



FREE SAMPLE

What have you endured in life that was so tragic, you compartmentalized the event?

How have you overcome to enable you to move forward into an existence of relative normalcy?

The Bathroom Was My Dungeon is a true story that speaks of a time when abuse entered the author's life dramatically and tragically. When she met the man who would all but destroy her, she had no idea the depths she would go to keep her lover – and herself – alive. From being physically abused and fighting for her life to being pimped out for drugs to support her "LOVE'S" crack cocaine addiction, she tells it all in this shocking account of living her life on an unfamiliar wild side.

You will be appalled. You will feel her pain. You will be enraged. You may even laugh from time to time. You are encouraged to allow yourself to 'EXPERIENCE' every emotion you encounter as you traverse many dark roads with the author on a perilous journey.

Come to learn the decisions we make in life are ones for which we must take full responsibility. Even then, just when all hope is lost and we have no choice but to seek a way to be released from "that toxic relationship or situation," look **UP!** Who's waiting for us there with open arms? Our Father God in Heaven!

Healing awaits you on the other side of through. Freedom awaits you beyond the grips of the hellish life to which you are being subjected. Do you need proof you are worthy of better and that there are brighter days ahead? Escape the enveloping darkness of the enemy by reading **THIS** book!

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"Love's Cleansing Power"

There's an adage regarding relationships that states something along the lines of, *"Don't open that door until the other one is closed."* I should have taken heed to that advice.

Almost immediately after the break-up with my child's father, Kase and I started spending every free moment together. If my children and I weren't at his house, he was at mine. We shopped together, went to the park as a family, and even had weekly "Movie Night," which often included choices made by my children (I had another child by another man before my second child's father and I met). In hindsight, I should have taken notice that he was obsessive. When I say "every free moment," I mean *EVERY* free moment. I think I overlooked the obvious because I was "in love."

Guilty as charged.

After about three months of us living apart and maintaining separate residences, I suggested that he move in with me (moving in with him wasn't an option because he resided in a one-bedroom apartment, and I had two children under my care). Much to my surprise, he denied my request! He stated that because his apartment was state-funded, he couldn't easily break the lease. I had no choice but to understand and accept that as his truth, but I came to learn his reason wasn't that simple...or 100% true.

To give a little backstory without being overbearing, Kase was a convicted felon on parole. That significant fact was not told to me until long after we had started getting deeply involved. Would it have made a difference in how I felt and fell for him? I will never know. Due to that aspect of his life being hidden from me (who thinks to ask, *"Are you a convicted felon?"*), my love for him had already taken hold and wasn't letting go. (Be mindful that this was a **LONG** time ago, and the instant nature of the internet and background searches were not options.) So, when he said he *COULDN'T* move in with

me, I believed him. He did, however, give me a key to his apartment – with the agreement that I would **NEVER** come over without letting him know I was on the way.

Well...

Allow me to preface what I am to say next with the following: I am one who follows the rules. I believe they are in place for a reason and, more often than not, will follow them to the letter. When a mutual agreement is added, I'm all in! Those rules will **NOT** be broken.

There are exceptions to every rule.

The time came when I tried calling him all day, and he wouldn't answer or return any of my calls. After much frustration and worry set in, I grabbed his apartment key and drove to his apartment – about a five-minute trip. When I arrived, his apartment was pitch black. No lights. Not even a flicker of the television glowing through the blinds. Nothing but total darkness. At that moment, a sense of dread overtook me, but I couldn't turn away. I **HAD** to know Kase was okay on the other side of that door!

I approached, placed the key in the lock, turned the knob, and entered. I was **NOT** prepared for what I saw before me. My "love" was there...laid out on the couch...**and high out of his mind!** He was totally oblivious to my presence. I turned on the light, walked over to him, then had a seat on the chair facing the opposite of him. It was then I understood why he wasn't responding to me.

On the coffee table that stood between us was a crack pipe, lighter, and tiny bag with nothing but drug residue inside.

