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CRY BABY CRY...
OR NOT

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Chapter 1

TRINA WOKE UP in the middle of the night because she had been having to use the bathroom. She walked across the hall to the bathroom and was hearing her man having sex with her mother. She left the door open so that she could hear the noise's that her mother made and it put the picture of an orangutan in her mind at that thought she let out a chuckle. Trina's mother was born deaf and mute.

When Trina walked back to her bedroom she had left the door cracked without notice. Trina could not stand the fact that Marco was still having sex with her mother. She wanted to bust the door down and **KILL THE BITCH** but she just sat there and stewed in her own rage and took it like she did all the time. Marco had been telling her for so many years that he was going to leave Jackie and that they were going to leave Chicago and live a life of fashion and style. Last year for her 12th bday, Marco bought her a fake gold chain and a pair of the Jordan's. It was the first time that she had ever received anything new and he knew it.

Marco met Jackie when Trina was seven years old and he instantly took a liking into Trina. She was very pretty and

she never spoke. He thought that she was deaf and mute too for a while but eventually he got her to open up to him, LITERALLY!

Trina laid in the bed thinking about the life that her and Marco could have with Jackie out of the way. Marco was her man; he was the only one who ever cared about how she felt. She knew that he loved her because he told her all the time. Jackie, on the other hand was mad at the world because of her disability. She hated her position and whoever came across her path felt every ounce of negativity that sprung from her attitude.

Jackie was beautiful! She looked like she could be the twin sister of the singer Alicia Keys, but she had an attitude that made her look like Ceily from the movie "Color Purple." Jackie kept Trina away from the world and had told her that nothing or no one outside would ever love her because she was just as dumb as she was. Jackie never let Trina listen to the radio or watch television with the volume up. She wanted her daughter's world without sound just like her world was. Trina was not allowed to go outside the apartment that they had lived in at all. She could hear the world going on around her at an early age but was not allowed to partake of any of it.

When Trina was five years old, Jackie's Social worker made a surprise visit to the apartment and to her surprise she had found out that Trina was not even attending school. Jackie tried to tell the worker that Trina was sick but her story was not believable. While having a conversation with Trina the social worker had learned that Trina had never been to school so she had made arrangements for Trina to

be bused to a school for the deaf and disable. Jackie told the case worker that Trina was born deaf and mute just like her. The worker knew that the odds of that were slim to none, but took Jackie's word for it anyway. She had learned that getting personally involved brought nothing but headache's so she let the school system handle the rest of it.

When Trina had arrived at the school she was placed in the preschool class and the teacher's instantly noticed that she was withdrawn. They tried to help her adjust to the school with special attention, but that just made her withdraw even further. She always stayed to herself she never ran around and played like the other kids, it was like she was living in her own little world.

A week went by and one of the teachers noticed that Trina was a lot more attentive than the rest of the kids. She walked behind Trina and snapped her fingers in Trina's ear causing her to whip her head around.

"Can you hear me?" Karen asked with sign language and spoke out loud at the same time.

"What?" Trina responded in sign language as well.

"Hear?" Karen signaled as she pointed to her own ears. Trina shrugged her shoulders and turned back around to her coloring book. Karen knew that Trina was not deaf or for the most part she knew that she could hear out of that one ear. She decided to test Trina's hearing with the equipment that the school had to offer.

The next day Karen took Trina to the testing room. She started the ordeal by putting the headphones on Trina's ears, next she turned the microphone on and then began to give verbal commands with sign language so everything would

be understood. Trina passed the test with flying colors. She was well advanced in sign language for her age. Something deep down in Karen told her that this little girl could hear. She had been working with disabled kids now for close to seven years and Trina was noticeably different than all the rest. Karen started to sing and Trina looked on to her lips as if she was listening.

For the rest of the year they did daily sessions of verbal exercises with only a few setbacks. Karen thought that it would be different for Trina because she knew that the first five years of a child's life is critical; The fact being that this was the time frame when 90% of their brain develops so logically learning was much easier in that time span for a child, but Trina took to the lessons like a fish takes to water.

