

friend request intercepted

a novel

by Angela Sherice

KARMAIC PUBLISHING

friend request intercepted

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Friend Request Intercepted ©2013

ISBN

978-1-4848164-31

Library of Congress Pre Assigned Control Number

LCCN 2010925623

p. cm.

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ISBN 978-1-4848164-31

(KARMAPUB) Angela Sherice | Also available on: iPad, iTunes, iPhone, Kindle, Nook

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United States of America

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Printed in the U.S.A

“I lay there amazed at her. Her meaning of greed, selfishness [and her claim to fame: “Control”] meant more to me now than I ever could have imagined this new revelation would be the catalyst that escalated this thing of ours to levels where her wrath and gluttony rose to heights I never would have thought could light a candle to her special brand of envy, and lust-that as a result; my sloth turned pride would take us to levels neither one of us could have anticipated.”

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Preface



I'm a writer-a serious writer, it's a gift and a privilege.
Serious writers are gifted with the talent, discipline, skill set, and
chance to not only empower, enlighten, entertain, ennoble, or
inspire; but too-write and make it right (should we feel the need to).
I felt the need to, seriously.

Acknowledgements



MY SPIRITUAL LIFE:

The close personal head of my life in the highest of all places, things, situations, circumstances, and people whom without; I have, and am nothing, that because of; I can rise above, overcome, get over, or walk through anything-all terrain.

MY WRITING LIFE:

If you've been inspired, empowered, enlightened, and/or ennobled by any of my work; I'm glad to know that it moved something in you.

If you've tended to, and read + supported any of my work; I thank and appreciate you.

If you've done all the above + put your hands where my eyes could see; then in a special kind of transparent way, you wish me well and want me to succeed-so for that: I salute and thank you-you move *me*. Because to me, that says since you take the time out to read my work, you want me to read your heart (since I can't read your mind) and because of that, I see you. I see that as routing for me in a way that not just matters to *me*-but matters and means everything to the matrix of a world outside looking and weighing in. That's solid-the highest form of appreciation of me (as a writer) that you could ever extend. It never goes unnoticed or unappreciated.

MY PERSONAL LIFE:

My deepest and most intimate thanks go out to those who were first of all: sincere, understood, believed in me, *and* believed me-who too, had the patience and gumption to stand *with* me, and be with in arms reach of me—simply by being a friend to me at all times-(even when not around me). Thank you for never questioning, gossiping, doubting, or second-guessing me from the beginning *through to this April 25th 2013 date* that I write this passage. I appreciated and needed that in so many ways that you could never understand, sometimes-that was *all* I had to hold me up when I had no hope. It brings tears to my eyes and a hanky for my heart. I can't, and will **not** forget that, or **you**. Know that...

Introduction



I knew she was trouble when I walked in.

Shame on me now.

She took me to places I'd never been...

I knew she was trouble when I walked in. But shame on who?

The first page asked me for my name, address, and email address. I answered it honestly, by revealing my real first and last name, the PO Box where I get my snail mail, and the email address that was set up for me by the college I attended.

The next page asked me to enter my nickname and a password before I could enter this room that I couldn't wait to get into. "Cinamon," I thought. Cinamon would be perfect for me—a name that described me perfectly and (later into this), took on a totally new meaning...

As for my password, I thought of something to definitely identify me *truthfully* and *honestly*, since I trusted her—because I loved her since I was a kid.

The next page showed a picture of her that was actually quite frightening. It had a pitch-black background with a line-drawing of her face (in red). Her head was kind of tilted to the side. She had a look in her eyes as if you were about to travel into deep space or something. She wasn't showing her world-renowned pretty smile, nor was she frowning. She looked...seductive and tempting-like upon entrance, there was either: good and straight, or curves and trouble ahead...

I asked myself: "How could such a beautiful woman with the prettiest, most winning and innocent smile in the entire world, take such a picture that sends something weird through you this way?" Because she looked like she was up to something sneaky and wicked—for real...

"Oh well, this *is* the Internet," I said to myself. I smiled anyways.

The next words I saw read: "CHAT ROOM" then: "ENTER" (and I did just that).

When I entered, it looked like a totally different world to me. Words! Words! Words! was all I could see. So much emotion going on: Exclamation points, bold letters, and colors. I was seeing things like: ROTFLMAO, LMAO, LMBO, brb, bbl, mym, (((Cinamon))), lol, :D ;o :o :) :) :p *looking at Cinamon* oic, *gone *dust

...and all kinds of chat lingo. Oh I stand to be corrected, they are called: "emoticons" in this world—sorry. It took me a while to catch on to this new language, and boy was it driving me crazy.

I came into the room when it was thirteen inches of snow on the ground one mid-December day. I was off from school on Christmas break, so I figured I'd have more than enough time to learn all that I didn't know and understand.

When my nickname appeared, the words before it read: "*Welcome: New User:*"

What was next? *as I shrug my shoulders and bat my lashes*

Yours truly: "{Cinamon}": ...moi.

In my own virtual world, I envisioned myself walking into a room full of strangers who stopped to speak to me and then I introduced myself. From there, we would talk about this wonderful woman who we all had in common—Janet:

"***Welcome: New User{Dunk}: authorized***"

...that's who I couldn't *wait* to see...

Although I noticed they still talked about other celebrities, the focus pretty much stayed on Janet.

"I'm Angela, but you can call me Cinamon. I'm from the Midwest, and I attend college. My major is psychology. My sign is Cancer-born in June..."

"Your sign!" I envisioned people asking me. "Yeah, Cancer is my sign." I know it sounds so 70's-stating what sign you are, but I actually look for it whenever I meet new people. I mean, I usually don't go, 'hey what's your name and what's your sign?' I have a way of finding out without having to sound so primitive you know?

The reason why astrology interests me is because it has never failed me nor proved me wrong about every single person that has come my way. I am into the personality characteristics of astrology, not the daily horoscope kinda thingy. An astrological sun, moon and rising sign is something that tells of our tendencies and probabilities, as well as certain personality characteristics.

I mean, I know there are other things that determine a person's personality such as environment and culture-which are learned, but astrology is first and innate because you are born into it. To find a rising sign, you'd have to know exactly what time you were born. To find a moon sign, you'd have to know the day and year of birth. The sun sign is the sign of the actual day you were born on, which is also like, the "core" or the front and center of who you are and what your tendencies are-your basic personality ("ego"istically). The moon sign is the sign that rules ones feminine forces, and how you "identify" yourself emotionally. The rising sign is the sign that one projects to the world mentally, emotionally, spiritually and physically-what I call "transconsciously."

Astrology is just one of those things that I do not exclude when learning new things about people. To me, you never stop learning about people-ever. I enjoy learning people and have always had a sixth sense, if you will-(about people and my surroundings).

As my own personal rule, I never discount anything that is possibly insightful when trying to get to know and learn someone. I use astrology to have a better understanding of myself, just as I have an understanding of that a part of my makeup that has to do with my upbringing; my environment and my experiences. One has to understand that a lot of what astrology speaks about is that of the "unevolved" person (which is where the negative traits and lists of things about the astrological sign are listed that could "break" the owner of it).

The "evolved" person is what astrology is speaking about when positive traits and lists of things about the astrological sign are listed that could "make" the owner of it.

One has to fully understand that astrology only tells of ones tendency and what's probable; it does not necessarily tell your future-that is the misconception, which is part of the reason why astrology got its bad name. That is the reason why people call it the devils work and that is untrue. God is the only entity that knows and could foresee ones future. You and I (because of our own free will) make the final decision as to whether or not we will evolve and play on the positive aspects of astrology or not evolve and play on the negative aspects of it.

Anyways. I wrote a 3-book series of books on interpersonal relationships/experiences that a woman went through with the people in her life and they are rather interesting. It describes experiences that the young woman had gone through that led her to become "sophisticated" in life-about life-people, love-all that...The prequel deals with childhood, adolescent and adulthood experiences, and the readers are able to follow her throughout her life to see how she handled opposite sex relationships and determine whether her upbringing and experiences led her from innocence to

naïveté' to sophistication. The outcome is rather interesting.

Of course, I wouldn't even be me if I didn't squeeze in an Astrology book-written so that it gets the respect it deserves. In the meantime, I tend to refer to it because I've always been into it since I was a kid, so pardon me if it catches you off-guard. Once you begin to know me you'll understand...

Anyways, every one that has read my work so far has told me that they found themselves in one or both of the books in some way or another, which was the goal of the books when I wrote them, so that makes me feel good.

I am a lover of poetry, literature, and my number one love is music. Music to me is a type of subconscious poetry. I've always loved music since before I can remember and have always been able to interpret every song's meaning since I was a kid. I was one of those children who was wise beyond my years, 'done been here before' 'had an old soul,' as the old folks would say.

As for why I am here? Well, I've always been a fan of Janet since I was a little kid. I wonder if she ever comes to this chat room, does she?"

...is what I envisioned myself saying to all these people in this chat room staring at me-the "**New User**" named **{Cinamon}**. But instead, all they said to me was:

"(((((((Cinamon))))))))) hey!" I frowned :(

My response was: "Hey I'm Cin checkin' in from Ohio!"

Everybody stopped their strange language and turned to me and said once again: "(((((((Cinamon))))))))) from Ohio, hey!"

"How rude!" I thought. But I figured I'd better move myself to the back of the room and just watch the script— to see if, and how, and where I would fit in (that was called "lurking"). But before I did so, I had to ask, *I had to*:

"I wonder if she ever comes to this chat room, does she?"

"Yes, yes she does-a lot too. This is her private, but official room. You only come here by way of her CD's liner notes-for her true friends and fans," said another chatter.

That made me happy. I couldn't *wait* to see for myself...

For the first month, I had gotten to know some of the regular chatters and we would get familiar with one another's zodiac sign and all. Some people would be in there talking about their personal lives while others would be in there talking about Janet, Rene (Janet's boyfriend) her dancers, as well as other celebrities. I would be laughing and watching the script from the back of the room (lurking), but also learning things that I didn't know or things that sort of interested me.

"This could be fun," I thought, if only I could catch on to the lingo! I mean—the "emoticons," and what they meant. That still confused me since day one.

One thing I did learn for a sure fact was that when Janet and/or her entourage (her boyfriend, the "Control Panel," her chat room employees, her assistants, or one of the other dancers) would enter the room, the word "**authorized**" would follow their name. They were the only ones privy to have "**authorized**" behind their names-to identify their association with Janet for when they would come in and talk to the fans. They frequented the room quite often (from what I was told by the other chatters). And too, they used various nicknames as well-normal nicknames, without the word "authorized" behind it. I heard they would do this to trick people, and Janet was *notorious* for doing it too...

When using their “**authorized**” names, I learned that Janet’s boyfriend (Rene) used the nickname “Tricky,” her lead male dancer (Rob Vinson) was “Wiserr,” her lead female dancer (Shawnette Heard) was “Butta” or “Bucky,” her choreographer/other lead dancer (Tina Landon) was “LaSleepy.” The woman who monitored and worked the chat room script from behind the screen used her real name as her nickname: “Louisa” (“LV” for short, I later learned)...

The guy who worked with LV used his real name as well: “Rix” (short for Ricardo). Janet’s “**authorized**” chat nickname was “Dunk,” and *that* was who I was *jumpy* to see...

In the meantime, the rest would do. Rob (“Wiserr”) especially. I thought he was kinda cute.

During the whole month, I would see Wiserr and Tricky a whole lot. They were both nice. I never met Rob in person, but I did meet Rene some years ago at one of her concerts in my city- right before she was due on stage.

My friend Posh would go to see all Janet’s concerts with me. She was like the only friend of mine I could enjoy seeing Janet with.

Rene was standing over by the backstage gate with a big guy who had caught my friend’s attention: “*Angie! Angie! I hope you aint playin, I hope we are in our right seats ‘cause those two guys with the security passes around their necks are over there staring at us, and they keep looking over here!*”

I ignored her because she was sitting, and I was standing and dancing; having a great time, pretending I was a rapper just like the female rapper who was performing on stage at the very moment. Posh started kicking my leg and complaining again: “*I think they are about to check tickets, I hope we are in our right seats. Girl I hope you aint lying just to get these seats near the stage!*” she said once again. With my eyes squinted, I stopped jamming to the rapper and looked over to my right at these “ticket checkers.”

“You aint a Janet fan! That’s her boyfriend! I’m about to revoke your fan club membership!” I said. We laughed. I gave Rene eye-contact and yelled: “COME HERE!”

He and the big guy he was standing next to were both trying to figure out which one I was talking to. I continued to pretend I was a rapper like the female MC, thinking that Rene would figure out it was him I was talking to (duhhh). A few minutes later, I looked over to my right again and he was still standing there looking stupid. “You!” I pointed forcefully. “You are the one I am talking to.” He stepped away from the big guy and pointed to himself- *just* to be sure. “Yes you!” I demanded. He made his way over to where Posh and I were sitting. We he arrived, I made a joke to him about how Posh thought they were seat checking security guards. He laughed and asked me if I was enjoying myself. I told him yeah, but I couldn’t wait until Janet came out. He giggled and took a seat in front of us. The three of us chit chatted about nothing-while watching the female MC perform my faves.

The park wasn’t very crowded yet, and there were a lot of empty seats. We could still hear each other and carry on a normal conversation while the rapper was doing her thing, so the three of us sat there shooting the breeze a while longer.

“Oh I almost forgot, let me get your autograph will you?” I giggled the trite line.

“Sure, sure” he said. He looked almost surprised, and gave me a really sarcastic look as if to say, “Why do you want *my* autograph?” My friend handed him a pen that exploded in his hand, while I was busy searched for a piece of paper from my purse. He had on a cream-colored outfit, which after the pen exploded, made us feel like two lil’ dirty girls dressed in jeans and dark shirts-next to his expensive crisp white shirt and slacks that he could have gotten

ink on. I felt bad, so I apologized. "That's ok. Um, let me go wash this off alright?" he said. "I'm really sorry, ugh so sorry," I apologized again. "No, it's-it's really ok, I just need to go wash this off and I'll come back to sign it for you," he assured me.

"Okay thanks," I responded, knowing he wasn't going to come back out.

By this time, the female rapper had been done with her show, and they were setting up for Janet. He came...right back out, I was shocked. This time he had his own (clean) pen. I pulled out that paper I had eventually retrieved from the bottomless pit of my purse. He signed it and stated that he had to go back to help out with some things. As he walked away, some people in the area started asking me who he was. I was looking at them the way I looked at my friend Posh when she thought he was a security guard [slash] ticket checker. He could hardly make it back to the backstage gate without people all-of-a sudden asking for his autograph and to take pictures with him. He signed a few, but kept saying how he had to hurry and get back behind stage. The mob was about to begin. We were laughing because he looked stressed out. He looked back at us and sort of rolled his eyes as if to say: "*look what the hell y'all got started.*" I pointed at him, lifted my shoulders and laughed. It was cute. Actually, he was kind of happy to be noticed.

A few minutes later, Janet came on. We learned we didn't have great seats after all because we had to stand up in our seats to see her, but it was great anyways.

Towards the end of the concert, I had seen Rene a few times walking around (signing more autographs), and right behind us, I heard someone ask him if they could get some pictures of him. He stated that he had to get backstage (again) and in a hurry. "What a bummer!" I said to Posh because I was going to ask him the same thing. Fuck it.

I reached behind me and tapped him on the shoulder to gesture that I wanted to get a picture with him. "*Sure! But you'll have to follow me down by the gate,*" he whispered in my ear over the loud crowd. We followed his lead.

When we got down there, we were trying to decide on a pose while my friend and I were giggling. I was cheesing like a twelve year-old kid. My jaws were tightly stuffed as Posh snapped the picture. We then shook hands and went our separate ways...

Posh and I got to see Janet perform her very last song: "Because of Love," and although we didn't meet her, we had a great time anyways.

Now here it is, years later and I'm back in her atmosphere again; this time hoping to meet *her*.

I had chatted with Rob quite a few times and he seemed real cool. This Aries was in the room almost every day it seemed like. Every time he would come in, the room would fill up with everybody coming out of lurk, and I could hardly get a word in edgewise. He would send down silly pictures of frogs and write in big letters to make everybody laugh and wonder how he did it. Other times he would post pictures of his [arrogant Aries self], and all the girls in the room would go crazy! One day-out of the blue-he dropped down his email addy (addy=address-I'm catching on). I wrote it down and dropped him this line:

From: xxxx@email.ux.edu

To: xxxx@hotmail.com

Date: Tue, 20 Dec

Subject: Janet

Hey Wiserr this is Cinamon from chat. My real name is Angela.

Chat, I don't think I like it man, because I'm having a hard time trying to keep up! But I do think it is good that you come in as much as you do. It gives her fans some sense of normalcy. (She should pay you a little more...lol...) I know she's probably sleeping, but when she's not busy, tell her that Cinamon says "hi"-and she needs to get on out here when I'm here okay? I'm tired of waiting! Seriously, tell her...LoL. Thanks.

He never replied to the email, so the next time he came into the chat room, I posted this question to him-to see if would get his attention, a rise, and a response from him (being a smartass): “*Hey Rob Vinson Wiserr, when you guys are done touring with Janet do you still hang out or does she just get back with you in the next four years or so when she needs you?*” (Thinking about Janet being a Taurus and how Taurus’s can be such users that’ll use your ass up for “purposes”), I laughed to myself. I repeated the question, and he still did not respond, although he was still in chat. I went on and left him alone to all the other chatters jumping all over him while I sat back in my comfortable black Futon chair, listening to my music from the CD Rom just-lurking...

I liked to lurk sometimes. It was cool because you could lurk as long as you wanted to without having to log on to announce (or reveal) your presence-no one would have to ever have to know you were there (lurking). But if you saw someone you wanted to want to talk to, you could log on and just beam down into the room and talk. I thought that was pretty slick and something that later on-happened a lot (when I would log in)...

The next day or so, I was in-chatting with some people. Rob came down after I did and out of the blue-posted his number: “310-786-XXXX” then logged out. Talk of the room was that some chatter had posted *his* own phone number, and Rob along with his fiancé Tina (Janet’s choreographer/Tina Landon) had called him. So when Rob posted *his* number, I wrote it down and called. I left a message telling him that it was me-Cinamon-the one from chat, telling him to tell Janet to get up in that chat room-for “I hadn’t the time to wait” (I joked).

I mentioned a few things about myself and what it is I do-so as to let him know I wasn’t just some crazed fan and that I was just being a smartass when I asked that question about Janet hanging out with them post-tour (or no). Hell, I’m a writer, by whatever means handy, I was trying to get my name out there to the right people. The grind doesn’t stop-at any time. So I hoped that he would deliver the message I sent him-to her one day while they were on the tour bus or whatever (if her persnickety ass even rode the bus with them), I giggled to myself and thought. (LoL).

I felt sorry for the one girl who was zigadeebooo crazy over poor Rob above any of the other girls in the room. I thought he was cute-but that’s it. She wanted him *for real* man, and I mean *baaaadd*. Her nickname was “Sweetiepie” hailing from South Carolina, and man she would k.i.l.l to have that boys’ number! I was laughing, just thinking about how ecstatic she would’ve been to have been in the room when he posted his number. Man, she would have set that man’s phone ablaze!

So later, just to see how she would react, when she came in later that day I told her how he had come in and posted his number. “GIVE IT TO ME CIN. GIVE IT TO ME!” she demanded, and yelled (in caps). At first I was going to give it to her, but then, for some reason, I could feel Rob sitting back in lurk saying: “Cin, please, please, please don’t give it to her-please!” so I gave her some excuse about not being able to find it (or some kinda lie I told). I felt bad for her, but for some reason, I could feel her crazy-ready energy and knew she would call so much that he would probably disconnect it (and I sure as hell didn’t want that to happen). He was my connection (as far as *I* was concerned). “This could be fun,” I was thinking...

To add to the sense of normalcy I felt was there, Rene would come down and talk to everybody, and they would be all over him even more than Rob (of course). I was confused at first because he seemed to be a lot more openly involved in Janet’s career more than he was back when I met him. Back then, no one hardly even *knew* who he was. But in the chat room

(and I guess these years later); it was like....he too, was just as popular and well-known as Janet's dancers were. When he would come in, people would come out of lurk-bombarding him with questions about Janet and the projects he was working on (for himself). To my understanding (I learned while lurking) he was a budding Quinton Tarrantino in progress-producing/directing films and doing some photography work on the side.

Poor thing, he could hardly get a word in. When the room would fill up with too many questions, he would just send down pictures of himself or pictures of Janet and (((hug everyone))). Other times he would switch up on nicknames to confuse people, so they wouldn't even know who they were talking too, then he would "*LoL!" It'd be so funny when he'd do that. He seemed to love this kind of communication, because he was having a lot of fun with it.

Once while he was in, I asked him if he remembered who I was. I reminded him of the day my pen exploded in his hand. He told me he "vaguely" remembered. My smart-assed humorous me was going to say: "*Oh you dun got the big-head now. I knew ya' when ya were nothin'! I made you popular! Nobody knew you! How you gon' forget me? Our conversation, the things you said to me! Huh?*"

Instead, I laughed, rolled my eyes in my head and posted: "*How often is it that a pen explodes in your hand when you sign autographs? Oh I see. You must be trying to act like that just in case Janet is lurking. LOL*" (thinking about how controlling and territorial you would hear Janet was-not to mention, she *is* a possessive ass Taurus). Throughout all my humor, who knew that she had been keeping a list and checking it twice-all that time...

He didn't respond to that one. But he threw me off with his next question (because I already know he knew who the hell I was): "*Cinamon what do you look like?*" In all my smart-assed humor's splendor, I started to post: "*Oh quit it! You're trying to make Janet jealous!*" I laughed. But instead, I told him that my picture was on its way (to my chatters page profile) shortly. But in the meantime this other chatter named: "AnthoNY" (who Janet's staff knew personally) would be posting a pic of me on his webpage of Janet fans. He kept web pages with never published before pictures of Janet and the dancers before, during, and after her big HBO New York concert through to her "Velvet Rope" tour.

