

Chapter One



I never understood why my mother didn't abort my ass. She was fourteen years old having a baby, by her pimp, a grown ass man that she had met two years before while she was running away. She was a damn child, my father was too old to be her boyfriend, let alone her pimp. Moms was fourteen years old, having a baby by a twenty-year-old man, a man that used her to sell her body on the streets. From what I was told by my grandmother Ann, whom I met for the first time at the age of thirteen, my mother ran away because her brother had been molesting her. Yes, her real brother, her mother's only son. He was caught by their mother and sent to juvenile hall where he committed suicide. My mother left Detroit Michigan at the age of twelve, and settled in with my father and his dysfunctional ass family and never went back. She returned to Detroit on December 23rd, 1998, in a wood box, deceased at the age of twenty-six. A week before her twenty seventh birthday, DEAD! Murdered in cold blood by her husband, pimp, baby daddy, the father of her eight children, my father. My grandmother Ann had assumed that her daughter was already dead. My mother never called home or contacted anyone that they knew and all efforts to find her had been unsuccessful. My grandmother knew nothing about my father, hell, my mom didn't know him before she ran off. Grandma Ann lived for many years thinking my mom may have been kidnapped, fifteen years of pure agony thinking all her children were dead. All the time my mother was alive in another state being used and abused, having baby after baby, taking beating after beating. Then Ann gets a call from the Alameda County Coroner's Office and was sent a picture to identify her child who she hadn't seen since she was twelve years old. Ann was told the story of her daughter's murder but was hit with a bigger whammy. Ann needed to get to California to assume custody of eight grandchildren that she never even knew existed. I can only imagine the overwhelming feelings that this woman had. All in all, she

knuckled the fuck up, came to California and handled her business like the true queen that she is. You wouldn't know my grandmother and I had never met until I was thirteen unless I told you. She poured all the love that she had in her heart into all eight of us bad ass kids. Even if we were all fucked up from living foul for so many years, she tried to show and teach us better. She never gave up! I respect Ann for that, at least we didn't get split up and moved around in foster care. My little brother Frank Jr. and I both been to juvenile hall before, but that was no fault of Ann's. That was us being rebellious and dumb ass teenagers. Me following in the footsteps of my mother and my brother doing what he'd been taught by our father. I was stealing, fighting and being promiscuous, my brother Frank Jr. who goes by the nickname Nitty, had killed our neighbor when he was fifteen. But getting it out of a bitch was really my brother's thing. Fucking with Nitty wasn't nothing going but pimping and hoeing.

Now I gotta go back to the beginning before I can get to the real about my mom, my dad, Grandma Ann, Frank Jr. or myself. If I didn't you wouldn't understand! Let's start with my crazy ass parents, who met on a greyhound bus bound for Chicago Illinois. My father claims my mom lied about her age; my mother swore until the day that she died that she didn't. The story I got was, moms stole some money from Grandma Ann and copped a ticket to Chicago. She was supposed to be going to stay with her older cousin Danielle who had moved there from Detroit a few months before. My mother admits she was always faster than most of the girls her age. It may have been because my uncle was already fucking her with his nasty ass. Nevertheless, my mother didn't dress or carry herself like a twelve-year-old girl. She was a little advanced project chic from the D, thick as hell with a bad ass shape, high yellow light skinned with a pretty ass face. She kept her hair and nails done and wore tight ass jeans. That big ass booty switching down the aisle of that bus was sure to catch Frank's eye. I heard the bus was crowded and my dad moved all his bags out of the seat to let my mother sit next to him. I guess it was love at first sight, or pimp at first bite, because moms made it to Chicago, but she never contacted Danielle. My mom told us that she had lost Danielle's number before she arrived, so my dad rented her a hotel room because she was stranded. She told my dad she was

scared to stay by herself, so he stayed the night with her. YEAH RIGHT! They must've fucked on the first night, because my dad was there for his cousin's funeral, and my mom attended it with him. Two days later she was his girlfriend and back on the greyhound bus again. This time on her way to the Golden State with a California dream. Yep! With a man she only knew for three days. I heard he was all nice and sweet to her, until they got to Oakland and had no money left. It was at that point, my bitch ass father Frank Banks Sr. put her ass to work out there on the streets. I know she was scared because my dad was a big ass dude. He was tall and stocky with some gigantic ass hands. He was light skinned with a reddish skin tone, kind of like an Indian. He kept a mean ass look on his face and his eyes were scary. They were green with a cold dim glare, looking into them was like staring into glass. Pure evil. My mother got to Frank's house and two hoes were already living there. See, my granny Deb was an ex-hoe turned pimp. She was a tiny lady, short, slim and looked to be half white. Granny Deb was light as hell, but you knew she was black when she opened her mouth, she was loud and ghetto as fuck. She was a straight hustler though, she pimped hoes, sold crack, weed and pills. She was also gay as hell, she kept her a bitch, a nice apartment and a clean ass whip. Granny Deb was off the hook, she talked big shit and pistol packed so she could back her shit up too. Nobody fucked with this crazy lady, not even my dad. She let my mom live with them as long as she kept my dad out of her way. And like my granny Deb always said about my mama "That Pretty Lil Bitch Gets Money". My mom was selling ass, so she was giving Deb cash. I can't believe nothing other than that.