Karen taught her to recognize the names of body parts first, then colors, then objects. Trina started to beam with light. The joy of learning shined from Trina's smile just as bright as the sun light emerging from behind a dark cloud.

The days were flying by, it had been two weeks since Karen started helping Trina. She was making very fast progress with matching the names with the objects without sign language. Karen started to think that Trina was memorizing the order of which the names were repeated into her headset. She didn't want to make the lessons difficult but her curiosity got the best of her. Karen started rearrange the order of the names and switching the positions of the objects in the class. You could see Trina's little mind working trying to remember all of the names of the objects but by the following week she had all the body parts, colors, and objects memorized matching the sound of names with the visible object.

Karen continued to add colors but now she would use her own voice. Trina was soaking up the new found knowledge like a sponge. She watched as Karen would pronounce words with her mouth. One day she tried to speak herself. Trina's first attempt at a word was "cupcake." It caught Karen off guard because the word was spoken from her mouth with a dead tongue but Karen encouraged her to try to pronounce each word carefully and correctly.

Trina was coming out of her shell with Karen more and more every day. Karen noticed that Trina would be happy to just be with her in her presence. They would laugh and giggle all day in between lessons. When they would take breaks for Trina to relax and do what she liked to do rather it was take a nap, color or go outside with the other kids, she never took her eyes off Karen.

One day when school was over, Trina refused to be taken from the classroom that she and Karen shared. Karen had to walk her out to the school bus and make a promise to see her Monday morning before Trina would get on the bus. Karen found that to be a little touching but at the same time it disturbed her. *Why a little girl as warm and loving as Trina not want to go home to her mother?* She tried her best to blow it off because it was just a thought. Karen decided to give her something to take home with her that would both help her and ease their brief separation. She knew how happy the tapes made Trina so she gave them to her to listen to and play with until they met again on Monday.

When Trina arrived home she went straight to her room. She emptied out her backpack onto the bed and went right into the lessons. Jackie was in her own bedroom watching

her daily programs. Trina pushed play and the tape recorder came alive; with the pictures in hand, she started picking out the ones that were announced on the tape and she felt free. The New World she was exploring was so much fun to her. She smiled and played in her room for about an hour before Jackie came in.

Jackie looked at the clock and noticed that Trina was not in the room with her like she was every day at the same time so she started to walk down to Trina's room. When she got there, she saw Trina consumed by the lessons.

Trina! What the fuck are you doing in here? She signaled with anger.

Trina did not respond she just hung her head low not wanting to talk to her. Jackie grabbed a hand full of Trina's long, jet black hair and yanked it back causing Trina's face to tilt upward and meet hers.

"You better answer me little bitch!" (She said in sign language). *Where did you get this shit from? She continued.*

"From my school!" Trina signaled with a grimace on her face from Jackie still pulling her hair.

At that moment, Jackie looked at the pictures and tapes. Trina was so scared that she had peed herself sitting right there in her bed.

Do you think that you are going to get smart or something from looking at these damn pictures? I told you, you were going to be a fucking dummy just like me! The world don't want your dumb ass! She spat at Trina. *I'm going to show you what you'll be good at little bitch!* She signed and then pulled her from the bed by her hair. Jackie dragged Trina to her bedroom and opened the closet door.

Trina hated the dark and Jackie knew it so she put Trina in the closet and stuck a butter knife into the crack between the door frame and the wall. Trina started to scream hysterically, beating the door in pure fear. Jackie saw the knife jumping and the door knob moving which sent her into a rage. She opened the door and pulled Trina's pissy pants and little panties off, grabbed the extension cord that was used to operate an electrical space heater and beat Trina with it mercilessly. She would always belittle Trina with words but today was the first time that she had actually beaten Trina and the feeling she felt was like the weight of the world was lifted from up off of her shoulders. She whipped Trina with the extension cord until the marks on her legs were bleeding, put her back into the closet and jammed the butter knife back into the door frame. Trina stayed in the closet until Saturday evening.