Anyways, back to that "Trickster" (Rene).

It took him a while to respond back to me and it seemed like he was answering every question except mine, so I posted: "*Hmm... Cinamon notices that Tricky is trying to ignore her but that's okay.*"

"No Cinamon, I'm not trying to ignore you, I just can't type, read, and try to answer all the questions at the same time ;o)" (he winked and blew a kiss). He then posted a message in an oversized font that read: "**TRICKY WOULD NEVER TRY TO IGNORE ANYONE IN THE CHAT ROOM ON PURPOSE...**" That was even more comforting, because I really *did* think he was trying to ignore me (because of Janet). What the hell could she expect? From the looks of things, he too, was a star now...



When I would chat, I would basically talk about the things that interested me, like: astrology and my reason for being there like everyone else: Janet. I had a cool lil' chat buddy named "LissaFOSD" who assured us that the FOSD was not short for: "Falling Off Slippery Dicks." She was crazy as a road lizard. This Aries had a funny sense of humor and she and I would throw insults back and forth at one another as if we really knew the other. I really liked

her, first and immediately. She would always be traveling around the room poking fun at people and joking around for what seemed like hours! Sometimes I would come in the room for a second, leave, carry on with my day and return at night and she'd still be there doing what she does best: fucking with people. I never understood how or why she would be in the room for so long, but I would soon be finding out...

I had another chat buddy named Kaygei. She and I would laugh and joke about how we both picked our navels and how since I was a kid I never let the habit go. She was cool. She'd always refer to me by saying: "Hey Cin, how's my navel pickin patna?" Kaygei was someone who I would chat with, but she seemed to wear a mask from head to toe. For some reason, I never found out her astrological sign or anything else about her except for the fact she too, picked her navel like I did, and too, she would show up in the room after I would log in. She was weird, because she would appear, and then disappear. I would soon find out why, (and who she was), too...

Another person I would chat with was a girl named Alina. She was actually from my city as well (so she said)...but she was currently attending college somewhere out of state, and said she would be attending the college I was attending in the fall of the upcoming school year. On some webpage, I got a chance to see a picture of her that she had taken with "Butta" (Shawnette), at Janet's big HBO New York concert after party. Alina and I talked about meeting up for lunch one day when she moved back to city. Her role in this became very clear, very soon...

My other chat buddy was this Gemini nicknamed "VirginJDJ," and boy was he witty. We would mostly talk about Janet and come up with songs for an unplugged album that we'd like for her to sing. We would also talk about personal things (subliminally) about Janet that only a way-back-in-the-day true fan would know. I liked him a lot. Sometimes he would shake the room up by talking about Janet as if he was stalking her. At first he worried me, but when I saw how it didn't seem to bother Rene, it didn't bother me either. Rene would sometimes entertain it. Besides, someone named "Cleaner" (from her staff) would kick you out of the room if you got out of hand in the slightest way or disrespected Janet in any way shape or form. But for some reason, "VirginJDJ" *never* got kicked out when he would talk crazy and I thought that to be strange. I wouldn't find out why until later...

On January 1-New Years Day, "VirginJDJ" sent me a Janet web card that I thought was so nice.

Janet really had her chat room hooked up. You could email a cyber web card with a picture of her on it to send to anyone for any occasion. All you would have to do is go to one of her links and choose a picture of her out of about 50 different poses, and from there, you could write a personal message in it. It was really cool.

Even that web-card played a part in this thing that I wouldn't find out about until later. Everything was being laced and placed right up under my nose and I had now idea that I should've been careful what I had been asking for-because I was getting it, but not even knowing..

I also had a chat buddy named Chris-a Virgo. He was bisexual and would always ask me for advice about a situation he was going through [with his now defunct singer of a once-popular boy group-a drug-addicted boyfriend who was a Scorpio]. He emailed me once or twice asking for my advice. He was such a pest sometimes in chat but he was cool though, I liked him. He had a role in this thing too, little did I know...

"Dread" was another one of my chat buddies. This Pisces would always enter the room saying: "Greetings" and calling people "Sistren" and "Brethren," and using words like

“One Love” and offering kind words of unity. I imagined he was some sleuth-foot dude with a cigarette stuck behind his ear. He and I would talk here and there, and I would tell him that there was nothing dreadful about dreadlocks and that he should change his nickname to “Locks” instead. (We could use as many nicknames as we wanted, but I stuck with “Cinamon”). He would see me (when he would be lurking) and would come in under “Locks,” (to get my attention) and if he would see me carrying on conversations with anybody else and not paying him enough attention, he would change it back to “Dread.”-this ultra-sensitive dramatic Pisces was something special (I would later find out)...

Once, he sent me a picture of him attached to an email and he asked me what I thought of it. I told him I thought he was a really nice looking guy and that I was shocked because I actually thought he was black all that time. “*Oh so what Cinamon are you prejudice?*” he demanded to know. He was the first to bring out the spicy side of Cinamon. I spit fire at him: “*Um excuse me Dread, it's not that often that you see many white boys with dreadlocks Hun and when someone beams down into a chat room under the name Dread, and say they are Rastafarian, one would quite naturally think he's non-white. When you sent the picture, I'm sure you knew that I was gonna be shocked to see a white Rastafarian with Dreads, so don't try to work me. That sure as hell doesn't mean I'm prejudiced!*”

He apologized. I accepted, and we continued on like there was never a problem.

Still, as yet, I had never seen Janet beam down into the room. I even wondered if they were lying to me when they said she would come in a lot. I pretty much figured that she was too busy with her tour that she was on at the time, and probably slept when she had down time. The tour would be ending sometime this January month, so I figured I would probably catch her after then, but I did wonder why Rene and Rob would find the time to hang out in the room- a lot. I was especially be curious about Rob, because he was currently dancing for Janet on that same tour, so whenever he would be on, she sure as hell wasn't on stage. As for Rene, I found out that during this particular time and last leg of her tour, he was at home in California hanging back and hanging online. It wouldn't be 'til later that I found out just why...

One evening, I'm in, and I'm having this big long discussion about a number of things (astrology mainly) and everybody was asking me to find their moon and rising signs for them. We were discussing people's personalities and how ironic it was that astrology nailed them on the head. We were in the room yappin' away, then down beamed Rene who sort of broke up our conversation with the attention he was getting (obviously). But he wasn't very talkative this time, which kind of kept a small flock of people over by my side while we continued on with our lil' conversation. I looked over at him:

“When is your birthday?” I asked him. He continued to kinda-chat and answer a *few* questions. I was careful not to complain about him iggin (ignoring) me (since he said that he would never “igg a chatter” on purpose). LoL.

Hmm. But since he wasn't very talkative this time, I assumed he just came in to break up our lil' conversation with his presence (seeing as though he didn't join in or talk much).

This girl who wore a nickname proclaiming her love for him: “TrickyLuvr99” nudged me and told me when his birthday was: July 16-he was a Cancer-like me.

“*Hmm. Well, he and Janet are very compatible, they'll be together like...forever!*” I said to my lil' audience-having no idea that at this very moment in time (with what was brewing-unbeknownst to me); nothing could be farther from the truth...

I continued: “*Man y'all are bold! Beaming down here talking about how much y'all are in love*”

with this woman's man in her chat room!" I laughed and posted. Then another girl beamed down and says: "*Shit I love him too and I'm not wearing his name nowhere in my nickname! *LoL.*" I kept laughing to myself in my own virtual reality while still looking at Rene's nickname ("BUZZ") that he had beamed down and interrupted our conversation with. I immediately thought maybe it had something to do with Rob's phone number that he posted.

I then tried to juggle my words for Rene to tell Rob to get my message delivered (about getting Janet getting in the room). What I said was obviously being watched by someone else in Janet's camp: Louisa. She beamed down, immediately. Rene didn't respond, and shortly thereafter; he announced that he was exiting the room and (((hugged everybody))). "LV" stayed on. I just shrugged my shoulders and kept chatting with whomever.

The shit that was a-brewing, hit the "fan" (me) beginning the very next day. I would be seeing Janet in first: the best, then worst way (like I never would have expected)...

I'm in. *New User Welcome {Cinamon}*:

"((((Cinamon))))," they said.

I hugged everyone back: "((((Room)))". I noticed it was crowded as hell in that room, and I was wondering why. I had never seen it be this crowded since around the first day or two that I had been in there. Today, everything seemed different...like I was in a new/real chat room (like the first few days that I signed up)... It hadn't been like this in a *while* I thought maybe because Janet was in, but-no, that wasn't it.

I did see her lead her female dancer (Shawnette)'s nickname posted: "**{Butta}** **authorized.**"

She was being bombarded with questions about Janet-and trying to answer them all. Immediately, I was trying to make *her* remember me from the concert that I had attended in Columbus-just a couple months prior to this day-but she didn't respond.

You see, what had happened was...

My friend Posh and I had driven up to see Janet (and Usher). When she first came out onstage, I immediately started snapping pictures of her. Because *this* time (unlike the time when I met Rene), we had seats right *at* the stage. *This* time, we were able to get close up pictures and see everything without having to stand on our chairs. She was *right* there. Our seats were the last ones off to the open sides of stage left, right behind the lights, security, and bodyguards and all. *This* time, we were so close to the stage that we could probably touch her (that is-if we wanted to get wrestled to the ground). We were so excited.

Somebody upfront was selling roses, and Posh and I had gotten a few-hoping we would be one of the lucky ones that she would reach out and grab one from.

I'm yelling her name-trying to give her that damned rose that by this time, had lost its petals from me shaking it to death, but I tried anyways. I yelled up to her: "*Janet! Janet!*" She made eye contact. Immediately I forgot all about the rose. I continued: "*I love you girl!*" I said to her while pointing (my finger). She looked over and turned up her brows as if she had heard and seen the truth and a pleasant surprise. She kept singing and glanced over at me from time to time, and for a good while; was positioned in that same area-which enabled me to get great close-up pictures. When she calmed down a bit (from the song she sang), she looked over again and winked her eye and blew a kiss at the same time. The two gay guys next to Posh and me screamed: "*Oh my fucking God! She wants ya! You'd better fucking go Hun. You'd better fucking go dammi! That's Janet bitch!*"

They were laughing and poking fun while Posh and I laughed along. We had a lucky side because she pretty much used the left side of the stage more than she did the right side, which was great for Posh and me because we got some *to-die-for* pictures.

Janet was sweating from singing and dancing for so long with all these layers of clothes on, so I yelled up to her (flirting): “*Take some of those clothes off girl! Let’s see those abs!*” My whole corner started laughing. She smiled back at me, and the gay guys figured I scored some extra points with her so they moved even closer to Posh and me-poking fun at Janet’s acknowledging me. The more she looked, the more I snapped. The more I snapped, the more Janet assumed the position for me to get my pictures while she sang. I was *so* excited. We had a ball in that corner.

Her very first opportunity to show a little skin, she was out there in my face like: “Now what?” It was mad sexy-and fun. My whole corner was offering me numbers in hopes that they could get some of these to-die-fors that I had snapped. Some were offering to pay me for them-others just wanted them. Everybody was just too excited.

Towards the end of the concert, some guy comes by with another guy, makes his way in front of Posh and me, and was signaling for Shawnette to tilt her head down to him as he whispered something in her ear. She was smiling, so we were assuming the guy must have known her, because of the way he just bombarded his way in front of us and stepped right to her. Towards the end of the concert, I was able to get even better pictures of Janet, Shawnette, and Tina because the three of them grouped themselves together as if there was some sort of inside joke going on (because they were all looking sneaky and right down at me). My corner thought I was really poppin’ at this point. And I was. I got good shots.

It was so much commotion going on. It was like anybody in the audience who could, was trying to make their way over to that left corner because they knew Shawnette, Tina, and Janet had something going on in that direction. It was a madhouse over there (in our corner). Posh and I dipped out even before she sang the last song. I got what I wanted.

...and that’s what had happened a few months prior to this particular day.

The next day I was in the room, Shawnette came back down. I tried it again (yelling): “HEY BUTTA. I WAS THE ONE FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE STAGE AT THE SHOW BACK IN SEPTEMBER-IN COLUMBUS. I HAD ON A GREEN SHIRT AND BROWN PANTS. “THE LEFT CORNER” LOL (I giggled). *That* got her attention:

“Ohhhhhh I remember youuuu. Send me the pic proof though, but hold on...BRB.” (BRB=Be right back-I’m catching on).

A few seconds later, down beamed the nickname: “**QUEENJANET**” (in bold caps). My eyes got really big and I was scanning the room trying to see if anyone else noticed. She said, impulsively, excitedly: “CINAMON, **QUEENJANET** WANTS YOU TO KNOW THAT SHE THINKS YOU ARE THE **BOMB!!!**” Still scanning with my eyes, I felt the room get a little quiet. Butta wasn’t chatting much either, but there was still conversation going on. I wondered if the rest of the room knew what I knew, but looking at the many nicknames that had her name within them like: “JanetLuvR” “Janet4Me” “JanetJackMe-” stuff like that, alongside the fact that it *was* her room; I figured she felt it was under control. So I responded back: “The feeling is mutual LoL.”

She proceeded to tell me what she thought of me, and I tried as much as I could to return the compliments and be discreet at the same time. We went at it. It was flirty and sexy as hell. She needed to wrap this thing up:

“Is this your normal time?” asked the QUEEN.

“Yes usually, most of the time,” I replied.

“Okay, well, I must go now,” she said.

“Alright, I know the block is hot Boo I’ll watch your spot,” I said, giggling and blushing.

“Will you?” she asked seductively.

“Oh but of course, for you I will. I’ll sit on your throne and keep it real warm for you until you return,” I said-flirting.

She *raised her brows*: “You promise?” she replied.

“Scouts honor!,” I returned, laughing to myself thinking about how stupid I would look saluting her with my chest stuck out.

“LoL” ;) she winked...

After she left, the next nickname that rolled down read: “*privacycontrol*.” I thought about the line from her song and claim to fame: “**Privacy** is my middle name, my last name is **control**.” Right then and there, I knew for sure it was her-being clever, trying to see if I was clever too; wondering if I knew how to play [what later turned out to be a different kind of game or ours, called: “Life”].

I replied: “I roger that” as I raised *my* brows.

She replied: “Good... TTYYS, my love...” (TTYYS=talk to you soon).

Both she and Shawnette (“Butta”) logged off at the same damned time.

The next day, along with a picture of myself that Posh had taken of me right before the drive up to Columbus for the concert, I prepared to email Shawnette some of the pictures I had taken from that night.

Later, when I returned to the room, they were talking about Janet having the flu and how everybody was passing it on to each other. I couldn’t wait to email the pictures so they could see how they (especially Janet) were showing out that night. I emailed “Leander” (a guy who was some sort of “go-between” for Janet and the rest of the “**authorized**” privy few) to tell him that I wanted to get the pictures to Shawn and Janet. He emailed me back a short time after with Shawn’s email addy and asked that I not give it to anyone. I assured him, and reiterated that Shawn was expecting the pics anyways.

I attached the pictures, and included this email message:

From: xxxx@email.ux.edu

To: xxxx@hotmail.com

Date: Tue, 19 Jan 22:36:03 -0500

Subject: AND ON THAT NOTE...

I hope they made you smile! Give Janet a hug and a kiss for me and tell her that Cinamon hopes she feels better. And ummm... Tell QueenJanet I couldn’t respond accordingly because she came in all like aggressive like: “WHA ?WHA?” (Tell her she could have come down as something like... “Princess” or something like that...I would’ve still recognized...smile) Okay? Privacy...controlled... All of yous be good and be careful...out...Angela. (Again, nobody knows I sent this but Leander)... ..

Since the day I got acquainted with the “QUEEN,” whenever I would come in, she would not be too far behind. I would usually come in around 9 a.m. my time, which was late night where she was (in Tokyo), and when I would come in after 5p.m. my time, it would be morning there.

We would flirt (subliminally) testing one another other out. Her: trying to feel me out. Me: shocked at how I underestimated she could be so clever and sexy with it. I never imagined she even had it in her. I always envisioned her as this spoiled little whiny airhead, but she quickly changed my opinion of her in that light.

When she came down after receiving the pictures, she didn't say anything about ever getting them and neither did I, I just knew that she did. And she too, knew that I knew she did. So instead of acknowledging the pictures I sent, she came down this time and mentioned something that I said within the email I sent to Shawn: "CINAMON Wha? Wha...?" I laughed, thinking about how clever she was. I was loving how slick and sexy-sneaky she was.

She then asked: "So Cinamon, are you keeping my throne warm?" (Most of the time, we would flirt back and forth-making jokes about me "keeping her throne warm." She must've really liked that comment). I replied: "Why yes, oh but of course *rolling out the red carpet*..."

When in to flirt; her entrances and exits would always be the same. I would come in as much and as many times a day as I could, to get her in-because when she would come in, it would never be for a lengthy amount of time. I felt kind of teased but I was happy for what I could get. I wished she would stay longer because I would have talked to her ass all day. I was soooo happy. And she was sexy as hell with it-just-some chick named Janet, not "Janet." That's what made it sexy.

I'm a writer. And I'm used to creating worlds in words silence [and bringing them to life]. Janet and her friends were artists, dancers, and computer specialists-not writers but, each of us knew how to create a world within a world. I found that to be interesting, and wondered what was going to become of all this...

It's so amazing how words really can create environment and in this case, we made a world of our own. The thing that made this cyber world more fun was how Janet's go-between (Leander) was in charge of setting up what was called a "Chatters Bio Page." What you would do is send a picture of yourself along with a few things about you (and anything you wanted to include about Janet). I thought that was the neatest thing [and too, thanks to Rob and Rene] added a sense of normalcy. Then to have Janet beam down on me was like that was the next best thing to apple pie, man. I can't lie.

To bring her from the stage to here (in the room-this way), was rather intriguing to me-to her too...too much fun for the both of us. Because one thing about me, I can mosh-pit and have a screaming good-time at a concert. But I've never been one to want to come backstage and hang out with a celebrity and make my way into after-parties [and type shit like that]. When I'm done keeping it hype and fun for you, give me some pics, and I'm cool. I didn't ask Rene if I could meet her, and too (with her bodyguard-Hugh-right in front of us) I didn't ask *him* if I could meet her either. Partially because I [had my own personal "idea"] of the type of person she was: somebody who I really didn't care to know personally-outside of being a mere fan, but when she let herself hang all out (at the concert) that made me curious. And then when she turned out to be the antithesis of my not-so-flattering personal opinions of her (airhead, corny etc.), that piqued my interest.

Interestingly, it took an abnormally long time for Leander to complete my Chatters Page Bio. Eventually, it finally appeared. He posted everything verbatim-just like I wanted it. On the top of the page sat my picture, and the bio read:

Date of Birth: June 28

Where I Dwell: the NastyNati

What I Do: Career College Student

What I Like: the horn, art-poetry, writing, sketching, drawing, painting, singing, music

My Favorite Jan Jam: "Making Love in the Rain." Well, she sang background-it was a hot song with Herb Alpert playing trumpet but I think Lisa Keith actually singing!

How Long I've Been a Fan of Jan's: umm..since I was about 9-yr old

My Jan Jolt! Meeting and talking to Rene but forgetting to ask to meet Janet-duhhh.

My Jan Request: I want her to send me a copy of "Making Love in the Rain" because you can't even buy it anymore in stores-it's out of print!

My Jan Dang: She canceled coming to the Nati but what the hell, I'd drive two hours to Columbus to see her in concert again-gladly. Love me some her!



In the chat room during this time, I would also talk with this girl named "Brie" (who claimed her real name was Donna Strouse, a 31 year-old woman with two kids and a fiancé, living in Pennsylvania). She just took to me one day and we would hold small talk with one another. She would be online (in the chat room) here and there shooting the breeze with me mainly, never with anyone else in the room however-just...me. And I wouldn't find out about her role in this until later...

All this flirting I had been doing with Janet, strangely, I hadn't stopped to notice that I hadn't seen Rob and Rene since right before I met **QUEENJANET**. The last we had heard from Rene, he purchased a Mercedes truck imported from overseas for Janet as a late Christmas present. The last we had heard from Rob was that he and Tina were engaged to be married very soon. As much as the two of them frequented the room, I thought it was really weird that by mid January, neither one of them ever came back-they just vanished. I wouldn't find out *why* until later into this strangeness...

One day while in the room, I was talking with a girl named "Daniece." We were laughing and joking about sexuality (subliminally). Daniece had a friend named "Kajira" who was hiding in and out of lurk because Daniece wanted to have Kajira confess to me that she, like her, had a "strange sexual preference." To keep the conversation to a subliminal minimum, I asked the both of them to use Jack and Jill (for bi) and Jill and Jill (for homo). Kajira was the shy one. She was so cute, funny and shy. She kept logging in and out of the room, refusing to confess it [to me] while Daniece and me laughed. I would know for sure very soon, but something about the two of them reminded me of Shawnette and Janet merely playing games, but I played along [with "Kajira" (Janet?) and "Daniece" (Shawnette?)].

Kajira was still playing around. I kept joking around with them both for a long while, but I was getting impatient: "Ok **Kajira!** Let's have it now. I'm 'bout to go if you don't tell me! 'Jack and Jill'? or 'Jill and Jill'? "

"Okay," said Kajira-like a kid with her finger in her mouth: "Jack and Jill."

"Thatta girl, now was that hard?" I asked.

"No," she replied-shyly...

I didn't want to blow her cover, so I just played along. I figured she wanted some sneaky way to confess to me that she was bisexual (without talking to me under the nickname

we usually talked under); but figured I was smart enough to catch on (and understand), and well...I understood.

“This could be fun,” I was thinking-still wondering where we were going with this...

