dead with no life in her body, and I just hoped that I got a chance to see her again when I died.

The next morning, an officer opened the door, and in walked Ms. Johnson and a lawyer. She had kept her word and hired a lawyer like she'd said she would.

"How are you holding up, sweetheart?" she said as she hugged me.

"I'm doing bad. I want my mama. Did the police find out who killed her?"

"No, sweetheart. There are still no leads, but the homicide detective said that whoever killed her hated her. He said that, since they took the time to cut her throat, it was personal, almost like she had done something wrong to someone."

"But who?" I said. "All she did was smoke weed, drink beer, and fuck different men. She never hurt anyone but me."

I couldn't begin to figure out which one of Mama's men killed her. There were so many.

"I'm sorry to hear about your mother," the lawyer said as he introduced himself. "I'm Mr. Martin. There's no

need to fear Mr. Martin is here.”

He sounded like one of those sleazy lawyers off of the TV commercials.

“I’ve gone over your case, and you have to take the three years. If we take it to trial and you’re found guilty, the jury will give you fifty years.”

“Fifty years!”

“Yes. Fifty years. Never crank up a jury if you’re in the wrong.”

“But—”

He cut me off and went on explaining more of my sentence, “Since this is your first time, I can get the judge to give you three years in juvenile.”

“Three years,” I said as I pounded my hands on the wall. “What if I tell you that there were actually five kilos and a dirty cop took three of them? Can’t you stick him with those two kilos that I am being charged with?”

“Give me his name, and I will pass this information on to my friend who is a private investigator.”

“His name is Special Agent Utah.”

He opened up his lap top and said, “I’ll do a quick search and scan the officers for the Roswell Police Department. Let’s see here.”

He spelled out the last name UTAH.

“Did he give you a first name because there is no one coming up with that last name?”

“No, he didn’t, but he was a detective with a badge and everything. He even told me that he took the other three kilos of cocaine.”

“So, you’re telling me that a detective by the name of Special Agent Utah confessed to taking the other three kilos of cocaine out of the car?”

“Yes, mister. That is exactly what I’m telling you.”

"You could still be disoriented from the accident."

"I am not disoriented; I am in my right mind."

I lied on him because it was my word against his. Plus, he had made me sign a letter that cost me my freedom.

"I saw five kilos in a Gucci duffel bag, and I am sure, as well, when I say that a detective by the name of Special Agent Utah came and interrogated me yesterday."

"Did he give you a copy of the statement that you and he talked about?"

"No, he didn't give me anything," I said.

"Well, like I said, I will pass this information on to my private investigator."

"I think that this is enough for one day," Ms. Johnson said as she stood up.

"But what will happen now?" I asked.

"You will get a court date, and, at that time, you will get sentenced. This charge can usually run anywhere from ten to thirty years," he said as he closed his laptop. "I can easily get you three years in juvenile and maybe probation for about five years since this is your first time getting into any trouble. Now, when you get out, you will have to remain on the straight and narrow. If you get into trouble when you're eighteen, the judge will make you do those five years. When you're a first time offender and on probation, you can't get into any trouble. Do you understand? You're lucky because you are what we consider a first offender. That means that you've never gotten into any trouble. Your charges won't stick once you're released, but, in the meanwhile, try to get some rest and pray that your court date will be soon because the judicial system is so backed up."

"That's easy for you to say. You're walking out into the free world. How can I rest in this place?"

Ms. Johnson hugged me and continued to say that

she was so sorry about everything that I was going through as they left. I looked around the four by six room and started to think back. I wished I could go back to when Spyder first approached me. I would have ignored him. I would have kept on walking down the dirt road, looking up at the sky.

I couldn't sleep in that holding cell. I wanted to be at home with Mama listening to her oldies. I wanted to be anywhere but in there.

Suddenly, I remembered what the man's name was who had given Spyder the drugs. I pulled out Mr. Martin's business card.

"May I make one phone call please?"

"No, you cannot," the guard said.

"I said please."

"Please don't mean shit in here."

I started to cry because she was so mean to me, and I hadn't done anything to her. Besides the fact that she looked like an ancient librarian in the face, she probably needed some dick in her life. Luckily, Mr. Martin returned to my cell.

"I remembered the supplier's first name. It's Hector," I said with the biggest smile ever. "Now that I've given you his name, you can go look for him and charge him with the two kilos."

"Hector Gomez has often been mistaken for a drug dealer because he is a successful realtor."