Jackie hated the world and how it treated her because she was different from everyone else. Jackie was the only child and was raised by her grandmother. Jackie's mother had gone missing when she was only three years old, at least that's what her grandmother told her. She always wondered if her mother left her on purpose because of her disability. Jackie's world was the total opposite of Trina's, her life outside of her grandmother's house was a nightmare. She was always picked on and punished by the kids in the neighborhood on her way home from school. Her nickname was "PRETTY DUMB" because of the obvious reasons.

When Jackie turned nine years old her grandmother passed away, back then there was really nowhere to put her but into a home for girls. That is where it all began, the abuse

became top shelf torture. The older girls would treat her like a rag doll every chance they got. She was beaten everyday kicked and at times spat on. They would take her food away from her tray and throw it down on the floor. A young food server even put some cleaning chemicals inside of her juice and she drank it. The guard's got to her in time but she was never the same after that event. Jackie began to fight everybody and anybody. She never won but she was giving it her all. The guard's had to isolate her for her own safety at that point. She was placed in a spacious room by herself with a lot of old toys and four twin size beds. Child welfare was not able to provide the correct needs of a deaf and mute child at the time so they just locked her up. It was here that she learned that she didn't need people, they were evil and mean anyway.

When Jackie turned eleven years old, a girl named Naomi came to the facility and moved into the same room with her. Naomi was a fifteen year old white girl that was also deaf and mute. She was sent to the girl's home in the early morning hours of the night. She had set fire to a house while the entire family was inside of it asleep. The family made it out in time to find Naomi standing in front of their home watching their house burn. The house was home to a teenaged boy who was the leader of a group that had tormented Naomi for years. The family didn't give a damn why she did it. They pressed charges and she was placed in custody. Her mother argued the fact that her daughter had something similar to a mental breakdown due to the treatment she suffered at the hands of the teenage boy and his friends. Naomi's mother began to advocate for all of the deaf and mute children across

the state of Illinois.

The first week of Naomi being at the facility, Jackie kept her distance. She had always stayed in the bed or would look out of the window into the country of the rural part of Illinois. Naomi's mother brought her books, drawing utensils and a television to the girl's home. When Naomi turned on the T.V. Jackie immediately became attentive to the screen. They laughed and watched the T.V. together for hours. Naomi was waiting for Jackie to speak so that she could feel her out and read her lips but Jackie never did.

The next day Naomi wrote on a piece of paper her name and passed it along to Jackie. Jackie wrote her name and passed the piece of paper back to Naomi and their conversation began. Naomi saw Jackie's lips move and not make a visible word when she had said her name. Naomi signed Jackie's name and Jackie signed "Yes."

"You can't talk"? Naomi signaled

"No" Jackie responded in sign language and then hung her head low. Naomi raised Jackie's chin and signaled to her

"Me neither! Can you hear?" Naomi expressed.

I can hear music! Signaled Jackie.

"Me too!" Jackie and Naomi stayed up all night long. They talked about how the world was unfair to them because they could relate to each other's pain. When Naomi started to talking about boys, Jackie was at a lost. She had no clue about boys.

From that day forward, Naomi started acting like a big sister to Jackie. Naomi helped Jackie with her word signals and started to teach her how to read lips. Naomi's father owned his own construction company so she got the best

education that she could get with her disabilities. She had her mother send her lesson plans from her early years so that she could teach Jackie everything that she had learned. Time was passing by smoothly. Jackie was becoming very fluent with her sign language and learning more and more words. They both were comfortable in their little world away from the everyday torture of people that didn't understand them. They didn't choose to be the way that they were they were just playing the hand that they were dealt.

Overtime Jackie noticed that Naomi would space off and be distant at times. She thought that Naomi was just missing her family and offered kind words of comfort that was received by Naomi with a fake smile and a weak hug. They both were beaten down with torment from the cruelty of the world but Naomi would show Jackie just how easy it would be to end the pain of mockery and rejection.

