

# Chapter 1

## *Easy to love yet hard to love back*

I love Mama. Until she turns my love back at me with so much hate I just want to drop to my knees and wish she had had an abortion instead of giving me life.

This is my story.

Me and Patty was Blood Sisters in New Orleans.

“What time is it?” Patty always asked me that every evening. “Why you always ask me what time it is? It’s playtime.” Patty turned red and started gathering her dolls, putting them away. She went inside, and looked at me out her window with the saddest face ever.

Minutes later the bus stopped to let off the passengers, and I saw him, I smelled him. It wasn’t a bad odor, it was his everyday odor. Like vinegar. When I saw him walking closer

to me, I peed on myself like always, but stayed outside long enough so my shorts can dry, only so my Mama wouldn't notice. As he got closer to me, I saw him carrying in his hands another damn teddy bear and some candy. I looked at the window and Patty's face was red, this time with tears running down her face. The man stopped in front of me and gave me a smile and reached me the teddy bear.

I shook my head and said no, 'cause I know it came with a price. The price of touching me. We played on the corner by the bus stop. Back in the day, it seemed safe. Every evening we would play school around the same time, and we used to have conversations that little girls at that age should be having.

The bus stop was on the same corner as his house, and too close to my house. It was no way I could have escaped. I couldn't run because he was living next door. He went in his house and called my name "Yada, Yada, Yada!" I hated to hear him speak. Yada is short for Kimyada.

I can't go inside cause I'm pissy wet, and I can't escape it cause it's going to happen anyway, if not today, for sure tomorrow.

I looked up at Patty's window again, to see her bawling. I was confused. I got up, and went in this man's house. He closed the front door without a word, grabbed my hand and put it on his dick...I got so scared, more pee dribbled down my legs onto the hardwood floor.

He walked away to the bathroom and came back with a wet towel, then he wiped the pee off the floor and off my legs. His kindness was disguised. As he wiped my legs, his hands went up my shorts, he closed his ugly ass eyes and continued to play with my young innocent pussy.

I stood there and cried. The more he touched me, the harder I shrieked. But he didn't give two fucks about my feelings. After a few minutes, he starting breathing and sweating like a dog in heat. Then he finally stopped. I thought he passed out, I was hoping he passed out--in fact I was hoping he was dead.

I ran out his house to the back of my house and pulled my shorts down, I took the hose pipe and washed myself, I got my shirt wet on purpose, just to throw my mother off. If she saw my clothes wet, she'll think me and Patty was playing in water. When I ran back to the front of my house, Patty was standing in the door, one foot on the step and her other foot inside her shotgun-style house. "Are you OK?"

I was confused. "Yeah, I'm good...why you went inside?"

Patty looked as if she had seen a ghost!

"Because today wasn't my turn!"

I asked: "What you mean today wasn't your turn?" We was the only kids outside, but she felt she needed to talk lower. She came closer to me, put both of her hands on my ears to whisper as low as she can.

"He touch me too!"

As soon as she said that, we both cried. It was an instant and much tighter bond with us. We cried and then dried our faces. She went in her house, I went in mine. We looked at

each other, without a word, yet we knew how one another felt.

When I got inside my house, it was a relief to see my mother on the phone, gossiping about the church, the pastor and his wife as usual. Saying she can't stand the pastor's wife and she's a bitch. I knew right then and there that she was on a mission to try and fuck the pastor!

I started a bath hoping she won't notice me and my soiled clothes. She busted the door open. "Why you in the tub so early?"

I had to think of something quick. "I want to look at Bill Cosby and the Arsenio Hall show."

I was breathing so hard, hoping she believed me. "Oh, OK, well when you get out the tub, clean your room and come eat." Thank God, she believed me.

I finished my bath, I washed myself so hard my skin was sore. My pussy was burning. I tried to put powder on it to stop the burning, but it didn't stop. I even used Vaseline, but that didn't help either. I was

burning so bad it was painful to sit. I went in my room and did a quick clean, I pushed everything under the bed and turned the light off. The room seemed to look cleaner with the light off. Dinner smell seemed to lift my spirits. It was Monday, so we had red beans and rice, fried chicken, tossed green salad and cornbread. Everybody from New Awlins cooks red beans and rice on a Monday, it's a tradition.

I sat at the table while Mama was plating my food, I got up to get my own fork and a cup of strawberry Kool-Aid. As I was pouring my drink, I trembled, trying hard so my mother wouldn't notice that my hands was shaking. I couldn't cover it up.

“Da’ fuck wrong with you?” She yelled so loud I almost dropped my cup.

I looked in her face and softly said,  
“Nothing.”

She knew better. “Don’t lie to me,” she yelled loud enough for neighbors to hear.

I thought to myself: “I lied to you in the bathroom and yo’ ass believed me.” I put the cup down and she came closer, and before I knew it, I started crying.

“He touched me, he always touch me.”

She got closer. “Who touch you, touch you where? What you talking about?”

And I let it all out.

“He been doing it for years, and I always tell him to stop. I told him I was going to tell Daddy and my brother. I asked him to stop and...”

Before I could swallow and catch my breath, she slapped me. So hard that it burned with momentary stars that flashed in an ugly rainbow.

“Who else you told? Don’t you ever say that again. Don’t tell no fucking body...them people at church goin’ look at me funny and start talking. Keep your damn mouth closed, you not gonna embarrass me!”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

The touching from my neighbor continued till I was thirteen. At that moment I lost all the respect in the world for my mother at a young age. The Mama from hell.