"Realtor?" I repeated. "Couldn't that be some type of cover up?"

He opened up his laptop and pulled up Hector's business. Then, he reached in his back pocket, pulled out his wallet, and showed me a business card with Hector's face on it.

"Oh, my God! That's the guy! He is the one who gave Spyder the five kilos. He even told me that I could come and

work for him.”

“Sure, he did. You could help him sell houses.”

“No, it wasn’t about no fucking houses. Quit saying that shit. Spyder gave him one hundred thousand dollars for five kilos. Why me, God? What did I do to deserve this?” I said as I sat on the hard bunk.

“Tasha Jean, take the three years and move on with your life.”

He seemed eager for me to do some time, too. I didn’t know who to trust.

“Oh, before I forget, sign right here. This is for the three year sentence.”

I snatched the paper out of his hand and read it very carefully. I wasn’t going to fall for that bullshit twice. I wasn’t going to sign a sheet of paper that read I would do ten or twenty years. Sure enough, it was a three year sentence. I signed it quickly and said, “Thanks for nothing.”

“I am going to get the judge on the phone to see if we can rush your court date.”

“Wait a minute. You have the judge’s phone number?”

“Yes, I have it right here on speed dial,” he said as he held up his cell phone.

“So, this judicial bullshit is fun and games to you all. Next, you’re going to tell me that you and the judge went to school together.”

“As a matter of fact, we did,” he said as he left.

*Discussion and Journal Time—Day one*

“This is not your mama’s house,” Ms. Allgood said as we all entered the cafeteria. “I am the H.N.I.C around here, and, for those of you who don’t know what that means, it means that I am the head nigger in charge.” She looked each and every one of us directly in the eyes. “If you need a drink of water, you have to ask me! If you have to take a piss, you have to ask me! If you have to sneeze, you ask me! You are in my house now, and what I say goes. You can leave all your nasty, little habits out there in the streets. We also have laundry once a week. You’ll learn that everything we do around here will be once a week. This is called discussion time, and this means you twisted fucks get to read from the journals that you’ve been writing in. I am not your mother. Please don’t tell me your fucked up problems because I have problems of my own. You all have an identification number on your uniform, which means you’re only a number to us. We don’t put your names on there because we could care less. Now, line up in a single file line, and, out of the ten groups, one girl will stand in the front and pour her little heart out. And this is the only time that you are allowed to curse.”

A tall white girl went up first. She grabbed her notebook, cleared her throat, and began to read.

“My name is Kristina, and I wrote down some stuff that happened to my baby sister and I.”

*Oh, here we go with another rape story, I thought.*

“It all started when my mother moved her boyfriend

Jake in to live with us. I was eleven at the time, and my sister Tiffany was only nine years old. In the beginning, everything was peaches and cream. He would take us to K-mart to get the two-toned Icees almost every day. After a few months, though, the funny remarks started to come out of his mouth. He would say things to us like, 'I never fucked a mother and two daughters before'. I didn't pay any attention to him at first. Then, one day, while our mother was at work, he came into our room. He asked me to scoot over in the bed. Tiffany was asleep on the top bunk. He didn't waste any time climbing on top of me. I screamed so loud when he put his dick in me that I woke Tiffany up. She hung her head down to see what was going on. I gestured for her to keep quiet because I didn't want him to have a round with her. She was terrified. When he was finished, he squirted his cum all over me. Then, he walked out of the room, laughing. I got up, ran to the bathroom, and hopped in the tub. Tiffany ran right behind me. She looked at the slimy, white stuff that was dripping off of me. She had a look on her face like she wished that there was something that she could do. That went on for about a year or two.

One day, we were all eating dinner – Mother, Jake, Tiffany, and me. My mother acted normal at the table. She didn't even punish me for flunking all of my classes, nor did she ask me what was going on with me since I was flunking school. She decided that she'd let her boyfriend Jake discipline me. I told him that I would tell her about what he was doing to me, but that only pissed him off more. He punched me in my face. She heard my cries in the other room as she cleaned the table after supper. She knew that he was sexually abusing me, but she didn't care. She knew that we'd gotten quiet all of a sudden. He came out of the room with his shirt off and sweat pouring down his body. His pants were unbuckled. I

was balled up in a corner, crying, rocking back and forth. Tiffany ran and hugged me as I cried. She often cried with me. I didn't want him to ever touch her. She was my baby sister, and I was going to do whatever I could to protect her.