Two days Before Naomi was to be released, Jackie found her hanging from a water pipe that ran high along the wall in the bathroom. The hanging made all of the national news and Naomi's mother took full advantage of the media. She blamed society for her daughter's death because they failed to offer proper help and understanding to the deaf and mute. "They are still our children. They were born with defects that need special attention and we just turned our backs on them." She was quoted and placed on the front page of the Chicago Sun Times. Over her ten year fight for deaf and mute children, she brought change to Chicago's public transportation system and financial assistance for ones with disabilities but she couldn't change the harshness of the little monsters that were still there making the world of the disabled a living nightmare.

For years Jackie thought about Naomi's last lesson to her: There is always a way out but she would also hear her grandmother's old saying. "Baby you have to be strong because the weak don't survive!" That little phrase kept her strong for many years to come. Jackie was released when she was eighteen. The state got her an apartment in a nice neighborhood. They put her in a life skills class and gave her a disability check every month so that she could pay her bills. She was re-introduced to the world a very beautiful young lady. Men would approach her with smiles and wondering eyes when she would go to the store or even just for a walk, but would turn away or even laugh at her when she began to use her sign language. The world moved too fast for her, she felt as helpless as ever. Until the day she met Derrick, Trina's father.

Derrick was a street hustler. He sold anything that he could in order to get by. Jackie thought 'No Man' would pay any attention to her but when approached by Derrick he didn't run away like the rest. Jackie walked with him reluctantly, found some stairs and sat down with him. She passed notes to him like Naomi had taught her and Derrick asked and answered questions right along with her. When he found out that she had her own place, he fell right into hustle mode.

Derrick was homeless and a roof over his head with a gorgeous girl was a treat that he was not going to pass up. He gave Jackie all of the attention she needed. Derrick moved in within a matter of days and Jackie was elated to have him there. Derrick was a pure charmer and he wasn't bad looking either. He was a 25 year old slender Latino man with a nice build. His body was chiseled from a combination of good genes and a lack of daily healthy meals. Derrick showed

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Jackie the life that she only saw on television in the girl's home. They took walks, he keep her laughing and they really enjoyed each other's company. Jackie experienced her first kiss and sex session with Derrick. Naomi had told her before what it was like and how it felt but the words did it no justice. Jackie instantly loved sex.

One day derrick was watching Soul Train and Jackie was cleaning their small apartment with just her panties and bra on. Jackie was about five feet two and weighed in at somewhere around the one hundred thirty pound range. She had some full C cup breast that fit perfectly into a man's hands. Her body was flawless, soft as cotton and as smooth as silk. Her ass and thighs were truly a blessing sent from up above. Her ass jingled with seduction in every step she took as if it was battery operated.

Jackie entered the bedroom and noticed Derrick watching with pure lust in his eyes. She saw how seductively the women swayed their hips and popped their asses but she wasn't impressed. She turned up the T.V. so she could feel the bass in the music and gave him a private very nice and very exclusive dance. She remembered the moves that Naomi had taught her in the home and applied them to her tasteful sex tease.

Naomi's body was one of her ways to combat the evil that the boys poured on her. She was the boy's sex playground for years and learned the art of strip tease very well. Jackie moved to the music like she was a porn star, flirting and at the same time pooping her pussy inches from Derrick's face. Her soft ass seemed to melt in his lap as she grinded on top of him with her back pressed against his chest. She could feel

the pace of his breathing begin to increase in its speed so she spun around, dropped to her knees and freed the log that was trapped in his pants and licked it like a Popsicle. Long wet licks from the rim to the tip made Derrick's toes curl. She stood, leaving his dick standing straight up and continued her campaign for the sexier woman.

Derrick grabbed his dick and stroked it with a purpose as he rubbed and squeezed her Charmin soft ass with his free hand. The song had stopped but the show had just started. He pulled her panties toward the floor and she stepped out of them. Derrick turned her around so that her back was toward him and guided her down onto his rock hard waiting dick. She eased herself on to Derrick with a grimace but sat all the way down on the dick. She grabbed the arms of the chair for balance and started her ride.