I think my dad had something to prove to granny Deb, so he worked my mom like a horse. And he'd beat the shit out of her when she fucked up or even said anything wrong. Even after we were born, if she called him Frank that was her ass. She would get slapped, bent over and fucked, sodomized, or made to stand in the corner like a kid holding one leg up. He did it while we were standing right there too, he didn't give a fuck. He'd make her suck his dick whenever he wanted to no matter who was around. My dad would whoop her with belts and make her say shit like: "I'm sorry daddy". She better always call and refer to him as daddy or big daddy. He just liked to be hard

on her so he could gain respect as a real pimp from his mother. Then he started using drugs and went crazy on us all. He used to beat the shit out of my mother and us, we were all scared of his ass. Whenever he didn't have any money for his dope, he would kick our asses. He used to lock us in the closet and leave us in there for hours. Imagine eight children in a small ass closet, and two of them were little shitty ass babies. Nobody got a Frank Nitty beat down like my mother though. I'll never forget the day I knew for sure that my dad would ultimately be the cause of my mother's death. I'll never forget this day, because it was also the day my father changed my life forever and erased my innocence. My dad had started pimping my mom out to one of our weird Mexican neighbors. I guess the man wanted a threesome, so my dad had this lady friend that was supposed to help mom with the neighbor. Well, this lady didn't come, or the man didn't like how she looked, cause mom had to find another chic. A thousand dollars was on the line, and she needed to get that money because Frank was a crazy nigga about his money and drugs. My mom had me and Frank Jr. walk with her to E.14th Street so she could go find another hoe for the job. As we were walking out of the gate of our apartments, that nasty muthafucka yelled out of his window to my mom "WHY NOT HER". My mother instantly got mad as hell because he was referring to me, her six-year-old daughter. She cussed him the fuck out and refused the date. My father was gone and wasn't answering his 9-1-1 page from my mom. My mother was crazy about her kids, she may have been a dumb hoe to my father, but she took good care of us. She took ass whooping's for our fuck ups too. My mom had been fucked and coerced to do a lot of nasty shit to her molesting ass brother, she wasn't for no bullshit like that. She wasn't doing anything sexual with no damn kids.

Now you would think since I was pimping ass Frank's daughter, that would be the neighbor's ass for even asking. NOPE! Not Frank Nitty Treat Em Shitty. My dad got home and beat my mom's ass naked outside in front of all our neighbors. He beat her bad for not somehow someway getting that money for his ass. As my mother lay bleeding naked and unconscious on the ground, my dad grabbed me by the arm and led me away. He walked me straight over to that nasty ass Mexican neighbor's door. When the dude answered the door, my

dad yelled "THIS ONE IS TWO THOUSAND, NO PENETRATION, TO DEVIRGINIZE YOU GOTTA GIVE ME FIVE GEES!" Now I was only six years old, I didn't know what was going on at the time, but I was being sold. I knew not to ever defy my dad or my ass whooping would be brutal. He always whooped us girls harder and longer, HELL, even more frequently than he did the boys. I just stood there waiting for my instructions. That nasty muthafucka told my dad that he would have the money in an hour. Sure enough, later that day I was being marched back over there by my father. The man handed him an envelope and my dad said, "ONE HOUR MUTHAFUCKA". Then my dad pushed me through the threshold of that man's door and left me with the man who violated me for the first time. I can't remember everything he did or had me do to him. Because honestly, I've tried to block that shit out of my mind, but I can't though, I still remember. He was nasty, the things he did to me made me sick to my stomach. That shit made me hate my dad for leaving me there and made me hate his Mexican ass for touching on me. He licked all over my six-year-old body, he rubbed his nasty musty ass body all over mines. He made me lick on him and taught me how to suck his fish smelling uncircumcised dick. He nudded all over me and made me rub that nasty slimy ass shit all over my body. He didn't care how hard I cried; he did what he wanted to do to me.