There was another time when Jake raped me. He demanded that I call him daddy. I was terrified, and I wanted Mother to come home and catch him in the act, but she never did. He ripped off my clothes and bent me over and fucked me in my asshole. I was crying, but no one heard my cries, only Tiffany.

'Does that feel good?' he said as he pumped harder.

I continued to cry.

I screamed, 'Mother, please come and save me!'

He said, 'Shut up, bitch! She's nowhere to be found, and, when she gets here, I'm going to make her scream like this, too.'

On a separate occasion, Jake wasn't there, and I told Mother what was going on. I told her that her boyfriend was raping me. I even showed her my panties that were covered with blood and shit stains. He had fucked me in my ass so much that I couldn't even hold my own bowels. She didn't believe me. She told me that I was a little lying tramp. There was another time when Mother left Tiffany home with him, and she sent me off to school. He told me that he would fuck all of us, and I made a promise to myself that, if he ever touched my baby sister, I would kill him dead! I walked in on him, and, sure enough, he was on top of her. I ran next door and broke into our neighbors' house and got his AK-47 off of the wall. His name was Wild Bill, and he was known for hunting bears and wild life. We lived in a trailer park, and those trailers were easy to break into. I tapped him on the shoulder while he was on top of my sister.

'Why the fuck are you disturbing me from catching

my nut?' he said as he turned around.

Tiffany's bangs covered her eyes, but I still saw the heavy tears rolling down her face. I hit him in the mouth with the butt of the gun, knocking out a few of his rotten teeth.

'You gon' be sorry you did that,' he said as he spit out blood. 'Tiffany, get up and run to the playground!'

She didn't move.

'Tiffany, go!' I screamed.

She got up and ran out of the door.

'What do you think you're going to do with that rifle?'

'I'm going to kill your ass,' I said as I cocked the barrel back.

'You ain't going to do shit,' he said as he walked towards me.

I fired the gun, putting a big hole in the wall. He jumped back and landed on the bed. Then he said, 'Look. I'm sorry. Okay? I will leave, and you will never ever see me again.'

'You told me that you would never touch her,' I said as I aimed the gun at his dick.

'I lied. I love to fuck little girls like you and your sister.'

'You have our mother. Isn't she enough?'

'What are you going to do with the gun?' he asked as if I was holding a toy.

'Somebody is going to die today, and it will not be me,' I said as I held the heavy gun.

'Okay! Look! I'm sorry. Okay? Please call the police. Please don't kill me. I'm sick. I need help. I need to be locked up?'

'I'm going to kill you. Then, I'm going to kill that whore of a mother of mine.'

'You don't have the balls,' he said as he sat back and

lit a cigarette.

I walked over to him and stuck the barrel of the gun between his legs.

‘Wait a minute. You’re going too far now.’

I sensed his fear. I wanted to get a broom and stick it all the way in his ass. I wanted to hear him scream. I wanted to make him cry. I pulled the trigger, and the shot gun blast made him fly up against the wall. Blood was everywhere, but he was still alive. He just laid there, motionless. Then, I made out the words that he was mumbling. He was saying his prayers.

‘Too late for that,’ I said. ‘What about all those times that I prayed for you to stop raping me? Then, you had the nerve to rape my little sister!’

I put another bullet in his chest as I watched his eyes roll uncontrollably up and down. I could see straight through his chest because the bullet had went through him and into the wall. I could look through his chest and see the grass outside of our trailer.

‘What have you done?’ I heard Mother say.

‘Look! He’s caught with his pants down. I walked in on him raping Tiffany.’

She slapped me and ran to the phone to dial 911.

‘You still don’t believe me,’ I said as I aimed the gun at her face.

‘No! I don’t believe you. You’re nothing but the devil.’

I wasn’t going to kill her until she started saying things like how she wished she had aborted me. She even called me a jealous, little bitch. Can you believe that shit? I closed my eyes, and I shot her head off of her body. The 911 operator was still on the phone. I was covered in blood, and I ran to the playground where Tiffany was.

‘He won’t hurt us again,’ I said as I hugged her, not

wanting to let her go.

Everyone was out of their trailers, watching us. They had heard the gun shots. When the police came, they locked me up. My sister is in a foster home, and she will be able to leave once she turns eighteen. The end, and thanks for listening,” she said as she sat down.

