

Life after Hurt: A Sister's Tale

Written by: Nicole N. Sweeney

Chapter 3 – Ghetto-Hot-Entanglement Mess!

There had been so much yelling, commotion and it could have woken the dead. Fortunately, it didn't wake the dead. But it did wake the downstairs neighbors.

She opened her front door and shouted from her doorstep in her Spanish accent, "I called the cops! They are on their way!"

"Great..." I said to myself, "...this was not supposed to go down like this!"

No sooner than the neighbor closing her door after yelling, three cops came on the scene and surrounded the four adults that had been arguing in the middle of the street at 2 o'clock in the morning. This was definitely some ghetto-hot-entanglement mess!

The officer that approached me was short and stocky, but strong. He was young in the face, but it was obvious that he took his badge serious. He seemed to be very understanding when he saw me.

He approached me in the most professional way asking, "So, what happened?"

Enraged that I had allowed myself to get that angry, I replied, "That's my sister and so-called boyfriend!"

He didn't ask any further questions. He just said, "Okay, have a seat on the curb."

I sat on the curb scared and enraged. The officer walked over to his sergeant and partner.

I was left by myself on the curb while my sister and so-called boyfriend were together concocting a story to make themselves look good while making me out to be the crazy one. This

wasn't their first time doing that to me and it wouldn't be their last especially after what had happened.

Two cops and one sergeant surrounded Khase and Gracie getting their version of the story. The sergeant was tall and slim with red hair and blue eyes. He had a no non-sense demeanor. I knew based on his white sergeant collared shirt that he was the one in charge. The other cop was an African American brown-skin handsome man. He was tall, muscular, and strong. His piercing serious brown eyes could put anyone in check.

Izzie was holding Baby Glorie after she was left in the back seat of the car watching her mother and aunt argue over a man. Surely her young innocent mind couldn't possibly understand what was going. Hmph. Kids understand more than what adults give them credit for.

Because Izzie was holding Glorie near the car, Izzie had a better view than I did. Izzie heard what the officers were saying to Khase and Gracie while I remained sitting on the curb.

Khase and Gracie stood side by side in front of the cops. Gracie consoled Khase by rubbing his back as he told his "version" of the story.

Using his gift of gab in yet another moment, he frantically responded to the Sergeant saying, "Officer, I am just here trying to be a big brother to them! They are sisters and I'm trying to help them. Their..."

The Sergeant was not the least bit convinced by his answer. He cut Khase off mid-sentence and sternly saying, "Young man! There is NO way two sisters are out here arguing with each other over you, 2 o'clock in the morning, over nothing. There is something going on. Clearly, something has to be going on."

The Sergeant never got a clear answer from Khase that night. Gracie didn't say anything either. She continued to rub Khase's back to console him.

The Sergeant moved on and asked, "Whose property is this?"

Khase quickly responded, "It's mine. My name is on the lease!" Khase was finally able to tell the truth that night about something.

The same officer that told me to sit on the curb walked over to me and asked, "Is there anything in the apartment that belongs to you?"

"Yes," I replied apprehensively.

The officer continued, "Alright, I'll escort you up there to get your things."

Little did the officers know, I had moved back home from college and had been living with Khase for a year now.

I stood up from sitting on the hard, cold curb. I walked up the old, cracked, and steep stairs with the officer, not even looking at Khase and Gracie. Izzie was still holding baby Glorie. Khase and Gracie stood beside each other watching me get escorted by two officers, one in front and the other behind me.

I got to the third step and Khase snarly shouted to me, "Yeah, and get your stuff out my house!"

I immediately went from 0 to 100...AGAIN. Without even thinking and forgetting I had two officers near me, I turned around to make my way towards Khase – to land another punch. The

officer that walked behind me caught me in mid-air, by my arms, as I tried to leap over the officer to get to Khase.

“How could he?! Get my stuff out his house?! The very man whose idea it was for me to move in with him after I moved back home from college. The very man that wanted me in his space. How could she? She couldn’t even defend me as her sister or as a woman?” I said to myself as I walked up the stairs with the officers. I couldn’t help but have those thoughts while being escorted by two officers to get my stuff.

There were only but so many things I could grab that night. I had nowhere to go; nowhere to put my belongings.

I thought to myself, “Where am I going to put all my things? I can’t even grab all my stuff.”

The two officers and I made our way inside the house. One of the officers grabbed the keys from Khase before he made his arrogant comment.

I walked through the house grabbing what I could grab as quickly as possible. Still in disbelief with all that went down, I was angry and numb. I had to focus on getting as much as I could, as quick as I could.