I recall attempting to wake up Kase, but he wouldn't budge. *Just how high was he?!* He was still breathing, so I knew he was alive. His unresponsiveness scared me, so I ran into the kitchen, filled up the largest cup I could find with cold water and ice cubes,

and threw it directly into his face. The water mixed with the sweat that had beaded up on his forehead, and he managed to come out of his drug-induced stupor long enough to be startled by my sudden appearance. He then seemed to pass out again. As I stood over him filled with anger and disgust, he mustered up two words:

"I'm sorry."

I then grabbed the crack pipe and threw it at him. I was appalled and couldn't believe I didn't see that revelation coming from a mile away. How could I, you might ask? He frequented the part of town where the drugs were sold. He did, however, have family in the area, so I never would've put two-and-two together had I not cold-busted him. I honestly cannot remember the entirety of the conversation that followed, but I do know it consisted of him asking for forgiveness...and me forgiving him.

Love is a strange thing. The things we tolerate and accept when love shows up on the scene tend to be bizarre and unexplainable. That was me. I refused to see the new circumstance for what it truly was, so I simply accepted that he was an addict. I was young and naïve, too. I just **KNEW** I could *"LOVE HIM CLEAN"*! I have since learned that doing so is a virtual impossibility. An addict must want the change for himself or herself first before transformation can begin to take place.

Once Kase's dirty, little secret was exposed, that set our relationship on a new path—one which I wasn't at all truly familiar with.

"Sex for a Fix"

Among the list of things I came to learn about Kase was that he knew many of the people I associated with. You see, he was a popular deejay in the area. He used to host parties and spin the turntables at them. For a time, he also starred on an FM radio station that played R&B and Hip-Hop. I will be among the first to say he was very good at his craft. I used to watch and listen in amazement as he practiced blending music to perfection. When he tried to teach me, I was a horrible student. Although I have rhythm and can keep up with the best of them, it takes a particular skillset to mix sounds and have them merge flawlessly. I left the deejaying to him.

Being mindful that I stated we knew many of the same people (to include my neighbors), most of them were well aware that he was an addict. In the same breath, they couldn't understand our being together and assumed I, too, was addicted to crack cocaine. That was **FAR** from the case. With all honesty, I can say I have **NEVER** even **tried** the drug—but it's said that "birds of a feather flock together," so I had to settle with those things thought about me and simply live my truth: I was in *LOVE* with an addict.

My family would be shocked to know that once I accepted Kase's addiction, I used to make runs to that seedy part of town I mentioned previously to purchase crack for him so that he would "feel better." What do I mean? Addicts of various types go through severe withdrawal when they do not have anything to fulfill their body's needs. For Kase, his attitude was a serious problem when he was "coming down off his high." He was as different as night and day when he was high and when he wasn't. I was faced with either a gentle giant or an evil tyrant, and it all depended on how stoned he was at any given moment. I obviously wasn't thinking clearly, as every trip made could've landed me in jail. After all, I was a mother who had everything to lose! How many times did I make that trip? Too many times to count.

I am truly grateful for God's protection. It was no one **BUT GOD** who kept me safe. My guardian angels were certainly working overtime – of that I am sure.

There was one time I made "that trip" to get Kase a quick fix that is more memorable than any other. He had called in advance and told the dealer I was on the way. When I arrived at the designated spot, the man approached my car, leaned into my lowered window, and asked, *"So, are you ready to do this?"*

"DO WHAT?" I asked. Never before had I **ever** done more than a speedy pick-up and drive off.

"Your dude said you were going to sex me down for this bag." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bag with the crack rock inside, dangling it in front of my face.

Instantly, I was terrified beyond measure. I put the car into drive and, as I drove away, screamed, *"I'M NOT DOING A DAMN THING WITH YOU FOR THAT SHIT!"*

When I returned to Kase empty-handed, he was furious! He had already received the call from the dealer, letting him know I didn't fulfill my end of the deal they made. No sex; no drug! In no way was Kase angrier than I! **He tried to pimp me out for a bag of crack!** He and I said horrible things to one another that day, after which we broke up and went our separate ways...for all of three days.

I should have walked away and never looked back right then, but my heart still yearned for him. We made up and, in an instant, all was well. He again apologized and promised never to subject me to something like that ever again. He never did. Sadly, however, that is not the end of my story.

*****END OF SAMPLE*****