Everyone was in tears by the time she finished. I was crying, too. That damn Jake got what he deserved. I would have done the same thing if I had a baby sister, too.

The next person to go up was Kenya.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Kenya, and I, too, want to talk about why I am in here as well. I am in here because I don’t like my mama. She treats my other siblings different from me because they all have the same daddy. I was a rape baby. She told me that she didn’t want to have anything to do with me because I looked so much like my dad. That wasn’t my fault, and I couldn’t help that. It was four of us in all, two girls and two boys. I am the oldest. She would leave me at home to baby-sit, while she roamed the streets. My name should have been Cinderella because that’s how I felt. My siblings even mistreated me, too.

My mom didn’t show me any love. All she did was beat me and curse me. She told me that they were going on a trip to Disneyland. She told me that I couldn’t go. She said that she was going to leave me with our neighbors. The night before their so-called vacation, she left me at home with them again. They loved sweets and stuff. I made them three gallons of Kool-aid with antifreeze, and I made them all drink it. When she tried to wake them up the next morning, they didn’t move.

‘What did you do to them?’ she said as she busted in my room.

‘You mean your three little angels?’ I said as I walked closer to her. ‘I just made them drink this stuff right here,’ I said as I threw the antifreeze bottle at her.

‘You what? Why would you do a thing like that?’

‘Take one wild guess,’ I said as I followed her to the telephone.

‘There’s no saving them. It says on this bottle that it is harmful if swallowed. And it looks like that the whole bottle is empty. Yolanda, why didn’t you just abort me or give me up for adoption? There are women out there that would love to have a child.’

I was crying, but she wasn’t. She was trembling, trying to dial 911.

‘You never even told me that you loved me, and I am your first born. You should have loved me more. Instead, you walked around here all high and mighty with their dad, and you acted like I wasn’t even a part of this family. Mother, that hurts! It wasn’t my fault that you were the victim of a gang initiation.’

I looked into her eyes. They were cold. She didn’t care that I was pouring my heart out to her.

‘But, Yolanda, I will say one thing to you before I go off to juvenile. I forgive you for not loving me.’

She looked at me and said, ‘Bitch, you should have drunk some antifreeze, too.’

She sat down in tears, and I felt sorry for her because I didn’t know what love was either, but I don’t think I would have killed my siblings.”

The next person that went up was Sticky Fingers.

“Child, we have heard your story a million times,” Ms. Allgood said.

“I know, but can I please say a poem real quick?” she cleared her throat and said, “Here goes nothing.”

*We're all in here for the same shit.  
We practically killed motherfuckers who wouldn't quit.  
Fucking, touching, and making us suck their dicks –  
That is the main reason why I love clit.  
I feel that I am a boy trapped in a girls' body.  
I stood up when I pissed in the potty.  
Don't nobody care to hear our stories of pain,  
But there is always sunshine after the rain.  
We can sit here and talk until our faces turn blue.  
Nobody else took those lives. It was nobody but you.  
They deserved to die is what we continue to yell.  
I believe God sent them straight to Hell.  
We were just kids, and none of us deserved this shit.  
The criminals wouldn't stop; they wouldn't quit,  
But we all got the shitty end of the stick.  
People on the outside might think that we're wrong,  
But that is what keeps me so strong.  
I didn't ask for this bullshit-ass life,  
But he kept raping me, so I picked up a knife.  
I had to stop my pain that hurt so deep,  
And I pray that, whenever I die, God will take my soul to keep.  
I don't take back anything that I've done.  
Besides, in this place, there is nowhere to run.  
My favorite chips are Pringles.  
And most of you girls know why they call me Sticky Fingers.*

She stood by Ms. Allgood and gave her a high five. Those two were hell together, but I had to figure out a way to turn Sticky Fingers against her. She was hurt, and I could tell.

“That’s enough for one day,” Ms. Allgood said as she looked at her watch. “I don’t want to have any nightmares

about you twisted bitches tonight. Jennifer, meet me in my office.”

We all returned to our cells. I looked to see who Jennifer was as she bounced up and practically ran to Ms. Allgood’s office.

*Home Sweet Home*

"We're here, ma'am," the driver said as we pulled up at a Greyhound station.

"How am I supposed to get home from here? I live on a rocky road in the country. That place can't get anything right. If anything, they're screwing the poor girls up. They don't rehabilitate; they masturbate. All of them are sick in there, and I'm going to deal with them as soon as I find out who murdered my mama."