I entered me and Khase’s bedroom to grab some of my shoes. The same bedroom he created space for me in a year ago.

I entered the room and turned on the light so that I could see where my belongings were. The officer followed me into each room I went in as if I was the bad guy.

A few moments later, I heard Khase through the officer’s radio saying, “Tell her to get out of my bedroom!”

Just when matters couldn't get any more humiliating for me, I angrily replied, "Shut-up! I'm getting my stuff!"

I shouted hoping that he could hear me. It didn't make the anger and numbness any less intense for me. Surprisingly, the two officers that escorted me didn't give me a hard time. They felt bad and couldn't even imagine the feeling I felt in my soul. When I yelled back, they didn't say anything to me.

I finally grabbed as much as I could and carried my three bags down the stairs. This would be my last time walking down those stairs. Better yet, it would be my last time walking down that same road with Khase. I was done. At least, that's what I thought.

Still standing side by side, Khase and Gracie smirked in victory as they saw me walk down those steep stairs. Baby Glorie was in the car looking out the back-seat window with her big, beautiful eyes. Izzie stood away in a far distance waiting for me.

The Sergeant approached me as I struggled to carry my three heavy bags. Honestly, the weight of those bags didn't even begin to compare to the weight of anger, rage, sadness, hurt, disappointment, and betrayal that I carried.

Releasing his handcuffs from his command belt, the Sergeant began to read me my rights: "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say, can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. You can decide at any time to exercise these rights and not answer any questions or make any statements. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?"

Shocked and confused, I had to release my bags out my hand to be handcuffed. My world started flashing before my very eyes. Enraged all over again, I yelled, “Why am I being taken in?! I did nothing wrong! Sergeant, what am I being arrested for?! This is ridiculous!”

Izzie couldn't believe what was going down. One minute I was having fun, skating, and having a good time. Next minute, I was being taken away in a police car.

Izzie ran back down the street towards me, saying to the cop, “Hold the hell up! Why are you arresting her? You should be arresting their raggedy behinds!! Not Journee!”

The Sergeant replied, “Ma'am your friend is being arrested for simple assault. She's caused all this commotion and punched this young man in his face, causing physical harm.”

Izzie couldn't believe it. She responded, “You're freaking kidding me!! You will hear from her lawyers, buddy!” Izzie grabbed my bags and made her way back to her car.

Khase and Gracie stood side by side with a smug look on their faces, saying nothing. Yet again, Khase was able to convince the sergeant that he was physically assaulted, in fear of his life and wanted to press charges against me.

Handcuffed in the back seat of the smelly old police car, looking out the window, I couldn't even muster up the words to speak. Not only was I numb, but I had also become voiceless. The sergeant pulled off as Khase, Gracie and Baby Glorie walked up those old, steep, and cemented stairs as a family.

The sergeant and I arrived at the local precinct in Hopeville, NJ. He walked over to my side of the door, opened it, and reached his hand inside the car to guide my head so that I didn't hit my head on the door.

He pulled me out the car. As the sergeant and I were walking inside, there was an eerie, dead silence and guilt that filled the air. The sergeant couldn't look me in my eyes for some reason. He avoided talking and making eye contact with me.

We walked inside, and for the first time in my life, I was being booked for a crime because of some dude. They began the booking process.

The booking officer said, "Your full name."

I replied, "Journeye."

The booking officer said, "Journeye what?"

I answered, "Journeye Black."

The booking officer replied, "Alright Ms. Black. We are going to take your mugshot now. You will take three pictures. One facing forward, one of your left side and the last of your right side."

I complied. I didn't have the energy to resist orders or ask questions. The weight of those bags seemed to have gotten heavier, even though I had no bags in my hands.

The officer ordered me to take off my clothes in exchange for an attire that would label me for the rest of her life –an orange jail jumpsuit. After they took my fingerprints and mugshots, I was escorted in handcuffs, to a jail cell with heavy black metal bars and a tiny glass window with dirty white walls. The room was cold, scary, and exposed. Exactly how I felt that night.

I could not believe I allowed myself to get to this place in my life. Just a few hours ago, I was out having a good time skating with my home girl Izzie while trying to get my life together.

Betrayed by my sister. Betrayed by the man I loved. Betrayed by the sergeant who I thought had my back. It seemed so unreal for me, but it wasn't.

A metal bed. Closed-in walls. A grimy and smelly toilet. A small window I could barely see beyond the black metal bars. Alone. Misunderstood. Hurt. That is how I felt. My tears were the only thing that seemed to be there for me. My ENTIRE life flashed before my eyes.

I laid down on that cold, metal bed and cried myself to sleep...