Later into the evening, I entered the room. I announced that I was not alone, and that I had a little company with me (it was my friend Janine). Janine wanted to see how cyber world looked because I told her how much fun I was having with it-nothing specific.

While there, I was talking to was my lil' friend VirginJDJ. “Butta” (Shawn) was in the room, however, she was basically looking on and talking small-talk to other chatters. QUEENJANET never came in, she was most probably sitting on the throne of the lurk couch: thinking, plotting, and planning-*something*. The bottom line was, Shawn was in, so I know she wasn't too far away...

Janine decided she liked VirginJDJ and stated how witty she thought he was, so he asked me to put her online and they chatted for a second (about his being witty).

When he got offline with Janine, he asked: “What are you girls over there doing?”

“Well what do you think we are over here doing?” I returned.

Just like a guy would, he took it to that level of level (of thinking two girls hanging out, are hooking up) and for fun, we played right into it. VirginJDJ asked if he could join in. I told him that we usually don't like it that way but I'd ask Janine: “No,” she joked, so I turned to him and told him that she said no. We all laughed it off. I told him that we were actually about to leave out to go and get wings since it was \$.20 wing day at the popular chicken joint up the street from where I lived.

“I'll bring you some wings back VirginJDJ okay?” I said.

“Okay Cinamon don't forget me beautiful...” said VirginJDJ

“I won't,” I replied.

It wouldn't be until a little while after this day that Janine was going to get caught into the clinches of the Janet Effect, but it wouldn't be until after I experienced it first.

The next morning, I came in at my normal time (alittle after 9 a.m.) and “Janet” was in talking to her fans under her “**authorized**” nickname of “Dunk.”

I was a bit confused because she didn't greet me with a (((((hug)))))) nor did she say anything to me at all. I watched her (((((hug)))))) everybody else that came in *after* me, and watched how she *purposely* igged me with all that she had inside of her. She meant that shit.

I went for it: “I want a hug too Janet,” I said to my QUEEN, but she kept right on iggin me.

I took another route: “I want a hug too Dunk,” I said to my QUEEN, but still, she kept right on iggin me.

Right then and there, I *knew* something was weird and wrong for sure. And to do me one better, she continued (((((hugging)))))) everybody that logged on and came in after me-still. I couldn't tell what that was all about, but I could feel some kind of wickedness brewing.

It was like Janet's split personality came right out in front of *everybody*. She couldn't fake it anymore even with her fans. She didn't give a fuck. In a matter of moments, I watched her talk to everybody while her attitude got worse and worse. So bad, that people were making comments about her possibly waking up on the wrong side of the bed. I *knew* that where she

was (in Tokyo), morning hadn't come yet, so I knew that "waking up on the wrong side of the bed" certainly was not the case.

She was so agitated: "Look guys, I want to let my hair down sometimes, and sometimes I just don't feel like talking about work or how many dogs and cats I have and all that," she said irritably. She then smartassedly ran down the list of how many dogs and cats she had to shut everybody up. She was *so* rude, and I was shocked. So rude that people started exiting the room claiming *they* had things to do; trying to avoid *her* like the plague.

She and Shawnette switched places.

This time, *she* (Janet/"Dunk") said: "Hold on BRB." (in caps).

That's when the nickname: "Drama" entered the room "**authorized.**"

It was Shawnette ("Drama") with Janet in tow. I didn't say anything, because I knew something was about to go down. I watched. The show began:

"Drama" asked "Dunk": "Hey Janet, do you still want it?"

"No, no, I don't," "Dunk" replied.

"So how's it hanging? Short, fat, and to the left?" asked Drama.

I assumed they were trying to insult me and my height, and too, by mentioning where I stood that September night at the Columbus concert (to the left side of the stage). I waited to see.

"So do you still want it?" asked Drama.

"HaHaHa! Hell no! Short, fat and to the left, no, I think I'll pass it to you!" said

Dunk.

I was thinking to myself (and wanted to write): "*Well I know y'all couldn't be talking to me! I know I'm short. And I know that I am well-endowed with breasts, thighs, hips and buttocks, but definitely not fat! And never have or will never be as fat as Janet WAS—AND NATURALLY!*" but instead, I just sat there as they carried on with that joke for a while. My mysterious friend Kaygei entered the room: "Hey Cinamon, my navel-pickin' partner! What's up girl?"

I replied: "Nothing, just...trippin.'" "

"When you think you ever gonna stop pickin' that navel girl?" she asked.

Looking over and talking *at* Janet but talking *to* Kaygei, I quoted a line from a Michael Jackson song (as my reply to Kaygei): "*I can't help it. If I wanted to I wouldn't help it...*"

I sat there, staring at Dunk while she and Drama continued to carry on like high school girls. I then posted: "All this, over *my*two-dollar ass? Wow!"

Rix kept coming in telling Janet that he had to go really soon, and that he had an appointment in 15 minutes that he could not miss, so Janet excused him. Meanwhile, like a firing squad, I was still watching she and "Drama" (Shawn) crack indirect inside jokes-nonstop.

The new insult was about me being a "ho."

"Drama" was running around the room *singing: "*THERES A HO IN THIS HOUSE, THERES A HO IN THIS HOUSE!*" while Janet was shouting: "*THAT'S MAH GIRL! THAT'S MAH MU'FUCKIN GIRL!*" ...like she was a hood chick! I was floored. The fact the she was superstar "Janet" didn't even matter to me anymore. My first impulse was to post something foul in the script (to hurt Janet's feelings *really* bad) and when I attempted to do it, I was blocked from sending *anything* through (and boy was I ready to spit fire at the both of them). None of what I was trying to write would post *at all*, and boy did I try. When I would try to post something, a big white space filled the whole line where I'd normally post a message in chat. They fixed it so that all I could do was watch Janet and Shawn throw those blows.

Her fans just watched the mess, and left, one by one. They didn't understand what

was going on at all-they only understood that Janet was foul that morning. Janet could give two fucks though. She was too pissed to care. Something made her mad, and it was obvious that I (me/Angela “Cinamon”) had something to do with it.

In walks Louisa (LV) and laughs with Janet and Shawn and says: “*If the shoe fits, wear it! If you can’t stand the heat, then get out of the kitchen!*” She kept re-posting those words in that same oversized font the way Rene and Rob would type sometimes. Janet then welcomed her and thanked her for “doing her job.”

I was watching all three of them (Janet especially) and started crying like a baby while sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair in front of my computer, as they continued to insult me, and throw blows into my real, human, [and now, crushed little world]. I was so stunned that I sat and watched for a little over an hour-just to make sure what was going on was really real. Oh...it was really real-no doubt. The reason *why* was the only unanswered question.

I finally mustered the courage to log out. I couldn’t believe my eyes. I couldn’t understand what I could have done to make them do me that way. And *Janet*-how could *she*? Even after my knowing the flirty [bisexual Janet] versus the public “Janet”; still, I instantly reverted back to merely a hurt fan. It was crazy. I asked myself: *What about her soft sweet, innocent smile? What about the things she would speak of in her interviews, the lyrics to her songs? Where is that sweet person?* I then I answered myself: “*Well who the hell knew that she liked to flirt on the Internet and play bisexual cyber games too? There’s no telling how many personalities that bitch has. All I know is that she’s immature and crazy as hell. This I know is very true!*”

It felt weird because all these years I loved her and I finally got my chance to talk to her and it ended up like this. . . I would have much rather not gotten to know that side of her at all. I could not for the life of me-understand what happened or what I did to her.

Although I never knew she had it in her to be so impulsively sensually aggressive, by the opposite stretch-just the same-I never knew she had it in her to be so mean and cruel, either. I did know however, that there must have been some kind of misunderstanding in what obviously was in a matter of *days*.

After I pulled myself out of disbelief, I sent Leander an email asking him to remove me from that damned chatters page as soon as: *yesterday*. He couldn’t do it soon enough for me. I wanted zero traces of my footsteps and presence there-at all. I *knew* I was right like I said from the beginning (when I first joined her room). I remembering staring at that red and black line drawing picture of her that they had posted up upon log in. I’ll never forget how it looked: seductive and tempting...like upon entrance, there was either: good and straight, or curves and trouble ahead. I met the curve and her kind of trouble. I called it-early in this...

I took a nap. When I woke up, I took a deep breath and thought about it. I had to put my anger aside and think about the fact that I revealed way too much about my real name, personal self, and whereabouts to: Janet, Shawn, and many of her other friends behind all this.

I was really in no position to battle Janet-at all. And after my nap, I thanked GOD I wasn’t able to post the venom she had coming her way during she and Shawn’s double-dissing me. Had I gotten those mean words through, knowing Janet (especially in the light that I had just experienced her) there would have been no way in hell I would’ve had room to do what I was preparing to do right now: Think of some kind of master plan of poetic justice to express to she and Shawn how badly I felt about what occurred—express it in a way that if ever they wanted to let me in on what I did so wrong-I was open for it, because *something* definitely happened. I wanted to know-badly. I logged back on to my computer and email account to send Shawnette an e-mail:

From: xxxx@email.ux.edu
To: xxxx@hotmail.com
Date: Thu, 21 Jan 11:55:59 -0500
Subject: OH WELL

Oh Well Shawn. You and Janet really had me trippin' but I just wanted to say that whatever is going on...I dunno. *shrugs my shoulders* But chat really left a sour taste in my mouth and I'm completely...(can't even think of a word right now). But anyways. Whatever happened, I'm just going to have to assume that Janet felt like she had her valid reasons, but I can assure you-they were not valid, because I'm TOTALLY clueless as to what I did to piss her off like THAT! Not knowing her (as a person) before these past couple months, maybe I gave her too much credit for being "perfect" rather than "human." I dunno. I think I did, because I was child-like crushed. I can't lie. Anyhow, because of that, personally, I feel like I sort of "owe" her something. I now understand all that I found hard to believe and I felt oh-so-bad for the ways that I doubted that she (too) could also be normal and irrational-like me. (I'll have to add "crazy" to her list though-smile). She is really is sommmmmethin' special... Well, y'all already know I write books and what I write about. Hopefully, the day she opens the first page of my book, it is on a day that she has time to read it from the first to the last page. And I hope that she, like all my readers, could understand and overcome all that is (obviously) ailing her... I love her no less. I'm Out-Angela

Later that evening, I got an email back from Shawn that simply read:

From: Shawn Heard xxxx@hotmail.com
To: xxxx@email.ux.edu
Date: Thur, 21 Jan
Subject: Thank You I luv the pics

"That was so nice, dunk and I looked at the pics together... That was really nice of you. I hope all is well. I just wanted to thank you...I will talk to you..."

I re-read my email to Shawn, then re-read Shawn's reply over and over and I could only laugh to myself-thinking about how (now) after all this time she decided to thank me for the pictures (the pictures I had sent like—a couple weeks ago), when what she *should* had been doing was apologizing to me for what they did to me earlier that morning. I could see (now) that Janet liked to play Jedi Mind Tricks and even got help to do it...

Well, I looked at it like this: regardless how much of her true self she revealed, she *is* still: "Janet." And in this cyber world, she is the QUEEN of *her* planet-she didn't feel like she *had* to apologize I guess. The fact that she *merely* had it relayed to me that my "pics" = (contents of my email to Shawn) "was so nice" should suffice. She already knew I knew the game and meaning behind the twisting of the words—no different than we always did...

I replied:

From: xxxx@email.ux.edu
To: Shawn Heard xxxx@hotmail.com
Date: Thurs, 21 Jan
Subject: Re: Thank You I luv the pics

Butta. Pics? No problem. Talk? (if there is a problem?) here is my phone number 5xx-721-1xx2 (I live alone and will be the only one to answer and will remove the phone ebonics block off my phone if that serves as any comfort... PS-(Glad y'all liked the pics by the way) *rolls eyes in head*

Although I didn't get a reason why (or an actual apology for it being a misunderstanding), I was happy to get *some* kind of response to at least make me *feel* like it was all a big misunderstanding. Fool me-or something. I can't lie, I was fidgety and majorly obsessing about what caused all that.

I just couldn't shake it. You see, if it wasn't for the fact that I had released so much about the *real* me, like: my *real* first and my very uncommon last name, my pen name, my *real* major and college I'd attended, my *real* City and State I lived in, my *real* date of birth (as my password for her chat room), my *real-everything*. I would not have even cared one bit. I would have done what my impulsive and natural self told me to do when I emailed Leander asking him to remove any traces of me from there: I would have kept it moving and been content that I did at least get a chance to know the *real* Janet (off-stage). But "Janet the star" could have just as soon kissed my ass.

Because I trusted her (simply because of she was "who" she was), I didn't come into her room on any sinister bullshit, so I didn't feel that using my real information would be a problem. Besides, her room was very personal like that, it wasn't very "public" busy, although it was open to the public. When those words beneath that red and black-faced picture that read: "*Come on in*"... I did just that: Came on in-*all* the way in. Had it been any other room; I would not have even *dreamed* of being anything other than acting like my real name was Cinamon Schminamon from Timbuktu-but her: I trusted. I just did. I gave her massive credit for being too private, too "big," and too busy for anything covert and sinister in operation. But I was wrong, I was oh so wrong. And I would soon find out just how wrong I was, shortly...



Well, I hadn't heard anything, and day-by-day I was growing more content with not ever going back to her world again and just blowing it off as a big misunderstanding, because there was nothing I could do about it anyways.

From that January 21st day through the next couple of months, I was taking care of my business with school, work, and doing some finishing touches on my books that I wanted to do. I could not deny that although I had gone on with my life, I still could not let go of the fact that something like that happened with "Janet" and I wished it all away so bad. I even blamed the snow for keeping me in the house-bored that early December day that I had logged on to the Internet for the *very* first time in my life, and ended up there. I had the computer since early that summer and wondered: Why? Why did I decide to come in when I did? I hated the feeling so badly.

The life of me: Angie.

In my own life outside of her and this bullshit, it always seemed like at work, at play, or *wherever*; whenever I stepped though-all the rules change. Sometimes bad and not in favor of me, or sometimes good and in favor of me-constant spirit omens setting up situations in my life to teach me lessons (or for me to give the lesson). And this one would soon prove that to be so [in the worse and best way]...

The lessons are always taxing on my head, heart, and mind-as if somebody bigger than me and over it all loves to set me up for purification of my soul and spirit in order for me to see clearly things about myself and especially to whom it may concern (or the situation)...

I wondered what was in it for me about this, because I knew it was something. It was only a matter of time...

Whatever the cost and at any rate, I felt bummed out not knowing the answer to that *one* question that remained a thorn in my side: "Why?"

2

GREED



n. excessive desire for acquiring or having desire for more than one needs or deserves.

“Her greed was massively unique indeed. Despite what I already gave up willingly, she (not “wanted”...not even “needed”)...but she required more. That’s just how she was. It’s a natural part of her personality. My giving and her taking had no end in sight: now, later, and for years...”

She didn’t earn it [my giving], and she never seemed to consider the fact that she didn’t earn it. The fact of the matter was-if she lays her eyes on it, it’s her possession-period. But one thing I can say, even at the very beginning of knowing her; she did admit that she was greedy and selfish and had no qualms about it. So I can’t say she didn’t warn me early into this, but at the time she said it to me, it was sexy—how she delivered her truth. I was too busy experiencing her ‘sexy’ but not paying attention to what was true about her ‘person’...”

-Angie

I had no contact with anyone from the chat room except for Brie. She would annoy me almost every single morning on Instant Messenger (I.M). Whenever I would get online to read the world news on my Netscape home page, my Instant Messenger would automatically turn on at log-on, and Brie would be *right* there as if she was waiting for me...

I recall getting set up on I.M sometime in January, but I never used it much, so I really couldn't recall how Brie even got my sign on name to communicate with me in I.M anyways. I could only guess I must have given it to her at some point, because she sure as hell found me and annoyed me *death* by chiming in on me every single time I would get online. She would jump right in on me and start a conversation. She obviously had me on her "Buddy List" because if you put someone on your Buddy List, you would get a special ringing or chime to let you know that they were online, and I think that was how she would know I was on(line).

Brie was kind of weird-in a pesky way, but sometimes I didn't mind because it seemed like she was kind of lonely (to have had two kids and a fiancé). She would send me emails with cartoon pictures and jokes like she was a thirteen year old kid-kind of corny, but I would entertain it and her while I would be online reading web page news. She and I would talk mainly about her two kids and my one, and we would talk about school, (she was an economics major). She would talk about her mom, and how she was finally going to buy her the jeep she wanted. She talked about how excited she was about buying it because this was her mom's first vehicle and her mom had always had a "driver"...

We would also talk about our favorite soap operas, music, and television shows.

Sometimes she would have me go back to clarify something I may have said, like...five lines back, or every other line, and I would yell at her (in caps). I would tell her that if she couldn't keep up with the script, I was not going to talk to her because that was very irritating to me. I hate having my time wasted and forced to repeat something that is clearly expressed (or written). Something about her was *overly* into every word I said-like she was combing through my words-for a *reason*...It was kind of excessive...

When I would snap at her, she would be so apologetic and goofy that I'd just shake my head like: "*Who the hell is this and what does she really want? Is she that lonely?*"

We would also talk about how she liked to make parfaits and how no one could make them better than she could. She told me about a cooking contest she was going to enter on Good Morning America in hopes that she would win so that she could meet Emeril Lagasse. I'd tell her how I would keep her in my prayers because this strange bird really wanted to win.

I pretty much kept our conversation off of anything that had to do with the chat room-as did she (actually)... About the only thing we discussed about it was when she told me how different it seemed since the tour (Janet's tour) was over, and that there were a lot of

new people online that met each other at the last show in Hawaii. But other than that, she didn't go there (to the room) much anymore either anymore. She said to me: "Somebody that I really liked isn't there anymore, so, I do go there much, anymore..."

I wondered who that was me? Why though? Hmm...

I told her that I had some problems in the room two months back and that I had NO plans on returning. I never told her what kind of problem (and she never asked either). I thought that was weird because she always wanted clarification and an explanation on *anything* I would say, but when I said that-she never inquired why.. Hmm...

Sometimes I would peep into I.M to see how long Brie would be online and it would be like twelve to fourteen hours at a time. I would pick at her and call her an "Internet Head" and she would deny it. I wondered how she could handle being an economics major, and wife-to-be, with two kids and a family life and be online for as long as she would, I really *did* wonder.

Sometimes we would get disconnected if I had a phone call come in, and she would inquire about why I didn't have a program that allowed me to be online and on the phone at the same time. I told her about how my Internet Service was free of charge through the college I attended and they didn't have it set up that way, so I took what I could get. I didn't hang out online for too much of anything to want to pay for any other service providers.

She wouldn't let up sometimes. She'd pester me about getting an Internet program called ICQ (like: "I seek you"). She told me that you could watch every word the person [who you are talking to], types. And even if they made a mistake, you could see that too (and watch them correct it). That pissed me off. I already thought she was weird and much too into me (intricately) in ways that I couldn't understand. I sure as hell wasn't going to download a program to allow her to watch me type word for word for her to absorb-hell no! I snapped at her:

"No Brie, I am NOT interested in anything like that. That is a little too virtual for me Hun-sorry." I told this koo-koo bird. I couldn't understand why someone would even want virtuosity like that, I really couldn't. She asked me if I ever thought about visiting Pennsylvania and I told her "no." When she would talk about that, I would brush her off, because I had no interest in meeting (in person) any strangers over the Internet with all the horror stories you'd hear and all.

That was pretty much the gist of my Internet conversations with Brie.

This strange bird was two cans short of a six-pack. Either that, she was up to something, or wasn't who she said she was. I would soon find out...



I was going on with my life as usual. My friends were asking me if I had heard anything from Janet or Shawnette, and all I could say was "no." My friend Posh was more in awe about what had happened than anybody because she was a *major* Janet fan, and she knew now that we would *not* be going to see Janet in concert together, ever again! After that whore's lil' power play and shenanigans, I wouldn't drive two *minutes* to see her ass, or walk right next *door* to see her-for free! Let alone two hours away *and* pay her crazy ass. No can do.

One February evening, right before Valentines Day, I was over Posh's house, and she asked if I had heard anything about Janet and her boyfriend Rene breaking up-I hadn't. She told me she had heard it somewhere on the news or radio. "I'll check the Internet, to see if something was posted about it, and then I'll let you know if it's true," I told her.

No sooner than I could look up the information, I heard about it too. I then checked some pages on the Internet and read up on it-I was shocked. I had never in all these years of being a fan of hers, heard tell of anything having to do with she and René they pretty much kept a low profile. So to hear this kind of news really did shock me.

The pieces were making sense-it was all coming back to me now.

One day, during the chunk of time when Rene and Rob had been M.I.A from the room, I was in lurk watching other people chat. Rene beamed down and everybody started to ask where he had been (because he and Rob hadn't been in the room in like-forever). That moody ass Cancer was in a very foul mood and not feeling much for conversation. He immediately started in on his sole reason for being there: "*Does anyone have a web page with a list of all Janet's songs on it? If so, email me with it-Tricky2@xxxx.net.*" People kept bombarding him with questions about what he was doing, what projects he was working on and why he and Rob had not been in. "*I have been very busy. I'm just lurkin and wurkin*" was all he had to say to everybody. I remembered that. I saw it with my own two eyes...

So when I was hearing whispers about the breakup, I started digging in-all across the Internet and the main place I knew he would typically post online (championing Janet): the Rolling Stone music message boards.

When I checked the board under her name, I noticed that he hadn't posted anything since a few days into February, right before this (alleged) breakup. Normally, from what I read, every day he would post messages arguing back and forth on Janet's behalf with other Internet users who frequented Rolling Stones' Music site. He was like Janet's guard dog there. He posted messages as far back as some years-still-damned near every *day*. Here it was (now-from what I could tell) he hadn't written *anything* in what looked like a week (which according to how much he would post messages); was a long time. So, I knew then, that their breakup was no publicity stunt and I could only imagine how the (chat)room was reacting, but I still stayed away. I figured if there was anything going on in there, ole "Brie" would surely say something to me about it in I.M...

