

Pamela was his supervisor, so if she was calling, it probably meant something was up at work.

Tristan dialled Pamela's number.

October 18, 2011

Tuesday – 3am

There are some things that I need to clarify before I go any further in this tale that I am telling. I know why this part is difficult to tell. You see, deep down I am a coward. In writing you these letters I have discovered something, it is difficult to be bare, naked before you. As I write these words to you – trying to tell you my life's story, I can see that I am still trying to protect myself from you, protect those that will always love him and I am even protecting him as well. I am sorry about that, in my defense, this is how I have been taught to be by him and by others. I was taught that I must/should protect those I love. That, I should not hurt those that I love – spare them the pain of knowing – keep it a secret and never tell. Yet, I find myself hoping that even though I am being “the coward” here, that when you read these pages you won't get bogged down in the details but instead you will get the gist of this tale – leaving with a better understanding of the person you see standing before you. This person you have known for most of your adult life and yet haven't really seen. As I have said, this story of mine that I am telling you, you have heard it all before it's nothing new. It has been told to you before in so many ways from so many voices, now will you listen, will you choose to hear?

So, I started telling you about my quest to find this God that I heard about from I became conscious of being. But I am finding it difficult to write about this relationship with God who was first introduced to me as a man who will always love me. Instead, I am flooded with memories of my youth, those tender years when I was a small child up until I was twelve. Those are the years that my mind is dwelling on right now. Those were the years when the two most important men in my life were him and my Dad. Why I confuse the two sometimes I don't know but it has happened.

This part is difficult to share. I was in bed a moment ago, unable to sleep. For the moment, I feel no pain, no shame, no yearning for the innocence that I lost those many years ago. It surprised me that I am no longer in mourning. Yet I am elated that I am not mourning. It means I am healing. But I have been here before, I have re-visited these graves so many times before and each time I've visited I have thought/hoped that I would be visiting for the last time but here I am again at this grave site.

I see these three little girls that my cousin Tanya has – Cheeny 2 years old, Jean 5 years old and Tara 9 and I see my brother's daughter Adriana 6 years old who seems so much like me and want to be like me and I am constantly reminded by them of how it was, how I was at that age. And I wonder, worry that maybe they too have promised to keep secrets that they "will never tell".

“Bwoy the dance when just ah get good, mi noh know why di police dem stay soh, as two ah clock cum soh them come ton off the music.” Lennox bemoan.

“That’s why mi noh like the fucker dem, when ah fi dem or dem friend dem dance them mek it stay till mawning!” Tommy said hotly.

“Yes you remember when all 5 O’clock in ah di morning we just ah come from dance, ah two ah clock we use to go ah dance!”

“Dem deh time deh it use to be nice, now them put in law say we haffee lock off set ah certain time cause residents need fi sleep, man can’t make no money now.”

“Only the big man dem a mek di money now.”

“Ah same way every time dem a stop mei pan di road.” Clay hit the gas pedal and speeded pass the police station, hissing his teeth as he glared at the police cars parked at the Falmouth police station.

“Man mi can’t mek no money an dem same one have whole heap a taxi pan di road.”

“Yeah man ah true, di police dem have illegal taxi pan di road to!” Tommy confirmed.

“Hope u enjoyed ur heroes day, just saw that u called.” Tristan slipped out of the car as he texted the message to Alex and bid the guys farewell.

“Are you just coming in?” Alexandria texted

“Yes, now at home.”

“Ok”

“Why were you calling?”

“It’s alright none of my business anymore 😊”

“Fine”

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

It began when I was very young, a baby of no more than two years old or even younger. I know this to be the truth because of these memories – no – nightmares that I began to have about three or so years ago. Before then, my memories were jumbled, only small bits of memories as though someone had wiped out part of my memory leaving me with only small bits of information that was jumbled and unclear. Before then, I had only guessed at when it had begun and no matter how hard I had tried I could not remember when it had begun. I just grew up knowing that in my early years he was always present. But recently, only five weeks ago after Tristan and I had sex and he went home, I dreamed/had a nightmare and remembered the day I lost my virginity.

My whole introduction, firsthand knowledge to things sensual, lustful, sexual – forbidden came from him. I can tell you why I know it was when I was so young. I remember that he loved to tickle me and if I am remembering correctly, he played with all the kids this way.

The memory I have is this one. My mother had just changed me. I had soiled my 'nappy', you know the cloth thing that people use to use before pampers got so handy, those days that was what was used often – 'nappy'. So she had wiped me, powered me and placed me in a new clean one as everyone -Dre and him watched. I remember feeling embarrassed as she wiped me, my legs were open wide for all to see. Afterwards, I felt clean and covered. So when I was all clean, I crawled to the end of the bed and he grabbed me up in his arms smiling playfully at me, calling me funny names

and playfully hitting me on the bottom as the kids laughed joining in the fun. I pushed his hands away from me and pulled away from him. My mother admonished me, wondering out loud as to why I didn't want him to pick me up and play with me. I looked around at the other kids laughing, smiling knowingly at me and felt ashamed. In my mind, I believed that they all knew what he was doing, that he was touching me in places he shouldn't, that I was sensing sexual feelings towards me coming from him that somehow, I knew should not be there. I was certain that they all knew what he was doing when I was left alone with him. I began to cry and he began to tickle me, trying to get me to laugh – I did. After that it became a habit of his to tickle me, to get me to laugh. But when we were alone, he didn't play with me in the way he did when we were with everyone. I quickly learn how to play the game he played. Like most of the adults I was exposed to, he played two roles – one for the public and a private secret one that included little girls like me.