Derrick watched the recoil of her ass with the stare of a hungry lion looking at a gazelle from behind tall grass. He was so turned on by Jackie's sex appeal that he was trying to make his dick come out through her mouth with every stroke that he was giving her, but Jackie rode the dick like a true champion bull rider. Derrick grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and slowed the ride. He guided her from the tip of his dick to the top of his balls very slow and then he concentrated. She looked over her shoulders at him with sheer pleasure in her eyes and gave up her control. She felt his dick stiffen a little more and felt his grip sink into her ass cheeks. She closed her eyes because she knew what was to be next. Derrick came in her with a burst of energy that nearly made her jump off of him, but she took the pleasure with the pain as one and let him pound her pussy however he pleased.

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A couple of days later, after a few days of persuasion, Derrick got Jackie to audition to be an exotic dancer at the Foxy Lady. Mike, the owner of the club loved Jackie. He was an obese man with pale skin and with what seems to be a breathing problem, which was probably because of the bush of hairs in his nostrils. He was as slimy as the tongue that sat on his bottom lip all of the time.

Jackie didn't have to talk to shake that beautiful young ass that she had. Shit! Mike thought that it would be better that she didn't talk and hired her on the spot. She really didn't want to dance but it made Derrick happy. Tricks flocked to her and money flooded the stage whenever she performed. Suddenly the world didn't care about her curse, which made her embrace the life even more. Men couldn't get enough of her. She started doing private shows with men that Derrick told her to do. She was enjoying the feelings of being this wanted and seeing how happy the money was making Derrick only added a plus to her already found stardom. She was making Six to seven hundred on weekdays at the club.

Slowly Derrick started to return to his old self. D-roc was re-emerging from Derrick. He started back banging heroin, (the drug that crashed his world a little over a year ago). D-roc was going back to the demon that Jackie had awakened. The private dances changed from being private dances to all out sex for money. D-roc made everything possible for Jackie to be safe in any situation by being present at all of the set up sessions, but the ugliness of the world would soon peer down on her and show her that everyone has demons in their closet. Whatever the trick wanted, D-roc would let

them do for a flat price. One day a trick told her to cock her leg up on a chair and he laid on the floor between her legs. He told her to piss all over him while he masturbated. When she refused, D-roc beat her with his belt until she assumed the position and did as she was told. Another trick made her strap on a dildo and fuck him while D-roc beat him with brutal punches to the head and rib cages.

The more money they made, the more drugs would find their way into the veins of D-roc. Jackie was now living in fear of D-roc. He was a man that she didn't recognize anymore. No more tenderness and understanding came from Derrick. D-roc now ruled with an iron fist. Jackie was getting no sleep between dancing and working. The streets became her place of business while she was being sucked into a whirlwind of evil. Jackie did whatever D-roc asked of her because she loved him. She found herself working a whore stroll with Bobcat.

Bobcat was a nicely built prostitute that had been working the streets for years. She was also a heroin addict. Bobcat had known D-roc for years and when she saw he was on his way up, she hopped on for the ride. Bobcat and Jackie were turning two for one specials all day on the stroll and they were making a killing for D-roc. The other hoes started to hate and introduced Jackie to crack. Her life started to go downhill from that point. By the time she finally had looked up at herself she was addicted to crack, pregnant and alone.

Someone found D-roc's body in a dumpster with his throat cut from ear to ear. In the streets the word was that he owed Angelo one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a gambling debt and that Angelo had finally come to collect.

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Jackie found a shelter that helped her get her life back together and she closed the door on the world once again. The only reason she kept Trina was because she wanted to have a piece of Derrick with her forever but when Trina was born Jackie saw nothing of Derrick in her. She wasn't even sure if Derrick was Trina's father and the thought of that gave birth to the hate that she displayed to Trina every day of her young life.