On with my virtual reality.

I was getting strange phone calls like never before, so much so that I started clocking them: February 17-11:15am, 1:18 pm, 3:21 pm and 6:48pm. On all calls, the person would listen-then they'd hang up. The calls were from an "Out of the Area" number (said Caller Id). On February 18 at 2:18 pm they hung up before I could even say hello, after that, I didn't receive any more calls like that...

Like me, all my friends were curious about what in the hell could have made Janet go from lusting me so, to [in a matter of days] behaving like some jealous high-school bully harassing the pretty girl who she thought was after her man (or him, her)...

Early March, my friend Shauntay was over and she wanted me to go into room to see what was going on. "NO WAY!" I said. She was dying to see what it was like, and what was going on. I was curious too, but I would not go in that hell-hole. I couldn't bare it. It reminded me of such a nightmare. In addition to that, I knew something was going on with Janet and Rene, and my presence in there right about now would only bring out Rix, LV and the rest of her buddies-for sure. I didn't need the heat.

A couple days later (March 8th to be exact) my friend Ahoo, who thinks she's rough

and stuff, came over and talked me into it. *“Just don’t say anything about what happened. Come on now. You KNOW that ho’ is calling your house and playing on your phone. You KNOW it! Go to HER shit and just sit there, you aint gotta even say nothing. Don’t start no trouble, just sit there and ‘LURK’ dammit! They fucked with you first! Shidddd, you are better than me, I would’ve BEEN up in there a long time ago, fuck her!”*

I got brave:

Welcome New User {Cinamon}.

“((((Cinamon))))” “long time no see!” “MYM” (miss you much), and things like that had been posted from some people who remembered me.

Immediately, I beamed that LissaFOSD (FOSD—not to be mistaken for “Falling Off Slippery Dicks”). She was carrying on like her same silly self—under her silly nickname: “GubmentCheese.” I was laughing like crazy and really happy to see her. I always liked her and could always count on a good laugh whenever she was around:

“Where’ve you been miss ‘Dwell Girl!?’ ” (a name she would call me—poking fun at me about my Chatters Page Bio, because I wrote: “Where I DWELL” instead of saying: “where I live.”) She was such a riot. Once, a while back, she and I were talking about the two phone lines I had: One for friends and the other line for busters, and she finished with: “Yeah Cinamon, busters, and BILL COLLECTORS!” and laughed I said: “Yeah those too!” ...although I wasn’t going to mention that in the middle of a chat room, but she brought it on out. She was crazy like that.

I said to “Gubment Cheese/LissaFOSD”: I’m starting to think that you have a multiple personalities with all these names you always use. I see you’re still around the room stirring up trouble!” “No I don’t girl!” she responded.

Rix (Janet’s friend and part of her digerati) came out of nowhere and said: “blah blah blah...” then he started sending these words down: “test...” “testing...” “test...” “testing...” “test...” “testing...” “test...” “testing...” “test...”

Ahoo kept saying to me in our virtual world: “Yeah ask him who passing the fuckin’ test! ASK HIM!”

I told her I wasn’t going to say anything to him because I knew he was just trying to be funny because I (Enemy Number One) was there.

I could tell that some shit was about to start again and this time, Rix didn’t “have to go to an appointment in 15 minutes.” LV was somewhere near with her hand on the trigger—I was sure of that.

While I was watching the script, someone stated that Janet was gone to workout.

I didn’t say a word. I know they were probably calling her cell phone to *death* to tell her to get online because I showed up. I just knew it. Before the shit could hit this fan, I announced that I was going to leave. LissaFOSD wanted to get my email addy so she could send me mail. I got hers as well, and told her I would be writing very soon.

After I logged out of the chat room, I checked in the Janet News Section of a link. It stated that she and her boyfriend René were indeed a done deal, and her team posted a copy of a chat script that was copied and pasted with everything Janet (under her {Dunk} nickname) said to her fans in the chat room regarding the situation. In the script she asked that they accept her apologies but that he would no longer be around in the room. In the notes before this chat room conversation, her digerati stated they never usually copy or go over chat scripts, but in this case they felt like they had to do it for the fans...

Later that evening, I dropped Lissa a line:

From: xxxx@email.ux.edu
To: Melissa Luke xxxxx@hotmail.com
Date: Tue, 09 Mar 13:50:16 -0500
Subject: Re: IT'S CINAMON!

Cin. Hey Lissa. I'm checking to see if I have the right email addy for you.

I was confused, because when she responded, it was exactly like this:

Melissa Luke wrote:

>From xxxx@email.ux.edu
> Mon Mar 08 19:16:21
> >Received: from [129.137.33.152]by hotmail.com (1.2) with SMTP id
> MHotMailB8ADDD85F275D101707F818921982CC30; Mon Mar 08 19:16:21 1999
>Received: from email.ux.edu (t18-06.ra.ux.edu [129.137.229.159]) by newman.bch.ux.edu
> (8.9.2/8.9.2) with ESMTP id WAA14790
> > for xxxhotmail.com; Mon, 8 Mar 22:11:28 -0500 (EST)
>Message-ID: 36E491AF.CFB5827E@email.ux.edu.
> >Date: Mon, 08 Mar 22:12:47 -0500
>From: xxxx@email.ux.edu
> >X-Mailer: Mozilla 4.06 [en] (Win98; I)
> >MIME-Version: 1.0
>To: xxxxx@hotmail.com
> >Subject: IT'S CINAMON!
> >Content-Type: text/plain; char set=us-ASCII
> >Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Hey Cinamon!! yeah it's right!! LOL...now can you tell me why you stopped coming and took your name of the chatters page? I *THOUGHT* that was you that Janet was mad at LOL !WTF HAPPENED?!

Her email confused me and I got a little leery at all the arrows, numbers and language that I didn't understand. It looked weird because I wondered why all that stuff appeared before her mere two-line response. I was thinking to myself, "she did all this, to say *that?*" I figured that I had better be careful. I responded (playing coy):

Melissa, you know what? You are my girl! You are C.R.A.Z.Y!!! Why would she be mad at me? I love Janet! Hey. Hopefully she still loves me too... I've chatted with her...But I dunno....(On to another subject)...Anyways ...Why didn't YOU send a bio to that chatters page? That is the question? HUH? Huh girl!...You are a mess. I hadn't been in that place since January and I haddddd to come in with your crazy butt in there shaking the party up!...I liked chatting with you though. Also if you have I.M let me know. Mine is: Cinamon2u. Okay?

She didn't respond until the next day:

From: Melissa Luke xxxx@hotmail.com
To:xxxx@email.ux.edu
Date: Tue, 09 Mar 19:51:05 PST
Subject: Well I'll be damned Cinamon!!!!!!!!!!!!

LOL..Cinamon girl I didn't send a bio to the chatters page because my scanner was broken and couldn't send in the pic! but I don't think I'll be sending one in now. I have too many crazy peeps stalking me! This one girl that lives out here (Cali) was hittin on me in I.M! and Virgin's ass lord he's nuts!! anyway...I *THOUGHT* it was you who Janet told to get out of the dayum kitchen if they couldn't take the heat. but I found out who that was Ms Dwell girl! I just jumped to conclusions I noticed your pic was gone from the chatters bio page and I thought you left!! But I see your back. FOR the record I do not stir up trouble! that's not me! Anyway I need to scurry off to work ☺ Here's my I.M name: Lockiejaws...but please don't give it out...Melissa PS- I like chatting with you too!!

The same day, I responded:

Oh yeah, actually it was LV that said, *“If you can’t stand the heat, get out of the kitchen!”* As a result of Janet and her entourage dissin’ me. I was more shocked than anything because that kind of disrespect don’t happen in my world. I go to cyber space and this million-dollar hoe is in there going through the motions about my \$2 ass!? I was gonna say some mean and hurtful shit to her but I didn’t want a hit put out on me!...cause I can get foul, rough rugged and raw girl...I mean I was really gonna let her have it. LOL. I don’t let too many things like that bother me. I just figured she needed to vent or whatever. Figured maybe she would explain what her reasons were (that never happened. I’m just a \$2 bitch) LOL.

I swear I was gonna get at her HARD, but LV was blocking out my responses so that I couldn’t get a word in, but allowed them hoes to diss the hell outta me-and all I could do was watch. That’s cool. I can’t even lie girl, that busted my head and chest. I was more shocked than anything. Whatever she and Shawn’s reasons were—I dunno. But I’m curious as hell. She went from one extreme to another...

If I was employed by her I would have simply told her, *“You know, fuck this hoe and treat her like the mere fan that she is and send her the lil’ CD she wants and lets do our thing as normal.”* I definitely wouldn’t have assisted her in making herself look bad like that. They are paid to make HER look good I believe, right? Well that day, they failed. That shit was ILL...And it fucked me up!

So yes, there WAS some subliminal shit going on and no one knew that it was me that she and her entourage were dissin’ but they knew like I knew that it was ME that they were talking to. I REALLY think there was a BIG misunderstanding that went on... and because of that, I asked Lee to remove my information from the chatters page. I figured that if the hostess of the whole muthafuckin room had a problem with me, then why should I be there? LOL. She and her entourage were off the CHAIN that day. It’s stained in my brain (oh, you can’t tell much huh?) LoL. The miscommunication going on is something I think I am about 95% sure I know exactly what it is.... She would have done a lot better trying to pick me or talk it over rather than jumping to some bullshit conclusion about scenarios in her head! I opened the lines of communication but only got a response back that really didn’t let me know that everything was kosher...But that’s okay, aint shit I can do. ANYWAYS, Virgin still be in there girl? He is something else. I won’t be back in chat. I only came in the other day because my girl wanted to see how it was. She bugged me to death for a few days to go in, so I did...I have zero interest in coming to it anymore...I had the beemies down on me as usual anyways...That’s fucked up. But hell, so am I...yeah, you can tell... *insert sad face here*

I hadn’t heard back from LissaFOSD, which seemed weird to me because who wouldn’t want to gossip about anything that happened between a megastar and a mere fan- especially if you were lurking and there to witness it? As silly Lissa was, and the way she was all over the room, at this point; I refused to believe she was anything less than an informant for Janet and on her payroll as well.

My radar was up on her. March 10 late that afternoon she dropped in on IM to me:

Lockiejaws: (((((((((((((Cinamon))))))))))))) it’s LissaFOSD!!!!

Cinamon2u: hey LissaFOSD!!!!(((((((what’s up girl))))))))) how are you?

Lockiejaws: I’m doing good!

Cinamon2u: Geez girl, u gotta work tonight?

Lockiejaws: yeah I gotta work at 5 tonight

(I paused without saying anything and she didn’t either-for an extremely long time)

Cinamon2u: what’s the matter Lockiejaws...cat got your tongue?

Lockiejaws: girl, I got your long ass email

Cinamon2u: oops, I see...you’re in...

Lockiejaws: lmao...shut up! I’m in several I.M’S

Cinamon2u: yeah, I am very detailed when trying to get my point across. Sorry.

Lockiejaws: lmao...girl but what CD did u want from Janet?

Cinamon2u: no I wanted some song that she sang background on. One of her old background singers actually sang the song and this Jazz player played the trumpet. It sounds the bomb. It was a song out from years ago and they don't sell it anymore. I loaned it to someone who cannot seem to find it and I am pissed about that! I wrote it in that dreaded chatter page bio under "where I DWELL" Lissa.

(long pause)

Lockiejaws: girl, are you trying to figure out how to work IM's?

Lockiejaws: so you're really not coming to chat anymore?

Cinamon2u: No I know how to use IM's! (although I'm not a computer buff like YOU!) lol! Girl no. My friend just wanted to see how it worked and all. My friend kinda likes Miss Thing too and wanted to check out her newest pretty pix...

Lockiejaws: Lmao No you didn't call her MissThing! I don't think she was serious that day.

Cinamon2u: What the fuck ever. How do YOU know?

Lockiejaws: she has said not to take what she says seriously because I was in chat one time when she said it...I could be wrong tho

Cinamon2u: she's still cool with me...still I don't love her any less than b4. I was just...lets say..."in the dark" if you will...lol

Lockiejaws: lmfao...girl come on back to chat! Don't pay LV no mind! (here I am talking ebonics!)

Cinamon2u: And btw before you go telling!..."Miss Thing" was a name I was tryna b cute with. When I think of her, I think to call her Boogie-Woogie...

(she took a loooong time to respond-I know she was merely copying and pasting this conversation-I could feel it)

Cinamon2u: you sure are boring me today...so what's REALLY goin on? (ebonically speaking) lol

Lockiejaws: lmao girl I am in several IM's

(just bet she was-doing what she's told: "relay" and "replay." I played along)

Cinamon2u: I told you-you be working the room girlllllllll! (*ghetto girl voice*)

Lockiejaws: I *can* act a fool...I'm supposed to meet up with Alina, but I can't because my car is still broken so I am pissed off LOL

Cinamon2u: Broken scanners, broken car. You just a broke down chic huh? LoL
But um...Alina? Shawnette's Fan Club VicePresident Alina? The one from my city? Tell her CINAMON says hello!

Lockiejaws: LoL @ your broke comment! Oh btw Alina was looking fo yo ass in there too!

Cinamon2u: I liked Alina. She was real cool. BTW. You need to get a Honda...you wou'en ha doze pro'lems...lol! (*ebonics / ghetto girl voice*)

Lockiejaws: she wants to know something about apartments-Alina does.

(right here she raised my antennas because Alina had been born and raised in Ohio, had been there all her life and still had sisters, brothers, mom, and a dad still living in Ohio (as memory served me correct). She sure as hell didn't need my help looking for an apartment. Furthermore, I remembered she was attending college in Minneapolis--so I asked):

Cinamon2u: She moved to California near you?

Lockiejaws: Lmao...girl I want a Honda too! No she is visiting...she wanted to ask you about apartments.

She knew she had screwed up, so she rushed to get off I.M then sent Alina on to talk to me. She too, really didn't have too much to say-neither did I. Alina felt about as stupid as LockiejawsLISSA did, and she too, "scurried" off as well. They all knew that they were not dealing with a fool but was willing to try their luck in playing Jedi Mind Tricks with a Darth Vader in this deep space of close encounters of strange kinds...

One thing I'm glad about is how I would always save *anything* I sent over the computer. I figured after all Janet and Shawn's January 21st madness, I had better go in and save a copy of the bios of LV, Rix, Janet, Shawnette, Rene, and Rob-all on the same disk, along with what I had saved up to this point (in case this clueless situation got deeper-because I felt something verrrry sinister was brewing). I titled the disk the "BULLSHIT" disk. I called it bullshit because the bull is Janet's zodiac signs symbol, and all the things they were doing to me up through this point-was pure shit. The I.M conversation between LockiejawsLISSA and me made the BULLSHIT disc as well...

Later on, I got brave again (alone this time).

I walked back into the room. Someone logged in and immediately started repeatedly posting the lyrics: "*Get Down, Boogie Oogie Oogie*," ...so I began to type the chorus right along with them: "*So get on up! On the floorrrr 'Cause we're gonna Boogie Oogie Oogie 'til we just can't boogie no more. Boogie no moreeee you can't boogie no-morrre. Boogie no more. Lisssssten my bass yeah!*" I sat there in my world playing air-guitar. We went back and forth with it. It was actually kind of funny. But (while singing and posting it) the more I thought about it, I knew that the person who started the song must had also been the hired help (as was Lissa), because I *did* remember mentioning to Lissa in our I.M conversation how I thought to call Janet "Boogie Woogie" (hence, this person's need to start singing the "Boogie Oogie" song when I walked in).

Chill day though. No one's finger was on the trigger on *that* day..

March 10 evening, Brie and I were in I.M talking about the newspaper article that a friend of mine brought to me regarding René laying claims about Janet's "secret bisexual lifestyle and insatiable appetite for pretty women" and how he was going to write a book telling everything about *it* and secrets about the rest of her famous family.

Brie responded: "Calm down! You can't believe everything you read..."

I said: "Well it's not that I'm all hyper about it, I'm more shocked than anything to see Janet and René in the smut mags because she really does a great job of keeping people out of her business. I think that she should have just let him do his director thingy to make his own money and she should have kept him out of her business affairs and they probably wouldn't have these problems, seeing as though he is asking her for millions of dollars stating he helped her with her career as well."

"I AGREE..." yelled Brie (in caps)...

Right after that, all of a sudden I got a big crash of my computer telling me all of my files were being retrieved. The big grey screen that covered my monitor had the nerve to ask me if I wanted to accept, deny, grant, or modify the request. I was confused as hell, but out of all four options, the one that sounded best to me was to deny it.

My computer then went back to mine and Brie's private chat in I.M.

Hysterical, I was telling her what was happening to my computer. I was a basket case-thinking about all my documents for my writings, my books, my poems, my personal files and *everything* I had nothing backed up elsewhere. I was sure I would lose my files completely. I called up to my schools I.T/computer lab specialists and told them what was happening.

He informed me that what was happening sounded like more than just a mere virus being sent to my computer.

The only light he could shed on the entire thing was that he hoped I denied the request in time before activation took place. I cried like a baby, because I'd be lying if I said my trigger-finger beat the set up. I was already being setup before the crash...

It took about an hour or so for my computer to get back to normal and when I looked, all of my files were still there. When I checked my email, Brie had written to tell me that when she tried to get back on to I.M with me, she got some error message telling her that I was "not available." Something about this girl had my antennas way up but she was another thing I didn't put my finger on in time enough for the setup...

For the next couple of days, I was worried as hell. On extra discs, I then made duplicate copies of all my files and documents to store away just in case this kind of thing ever happened again, because like I said: *something* was brewing-I just didn't know what...

Things were back to normal except I could not access my email account that was set up for me by my college for some reason. Whenever I would try to retrieve it, I'd get an error message that told *me* that I was "Performing an Illegal Operation," it would then kick me completely out and I would have to log back on to my computer. I knew I could just forget about my college email account because it was most probably under Janet's control considering the fact that *that* was the email address I used to join her chat room.

I knew immediately when I talked to the people at the computer lab about what happened, because they couldn't give me any solid answers as to what type of crash that could have been (other than it being more than a mere virus); this was most definitely a job that only some computer savvy person with a tremendous amount of resources could do or have done, and Janet certainly had the money for it all.

Perhaps, it was me who passed [with an A+] that "test" that Rix was "testing" and running after all...

It was obvious that I wasn't going to get any answers from Janet, Shawnette, Lissa or Alina about what was *really* going on. It was also becoming obvious that rather than talking with me about anything that Janet wanted to know (about me), instead of getting any questions answered via Shawn, Lissa, or Alina; she was going to kick doors down and *take* what she wanted to know. I could tell this was all her doing.

I was going to get to the bottom of this technological end of it if it killed me.

I printed copies of the email that LockiejawsLissaFOSD sent me that March 8th day [the one with the funny computer language all up top-where she merely wrote a two-lined email afterwards...the very same one that I figured was merely being covertly bcc'd to more people than just she and I]. The I.T guys at school pointed out where she had sent the original virus through to me by identifying my ISP (Internet Service Provider) and the TCP/IP numbers of my computer (which was what the weird arrows and language was all about that had me so confused).

He explained that any computer savvy person could gather basic information by your having sent an email to them-and they reply back to that *same* email, or you replying back to *them* on the same email that they send (rather than composing a whole new email to send from scratch). I then went on to explain to him about the crashes and strange happenings going on,

on my computer. He went on to explain: "Let me ask you a question, have you ever been in a chat room or chatted with anyone?"

"Yes I have," I responded.

He then said: "Well when you enter those rooms, you make yourself very vulnerable to the owners of them-whoever owns the servers. Did the person(s) who ran the chat room have your email address?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. He responded:

"Yeah...see, it's just like you are standing next to me and I can see what you have on and you can see what I have on. The difference is, the person who did this to you could see you and you couldn't see them because you do not run a control room in your house, nor do you have the resources (and you obviously are not computer savvy enough to know how that works because you're talking to me about the problem)," he said-sarcastically. I listened on.

"You have to understand that whenever you go into any chat room or forum by which they ask for your email account in order to verify you-and they send you an email to *that* email address you gave them; when you click, or copy and paste the link to join-they're in (if they want to be). I guess it just depends on what reason they need to be 'in' to *you* or *your* files, and that extent would depend on the monetary and tech savvy resources of the room's owner (if they want to get into your computer, that email account, or both), it all depends who it is. Do they have the resources and can they afford it? And what's the reason? That's the question..." he asked rhetorically.

I almost shitted my pants because of course I knew Janet could afford to have all this done. Furthermore, I knew she had a reason to and could give two fucks about talking *anything* over with my \$2.00 ass-so she did it her way: Took it.

There was nothing he could do to offer me a remedy for my problem except never to go into another chat room. In talking to myself, I knew the exception to that rule (for me-at this point) was Janet's chat room because they already got all that they *wanted*? What *did* they want? I would soon be finding out...

March 11, located on my Netscape home page, there was a line written in red that read: "*You're witty. So is she. Let the quips fly.*" Immediately I was drawn to it, so I selected it. When the page unfolded, there was an advertisement for Netscape's Webmail Service that seemed rather "attractive." I went to the dictionary to look up the word "quips" to see what it meant: "A clever remark or witty saying." The first person that came to mind was LockiejawsLissa; Ms. Control's other buddy who obviously relayed and replayed the email between she and I that revealed the spicy side of "Cinamon." I went on and accepted the email account, knowing that this was obviously something that Ms. Control wanted so that she could...communicate [after having taken]?

When the Netscape email account setup was completed, I went to my Netscape Communicator (like I normally would, to access my *schools* email addy), and at the top portion of this page sat my school email account-given back to me... At the very bottom-looking like hell-sat the new Netscape email account looking as if it had given me my school's email account back to me only after accepting *it* (the new Netscape email account). It was like a strange game of "Connect the Dots" and I participated all the way-totally wondering where we were going to go with all this. At this point (for sure) I knew this was how I was going to have to deal with her: Me giving a lot and Her: giving little by little. I had already given a lot since day one; she on the other hand, already had a whole lot of catching up to do...

