

Forever Outcast

Chapter 1

“We’re losing her! Her heart rate is dropping! We have to get this baby out now!” The doctors scream.

“She’s in distress! Her heart rate is continuing to drop!” The nurse frantically shouts.

“Ok Ms. Jones, we need you to push this baby out! We have no time!” The doctor instructs my mother, as she begins to panic.

“I can’t push anymore! I’m trying but I can’t!”

“Doctor, the baby is losing oxygen, every second is critical! Push Ms. Jones, you have to push this baby out!”

“AAAWWWW!” My mother screams as she pushes with everything she has.

“That’s it, she’s coming keeping pushing! Keep pushing! Don’t stop!”

“AAAWWWW!” It hurts! It hurts! My mother yells in agonizing pain.
“AAAWWWW!”

“There she is! She’s out!” The doctor joyously replies.

I came into this world fighting. A beautiful baby girl, Katelyn, would be my name. Entering this world with straight, jet-black hair, and an umbilical cord wrapped around my neck. Coming out of the pussy, I was fighting to breathe.

“Ms. Jones, we got the cord from around your daughter’s neck, and she’s doing fine. She’s in the incubator. You’ll be able to see her shortly.” The doctor said.

“Momma, I don’t know what I would’ve done if she would’ve died. I was so scared I was going to lose her.” Mommy said.

My granny gives my mother a loving look, as she feeds me my first meal. “Debra, she is so beautiful baby, you did good with her. Look at that beautiful baby face.” Granny said, “I am so proud of you.”

Mommy’s friend, Lee, walks in the room. He’s grinning ear to ear, as mommy adjust my blanket.

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“Hello Mrs. Jones, how are you?” Granny smiles at Lee, as his grin turns into an enormous smile. He looks over at my beautiful mother, as she sits in her hospital bed holding me. My mother smiles with pride as she holds this gorgeous piece of heaven she has in her arms.

“Hey Deb.” He gives Mommy a quick kiss on her mouth, right in front of granny. Mommy’s eyes are as wide as the sun. Lee caught her by surprise. She looks at granny in shock. She can’t believe that Lee came to the hospital. She looks at the fine caramel man standing before her, and can’t help but to display an inviting smile, before reality sets in.

“What are you doing here, Lee? How did you find out I was in the hospital?” Mommy curiously asked.

He looks at her as if she’s the prettiest woman he’s ever seen. He continues to smile at her, while he lustfully gazes into her beautiful face. “Connie told me when I saw her this morning. And I just had to see you, and that beautiful baby girl you’re holding. She is so beautiful Debra. Damn look at her hair, she looks like a little princess.” Lee smiles as he touches my little hands and gently rubs my shiny black hair.

Mommy nervously looks at Lee. The blood rushes to her face as she swaps looks from granny, then back to Lee. “Lee, you can’t be here, you have to leave.” Mommy says as she begins to cry.

Lee kisses me on my head and takes one last look. As he heads toward the door, he turns, stops, and looks at Mommy once more. “I’m coming back to see you both, Debra.” He says as he walks out the room.

Granny looks at Mommy in utter amazement as she tries to compose herself. Gently, she adjusts my covers and slides her fingers over my slick hair. She smiles at granny, while displaying troubled eyes.

“Debra, are you ok baby, what’s wrong?” Granny asked.

“Yea ma, I’m fine. It’s just my hormones kicking in. Lee shocked me when he kissed me on my lips. He just caught me off guard. I wouldn’t want Wallace to come in and see that. I would hate to have to explain why some other man is kissing me. You

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know how Wallace is. And with my hormones racing all over the place, I wouldn't be able to handle his antics right now."

Granny looks at Mommy and smirks. "Yea, we all know how crazy Wallace can get." Granny twists her lips. "Yea, I know."

"Aaww Mama, I'm just saying I wouldn't want to deal with that right now. I'm too emotional, and my hormones are running wild. I would be a basket case."

"I know. But, you know how hormones work after having a baby. We have absolutely no control after childbirth. Once that baby pops out, our bodies are driving us around, telling us where to go and how to feel. You'll be just fine once it passes, hopefully." Granny looks at mommy with a loving smile, as she comes over and gently takes me in her arms, and sings me to sleep.

One month later, I'm back in the hospital, fighting, once again to live. This time, it would be the greatest fight of my young life. I was a newborn baby fighting the dreaded *pneumonia*. My fragile body was fighting to stay alive. Had I known then, what I know now, I probably wouldn't have fought so hard. I would've closed my exhausted eyes and stopped breathing. Getting back to Heaven would've been my only concern. At one month old my mother, being young, immature, and in love with her husband at the tender age of 21, took me out into the blistering winter rain to a party, so she could follow behind my Daddy, Wallace. It's strange what some women are willing to sacrifice, to keep their man. Including risking the life of their newborn child.

My Daddy Wallace was a very handsome man. He was tall, light brown, with light brown eyes to match. He had the smile of a true Mack, with perfect pearly white teeth. He was a slick smooth talker; he had the gift of gab. He was that guy that could make any woman smile at any given moment. You know that type of guy that can come up to you, even when you're fuming, red hot, pissed at the world, lean close to you, while mesmerizing you with his eyes, then he'll slowly, smoothly licks his lips and says something like "Don't let'em steal your sunshine beautiful." And make you want to cum on the spot, because he's

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smooth with his shit. He smells so good, you want to jump inside of his skin and become one with him. He's so fine, and looks so nice in his clothes, that he'll make you look bad on your "best" day. He'll make you think twice about how "good" you know you look. We've all been exposed to that guy. He has the charm to woo you, and the ability to "screw" you, and he usually does.

My Daddy's family was deep into the drug scene. And at that time, to have access to drugs made you "The Man" before the 80's generation hood boys took over. He had money, cars, all of the essentials he needed to get any woman he wanted. He possessed every quality women would want in a man. And all of the women wanted him. How could you not? A young woman at that age, with a man like that was considered "The Shit!" And when a young woman is considered to be "The Shit" it gives her power. Power to do or have whom or whatever she wanted.

My mother was an exceptionally beautiful woman. She was caramel brown with straight, jet -black hair to her ass. And a perfect smile to match her beautiful face. She had a body that a coke bottle would envy. She was FINE! And she belonged to him. She was his property, and everybody knew it. Who would dare to look at his fine ass woman? When they stepped out together, they made others feel shame about themselves. They were young, fine, quick, and had money. Nothing was unattainable.

My Daddy kept my beautiful mother in furs, cars, and beautiful homes. All the luxuries a young woman could ask for. But the one thing that he kept her in the most, were black eyes. He would beat the shit out of her every chance he got. He would black her eyes, and break her bones whenever the wind would blow a little too hard for him. He would beat her until she was shame to show her beautiful face in public. Forcing her to hide until the bruises disappeared. He beat her with anything his hands came in contact with. Wired hangers, guns, telephone receivers, potty chairs, and only the Lord knows what else. If he could pick up the car, he would have beaten her with that to. He would beat her so badly, that blood splatter on the walls looked like decoration.... painting designs, if you will. Walking through our house after one of their vicious fights felt synonymous with a brutal murder scene. He would beat my beautiful helpless mother, while my sister Mona and I would watch.