I was so scared, I kept looking towards the window for my dad to be standing there. I wanted my dad to hear me crying so he would bust in this man's house and save me. But he wasn't there, my dad wasn't coming, his ass was the one that had left me there. Alone and scared. Scared that I better do exactly what I was told, or my dad would whoop my ass. Scared that the stuff this man was doing to me would never end. He laid me on his bed and pulled my pants off. He was talking to me in Spanish and in English, I couldn't understand a word he was saying. I felt so emotional, all I could do was cry. He turned me on my stomach and started licking my butt hole. Then the moment came, he slid his finger in my tight little six-year-old coochie, I screamed to the top of my lungs. I knew all the neighbors heard me, why wasn't anyone coming to save me. Why didn't my dad hear me? Why did he leave me there for that man to hurt me? I know he heard me screaming and crying, why wasn't he coming to kick this man's

ass? When that nasty muthafucka turned me over, I seen blood on my leg. I was in so much pain from him poking his finger in and out of my body, but he still wouldn't stop. He climbed on top of me and started moving his body up and down. He kept poking my little coochie with something hard and wet. He kept taking his dirty ass fingers and trying to pry my little pooch open, he just wouldn't stop. He was a small man, about 5ft and 150 pounds, but he was strong. Shit, I was a six-year-old little girl, he was strong as hell to me. I couldn't wiggle out of his grip. And I'll never forget his teeth, he looked like a Jack-O-Lantern, and his breath was funky, it smelled like sour milk. He was musty and hairy as fuck, so hairy that him rubbing on my body irritated my skin. It felt like I had road rash all over my body. Poke after poke, he was trying to kill me is all that I thought. He kept telling me to stop crying because he had paid good money for me. I was only six years old, and he was raping me. Raping me and trying to make me feel bad for him not getting his money's worth. I was scared he'd tell my dad and I would be in trouble like my mom. Maybe he would kill me. My dad used to always choke us out and threaten to kill us, maybe this would be my time. I had seen what he had done to my mom earlier that day, the whole neighborhood seen it. I can only imagine what was in store for me if this man told my dad I did something wrong. I couldn't stop crying but at some point, I remember I just laid there and let him do what he was doing. I couldn't resist any longer, no one was coming to help me. I just pretended I was somewhere else, anywhere other than in that man's house feeling that pain.

I did everything the man told me to do so I wouldn't get my ass beat by my dad. That nasty muthafucka was having so much fun with me, he must've went over his time. My dad was outside screaming and beating on his door, and I was glad as hell. My dad was knocking on his window, and beating on the door but this dude wouldn't stop touching me. Finally, he stopped and wrapped me in a towel and went to answer the door. I was standing in his hallway, and I could see my dad, I yelled, "Daddy please stop him from hurting me!". Bitch ass Frank ignored me and kept talking shit to the dude. He grabbed the dude by the neck and said, "Another thousand or imma call the police". He gave my dad some more money and asked could

he get another nut off; and my dad left me again. Next thing I know, my mom was on his porch getting her ass beat again by my dad. She was banging on the door and yelling for the neighbors to call the police. I was screaming for her, and she was screaming for me. I started fighting that man hard to get him off me, I bit him as hard as I could, and he let me up. My mom was still banging on his door and screaming, and my dad was still beating her ass, all on the man's porch. She kept screaming for the neighbors to call the police, but our neighbors weren't shit. Not one of them dirty roach and rat having muthafuckas were about shit. Most of the chic's that lived there had fucked my dad or let him pimp them out before. The niggas in the building feared Frank's loser ass, and the older people just minded their business. The whole apartment complex on 75th Avenue was scared of Mr. Frank Nitty Treat Em Shitty. When the man finally let me out of his house, I was so glad, my mom just kept crying and hugging me. She gave me a bath and cried the whole time. Sometime later that same evening, my dad was outside beating the shit out of the man that he had let rape me. Frank broke every window out in that man's apartment, he even had his friend hold the Mexican man at gunpoint. They were demanding more money from the dude. To this day I don't know what really happened, or why my dad beat dude down like that. He was the heartless muthafucka that sold my ass to that nasty muthafucka. The nasty muthafucka he kept selling me to, every Saturday for an hour. My dad even brought me back to 75th Ave to sell me to the man when we moved way to the projects in West Oakland. So, you let this muthafucka rape your daughter from the age of six to about ten for money. Money that you shoved up your nose, shot up your arm, or smoked on your pipe, money that you could never seem to ever get enough of. Granny Deb told me that the Mexican man moved because my dad was blackmailing him and kept threatening to call the police. What a fucking joke Frank! Your ass was never calling the police, you just needed more drug money. You'd let that man fuck me now if you could, you dirty dog bitch you. But shit, I was hella glad his nasty ass moved away, he had just started putting his fingers inside my asshole. That shit was more painful than the day he shoved a big, long ass dildo up my eight-year-old pussy. Deb never liked the fact that Frank sold me, but she never put a stop to it,