By this time, I had sent a couple of emails to some friends (from my college email addy and my two Hotmail accounts), but I did not receive any responses back from either person. So from the Netscape email (that was offered to me), and *one* of my Hotmail accounts that evening, I sent my college professor emails from both-asking him a question about an assignment and *he* never responded. So the next day in class I asked him if he ever received either of the two emails from me at all, and he hadn't-at all-so that confirmed what I thought: When I set up the Netscape email account [that was sitting so beautifully advertised in my face that evening], my two Hotmail accounts + my school email account were being put under the control of Miss Control herself. She must have somehow been able to control the Netscape, and Hotmail accounts along with my school email accounts too (which disabled any mail coming *to* and *from* either email account: the Hotmail, Netscape, as well as my school email account).

I knew that the Netscape email account was pretty much on lockdown and for "our" use only, and because all my email accounts were under her control, and instead of emailing to relay through Shawn; all I had to do was just email myself from my Hotmail account [to myself]: my school email account and/or the new Netscape account, because either way; she would be able to read whatever I write *to* and *from* either three of them, so I did just that: emailed *myself* [to myself]. That way was best anyways. I set up and prepared my mission.

Since "BUZZ" was one of Rene's many nicknames, I figured I would give the email that particular subject title (which would definitely get her attention). I gave my theory a try by emailing myself *from* my school email account *to* my Hotmail account to see if she could read it (as I theorized). I was going to make it nice and juicy to make her respond to me some kind of way (be it via email, I.M or even in her own chat room) to let me know that she read it. I knew that if she read it (intercepted it) she would let it be known by dropping words [via chat room nicknames or posts pertaining to the contents of the email] just to let me know that she intercepted and read it. Well, let's see if it works. Here goes everything:

To: xxxx@email.ux.edu
From: xxxxngela@hotmail.com
Date: SAT, 13 MAR 15:42:08
Subject: (BUZZ) 4 your ear

GOT YOUR ATTENTION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!DAYUUM...I GOTTABOW DOWN...

Contrary to popular belief, my goal in life is not to be a nemesis of you. It's fucked up that whatever is going on, you leave me without the choice to decide if I wanted to *make* that a goal, or if can just be okay with deciding that I do not like you because of all this bullshit you're doing-and keep moving: ignore you.

Oops. I can't You know wayyyyyyy too much about me at this point.

I want my life back!

You know, at first, this "CONTROL" thingy was a real catchy tune of yours.

Artists started using it in their songs and jingles and shit-all that.

Now, I must once again lay out the red carpet for you QUEENJANET... you ARE a fucking control freak! Your need for "control" is like the understatement of the year. I have to give it to you. You got it girl. The only problem is that when you are controlling something, someone, or a situation, and they are not aware of the reason WHY, that makes you (the control freak) a control COWARD, which is just like having no control at all!

You leave the person, thing, or situation no choice to decide if they would like to go toe to toe with you or if they would like to call a truce and allow you to reclaim your control title as the undefeated challenger, who is DEFINITELY in control.

“You’re witty, so is she, let the quips fly?”

Witty is not when you have control over a situation, person, or thing and they don’t.

Witty is not having some weak mu’fuckas beaming down on me with these weak ass mufuckas tryna “pick” someone as “witty” as me.

Witty is not beaming down and commandeering my whole computer; consuming my whole thought process and personal business!

That’s weak!

This is bothering me to no end that you are sitting back like the unseen VJ as if you totally have nothing to do with it, when yo ass aint been “undercover” since I laid the red carpet out for you 2 months ago, in YOUR room (QueenJanet) how’s THAT for control!?. So all these drastic measures are like futile.

On a personal level, I had at first come to a new and deeper level of understanding of you but you are scratchin’ real low in that department.

I will take into account that if this were a normal scenario, I really think you would come out swinging, because your ass think you are BAD!

But seeing as though you can trust too many people, right now especially, I feel your plight girl. You probably feel like the way you are going about this is your safest route. Well, let me inform you that contrary to the belief of you, and your employees... I am extremely harmless to you and am of no threat to you or your world!

Now, I gave you my number AND provided you with the DIRECT and necessary tools to open up any lines of communication, to no avail. Now here it is, you want to go through all these drastic measures only proving to me what a coward you REALLY are, rather than flying straight AS IF you are leaving a clean slate, AS IF I would ever believe that all this shit wasn’t orchestrated because of, and by way of you (the unseen VJ, the control coward who has the wit of a chicken!).

My sole purpose for writing you is to inform you and prove to you that I am not trying to hurt or gain anything from you! Never did! I started off as a normal fan like anybody else up in your room, and now you got me all hooked up like Cyber Lucy!

This shit is ill.

I’m willing to do whatever YOU feel is necessary for you to put your guns down and call the dogs off (AND have been since the beginning, by the way). SO HOW’S THAT FOR CONTROL? So take your time, dig into your faculties and decide on whatever you feel comfortable with, and CINAMON will be much obliged, because I am DONE giving audience to this mess.

P.S-They say shit happens for a reason. I hope that all that you have read from my files has fed and put at ease—ya lil wicked soul, mind, and ya lil wicked heart! I aint mad at you. Foreal. I understand. I just feel you could have gone about it a better way. So again, as I informed the girl whose JAWS WEREN’T ON LOCK the other day: Your employees are paid to make YOU look good I believe. Well, two months ago, and this time, they failed! This time, they failed! This was THE tackiest job ever. It would’ve worked on some other weak DUMB bitch, but I aint her... Be good and be careful...Out.

It worked: my mission to test my theory. I didn't even have to go into her room to find out for sure. After I sent that email, my school email addy was completely taken away-yet again. I tried over and over to go into my Netscape Communicator field (like normal) and the familiar rectangular error message showed up telling me (again): "You Have Performed an Illegal Operation Therefore This Program Will Shut Down," ...and kicked me completely out of the system.

I then sat down and studied my Netscape home page and saw the word: "Webmail" there and opened it. When I got through it, it allowed me to enter my password so that I could get into the newly setup Netscape email account [the one "offered" to me in exchange for giving me back my school email addy that one day. I gave that Netscape email account a nickname: "HellMail"].

When the hell box opened, I still had no responses back from my two friends I had emailed, nor the professor—which confirmed they were intercepted, because they sure as hell were sent (as per the outbox and as per each person I emailed, who too, checked their junk box to make sure it hadn't even gone there—they just never got them).

With that, I wrote another email (*to* one of my email accounts *from* my other email account):

CLOSE!!!!!!!!!! But no cigar (since you are accessing my emails).

Hold on, I got one coming to you from another email addy of mine (seeing as though you blocked the Hotmail to look AS IF anything I've sent from Hotmail did not reach-namely the BUZZ email that you DID pick up outta MY college email acct!).

You aren't smart as you think you are...

Well have fun cause now your ass is about to be bored because I'm about to pull all this shit out of my wall! Please go back to your life and let me ignore you by going on with my lil' la-di-da life. I hope whatever it is you are looking for is found out CORRECTLY so that you can leave my ass alone! I'm SICK of you...

A couple days had gone by and I was carrying on with my busy life as usual.

Sunday, March 14. Early morning. Clock: 7:17a.m. I got a call.

Caller: "Hello, may I speak to Janet?" she said.

"You have the wrong number!" I replied, twisting my lips.

"Okay," said the caller, and she hung up.

It was non-other than that damned Shawnette-in that *same* voice like on Janet's Velvet Rope CD where she does an interlude called "Speakerphone." I know Shawnette's voice even outside of that. They thought this was cute but I sure as hell knew it was her [Shawn].

The only thing that confused me was that I knew I hadn't given Janet or Shawn my second telephone line-the buster line (also for bill collectors). I remember when I emailed Shawn (after she and Janet dissed me that January 21st day); I *specifically* and meticulously gave her: 5xx-721-1xx2 (my real telephone number) *not* my other number (the one that she called this particular morning). *That* telephone number was: 5xx-721-7xx0. I never give that number out and I certainly wouldn't have given that particular number to Shawn (because I never answer it). I only answered it this particular morning because it never rang on an early Sunday morning so it alarmed me. So how did she get the number?

I thought long and hard about it and remembered that when she commandeered my computer and hunted and gathered all my files; *that* particular phone number was listed for business purposes, non-urgent school business, people that I didn't want to talk to [but if they left a message I would call them back] and as well; I used it for my outgoing fax number.

Shawn probably elected to call the number thinking I wouldn't answer on an early Sunday morning, and too, because Lissa brought it up in the middle of the chat room [as a joke that] as well, my "other line" was for bill collectors. And since this wasn't a Monday through Friday business hours day, Shawn and Janet didn't expect me to answer it-they were just checking on it (for whatever reason)...

That also meant that if she read the files *that* carefully to find that particular phone line number, then she also had access to my social security number too, which was also located in some of those files. So not only had I willingly given her information about me since the first day I walked into her room, she also gathered many things about me unwillingly-by just *taking* them and setting up shop on my computer (and personal life).

After thinking about that, I sent this email (to myself) *from* my Netscape email account *to* my school email account (that I knew she would intercept anyways):

To: xxxx@email.ux.edu

From: xxxx@netscape.net

Date: 16 Mar 05:56:39 PST

Subject: Re: [RE: [QUESTION!!!!!!!!!!]]

Furthermore. Proof that your crew aint as skilled as you think yous are. That weak as phone call on Sunday morning from Shawn talkin' bout: "Hello may I speak to Janet?" (AND on my 7xxx0 line) gave you away! But I'm sure that probably was methodically and strategically done just to prove to me that you got it from my **STOLEN FILES AND EMAILS THAT YOU ARE INTERCEPTING!** I wish I could help you with whatever you are needing, but since I am **STILL** in the dark and you are the **CONTROL COWARD** that you are, I'm afraid I cannot help you! You know ironically Janet, when you had your girl call my house asking for you, I happened to have been watching my guy Charles Stanley Ministries (he's an evangelist you know...) And guess what the lesson was girl? "**MY ASSURANCE THAT GOD IS IN CONTROL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**" Isn't that ironic? **Shit, you aint got control and neither do I!...You NEED to slow your roll, and you should've had somebody like ME on your payroll...cause they're not on their shit!!!! (and neither are you!!!!) Trust me for the last time. I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU ARE FUCKING ON MY TAIL? I AINT GOT NOTHING THAT IS OF BENEFIT TO YOU. SHIT GIRL I AINT EVEN GOT GAS IN MY DAMN CAR! (WITH MY \$2 ASS!...lol) LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE OR FLY STRAIGHT (LIKE I SAID)** Quit trying to make me your enemy...Have a nice life...gone back to your world cause I'm on my way back to mine. When you are ready to fly straight and tell me what is **REALLY** going on, I'll be there to assist you...I know girl... I know you are probably are soooooo embarrassed but, don't feel that way cause I understand...(and I'm not being sarcastic)...I'll just laugh it off with you whenever you decide to fly straight. I will be cool about it... PS—Don't keep wasting your time because I'm getting disconnected from my entire college Internet connection...so curtains down, shows over...go read some damn fan mail!!!!!!!!!!

On with my virtual world, sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair, listening to "Computer Blue" by Prince off of the "Purple Rain" Soundtrack from my CD Rom...

I continued to carry on with my life like business as usual. I didn't have to go back into her world to get my answers. She fell into every trap I lay. But that was just one thing. But with regarding to Rene-her man for over thirteen years (and perhaps her reasons for all of this), as much as I tried to put it out of my mind and tell myself that this couldn't be so, the pieces kept coming together. I know how relationships can be. I know the irrational-emotional mindset of a woman when it comes down to a man. And I know the routes and measures many-a-women would take if she feels any way threatened that another woman is tampering with her ego or her man, regardless whether or not she is fairly attractive, pretty, fat, or skinny, rich or poor-it doesn't matter. Janet-with her beautiful, rich, and sexy self is no exception to that rule and wrath. I dug deep into the crevices of my mind to try and figure out what could

have been said or done to make her fly off the handle the way she did-enough to dump him after thirteen years, and such that the split was as instantaneous as a matter of days in which he immediately loaded an arsenal of secrets of hers to sell to the world in retaliation.

My (now) knowing her digerati's tech savvy and how they go about doing things, she could have had Rene being watched online-everything he emailed back and forth, too. Maybe she busted he and Rob plotting and planning something sinister (when Rob posted his phone number out of the blue-for no apparent reason). It caught *me* by surprise, so I know Rix and LV saw it too. It could have been a sleuth of things, but all I know is that obviously Janet felt (or knew) I was woven in there somehow and she wanted who she felt that person was, to pay-somehow, so much so that *she* was willing to pay whatever was necessary to find all that she could about that person-she can afford to do that (financially). But what she can't afford is to fuck me or fuck my life over-that's what she *can't* [afford to] do...

Maybe I was just the wrong person, caught in the cross-fire of a true situation (that probably happened with some *other* woman) which, maybe due to seemingly perfect timing; lead all roads and arrows to me (and my unfortunate timing). If her reason for leaving him was because of his "skirt chasing ways," (as printed in the papers as her reason for leaving) I *certainly* wasn't one of the skirts or the catalyst-but perhaps the straw that broke the camel's back. Without knowing me well enough, in just a matter of days there was no other way I could explain how she could go from that kind of impulsive lust and interest, to hatred and ridicule on just "being crazy"-when there was indeed a man involved (whom I *did* meet in person and had conversation with). That man just so happened to be *her* man. If all arrows pointed to someone that he cheated with around the time and day that I met him, I sure wasn't her. But obviously, *something* seemed right and correct from Janet's point of view and technological thievery-enough to make her take it to this extent.

Of course me telling this story to anyone looking at a regular girl with a regular life, it all would seem so far-fetched, but by this time, I knew what was really going on. It didn't take a rocket scientist to put A and B together to get C. It was only the cast of characters involved (them + Janet vs. me) that were from two different stratospheres of the earth. Actually, her methodology of finding what it was she wanted to know about another woman was the only thing that was out of this world and unbelievable.

I figured with private details of my life and all my personal business now in her hands, and without me knowing her heart; I had better soften my blows because the most dangerous person in the world (to himself and the world around him) is a person with a weak mind and a weak heart, *especially* jealousy of any kind (envy or coveting)-they're worst than a wanted terrorist or a murderer. Because weak-hearted and weak-minded people are free to roam this world, but (unto the object of their disdain) they set themselves up with inferiority complexes and harbor weak-minded thoughts that lead to doing weak-minded shit lead by a weak heart-24/7/365 and there's no law to protect their target(s) from them. That's why they are the most dangerous. The only punishment they receive is personal-it's private. They die a thousand deaths a thousand times a day, and 24/7/365 they live a private hell. Although it may feel good to their objects of disdain, the fact of the matter still remains: they are freer than a weak-hearted and weak-minded wanted terrorist or murderer. So they're more dangerous (in my eyes) because it's a disease and a curse that just keeps going. Having thought that through and not knowing her heart (especially considering the fact that she has money), I figured I'd better soften my blows, because I don't know everything. No matter how many theories I could come up with for answers to satisfy my curiosity; the main fact of the matter will always be this one fact: I sure as hell cannot afford to fight her, and it made no sense to keep fighting

fire with fire. So March 21, I sent this email (still-to myself, from myself). And this time, I was little sweeter:

Hey check it. I am like having trouble with my freakin' file. Look, on a serious note, my fucking chest is actually broken up about this whole thing and I am only on the defense because our offense puts me in that particular position. I really do not like being that way with you to be honest, but I guess whatever it is you are doing or feeling like you have to do, I'm sure you have your reasons why. That's why (this email) I am really not as perturbed as I normally would be. I just wished I wasn't so much in the dark about it. That's what's pissing me off because actually I am totally harmless to you... But I really don't know what else to say except that I hope all this blows over because I am tired.

Don't feel "a way" because just as I am very understanding that you did all that you felt you had to do for your reasons (whatever they may be) I hope you also understood my defenses and did not take them personally, because I wouldn't want that...I'm just REAL fucking CONFUSED I swear...

Like I said, whenever you are ready to put your guns down, I will be much obliged.

Seriously, take your time and dig deep into your faculties to decide on what route you personally feel is safest enough to make you call the dogs off of me and my stuff. I really do not have time for these interruptions and nuisances, I just don't.

Shit, I just don't know what else to say. But whatever you need, get it solved real soon because I reallyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy hate this shit man I swear...I hope everything is okay with you seriously.

I checked Hell Mail. No response (obviously). The calls ceased.

Still, I never went back to the room. Sure, I knew that if I went back to her room, I would know for certain that she read them, because Janet and her buddies had a knack for making up words as nicknames. They did that, or indirectly interjected words about things said or done in the middle of impromptu meaningless conversation [but for the sole purpose of saying what they wanted to say in ways that the only person to whom it concerned would understand it-and who too, was on the inside of the joke or conversation]. That was pretty much how we played this game-it protected everybody.

My curiosity and confirmation needed that she indeed intercepted and read all of my self-to-self emails (meant for her to read) wasn't strong enough for me to want to wrestle with she and her friends in her world again. Re-entering after all this time (especially in the middle of what she and Rene were publicly going through + considering all that she was covertly doing to me)—my being there *this* time around would be much bigger than confirmation of intercepting mere emails having being read of me talking tough to somebody with more power, money, and control than me. At this point, I was sure that her attraction, lust, and "insatiable appetite" she once had for pretty lil' me was just another one of her many flings and a tale of a few months past called: "*The Pretty Girl from the Concert Who I Almost Got And Three Months Later, Showed Up in my Private World And I Got Private With-But So Did My Man-So Now I'd Rather Kill Her Instead.*"

I didn't think it was necessary to go back there. I would rather roll with the notion that I now knew she was indeed intercepting and reading all I had to say about this mess, just about as much as I felt she rolled with the notion that I may have played some part in Rene's "skirt chasing" ways yet, here she was getting at, and interested in me. I felt it best to just leave us both at that.

In other news however, I guess my being sweeter brought a little bit of good karma my way-I had a lil' luck happen.

I had gotten a letter from the senior editor, Karen Thomas at Kensington Pinnacle Books, stating that they were interested in my work after receiving a query and synopsis.

They asked me to send them the complete manuscript. I was so excited because I didn't have an agent as yet—and to have such a big publisher ask little ole' me for my work after sending them a mere query letter was a feat and large leap. That really made me happy, because by industry standard protocol, publishers never get straight at authors—for nothing, only through an author's agent. I was *ecstatic*.

That next day (March 26), I woke up bright and early to get the manuscript printed. Low and behold, my day turned out *horrible* when I went up to Kinko's to print the pages. I had given three of their computers viruses from my discs and I couldn't print from my discs at *all*. The computers crashed. I was livid, because this whole thing took me by surprise (again). The lady at Kinko's informed me that I would have to go pick up an anti-virus kit to clean all my discs and my hard drive files at home and I did just that. I bought it, downloaded it, and cleaned the hard drive files and all of my discs, then went back up to Kinko's to print.

Although the computer didn't crash this time, it *still* would not print my work from my now (new and clean) discs where I transferred my work (after cleaning).

I was anxious, short on time, and short on money.

I went back to the store where I bought the anti-virus kit from, and purchased a little printer to just print the files from my hard drive at home. That printer didn't print worth shit when I got it home. It took almost an hour to print like 40 pages and I had 324 pages to print.

I was pissed.

I just sat at my desk, listening to my music in my CD ROM in my comfortable black Futon chair, looking at the possessed computer in front of my face. I then unhooked the useless printer from it and took (the printer) back to the store.

I went back to Kinko's and tried saving my manuscript from my disc onto *their* hard drive (since before, it wouldn't print from my actual disc-clean or dirty) and low and behold—*that* worked!

I felt victorious.

I wrote the cover letter to the senior editor, packaged it, and sent it off that same day.

When I ran the Anti-Virus check and got the report back, all of my files had a W97M.Groov.B virus.

That day took me through hell, and all I could ask myself was “why? Why would she invade my life this way and try to sabotage my work? What the hell on earth could make this woman with her “big things” from her “big world” come down into my “little world” and do “big things” to little ole nobody “me?”

Just annoyances...

She's got hers, and I got *mine* to get!

This was just insane and inhumane. She was nightmare from the start.

I knew she was trouble when I walked in.

Shame on me for even going in after having thought that from the start...

April 10th, I checked my email and I got a message from persistent little crazy Brie.

It pissed me off:

To: xxxx@hotmail.com

From: "Donna Strouse (ICQ#3079xxxx)" xxxx@hazleton.net

Date: Sat, 10 Apr 11:40:36 +0500

Subject: I wish to contact you on the ICQ Network

Greetings, Hey Aunt Kay...

Here is another one of those interesting programs that I have that you can chat on in Internet with...Just about everyone I chat with likes this one better than AOL...It's got more features and it even checks your email for you so you don't have to go to your mailbox all the time. I have tried to contact you on the ICQ network but was unable to find you. Therefore I would like to invite you to join the ICQ Network. You can download ICQ from this html link. Once you do it, we will be able to communicate on-line. Click here to download ICQ: www.icq.com/ I have 4 addys on the ICQ network:

-My ICQ number is 3079xxxx

-My Personal Communication Center on the Web, from which you can send me a message without having the ICQ Program is www.mirabilis.com/3079xxxx

-You can send me an email express, which will appear directly on my computer screen to 3079xxxx@pager.mirabilis.com

-My personal ICQ homepage is members.icq.com/3079xxxx. If I am online you will be able to have a 2-way dialog with me from this page, which includes the World Wide Paging of ICQ

Seek you @ ICQ

Donna Strouse "Brie" ICQ#3079xxxx

I was *livid* because I had told her on *more* than occasion that I was *not* interested in that goddamned ICQ program and that it was entirely too virtual for me. Any program that could bring us to that kind of virtuosity, at one time, or another (or two or ten times); she had tried to sell me on. When I got the email, I could tell that although she *titled* it "Aunt Kay," she sent it to me on purpose to act like it was done by mistake (but still trying to persuade me to get the ICQ program for some strange reason). I *really* thought she was zigadeeboo crazy and that made me angry-because it was methodical under the guise of being a mistake with something that I hated her to keep trying to sell me on, at that.