"Did they give you an envelope?"

"Yes."

"May I see it please?"

I handed him the envelope, and there was a voucher in there for fifty dollars for cab fare.

"All you have to do is go get in one of them cabs and sign this here voucher over to them. Good luck."

"Thank you so much," I said as I got off.

I went to a cab and gave him mama's address. I really didn't want to live in our house anymore. As we entered my neighborhood and rode down the rocky road, the first house that I saw was the Kennedy's house. It had a FOR SALE sign in the yard. The first thing that came across my mind was that they had found Spyder's cash and hauled ass. When I got to the Johnson's house, there was something different about it, too. They had burglar bars all around it. Then, I thought maybe the Kennedys had moved because they thought that the killer would strike again. It had been a year, and I hadn't heard anything. I couldn't hear anything being

locked away in that maximum YDC facility.

“Those bastards didn’t even mail my letters to J.J.”

One day, I had watched Mr. Knox set my letters fire. Then, he pissed on them, putting them out.

“Right here is fine,” I said as the driver slammed on the brakes in front of J.J.’s house. I didn’t want to look over at my house, but I couldn’t help it, so I took a quick glance over there, and I saw a car in the yard. Who could that be? I wondered if that was the probation officer. *I haven’t been out a full twenty-four hours, and they were fucking with me already*, I thought as I rang Ms. Johnson’s doorbell.

“Who is it?” she sounded like she was unlocking a time machine. She must have had at least ten deadbolts on that door from the top to the bottom.

“It’s me. Tasha Jean,” I said, looking past her to see if I could see J.J.

She had a surprised look on her face when she opened up the door and saw that it was me.

“Did you break out of jail?”

“No, don’t be silly. I got out on good behavior. Where’s J.J.?” I asked as I looked around.

“He’s not here. He will be going off to college soon. He’s going to Harvard to become a doctor.”

“When will he be back? I would love to see him before he leaves.”

“I don’t know. Ever since he graduated, he has been partying. I am starting to see traits of his father in him.”

There was something different about her. She talked to me so coldly and dryly. When I would ask her a question about J.J., she wouldn’t look me in my face. She didn’t even hug me when I walked in. *Maybe, her husband did leave her for a black woman*. Maybe, Spyder was right. I got the feeling that she had wanted me to stay locked up until J.J. went away to

college, but I had thirty million reasons why he should skip Harvard. He could start the rock band he wanted so badly, and we could get out of this place. I was about to ask her another question about J.J., but she cut me off and walked to the window.

"That car has been parked over there all week," she said as she opened up the curtain, looking at Mama's house. "There is a lady living over there."

"Well, did you ask her who she was? Is she like a live-in probation lady or something?"

"I didn't ask her, but I noticed that she's started a nice vegetable garden in the back."

"Well, was it Mama?"

I don't know why I asked that question since Mama was deader than a doornail.

"Can you please tell J.J. to come by when he gets back?"

"Sure," she said as she opened the door.

I looked in the window first to see who was in Mama's house. The window was up, and the curtains were pulled up.

"Come on in here," I heard a familiar woman's voice say.

From a distance, she looked like a ghost because, the closer I got, the more she looked just like Mama.

"What's the matter? You don't know your own family when you see her?"

"Who are you?" I nervously asked. I thought I was staring Mama in the face.

"Child, don't be silly. I'm your grandmother. Your mother used to have a picture of me on her wall. I used to be right over there next to Dr. King's picture, which is missing by the way."

As I looked around the house, I noticed that it had been redecorated.

“Excuse me, but what is your name?”

“My name is Grandma,” she said as she walked over and hugged me. “Child, you are shaking like a leaf.” She held me tight. “What’s the matter? You look like you’ve just seen a ghost?”

“You look exactly like my mama,” I said as I stood back and looked her up and down. She even had the same beer breath as Mama.

“Well, I’m not your mama; I’m your grandma. And never mind my name. You can just call me Grandma.”

“Lady, you expect me to believe that bullshit-ass story? That you’re my fucking grandma? My mama didn’t talk about her mother much, but I know, for a fact, that her mother is dead! I don’t know who you are, but I am not staying here with you,” I said as I ran for the door.

“You will sit your ass down, or I will call that nice Mr. Knox and have your ass hauled back to juvenile.”

“How do you know him?” I asked suspiciously.

“I told you. I am your grandma. I know a lot of shit.” She had a wicked look on her face.

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