she just talked shit to my dad. I mean, she would make Frank stop letting people do shit to me. One time I told granny Deb about the nasty Mexican man making me drink his cum out of a cup. She went the fuck off on my dad and Frank told that muthafucka no more of that nasty ass shit. He couldn't cum on me or make me play with it anymore or that was going to be his ass.

Shit, I was glad I didn't have to service his nasty ass anymore. He made me throw up, trying to make me drink nasty ass nut and having me play with that sticky shit. I hated his nasty ass. To be truthful though, I didn't even know he was hella nasty at first. As I got older, I realized he was sick and so was my fucking dad. I hated both of them sick muthafuckas. But him moving didn't stop my dad from making extra money from selling me. He must've met another nasty, sick muthafucka. Around my eleventh birthday he bought me a nice sexy panty and bra set. My dumb ass thought my dad was finally being nice and treating me to a special gift for my birthday. NOPE! Not Frank! I was wrong about him like always. He told me not to wear it until Saturday because I was going somewhere special. Yeah right! SPECIAL! Special to his muthafucking pockets. Wasn't a damn thing special to me about being dropped off to an old, wrinkled ass white man that expected to fuck me. We pulled up to this nice apartment building on Wayne Street by Lake Merritt. My dad coached me on showing my good manners and pleasing this man however he saw fit. He told me he would kill me if I fucked off this money because this dude was a millionaire. Yeah right Frank, how in the fuck did you meet a millionaire with your knock ass. My bitch ass sperm donor handed me a pack of trojan condoms and said to me "If you wanna see ya mama and nem again, you better suck and fuck this old muthafucka outta more dough!". He led me into the building and got on the elevator with me. We got off on the 3rd floor and knocked on door number 303. This old short ass wrinkled up white man opened the door. His ass was smiling from ear to ear, but his face looked like it was about to crack into a million pieces, like shattered glass. The man was frail as hell, and he walked super slow. He had a big ass nose and could barely talk. Everything he said sounded like a whisper. My dad asked the man to give him the money and the man handed Frank a stack of cash. And my dad once again, closed the door

for another muthafucka to have their way with me. I was more experienced now though, since Frank had me fucking that dirty ass Mexican already. I grabbed this old muthafucka by the hand and he led me to his living room. I did my job, all he could take was a blow job and his small ass wrinkled dick wasn't even staying hard. I sucked the shit out of his dick for all of ten minutes if that and he was gasping for air. He kind of scared the shit out of me for a minute because he was shaking and twitching like he was dying. Only a little bit of juice came out of his little dick, and he was fast asleep. I knocked his old ass out! He was snoring so I started looking around his house. I went in his room and took some jewelry out of these boxes he had. I stole two pairs of diamond earrings and a few necklaces and called home for Frank to come and get me. When I got in the car and showed my dad the gold, he was so happy I had something more than the money he'd got. I didn't show him all the jewelry though, I kept a necklace for myself and gave one to my little brother Frank Jr. I was glad that I did, I wound up having to pawn it to get my twin sister's some diapers and us some food, a year or so later. I used to wear it to school to floss on muthafuckas. But look how this day wound up playing out though. My dad took me to this barbeque spot called Everett and Jones and let me get a meal that I didn't have to share with my siblings for the first time. My dad was a scandalous bastard, the kind of nigga to buy a happy meal from McDonald's yes one happy meal and have all eight of us split that muthafucka. So yes, this meal was big to me.

As stupid as this may sound, I was having a happy moment with my father. Even if it was short lived. But by the time we got home, my mom was in trouble for not cleaning something to Frank's standards and it was on. He wound up beating her ass and yelled at all of us all night because he was mad. That was how our lives were, our house was always jumping, and it wasn't even us kids with the bullshit. It was usually bitch ass Frank on some coming off of his high tripping shit. It was eight of us kids, I was the oldest, my brother Frank Jr. was next, then came my brother Damion, my sister Angel, my brother Devon, my brother Dawan, and the twin's my baby sister's Chanell and Janell. It was total chaos and confusion, especially with the kind of parents we had. A fake ass drug addict pimp, and his humble