Immediately I sent her an email explaining how I had told her several times before that I was not interested in that **darned** ICQ program and how very irritated with her I was at this point. I demanded that she never to ask me about it again. She never responded. For the next three days, I would check for her on I.M and she wouldn't be online anymore at all. Three days off-line for Brie meant she must've died or something, because she *never* logged off line. But I guess that scared her crazy ass away and off line too, finally, (I had hoped)...

The things that she would say to me, and the ways that she craved the taste of being able to experience me in real-time was *very* odd to me (especially for her not knowing me personally)...

"WHO IS THIS GIRL, AND WHAT DOES SHE WANT FROM ME!?" I kept asking myself.

It was like she *craved* being able to be hooked up to me such that she could absorb my person, the ambiance I was in-anything-as if I was sitting right next to her. She acted as if I was way too far from her than she wanted me to be.

I still hadn't quite figured her out for being anything other than some crazy chic who too, happened to be a Janet fan-never anything else aside from that, but I would soon find out-sooner than I could have never imagined...

Ever since this Janet stuff, everything was getting weird.
Coming into my own damned *house* felt weird to me.
I lived in a two family home where I would just have to walk up about six steps to get to my front door-and getting to the door seemed like such a process since all this.

April 13, I turned the key to my door and looked over to my right where my possessed computer sat right by my window-being accompanied by my comfortable black Futon chair looking as if my music from my CD Rom was about to play itself, rather than me-it. That whole corner looked spooky.

I had a habit of coming into the house and wiggling my computers mouse to turn on the monitor's light, but this time, it did not come on.

I wiggled and wiggled and wiggled it and it still didn't. I rebooted the entire computer over and over and couldn't get a picture on the monitor, so I figured the monitor must've blown out. The screen of it looked like a picture tube that had blown out of a television perhaps, but I never heard tell of that happening to a computer monitor. I knew *something* was blown out, but it was weird because the monitor's green on-off button would come on when I pushed it yet, the screen was still black. And at reboot, I could hear everything loading and booting but the monitor wouldn't give me a picture [of my desktop/icons].

I went over to my mom house to borrow one of her monitors because she had about three of them around the house that she wasn't using. When I got it home, I hooked it up and it *still* didn't come on. This particular monitor was practically new, so knew this probably had something to do with Miss Control herself, she's going to get her way or else...

I sighed.

"What next?" I asked myself.

That damned Janet-forever trying to control shit as if this really *was* her world and her planet.

Beam me up to Scottie...I mean: Janet

3

LUST



- n. 1) a desire to satisfy the senses, bodily appetite 2) a sexual desire, excessive sexual desire, especially as seeking unrestrained gratification
3) overmastering desire: as lust for power

“If she could bottle up ‘lust’ (the act and spirit of it) and sell it strictly by her special brand of delivering it, she would be the richest woman in the entire world. Lust was atop the pyramid of the type of hedonism she enjoyed so much so that it was the equivalent of what love is for her. I know people are quick to talk about mistaking love for lust, but with her; love really was lust and lust really was love (one in the same, like a moth to a flame). I never knew anybody like that—who, in every demonstrative way, could somehow rearrange your entire thinking, feeling, and knowing that lust and love are two totally different things— but could make you (like her) do away with the fact that love and lust are two different things. Lust was all the “love” she knew. And with her—you had to love lust too. And well, I do. So we stuck together like glue.”

-Angie

I took a deep breath and drove up to my schools computer lab. I logged into her chat room and just sat there. It was entirely different now. Whaddayaknow: The rules had changed. You could not lurk anymore like before. Now, you *had* to sign in before you could even *see* the script to talk to anyone. I immediately went to the chatters page section to see if my picture and bio was still down, and they did me one better; instead, the *entire* chatter's bio page was gone. The note said that the chatters page was "under construction." I just bet it was...

"Qbenlyric2" came down and said hello to me. I said hello to him/her. S(he) started in by telling me that s(he) was in love with me and thought I was so very beautiful. I looked over at the blank chatters page that was "under construction" again, to see if my memory served me correct (again). I wondered how (again) "Qbenlyric2" could have known that I was "so very beautiful" but I didn't ask-because at this point I *knew* that "Qbenlyric2" was Janet's seductive self. And she too, knew that I knew. She knew I knew the game...

"I have a secret to tell you," she said.

"Yes, I'm listening, tell me-please," I replied.

She paused:

"I'm a closet romantic..." she confessed.

Speechless, my heart started pounding and my fingers got stiff. She was mad sexy.

"I WANT YOU," she yelled (in caps).

My eyes got big: "Yeah, but...I'm at the computer lab at my school because I'm a little computer blue at home you know..." (she knew what I was talking about).

"Oh yeah Cinamon?" she replied-sarcastically. (I imagined her sitting there laughing at me; brows up, rolling her neck, lips tight, eyes squinting, and whispering: "you're *dayuuuummm* right it is. I run your shit..."). Instead, she wanted to reiterate it again:

"I WANT YOU! I LOVE YOU! I PUT THAT ON MY FIRST BORN..." she said-truthfully-knowing that I, of all people, knew the truth about the rumors for years, of her even having a first born (or no)...

"Yeah? I want you too, but it's kind of difficult talking to you like I'd from up at a computer lab you know?" I replied.

"Yeah I KNOW," she laughed-knowing what she had done to my computer at home.

"So what's up? I would move to your city if you wanted me to! *packing...lol" she said.

I returned the laugh.

"Cinamon. I WANT you...Do you want me?" she demanded to know.

"Yes, yes I do," I assured her.

"So what's it gonna be woman? Can I come to see you? I can be there in about 3hrs," she said.

Chris and Dread were making comments about what Qbenlyric2 and me *thought* was a subliminal sexual conversation in the middle of the chat room. The two of us were

carrying on like nobody else was there-picking up where “**QUEENJANET**” and me left off, as if nothing bad had ever happened. This time however, we were carrying on something serious-like we just walked into the door sweating and anxiously waiting to get to one another. I was so preoccupied with her that I ignored Chris and Dread who couldn't believe what we were doing and saying. In awe, I was thinking to myself: “Is this what the hell she wanted all this time?”

“Insatiable” was an understatement. Her sexy was something I was at a loss of words for. And I'm seldom at a loss for words. ..

*I'll move to where you are if you want me too. *packing...so what's it gonna be, can I come or what. Tell me now woman!*” she demanded to know. She did not want to waste any more time.

I paused a second.

Then she asked: “*What is it? Is it lil' bit?*” (talking about my kid).

“No...” I replied.

“*Then, I'm packing, so what's it gonna be? Girl I'll pack my things and move there to be with you if you want me too! LoL.*” she said again.

I was kind of giggling in my own virtual world because of her aggressiveness-it shocked me. I was sure that she set this whole thing up anyways so that I would be forced to come in to the room. I could feel her sexual tension and impatience. How she got me back on and into her room was certainly crafty. She was crafty-everything about her was. The fear + the apprehension I was feeling kind of turned me on.

I got cocky and responded: “*So what girl, what cho' want from me. You want me to stress you out a lil bit? huh?*” I giggled, while thinking nasty thoughts.

She paused a while, and laughed at me in her (virtual) world with her brows up and said to me: “*Cinamon, I think you need to go home. Go home now. We need to talk on I.M.*” then she gave me her info to go to the private line with her. I wrote it down.

“*So I can go home now?*” I asked-wondering about my blackout.

“*Yes, go home now and get online with me-hurry,*” she said.

“*Okay I'm on my way there now. It takes me about 5 minutes to get to my house but since it is rush hour, I know I'll be in within the next twenty minutes, for sure okay?*” I said.

“*I don't care just go home and get on with me,*” she said-eagerly.

I rushed home-got there in less than ten minutes.

When I got in the house, the computer was up and running like nothing was ever wrong with it, so I logged in to I.M:

“*I've been waiting for you...*” she whispered seductively, reminding me of the first line from her Rhythm Nation song “Someday is Tonight...”she's so methodical and slick...

“*I'm so happy to be talking to you. I miss you so much. I was so mad at you at first, but I want to tell you that I love you. I love you so much,*” she said to me. (I noticed how she said “I love you” but offered no apology whatsoever-for all that bullshit she did)...

I took a deep swallow and was speechless at this point.

As if she was moaning and yearning she said:

“*Cinamonnnnn I WANT YOU! I can fulfill your every emotional, mental, and physical need. I promise you,*” said this wild woman. (I immediately knew she must've read my files because in one of them in particular, I talk about my emotional, mental, spiritual, and physical needing stimulated before I am able to commit myself to a relationship).

I needed to know: “*I’m not understanding, what happened, why all the madness a while back?*”

She said: “*I was so hurt and mad at you when you left all that time and didn’t come back. I missed you so much that I ached. Why did you leave me? I love you,*” she said to me (again)-in place of still, apologizing. “

And I love you too,” I replied.

Sure, I was thinking about putting this I.M conversation on the BULLSHIT disc (just in case), but I figured if she had the power to turn my computer on and off, then I was more than sure she would be able to tell if I was saving things, so I didn’t bother to. And this time, it seemed like she was in no mood to bullshit or play around. I also wanted her to trust me, so that we could get to the bottom of things, then get this party started.

She proceeded to tell me how she and “Bit” (the name she started to refer to when she was speaking of Shawn) were both looking at the screen not believing that it was *me* talking to them. “Bit” then wanted to say hello to me. I said hello back to her. Janet said she was happy. Me? I was confused-they were like fans of mine now..

“*Do you really love me?*” she asked-vulnerably.

“*Yes I do. I was just in the dark about what happened, therefore I got a little upset,*” I said.

“*Oh Cinamon I love you SO much. I wanted to know all this time if you loved me too and it was “Bit” who proved to me that you did. The letters-at first I didn’t think you did, but “Bit” told me that she knew you loved me,*” she said innocently and naively.

Although I wasn’t playing games, I was thinking: “Oh my god, she couldn’t be this gullible, she couldn’t be.” I think she was more ‘weird’ than anything-because of how long she has been who she is. This Internet thing was made for her: her lifestyle, and her personality behind her celebrity-I was learning and accepting that about her.

She continued: “*I just want you know how much you’ve changed my life, you saved my life!*”

I responded: “*Well I hoped the information (the books) was very useful and helpful to you. That was the main thing. So that makes me feel good to know baby.*”

At this point, I began to feel somewhat warm to her. She was so candid, and naively raw: “*Yes I need you. I miss you so much it hurts. I ache,*” she confessed again.

“*I really miss you and I really do love you,*” I confessed with my softened Kool-Aid smile; feeling like putty in her hands.

“*I have something for you Cinamon,*” she said seductively.

“*Cinamon, I’m telling you now that I BE DA MAN!,*” she wanted to make that clear.

She proceeded to give me what [she felt] I needed: “*I got 9 and a 1/2 inches of strap for you. He’s called Mr. Happy. He’s like a caramel and creamy color,*” she bragged.

“*How wide is it?*” I inquired. “*About 3 inches wide,*” she said.

“*So what, what’s it gonna be woman. Should me and Bit finish packing?*”

I got quiet again for a sec, and then she said: “*I don’t want to put you under any pressure. I just want to give you a good swab down.*”

I responded: “*Well, to be honest with you I didn’t see you in that way.*”

“*What do you mean, what do you mean?*” she asked, nervously.

“*Well, I’m saying that I saw to have you ‘my way’ and to have me ‘your way’ just seems weird ‘cause I never saw you that way,*” I said, trying hard to play thoughts out in my head of her being freaky soft butch-like.

I assured her: “*I don’t mind at all. I guess my brain just has to switch sides, is all.*”

“ Well, I’m telling you right here and right now: I BE DA MAN! I’m gonna make you feel so good. Tell me how you like it and what you like and I’m gonna do it,” she promised.

My heart pounded and dropped down to the seat of my pants:

“ Well DAMN, I must say, you punked me way out. I am like so punked out until it aint even funny,” I laughed and confessed.

She asked me to tell her how I liked it. I told her that I love to be taken: fucked senseless-and that I had a thing for getting fucked at the edge of the bed, on the hard floor, on top of the bed, head down, in corner-from the back. She wanted that work, I was going to give it to her (and Mr. Happy).

Facing or from behind, I told her that I especially got turned on by getting fucked wherever on the floor but as long as it lead to me being fucked senselessly in a corner so that I could not move anymore; only scream and take it all while trying to fuck back. I told her that I loved to be put at the mercy of my lover in that way because every aggressor handles having that kind of control in their own way-and well, I was curious about the way she handled hers...I want that work.

“ Oh my GOODNESS! I love you Cinamon! I love you. You turn me on,” she gasped.

“ You sound so cute telling me you feel punked out. I’m gonna make you feel so good my Angel boo. I love you. I’m soooo happy I’m talking to you now. Now I can quit walking around the house singing the love songs that remind me of you to Bit,” she said.

“Sing one to me then,” I challenged.

She proceeded to sing “We Must Be in Love” by Pure Soul, “Baby It’s You” by Jesse Powell and “For You” by Kenny Lattimore. I thought that was so cute.

“ Those are songs for marriage. So we’re married now? LoL,” I said.

“ I would marry you if I were a man!” she said.

“ At least we can pretend we’re married,” I said.

“ Yes, Cinamon we can, we really can,” she replied.

I thought it would be interesting being able to pass notes about music and poetry that touched me in various ways with somebody who could relate to how I feel about my music and the depths I take the lyrics to.

We talked like-forever, and each time she said something that didn’t come out right and I would correct her, she would apologize and tell me that she really cared about what I thought of her-that kind of melted my heart even more-because she was so sweet and careful about trying to handle me (during conversation).

Truthfully, aside from my reactive and impulsive lust, I was still a little hesitant considering the way she entered my life and the things she did. I was unsure as to whether or not she was really being her true self with me, or if she was working the fit the mold of what she thought I liked (after having my work, emails, all my files and everything in her hands and being able to study me like I could tell she did: my likes, my dislikes, my wants, my needs, my desires-all that). I had so many questions but didn’t want to ruin the mood of the moment.

I was trying *hard* to feel her out-thoroughly. Outside of her sweetness and her sexiness, I couldn’t forget that she was a master at playing Jedi Mind Tricks, so I just didn’t know what to think (or trust). The bottom line was the obvious I need not belabor: I was indeed very flattered, I won’t lie, but still...I had a couple problems with this whole lil’ setup. I was not about to let “Bit-o-Drama” herself and Miss Control come to my city to set up shop in some hotel room for us to make love without having explained to me why we made war in the first place. Even with a throbbing clit, I didn’t care who the hell she was, or how she had me turned on. You just can’t go from lust, to hate, and back to lust ten times over without

telling me why (*before* I step out and to you). I just wasn't very comfortable without having discussed the: who, what, when, why and how's. I had been obsessing about it for far too long and especially considering how hurt I was that she and I started off this way, I needed to clear the air first. After that, I would have rushed to be with her-no questions asked. It just seemed like she wanted to never discuss (or apologize for) the early craziness-squash it, and forget it ever happened. I wasn't comfortable with that. I could tell that discussing it was a no-no in I.M. And I could tell that this thing was going to have to go her way or no way. So eventually, I let go of the fact that I wasn't going to get *any* conversation whatsoever about what happened and why it happened (especially regarding all that computer commandeering). I had sooooo many questions. But the only who, what, when, where, why and how that Miss Control had in mind *what* she wanted, *how* she wanted it, *who* she wanted, *when* she wanted it, *why* she wanted it, and *her* way-period.

"*So let's quit wasting time, what's it gonna be?*" she asked again (she liked to keep asking that so as to remind me of her song with Busta Rhymes: "What's it Gonna Be." She knew that I knew what that meant. I was so perfect—for her (and this game)...

I told her that I had to check on something because I had other plans at first.

"*How long will it take?*" she demanded to know.

I told her that I was waiting on a phone call or that I could probably get off line and call to see what the status was and that I'd get back on line when I got done.

That "call" I made was merely me calling my friend Dana-telling her that if I called her back talking funny-just play along. Play along as if I needed to honor whatever it was I promised and made up as I talked along (so it would be an obstacle for me to wisp off with Janet and Shawn in like "3 hours" all of a sudden...after three months of drama *cross-eyed face*).

After I called my friend, I got back online. Jan asked me what the status was. I told her *some* kinda mumbojumbo. She paused. "*I don't want to pressure you,*" she said, once again.

"*No, it's no pressure, it's just something I had already made plans to do and I wanted to clear it up first. Don't worry, you're not pressuring me at all,*" I assured her. All I wanted to do was ask her if we could clear the air and my head about our big mess and from there, I could be comfortable. I needed to be comfortable. But I knew that if I said that, this conversation would have been over either by way of a new Jedi Mind Trick or a mere disconnect. But there was hope, she asked:

"*I want to hear your voice on the telephone-with me. Can I call you, may I?*"

"Yes," I said. I paused. She paused.

"Well...which...?" she asked.

She asked "which" to have me confirm which of the two phone numbers (she already had) I wanted her to call: "*5xx-721-1xx2*" I reiterated.

"*I'm gonna let you talk to Bit for a while then ease you into talking to me Cinamon okay?*" she said.

"*Um, don't worry about all that, you are not "that person" to me right now, okay?*" I replied (talking about "Janet the Superstar" person).

I was good and over being start struck over her by this time. I was merely excited and lustful like she was-turned on by her sexiness and aggressiveness that I just found out about. I was curious, but nervous-and only intimidated by that (not about her being "Janet anymore). I liked how she got down. She sounded like she was ready to work me over. I liked the thought of that.

She then gave me three phone numbers:
(x1x) 298-4xxx and (x1x) 277-4xxx and (x1x) 277-8xxx” she then said:
“And Cinamon, those are real numbers...” I laughed (we both knew what that meant-unlike how I do: have numbers that I really don’t answer for certain people unless they leave a message)...

“Okay. Call me,” I said.

“Alright Cinamon the next sound you hear will be your phone ringing...”

I sat there and didn’t disconnect because whenever I would be online and I would get a phone call on that line, I would get disconnected anyways. I waited for about 5 minutes for the screen to disconnect and the phone to ring-it didn’t. So I logged offline to wait. When the line cleared, I had 3 voice messages waiting on me. I checked them. It was the sound of about three females sounding like they were in a sneaky little girly circle; one-the loudest one-laughing and talking about how jive and fake I was. That voice was very unfamiliar to me-it wasn’t Jan *or* Shawn’s voice at all (the two of them kept giggling and laughing in the background), the unfamiliar voice did all the talking.

Just as I was about to log back on, the phone rang. I picked up. That unfamiliar voice said to me: “You fake thing you! You are SO jive! YOU ARE THE FAKEST, MAN! YOU ARE FAKE! OH WE KNOW...” said the unfamiliar voice.

I sat there and giggled, trying to explain why they went straight to voicemail (unbeknownst to me-they heard my whole other entire conversation with Dana). The unfamiliar voice paused a minute while Janet whispered something in her ear. When she came back to the phone, then giggled and said:

“Listen to how you talk! Do you have a cold?” she asked.

“No, I don’t. I haven’t had a cold all year yet. That’s just how I talk, I’m very nasal,” I responded-feeling like I must sound like Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer with a muzzled snout (trying to hang in here with this woman’s Reindeer games)...

We had sat there for long enough and it didn’t seem like Janet or Shawn had *any* plans on taking a chance on getting on that telephone to talk directly to me.

“Look, get back online Hun,” I said.

I knew that if she didn’t trust me to do that-this *really* was not going to go anywhere.

She knew how to forget “who she was” when it was convenient for her, but I could tell she gave two fucks about giving me any comfort or trust in this outside of her rules and her way. I wouldn’t have recorded her, or done anything stupid like that. As long as we were in talks and I could be made comfortable; we were as good as on. And “3 hours” couldn’t have gotten here soon enough. But without that, I wasn’t willing to risk hopping to be with her any more than she was willing to risk doing it my way. One of us, or something had to give.

When we both got back online, I started talking some kinda mumbojumbo, again, trying [now] to *really* get off the subject since Janet didn’t ease her way onto the telephone to me. I didn’t think it was fair how she had control of everything since the beginning, and I mean *everything*, then when it was time for her to come from behind all the hidden shit, she put someone else on the phone before I could talk to her personally-having the nerve to tell me that she would “ease” me into talking to her as if I was gonna fall out in the floor screaming and kicking like I was at a concert. Shid, I was past that, in this moment.

We sat there online. Everything was awkward now. *Everybody* was thrown off.

In walked the Jedi Mind Tricks to flip the entire script-their form of: “just in case...”

When she saw that I was basically at a loss for words at this point (and actually had

been ready to get offline), she started telling me how she was looking at a big life sized poster of me and all. “Weird,” I thought to myself.

“Oh my god, I know she didn’t get my Chatter’s Page Bio picture blown up to stare at! Brrrrr! Creepy!” I was thinking—but instead, responded: “Oh, that’s interesting.”

As she continued to ramble on, I was understanding what it was she was doing. She was deliberately talking to me as if SHE was a fan who thought SHE was talking to Janet all that time (trying to cover up her tracks that she felt were “exposed” at this point). “Clever” I thought, “how clever.” Jedi Mind Tricks was an understatement...

I talked small-talk with her until she got tired and had run out of things to say, then she paused for a long while. When she returned back online, she was a total bitch—it was like Jekyll and Hyde. She was mean, rude, cruel, and very callused. She began talking this weird kind of third person talk to me; telling me how pissed she was that her lover a turned her away:

“I am pissed off because she is fuckin’ with me. I wait all this time so we can see each other face to face and she turns me away, I can’t believe this, I am SO pissed off. I wanted to see her SO bad,” she pouted and said.