Recently, in reminiscing, my mother told me I was a happy child until I reached about the age of two years old then suddenly, I became withdrawn, sullen and sad. After that time, I didn't laugh so much anymore. She said she often wondered why. The day she told me that I had sat quietly and did what I had done so many times before. I had looked at her and just couldn't bring myself to tell her why. Once again, I choose to remain silent and kept the secret buried deep within. But my 'molestation' is an open secret you know. He and I wasn't the only one who knew.

"You know u use to be a nice caring man then u just change on me even the energy surrounding u has changed." Sadness swamped Alexandria as she texted the message. She could not write anything more. She was flooded with crazy, angry, suicidal thoughts. She didn't see the reason for living. Why was she here, on this planet, why was she born only to suffer and endure pain, she wondered. *What the hell is going on in my life!* What the hell is going on with me? She queried from the one above. Is there anyone above, she asked.

The impulse to tell him exactly how she felt overwhelmed her, Alexandria Prescott kept on texting.

"God doesn't exist and love is useless it only make u weak."

"When I look @ all I have gone thru with u n all the stuff u have done to me. It just don't seem fair, you never really love me." The crazy, off the wall weird feeling surrounding her increased.

"You deceived me lie to me, embarrassed me and used me, you were cheating all along." She felt so hurt, lost and alone. The desire to run away became erratic.

"I need to get away from you and everyone else!"

Tristan Davis dialled Alexandria Prescott's phone.

She didn't answer so he left a message.

"Alexandria! Leave me the FUCK alone, your concept of God is fucked up!" He shouted in the phone.

Hell, he was already having a fucked-up day and she was making it worst.

He wished he could just quit is job, pack up and leave.

Just run away.

When the fuck was she going to stop doing that? Texting him and saying shit, making him so stressed that he couldn't think straight. Tristan began to remember the time when Alexandria had thrown out all his clothes in the yard and kicked him out. That was some years ago when she had started acting crazy. Fuck she had done a lot of wrong things to him, had hurt him immensely, had

treated him badly, embarrassed him and through it all he had tried to stay by her side.

She was the one who had left.

Triston got angry.

“The world don’t revolve around you, go see a fucking doctor you are sick” he texted.

She didn’t reply.

“I know my energy has changed. It is because I am so damn upset all the time. This is not what I had expected life to be with u! I tried to be there for you as long as I could, you didn’t want it to work.”

8pm

I am sitting here thinking to myself that each time I have acted impulsively it has come back to bite me in the ass. I started writing this letter to You on an impulsive act, sheer desperation to make You understand what I am going through – to make You understand what I find myself going through. Now several pages into this letter and I find myself sitting here tonight writing and asking myself this question – What good will all this do, telling You the truth. Telling you that I was abused? Does it – will it change anything? So far it hasn’t. Where it – being abused, fit into the scheme of things? Why is it important to this story that I’m telling You? Why is it important to let you know, shouldn’t I keep it dead and buried, deep down within me. But in an instant, I remember why “it” is so important to my story. It is the background, the platform that the whole story is being built upon, without this background I am unable to tell you my story. It is the foundation that my house was built on and I want to change my house

– shed some light unto this dreary, dark environment that I have lived in for so long. How can I change the scenery if I don't drag out the old broken down boards that is already there and let the light shine in? This light will help me see the areas that need to be re-built and the areas that need to be taken out and discarded so that new boards can be put in.

I have often been told by those around me, that it's already done, dead and gone, that I must let go of the past. While I know that I cannot change the past, the past still haunts me and refuse to stay dead and buried. So here I am, still writing, sharing my story with you. In telling You the truth I am hoping that it will help me to close the lid of this coffin and hopefully put these skeletons in the grave for the last time. God, I want it to be the last time!

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

My next memory is me being held in my mother's arms, we were out on Granny V's veranda because that's where we had lived at the time. He, mom and couple of his friends were standing around chatting, laughing at some joke being told. One of his friends began to pay me attention, commenting on how pretty I was, his hands outstretched to hold me, my mom proudly handing me over to him, he having me sit on his lap, his hands slipped under my dress, brushing my panties aside, stroking me as he easily continued talking and laughing with my family all around me. I jumped off his leg and gave him a dirty ugly glare – taking matters into my own hands 😊. I walked back to my mother's side as everyone, including the man whose lap I had just jumped out of, asked me in joking, funny tones why I was behaving so badly. I looked at the man and couldn't tell what he had

just done. I guessed I learnt at a young age that things – people are often not what they appear to be.

When I got older about four years old and could really explain what was happening. I had already reached the conclusion that no one would believe me if I did tell and too by then, I had already promised not to tell. I was taught that one should keep their promises then I believe that I should. I've come to see that some promises should not be made.