servant wife. By the way, my name is Joy. Well, really Eva Joy Banks, but I never knew my name was even Eva until I started going to school. Everybody always called me Joy, I even made the teachers call me Joy, my name ain't Eva shit. I heard I was named after my mother's twin sister who passed away when they were around six years old. My mother's name was Ava Jewel and her sister's name was Eva Joy. Yes, my mom gave me her sister's whole damn name. To be honest, that was all we ever knew about my mother's family until we met Grandma Ann. We knew mom had a twin sister that died, and we knew that I was named after her. That's It! That's all we ever knew. We never even knew where she was from, I ain't going to lie, I assumed she was from Oakland like my dad. Shit that's where we lived. We never had met anyone in her family, and she never talked about any of them. My molesting ass uncle's name was Eric. I heard he started touching my mom when she was like ten years old, so Aunt Eva hopefully escaped the nasty shit. She had been hit by a car and died at the age of six so hopefully he wasn't touching her way back then. My father was an only child, he had no siblings that he knew of. Granny Deb never knew who his father was, she always cracked jokes about my dad being a trick's baby. No wonder he was so fucked up. Back to us though! With eight kids in the house and a raging drug addict pimp husband, my mom never sat down. She was either cooking, cleaning, combing hair, ironing clothes or on the track hoeing. My mom was gone every night by 8pm and back home by 6am to have our breakfast ready and us kids up and out to school. One night mom came rushing in the house scared and panicking because she had been attacked by a crazy knife wielding trick. She was all bloody and in pain and my punk ass dad made her clean herself up and get back out on the track. I often wonder if my dad ever loved my mom or cared about any of us at all. He was always so coldblooded to his family. When my mom was pregnant with Angel, he put her in the hospital for a week and she almost lost the baby. The same day they let my mom out of the hospital, he had her back on the track hoeing. As the oldest child, by the time I was nine it was my duty to take care of my siblings while mom was out hoeing. This meant cooking and cleaning, bathing all of the kids and feeding and changing the twin's shitty ass diapers. Not a damn thing better go

wrong either, no fucking fire, and no loud ass noise causing attention to us being left unattended. Better not be no children hurt and everybody better be sleep by 9pm. If not, my dad was kicking my ass, Frank Jr.'s ass and my mom's ass whether she was there or not.

I tried to always be perfect, cause if we did anything wrong my mom paid dearly for it. I hated the fact that my dad treated my mom like a child. Naw, more like a fucking dog that he loved to abuse and torture. All she ever said was "Yes daddy", "I'm sorry daddy", "It'll never happen again daddy", "I'll take care of it daddy". Or what he loved to hear the most "Here's your money Big Dad". I loved the fuck out of my mother, but I hated her for kissing his ass and taking his bullshit. She was so fucking scared of that man. I used to create escape plans for us to run off on his ass, but she wouldn't even listen to me. When any of us would ask her about her family or where she was from, she would look over at bitch ass Frank and say stupid shit like "Your daddy is my family baby". That shit boiled my blood. If we would ask when he wasn't around, she would say that all her family lived far away or that they were dead. You see, we grew up thinking that all that my mother had was our bitch ass father. All my granny Deb had was one sister and a niece, my aunt Denita and my cousin Temeka. We barely seen them because they lived in Los Angeles, plus everybody hated Frank. Especially his cousin Temeka, she hated his entire existence. Temeka was a proud black woman that ran with the Black Panther Party, she hated my dad for treating his woman and kid's the way that he did. My dad didn't allow my mom to talk to Temeka at family events, she used to try and talk sense into my mother's head and Frank couldn't be having that. Temeka tried to get my mom to leave Frank and offered to help her hella times, but my mom was loyal to the soil for that red ass nigga. Now my aunt Denita was small like granny Deb, and they looked just alike, you would think they were twins. But my cousin Temeka was the opposite, she'd remind you of a light skinned version of Queen Latifah. She was pretty as fuck but you could tell her big stout ass wasn't a bitch you wanted to play with. She was super intelligent and had the heart of a lion. She carried guns and shot them off quick like a nigga okay. When Temeka found out my mom got beat just for having conversations with her, she whipped out and put a gun to my dad's

head and made him leave her mother's house. She took us home the next day, but she didn't talk to moms no more, at all. She still slid notes and money to my mom through me. But like the good servant wife my mom was, she always found a way to give Frank the money. I started keeping everything my cousin sent after a while, because we needed it more than my dad. He never did shit for us and would barely even let my mom take proper care of us. So that was the dynamic of our dysfunctional ass family, small and controllable. The only thing big about our family was Frank's ego and his army of children.