On and on she went. I just sat there, adlibbing and trying to explain everything that was on my mind without naming specifics so that she could trust me and come out of hiding. That ridiculous third person communication was annoying the shit out of me.

She then kept telling me how Bit (who at *this* time, she started referring to as her wife) wanted her off line with me, and how she was being made fun of because of how “her lover turned her away.” The more I sat on with her, the more bizarre it got. She was **pissed t.h.e.e. hell off**. I didn’t turn her away. She took it as rejection without even considering my side in this. That bothered me—how one-sided she was. But I couldn’t let her use me as a tool with no heart, no mind, and no voice.

She didn’t want to get offline with me and I didn’t either. I just wanted to talk-like normal—so that I could be comfortable, but that was *not* going to happen—I could tell.

This thing went on for about the next hour or so, and we were back and forth between her chat room and I.M making small talk. She was sooo mad at me, I could feel it. If she and Shawn could have broken out on me like they did that January 21st morning; they damned sure would have. I could only imagine what was being said and going on in all their I.M’s right about now.

In her chat room she began to vent.

I was watching her drop down the nickname: “**fuckinwitme**,” (repeatedly) logging in and out, making sure I would see it—all the while we were still in I.M talking to each other while I continued to listen to her talk that ridiculous third person talk, about her being turned away by her lover—acting like a spoiled brat sitting on the floor, kicking the wall in a corner and pouting with her arms folded.

I was at a disadvantage because I was afraid that if I said what was on my mind, she would disconnect and never come back—fearing that I was trying to trap her (and I was not).

That saddened me because I couldn’t relax her mind by saying what was on my mind and at the same time, upset that she didn’t even take the time to understand my side. She had no care about that—zero understanding. Nothing concerned her but: *who* she wanted, *when* she wanted it, *how* she wanted it, *why* she wanted it, *where* she wanted it AND— in the next 3-hours. That’s it. Now I knew for sure what the hell I was in for with this woman...

Back in my own virtual world, I was listening to Al B. Sure’s: “Naturally Mine,” from my CD Rom—until I got sleepy.

At about 4 o'clock in the morning, on my *real* telephone line (5xx-721-1xx2), I was awakened by two phone calls. The first phone call, the person just sat on the phone for a second and didn't say anything. On the second phone call, immediately when I picked up, I got a beeping sound followed by a series of beeps, until we were disconnected. The sound was not the kind of beeps like a fax number; these beeping sounds were different. It was like the beeps of a recording-some kind of transcription device where the beeps that were like five seconds apart. I didn't think anything of it, so I went right back to sleep.

I've heard of very wealthy people not being able to deal with rejection too well, and for some; challenge and rejection bring them to life in a strange kind of way. I had already gotten enough of her "strange" and I didn't need anymore of that. So fuck it-no more drama. I needed to explain myself before any more strange craziness popped off in my life. I couldn't bare it.

The next day, I was sitting at my computer writing a letter to her trying to explain myself-what my reasons were-why I didn't hook up with her. I was hoping she would understand and not be mad at me. We all knew the game, we had a style-and this letter was written for our eyes only. In the letter, I communicated directly to her without mentioning her name, but worded it in a way that only she, Shawn [and I guess now, the unfamiliar voice] would understand. My main point was to get her, her entourage, and Shawn (who was picking at her for "getting rejected") to understand that I wasn't turning her away for any *other* reason of course, only that I needed some clarity about some things-because a lot had happened.

In the letter, I got a chance to explain myself and how I was feeling. I told her how I wanted her to trust me, but that I wasn't comfortable with explaining my reasons why I flaked out last night because I felt like if I did, she would get nervous and think I was up to something sinister. I explained how I didn't want that little flaky incident to cause problems and how I felt "a way" because of all that was going on-I just didn't know what to do from that point on. I didn't know if we were going to squash it, and never touch the subject again, and I didn't know if I should even come back to the room anymore (and wondered if she even wanted me there again). Things were such a mess. I was so confused and felt really bad because it was obvious that her entourage was giving her *hell* about being "turned away" by little ole' nobody me. I didn't save the letter on the "BULLSHIT" disc just in case she was watching me as I was typing it-besides, it was so important to me that she trusted me (especially now) because I didn't want her to feel like she gave up too much of "herself" all for nothing...

I sent the email to Shawn and asked her to pass it on to Janet for me. A few minutes later, I entered the chat room and Shawnette beamed down and started talking to Janet's fans, answering questions (the usual). I waited my turn: "Shawn, hey Shawnette, did you get the pictures from me yet?" I asked, exchanging the word "pictures" for: "letter"(but she knew what I was talking about-that was our way in this thing). She answered some chatters questions and ignored mine. I asked her again, and she still wouldn't answer. She (or Janet) began dropping down fake chat room nicknames of specific keywords that I would notice (from the words I wrote it in the letter): "Clarity," "Rejection," "Path," "Cross". I knew then that Shawn received it, which meant Janet had gotten it. And I had no more questions...

In my own virtual world, I was listening to "Sending My Love" by Zhane from my CD Rom while sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair. My friend/ex-lover called me up, and we had been wrapping up some differences that we had over the past year and a half:

“Angie, so you’re eating meat again?” she asked me.

“No! Girl, I haven’t eaten meat in years even since before you and I fell out,” I responded:

“No, I know that, I’m talking about chicken. The last time I remember, we both had been off chicken, and I thought you weren’t going to eat it anymore, but when you came over to my house the other day, you were eating chicken. I was just thinking about it that’s all,” she said.

“Yeah, and when I was pouring honey over it, you couldn’t resist it yourself, and you came on in and got yourself a piece of my fowl!” I responded. We laughed.

We went on to talk about getting together that day and how much she really did miss me and our friendship and all, then made plans for me to come see her specifically before 4:10 p.m. because her kid would be home from school at that time. When I got there we chilled out for a while, sitting at her kitchen table, talking and yapping away. Then all of a sudden, her phone rang at *exactly* 4:10 p.m. The person hung up. It rang again, and immediately the series of beeps rang in her ear, like it did me that 4 o’clock morning the other night at my own house. It wouldn’t be too long before I found out what that was all about-it was following me...

Soon thereafter, I’m in the room and **QUEENJANET** came down. She takes a seat and stares at me. I couldn’t feel her mood. I didn’t know if she was still upset, hurt, or sad. She just sat there and didn’t say anything to me so I hugged her: “((((((**QUEENJANET**)))))) Hello.” I said.

“Did you mean that Cinamon?” she asked-talking about what I said in the letter that I wrote her (that she received from Shawn).

“Yes, I meant it. And I want to see your pretty smile. I need to,” I said.

She paused: “I’m smiling,” she said softly. “A LITTLE smile...” she wrote in caps and expressed hesitantly, not wanting to make me feel that everything was everything just yet-wanting to keep me in her emotional debt.

“Okay, I’ll take what I can get then,” I responded.

We stared. “Goodbye Cinamon.” “Goodbye baby.” I replied.

A few minutes later, the nickname “SECRET” rolled down: “Hello Cinamon,” said SECRET.

“(((((((Hello SECRET)))))))))” I replied.

Wondering what the hell she was up to, I sat there and said (to myself): “This must also be that damned Janet.” I shook my head.

“SECRET” then said to me: “So Cinamon, tell me something. Is it because you look or *taste* like Cinamon?” she asked seductively.

I responded: “uh, a little bit of both LoL.”

She raised her brows and didn’t crack a smile: “*Lick” she posted.

“LoL,” I blushed. She still didn’t (LoL) back...

In my virtual world (and hers) I imagined her looking straight at me as if to say: “I aint smiling and I aint laughin.’ So what’s it gonna be woman?” I sat there in my black Futon chair and laughed for us both. That girl was crazy-serious, man.

Next, the nickname: “DETERMINATION” rolled down. I said aloud to myself-at the screen of my computer monitor: “This woman is about it! She aint letting up until she gets hers!”

A little while later, my virtual doorbell rang. I got up from my black comfortable Futon chair to answer it, it was my friend Dana. She sat next to me and asked me what was going on. I told her that I was in Jan's chat room just messing around-nothing much. Dana enters with me but sits on the "lurk" couch (next to me-in my house). I didn't introduce her to anybody like I did Janine. I just let her watch because by this time I knew better than to do that...

Janet's lil' show began. The nickname: "Angela Jackson" dropped down.

Dana tapped me on the arm and says: "Okay y'all married now?" she laughed.

"JMA" comes down next.

"Okay Angie what's that? Janet marries Angela now?" we laughed.

"Twinnie Pooh" rolls down next.

"Okay Angie, y'all twins now?" we laughed again.

Dana asked: "What's this all about?"

I replied, "Oh it's nothing. Just a lil' word game we play when we're bored. Nothing serious-it means nothing," I lied.

They then started reciting lyrics off of Janet's song: "Again" off the "janet" CD.

Each time she would drop a nickname or lyric down, I would post: "*lurking" to let her know that I was around and watching.

Next: the nickname: "Track 13" came down. Dana and I were baffled.

I went through my CD collection to find my "janet" CD to see what Track 13 was, and before I could find it, more lyrics rolled down.

I was confused because Track 13 on the "janet" CD didn't match the lyrics that had just rolled down, so I pulled out my latest CD by her: the "Velvet Rope..." we were in business. Track 13's lyrics matched the post. It was the song called "Empty."

Skimming over the lyrics, it was a song about her obsession with a love interest that she found over the Internet.

Dana fell back on the lurk couch and said: "Omigod! Omigod! She is off the *hizzy!*"

I replied: "Girlllll, she is *wiiiiiiilld*. Partially child-like, but the little bitch is vicious too, don't sleep. This is her sweet side right now."

The next nickname that rolled down read: "Sixteen," and the lyrics that followed *it* were the lyrics to "Everytime" (Track 16 off the "Velvet Rope" CD). That song's lyrics was about falling in love and every time it happens-something goes wrong.

I continued to lurk, but would announce my presence to let her know that I was still on and watching-then it all ceased: immediately. I guess she wanted me to take heed to those songs and the lyrics of them. I did...

Later that evening, Dana and I was looking through some web page addresses that some chatters had dropped down that had pictures of Janet all over them. Before I could get through them, my screen stopped in the middle of us viewing one of the pages. The screen froze as if the person *literally* reached over and pulled away the document I was looking at and replaced it with a page they wished for me to look at *first*. Dana and I thought we were seeing things at first, but the replaced page lead me through different links-I followed the maze. One link read: "*The **Control Panel** brought you here.*" The other link read: *One half of me wants YOU to stay...*" (a line from that Track 16 song: "Everytime")

The next link read from an advertisement of a song that Janet did with Elton John for the Aida Soundtrack. *That* link read: "I KNOW the TRUTH..."

All of a sudden, she slid into my I.M under her “Kaygei” name:
“What’s up Cinamon, my navel pickin patna! LOL.” I “LoL’d” back.
We talked back and fourth about nothing.
She was “determined” alright-she went in for the kill again:
“Do you want to go on a trip from July 2nd ‘til July 5th?”
I asked her what would we be doing. She told me that we would “just hang out.”
“Yeah, that should be fun because it’s four days after my birthday, so that should be nice. You think Janet might jump out of a cake for me?” I asked.
“LOL!” she laughed.
I proceeded to give her my PO Box address and told her to snail mail me the details.
She laughed at me: “LoL. No dear. Here’s the information. It’s on a **web page**...” she stressed.
I was sooo embarrassed, thinking in her virtual world how she probably laughed at me talking about “sending snail mail.” “*Shit I’m new to this!*” I wanted to yell back to her from my virtual world. This kind of thing really *is* her world-Me? I was just living in it...
I entered the addy: www.geocities.com/xxxxxxx/xxxxxx/xxxxxxxxxx.html
It had four different pages-set up for plans for a trip to New York City.
The first page showed a picture of a river view with buildings that sat on an island in the center of the river’s view. Beneath that picture was a message *about* the trip and the hotel’s name and location. Beneath that was a map-giving directions on how to get to the hotel.
The second page listed the hotel’s phone number, and the “arranger” asked that any and all questions be directed to MsMekka at: Escapade@mailxxxx.com. This “Ms. Mekka” stated that a room was already booked for her along with two other people. The price of the room was listed down to the sales tax. She also stated that leaving my name with a credit card number seals the deal, to hold the room for me (and surety that I was indeed coming). Her instructions were for me to call and leave the information and say these words verbatim: “I want a room located along side Krystal Smith’s on July 2.” And again, any and all further questions were to be emailed to her.
The third page listed the agenda and what we would do from the time we arrived (at 3 p.m. Friday, July 2nd) throughout the date of departure: July 5th. The “arranger” stated that we would shop, eat, and club (if we wanted to) and explained how beautiful Central Park was on the night of the fourth of July-how memorable, exciting and romantic it was for her (her first time being there when she was 15-years old)...
The fourth page showed a layout of how the bathroom looked. It was cute, because this “arranger” had drawn an arrow on the scanned picture and hand wrote: “Potty Area.”
The bathroom was mostly black and white marble, and the shower walls were completely covered in marble. The bottom of the page had another handwritten arrow pointing to *it* that read: “and the bedroom...” It had a picture of the opening to the bedroom which had black and white shutters that were pictured slightly open so that you could get a full view of a king sized bed that had a painting sitting above it. You could see nothing else in the bedroom but the bed itself. Right then and there I knew for sure it was the seductress herself who “arranged” this romantic escapade, this whole thing *is* her sneaky freaky style.
Dana’s mouth hung open as she asked, “Are you gonna go?”
“Yeah! Hell yeah. I’ll see how things go between now and July 2nd-that should be enough time to see what’s up.” I said. I was so excited.
Next, I went back to the room and simply posted to Miss privacycontrol:
“Rogered that...” to let her know that I saw and read over the itinerary.

I scrolled down the script in her room (to get caught up on what was said before I entered). Someone asked another someone if they trusted me. The first [someone] simply replied: “Yes I do,” they both turned to me {Cinamon} and just stared.

Dana asked me to go back to the third and fourth page again so that she could see the agenda and the bedroom portion of the itinerary. I skipped pages one through three so that I could load bedroom page first (not really wanting Dana to see the agenda details), but before I could scroll over to the bedroom section, my screen froze-again, but this time I had to reboot my system because I couldn't go any further-at all, so, Dana couldn't see the agenda anyways. MissPrivacyControl obviously felt like I saw all that I needed to see, and if I had any further questions, I should've been emailing Ms. Mekka. Damn you Dana.

When I was fully logged back on, I tried to get back into the chat room and was blocked from coming in. They must've gotten alarmed because I went back to review the pages again. I sent Kaygei an I.M message stating I didn't think I was going to go because they were trippin' on me again, and I was not up for recycled drama and trust issues. She hung on, asking silly little “why” questions acting childish and oblivious (thinking I was trying to set her up).

What I noticed about Janet was that the *slightest* hesitation was too slow or a wrong move, and that totally caused a setback with her. And when that happens, their drama and craziness begins. That would drive me up a wall-this whole cycle of paranoia and madness. I refused to put up with it this day so I logged off and didn't go back into the room for a couple of days, and when I did enter, the mood was *very* dry. Their paranoia was award-winning worthy of a patent.

The nickname: “**fuckingwitme**” rolled down a few times and I knew it was Miss Control again; wondering if her “privacy” was still under “control.” I remembered the last time she posted that nickname-after the incident when she wanted to come to see me “in 3-hrs.” She used that nickname (after wrongly accusing me of rejecting her-then), so I know with her being pissed at me now (like then) she knew that I knew what “fuckingwitme” meant.

Next, the nickname “JMA” beamed down (in the chat room) and asked me: “So what's up Cinamon?” “Nothing,” I replied.

I hurriedly sent her an I.M to her “Qbenlyric2” nickname to tell her that I hoped she wasn't mad because of what happened the other night (when I logged out and didn't come back for a couple of days). I told her that I was just upset because they had me blocked out of the room. I proceeded to tell her that I was going to get off line with her to call the hotel immediately to confirm the reservations. She didn't respond. She just sat there, so I logged off to call the hotel. They gave me confirmation #C68510EE. I got back online to our I.M, and gave her the confirmation number.

“What? What's that for?” she asked. She then she started talking her third-person talk again. I got pissed. She kept telling me not to leave, but chill out. She then asked again: “What's that Cinamon?” That pissed me off (again). I logged out to call the hotel *back* to *cancel* my reservation. They gave me cancellation #98920407. I logged back in to our I.M to give *that* to her, too. She then says: “No, wait,” but she wouldn't say anything else, and then when she did, she started talking that third person shit *again*.

She must had gotten caught off guard by my electing to I.M her under her “Qbenlyric2,” because at this time, she hadn't given me an I.M name for the “JMA” chat room nickname she was currently talking under. I just took it upon myself to assume it was okay to I.M her under “Qbenlyric2,” (because it was the last I.M she used with me) but I guess she didn't see it that way. She thought I was up to something sneaky but I really wasn't.

I logged out of I.M and went back to the room. She came in after me. We both just sat and watched each other. I went back over to I.M to curse her ass out and to tell her that we shouldn't be going through the craziness and trust issues (by this time especially). That only alarmed them even further, because after that, when I went back to I.M her again, she put up a dumb ass greeting message [that you could post right before someone entered your I.M in the event you were not around-sort of like an answering machine message in the virtual world]. It simply read: "*Hi, my name is Jennifer Marie Asher and I am a 23-year old college student who is 5.6' and 185lbs...*" blah blah blah.

I went back over to chat and wrote: "*shaking my head."

She came in and asked: "Cinamon, so what's up?"

"Nothing," I responded.

"I'm just sitting here eating yogurt," she said.

"Oh," I replied. I continued: "And don't say nothing to me **JMA!!!**"

"What do you think JMA stands for, Crazy! That's my name!" said this sick broad.

"Shut up, there you go again with the nerve of a burglar calling *me* crazy, you're the one! **J.M.A!** And at "5.6 and 185lbs" you *need* to be pulling away from the table a little sooner than what you're doing now, and that yogurt with all those carbs and sugars you're eating aint helping!" I said, insulting her [made up] "character."

They all laughed. Then next, the nickname: "CDJ" rolled down a few times.

"Cinamon **dissed Janet?**" I started to say, but I just kept my cool because they were already thinking I was up to something sneaky. They were *so* on guard and overly paranoid.

Next, (under "Qbenlyric2") she I.M'ed me-apologizing and asked about the confirmation number again. I told her that I canceled the reservations and the last number I gave her was that cancellation number. She kept apologizing. I told her to never try and play me like a fool ever in life again-because I don't have to put up with it.

The problem was that they were trying to figure out what names she was hiding behind (on the day we were in the chat room getting the Xcapade trip together) and wondering if she *should* talk to me *about* the trip under the nickname "Qbenlyric2" (or no). Therein lies the problem. My thinking was: "You expect me to come meet and lay up with you in '3 hrs,' or half way across the world for an escapade and you can't trust me yet? Good luck trying to pluck me from my humble abode, because until then, two can play this game: right behind these fucking pixels until I could find a out way and away from you."

I really didn't have too much to say after this, they played way too many games for me. I mean, the cat was already out the bag and either they were going to trust me, or they weren't. All I knew is that I was tired of the charades and mazes and jumping through loops, leaps and bounds for this whore for trying to prove that I could be trusted. I could tell that she *really was* a control freak and that it was either *her way*, or no way-right when *she* wanted. And if I didn't oblige *right then and there*, she (and they) would think I was trying to set her up.

Consistently, whenever she got leery, she would either get into some "character" and start talking in third person, accuse me of "**fuckinwit**" her, and then disconnect my service so I would have to go up to the school computer lab to ask [her to reconnect me] like a game of: "Mother may I?" So she could then say: "Yes you may." Then it's: Reconnect. Back home. Start again....That's how this thing would go.

I knew what she and this thing was going to be all about. The questions I kept asking myself were:

"How long will I put up with it" and "What can I really do about it?"

From up at the school lab, I entered the room. This particular afternoon, I was in between classes. Lissa and I were talking about the email conversation she and I had about Janet-back in March. I could tell that she was concerned because in one of her emails, she jokingly confirmed that it was indeed *me* that Janet was mad at [the day she clowned herself in her own chat room]. 'I' knew their tricks and paranoia plays to a "T"-each and every one that they dotted and crossed (or came back and tried to). This was one of those times.

Lissa was also combing through different parts of things I said in our I.M conversation, and asking (all over again) what I meant by my use of the names I referred to Janet as: "Miss Thing" and "Boogie Woogie." To clear up everything, I told her that I would email to her-the entire I.M conversation so that we could put this whole useless time-consuming conversation to rest. I pulled out the "BULLSHIT" disc from my book bag and sent her the actual copy of our I.M conversation to clear up any confusion that was obviously going on, on their end of the world. What the hell did I do that for...because later *that evening* when I tried to get in the room, they had me blocked out *again*. My impulsive innocence and transparency was no match for their sinister guilt and pre-planned wrongdoings. We just couldn't get this thing right.

Upset, I then sent Lissa a lengthy email-telling her how sick I was of her, and that every time I got hooked up with her, some shit would start. I went on to tell her how stupid they were acting with all paranoia, and they were worrying Janet *far* more than she should have been. It seemed like it was more them than it was her. The overprotection was tighter than a frog's ass in Fort Knox and it caused more problems than it was effective (and kept me with my guard up all the time). In the email, I told Lissa how I used to save everything on a disc when I was unsure what it was that Janet wanted from me but when it became clear, I stopped saving things on the disc-even including the email I was writing to her. I cursed her out about all of their foul behavior, until I ran *out* of curse words to say.

When I got back home that night, Lissa left a message on my voice mail at home-stating that she wasn't a trouble maker and how nobody "unnecessary" knew what was going on between [Janet and me] and I shouldn't worry about it. As if she was tough, she talked about how she didn't appreciate me cursing her out and insisted I call her when I got home. LissaFOSD could just ~~FallOffSlipperyDicks~~ for all I cared. I had no interest in calling out to California to her on such an issue when we could just handle it in Janet's world-where they all felt most comfortable doing their shit anyways.

Eventually, we carried on like normal. Lissa and I ironed out our issues (and I didn't have any more contact with Janet in I.M or chat under the "Qbenlyric2" or her "JMA" chat room name anymore), they hurried up and did away with those "characters." I guess everything was ok however because in the room soon thereafter, Janet and I were back on again. It seemed like every time I had to go off on a tangent and explain myself in email to Shawnette or someone else in her camp-the fact that I was not trying to hurt her, trap her, or set her up-we seemed to always seem get back on track (at least for a little while.)...

She started her segue for sweetness (yet again).

She came down and posted her lyrics: *When I see your name, my heart starts to race...* (without quotation marks). She didn't have to put quotation marks around it because it's her song-she owned [up to] it. And well...considering the life normalcies she *can't* live, here in this pixelated world of hers (just like every lyric in that same song posted); there I was--helping her bring it to life...

This day in particular, she and her entourage were about to go and work out.

“Come on girl, let’s go!” said one of them.

“I’m coming, my heart is racing...” she said, as she watched me, watch her. This kind of scenario went on for quite a few days during times when she would be busy for a while. Around this particular time, she was in the middle of doing something important that was occupying a lot of her time, and when she knew she wasn’t going to be around to hang out in the room: “My heart is racing” became my cue. I would then post: “ *gone “ which was how I would always exit the room to announce my departure so that she would know I was leaving for a while (or too, had something important to do).

I sat there and in my comfortable black Futon chair. This time, instead of inserting some random new, or classic old school music to listen to; I pulled out her latest CD: “Velvet Rope” and proceeded to listen to Track 12-13 “Empty.” I would typically skip over that track some time into it while playing it because it had a techno-sound. I just remembered listening to it only until the chorus; then I would skip past it. The song itself is about a relationship that blossomed over the Internet. From our real-life beginning, it was just like what we had been doing: mimicking her art (written even before her meeting me). I guess after finding her perfect person that she was attracted to, and them-her, this all probably seemed like magic: from the stage, to the Internet and my *being* that perfect person that knew just *how* to play her game. I loved music, mystery, and I too, was a “closet romantic” and we both were above-average clever, so it worked—like magic. The average person could not have gotten this far into her world, and in this deep with her in this way. As far as I was concerned, her paranoia was futile because this thing of ours was very complex and something I couldn’t explain to anybody in conversation even if I tried. It was such that someone who did *not* have a natural capacity for dissecting + peeling apart layers, and a knack for detail; their mind could never understand something like this being explained to them. More importantly, if they weren’t highly intuitive, the play would go over their head. And the relay (my trying to explain it to them) would go through one ear and out the other.

At any rate, to add excitement to the mystery, I happened to be at the right place at the right time—perfectly in place for falling into and *literally* helping this woman live out her fantasies and bring to life: [the lyrics of that song-Track 12/13-especially] and many of the Velvet Rope’s other song’s lyrics: “My Need,” “Free Xone,” “Everytime,” “Tonight’s The Night,” “I Get So Lonely,” and “Anything.” We worked the hell out of that CD: heavenly-I must so say myself...

On to my virtual world from my comfortable black Futon chair. I removed her CD and inserted some classic old school R&B: LTD’s Greatest Hits. I listened to “Stranger...”

The next day, I came in. Everybody was yapping about a bunch of nothing.

QUEENJANET enters the room after me. I didn’t know what, if I should say anything to her, so I decided to ignore her. She wasn’t talking to anybody-just lurking, but she stayed in there for a while. Finally, she spoke: “Cinamon. Hello...”

“Hello, **QUEENJANET**...” I returned. A few seconds later, I was interrupted by an I.M from crazy ass Brie. I hadn’t talked to her in a while since the day I snapped on her about that fake, inadvertent “Aunt Kay” email, so I accepted. She was just talking about her parfaits and a bunch of nothing. I told her I was in chat, she did not respond.

“So how’s life?” asked Brie. “Oh girl I can’t complain,” I returned.

Brie never said anything else, neither did I.

I noticed that she was I.M’ing me in a *very* specific color and font style that

“Qbenlyric2” would use when she and I I.M’ed-that seemed really weird and totally ironic, but I carried on-not saying anything, still.

Brie and I just sat there without saying a word while I was lurking in the chat room.

There, in the chat room, **QUEENJANET** says: “Cinamon...So...How’s life?” I looked at crazy Brie in I.M with that specific color and font style that Janet used to use under her “Qbenlyric2” nickname, then I looked at Brie’s same question that she had just asked me over in I.M: “So how’s life?” It was the *same* question that **QUEENJANET** just asked me in the chat room. I thought I was going crazy (for a minute). I already knew that Janet hid behind the “**QUEENJANET**” nickname in her chat room, but “Brie-in I.M!? Hell no! Impossible. Omigaud! “said aloud. I looked at **QUEENJANET**; busted out laughing, and said to her: “You know what? It *is* your world *for real*...and I see now that I **am** just living in it.”

She replied: “Uh-huh,” looking at me with her brows raised and a clever smile.

She’s so sneaky.

“You understand?” she asked rhetorically.

“Aw wow, man” I replied.

I *fell* back in to my comfortable black Futon chair feeling so many ways to stupid.

Yes, I already knew for a fact that **QUEENJANET** was Janet, but I wouldn’t have *ever* thought in a million years that she hid behind crazy ass “Brie”-that *never* crossed my mind. She played that role like--Oscar good. I merely thought something was weird about this “Brie” person-but not “Janet weird.” I couldn’t believe it.

I should’ve known that Janet was “Brie” because she held on to me even throughout those months back when I left the chat room on that January 21st day that she and “Drama” dissed me. So actually, I still had been talking to Janet all that time that I called myself staying away from the room *anyways*. I should’ve known. Because I also remember the day that she (“Brie”) and I were talking about our favorite soap operas and she mentioned something like: “Yeah I like those **DRAMA’S!!!!!!**” and for one second *exactly*, I thought about Janet, because of how “Brie” stressed the word “Drama,” as if her whole reason for bringing up the conversation about soap operas was so she could use the word “Drama” (“Drama” was Shawn’s troublemaking nickname she used on that January 21st morning that they dissed me).

I ruled out “Brie” possibly being Janet because I had been talking to “Brie” way before Janet and her digerati commandeered my computer. She (“Brie”) and I would chit chat in Janet’s *chat room* even *before* January 21st. Now I understood why “Brie” wouldn’t talk to anyone else in chat but me. She had already been working her way/s up to me, through me, and running circles all *around* me and I had *no* idea. It was merely Janet-trying to feel me out and pat me down I guess. Hmm. Cute. I guess it was like Jackpot excitement for her when she learned (from Shawn) that I was the girl from the left side of the stage that crazy wild concert night.

Quite clever of her lil’ sneaky ass: “Brie” the ECONOMICS major. Now I knew why she said *that*. I later found out that Brie was a cheese, and *this* “Brie” (Janet) chose to use that name since she was “cheesed up” and economics was her “area of expertise.” Hmm. And I thought *I* was smart and *she* was the gullible airhead...She showed my ass just who was smart. Well, where I’m from, we only know about five kinds of cheeses: Cheddar Cheese, American Cheese, Mozzarella Cheese, String Cheese, and even “Gubmentchesse.” Brie cheese was delicacy definitely not on the menu on our tables. No wonder I was fooled; thinking that “Brie” was such a pretty name. I felt so stupid. “What next with this girl?” I wondered...

“Wondering” was slowly becoming a thing of the past.

There’s more:

From home, I'm in one afternoon while on my break from class. Kajira (the bisexual girl from chat who was chatting with Daniee and me during our 'lil Jack and Jill conversation) came down and spoke: "LTNS," (long- time no-see) I said.

She was full of questions about me, asking what college I was attending, my major-all that. "Why am I being interviewed girl?" I asked.

"I'm handing you the microphone and letting *you* run the show LOL," she said.

"When will you be graduating?" she asked.

"Probably, if everything goes right, this December," I returned.

"Hey Cinamon, will you email me sometimes?" asked Kajira.

"I'll try," I said-annoyed somewhat, knowing that now (after the big reveal) she needed a new start up nickname (for us to talk outside of the room) so that we could continue. She dropped down her email addy repeatedly: "jj@fan.xxx, jj@fan.xxx, jj@fan.xxx..." She then announced that she was about to leave the room, and started saying goodbye to a couple people. Specifically, and at the end her goodbye's, she said to [me]--but just out there: "**I love you my Angel boo!** jj@fan.xxx, jj@fan.xxx *****Kajira*"

"*****gone*" was the way I always announced my departure, so she knew that would most certainly catch my attention (just like her comment: "My Angel Boo") caught my attention because "Angel" was not only apart of my real first name, but "Angel Boo" was a name that she liked to refer to me as (back when she was talking to me under "Qbenlyric2" in I.M) and too, "Angel" was one half of the two people she sang about in her Rod Stewart remake: "Tonight's the Night," (where she turned the song into a bisexual theme altogether. Genius. Janet meant business about making her life imitate her art, seriously). As "out there" as it may seem, nothing she said in her chat room (or I.M) was just "out there," she was recording and saving it all, and...living it all. So it was methodical, deliberate, and well-thought out—all of this was, each and every day. Make no mistake about it.

While waiting on my friend Shauntay to come over so (because we made plans to go to lunch together) from home one afternoon, I was in the room. I was yapping about a bunch of nothing to some people and then someone named: "SassySHH" I.M'ed me:

"Hi Cinamon, how are you? This is Kajira," she said (her cue and reminder to me that "SassySHH" would be the new I.M name we would be using).

I rolled my eyes in my head but returned: "I'm fine, how are you?"

I started making small talk with her-about nothing much.

She then said: "excuse me if I say something off the wall or sexual girl, the time of day it is here right now makes me kind of horny." She was ready to get it poppin.'

I frowned. Shauntay blew the horn (on cue and right on time I might add).

"Well Kajira I'm sorry about your feeling hot, horny and sexual right now. Perhaps you need to go and take a cold shower, because my ride is here and I gotta go!"

"Cinamon DAMN! You make me soooo mad when you do that!" she said-grunting.

When I would do that, it'd be like pulling a computer circuit from her head and heart. I continued: "Well, I'm sorry about that *Kajira* (I stressed, well...I italicized) but I really have to go. I'll email you maybe if I have time though," I logged off like a door slam.

Of course I knew it was Janet, but I was so annoyed with the role-playing. Although I participated, I didn't want to make her too comfortable with thinking I was *fully* okay with this part of her game. And although she was methodical in doing what we do but making sure

to reveal her real self to me; it annoyed me because when I told her I was keeping it real with her-I kept my word. I kept my same name (in I.M and the room), I stopped saving "evidence" on the BULLSHIT disc, and I had allowed her to refer to my *real* name at whim. I kept it *so* real with her. As well, I went out of my way to be available to her every moment of the day that I was able to-because she needed that. She needed it for the love of me, the trust of me, and to feel as close to me as possible until she could get to me, and I made sure I was devoted to that. Despite all the ways that I turned myself inside out for her, the one thing in her world-from her cohorts, and her side was this one thing: "*We can get our fuck on, I can love you, I can even trust you (to the extent of "us" being "us"-my way) but one fact remains that even my love, my lust, my desire, and my need for you will not change by making me play this game your way for this one reason: I'M STILL 'JANET' BITCH*" ...as if (because of who she was), she was the only one in this thing with something to lose. I'm just as important-and so is my life. If not, more important. Because my life is real, and real to the world-not an illusion or image of who I am. I have to be me all day, every day. I live real life: all day everyday-no "me" behind another "me" that the world knows of. To me-that's important in all seriousness (as do her people feel about her).

If I hurt her (even by my merely making a decision to never come back to talk to her), they could simply shut my whole system down, and fuck up every file I used and needed, on it. If I decided to drop a dime on her, they were already putting her in a position to make me look like the crazy one. I knew what was going on behind the walls of our thing. Everything they were doing was setup to make her come out smelling like a rose and for me to look crazy-should I try anything "crazy." What was crazy (to me) was that the one and only way that I opened myself up to her (just by being myself) was not enough. And to me, that communicated that she (and/or they) felt my value to her was *nothing* in comparison as hers to me. And that's what was hurtful. My heart was in it, but I kept my head in the palm of my hands-on top of it all. And I wasn't going to lose my head + act like I was fully ok with the other side of this game. I'm not the one with something to hide-but everything to lose, too. They felt I should be content with knowing what was real due to Janet's surprise reveals. Her camp and digerati were not recycling various nicknames out of their feeling creative and being bored-I wasn't enamored and blinded to the extent of not knowing it was for a reason. And that reason would only have everything to do with her being put in a position to shit on me-should they ever felt I was trying to hang a left.

So (without losing her trust) whenever I could get a chance to punish her, mind-fuck her, or shut her down for each "role" she introduced and "played" in this game, I did it. I would cut her off like when Shauntay was blowing the horn. I would treat her like slamming the door in her face. That would make her crazy, but grateful to have me around (which was more times than my slamming her). Since she knew that I hated the characterization and role-playing part of this game, and could use it as the reason to get away from her for moments of time sometimes. It gave me some power in this thing. She would tell me that our talking was like "magic" for her. She told me she was so happy to be talking to me and that she missed me all the times I would be gone.

While I knew that was true and real for her, her people didn't care what was real for her-where she felt what she felt [for me].

They knew that I knew how the game was played, and she knew that if I didn't play along, that was grounds for shutting shit down: One false move and it's on and poppin.' Janet and her digerati always had the plug in their hands while letting the Janet behind the world's "Janet" have her playtime.

The preliminary games continued:

“Kajira” started off by sending me a picture [of “her self”]: some white girl sitting next to another white girl-looking like serious hardcore dikes and shit. I guessed the other girl was supposed to be “Daniece.”

When she sent it, we were sitting in I.M, and I just paused a long while.

She responded (thinking it was funny): “Cinamon, you’re awful quiet, what’s the matter?”

(I still didn’t say anything).

She then posted (in bold caps): “**LOL!**...I’m LMFAO imagining the look on your face right now.”

I responded-seriously: “Yeah, don’t *ever* do anything like *that* again. You’re turning me off...”

“LoL...okay Angela...” she responded-using my real name (purposely).

I didn’t respond.

Down to the low-down business down under:

Kajira’s ‘life:’

From: **Australia.**

Name: **Joanna, but I could call her “J”... (for my security and comfort)...**

“J” lived with her father and step mom. Her real mom died.

She gave me this big long story about her Aussie life and how she worked in the entertainment industry as an assistant to a celebrity (where whom through, she met Shawn). She told me that she first came out the closet to Shawn back in ‘97. (That part about “J”...*Janet* was really true)...

Kajira said that since Janet’s birthday was coming up in May, she and some friends were going to get together and have a party for her, videotape it, and take pictures and all. “You’re invited, if you want to come,” she offered.

I didn’t respond, I just listened on.

When she could feel my resistance, she would pause for a moment and then jump into “character”-telling me that her father wanted to talk to her, or that she would be getting into with the mean step mom.

I just listened.

Sometimes during my long (annoyed) pauses, she would say she had to stop and get clothes out the dryer or would mention something she was doing around the house— “non-Janet” types of things.

I just listened.

Like a crazy person having gotten tired of hearing her own babble, she said to me: “You are such a wonderful and patient person to sit up here and listen to me ramble on and on this way. You are so wonderful,” she said-sounding like Kathy Bates in the movie “Misery” where she kidnapped the writer and kept him hidden from the world-sometimes talking to him as if he was happy to be kept company by her after her hammering his feet between bricks and breaking them-to ensure he couldn’t even so much as walk to try and flee from her crazy.

I just listened on-thinking about what a wonderful person I *really* was—to be putting up with all this bullshit, figuring that this game was more than a game. It was some type of therapy for her-something as close to normalcy as she could get to “real” life off the stage and away from cameras.

My turn though:

To force her into giving up realness and connected dots, I would keep quizzing her on different conversations we've had in her various other nicknames. I wouldn't say anything too obvious, but I did have her in a position to where she had to give up the realness because she knew I would log off unannounced (and she *hated* that too). When I decided that I got tired of quizzing her, we would carry on a normal conversation:

"What do you have on?" she asked, wanting virtuosity.

"I have on a pair of jeans and a mauve colored spaghetti strap tank," I said.

"I look frumpy in jeans," she said.

"Frumpy? I disagree," I responded.

"Yes I do," she said, not wanting me to debate the subject with her. So I got quiet.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "Dancing and listening to New Edition," she replied.

"Ohhh New Edition... Grrrrllll, you can't get enough of those boys of New Edition huh? LOL" I laughed.

She paused and replied: "Ok, I'm about to go."

"No no! I was just playing," I responded.

I was teasing her because at this very moment in time, Rene was threatening to tell the world about her secret bisexual lifestyle, and to combat that; it was rumored (rather, a publicity stunt) that she was romantically linked to Johnny Gill. (I was also teasing her because many years ago, she was rumored to have had a little fling with Bobby Brown of New Edition as well). So I wouldn't have been me if I hadn't slipped in that "You can't get enough of those Boys of New Edition" joke. She was *pissed* too. I was cracking up laughing to myself. But then after my laughter, seriousness came upon my face as I sat there shaking my head thinking about celebritydrom and how the world's enamored and brainlessness is such big business-how a celebrity can put out what they wish about themselves (even untruths and lies) and gullible star-struck people will believe and run with it. When *anybody* who is *truly* a Janet fan *knew* (looking at Janet's first beau-James DeBarge *and* Rene); that song she made years ago called "Pretty Boy" was true to life for her. Johnny Gill did *not* fit that bill. He may be pretty, but not Janet's brand of "pretty," no-sir-ree-Bob...

The thought of being tucked away in my little secret world with her (knowing what was really going on and watching the world play into all her carefully designed publicity stunts to combat Rene) was way too surreal. It was uncanny. Little did she know, where I was concerned and involved in this thing, she had *nothing* to be paranoid about because I would much rather make love than war with her. Because here it was, I was sitting off in another part of the world dipped off into her reality-the Janet behind "Janet," while her team was out in the world busy creating illusions all around her for the world to believe (and they were believing it-I saw it with my own eyes). So what would I look like putting myself in a position to be at war with her? How can I fight her *and* a gullible star-struck world?

Talking to her in this moment was way too surreal for me-in the worse way. In my thoughts at this moment, going forward, I had to make sure I fought her with all I had-to make her help us do right in this thing-by not forcing us go to ever go to war (because I knew what I would be up against). I felt like if she ever forced my hand; that meant she was taking advantage of her celebrity and purposely wanted to hurt me, knowing that I: me-one person, would also have to fight the world. And if she put me through something like that I would hate her for it, because that would be an unnecessary interruption of my life and life as I once knew it (but merely publicity for her). And I'm not willing to play that game-at all. That's her life and territory-not mine. So if I had to [play that game] she was going to have the same hell to pay that I'm already aware it would put me through.

She put the Netscape Hell Mail account back to use by sending me an email to it. This is how the email signature line looked at each send:

Date:
From:
To:
Subject:

(and when I'd respond to any messages to her, the end would read):

“—SassySHH—”<mjsgirl@xxxx.com> wrote:

— (my message) or
— (her message)

~~~~~  
“Girl you’ll never find another love like this...  
so you better represent...cause my love is the  
S.H.H.....THE BOMB BABY, BOMB BABY!...”  
~~~~~

<http://members.xoom.com/msbutta/>

<http://members.xoom.com/funkyfans/>

...and right at the very end of all the emails, that quote (although selected from an old school song) was there for my comfort and a little bit of security—to remind me of QueenJanet’s first words to me in the chat room: “[QUEENJANET THINKS YOU ARE] **THE BOMB!** (Of course, I already knew who “msbutta” was and the “funkyfans” were)...

I didn’t question her interest in finally having us use the Hell Mail account all over again (that she and they were already in control of), I just knew for sure that everything she and I said would say in the email was also going to be seen by the eyes of Shawn (Butta) and her digerati who was in control of it: LV and Rix.

When she sent a second email, there was a different quote in the signature line. The new quote caught my eye. I don’t remember the exact way it was written, but I remembered I was overwhelmed by its meaning. So I asked her to interpret it in her own words—what she thought it meant: “I don’t know. I mean, I *do* know, but I’m so afraid. Afraid that I might say the wrong thing, or that it may not come out right. I’m just scared,” she said—seriously. Her apprehension and modesty was no act. I loved that about her. It was an innocence like I never knew. I smiled when she said that because she was so sweet—such a perfectionist but insecure at the same time. That pulled at my hearts strings because often times with me (while being her *real*/self), she was so human. She cared what I thought of her. When I asked her to interpret the quote, I imagined her sitting there with her shoulders up—trying to be as careful as she could. I know her thoughts were walking on the eggshells of her mind. I took over for her: “Well, the quote is saying that when one approaches anything in life, it should always be with vigor and intensity, and to prepare to win—because you don’t *come* or approach anything to lose. The second part of the quote means how the approach to love should be, ardently and with vigorous intensity and courage. Because in love, you don’t approach it with self-defeating energy—you come to learn all, take all, give all—to win it...” I explained.

“Oh my gosh, that is so beautiful. You make me feel... I don’t know...Angela you are so...educated.”

“O.m.g. Education has nothing to do with nor can it compare to experience (the best teacher). I’ve learned from things that I’ve gone through. And my eyes and ears are always open. I never shut myself off to anything—at all. I never will. That way—your mind and your heart are open and unbiased when approaching a lot of different situations in life.

When open, you can gather all the tools you need to conclude, assess, believe [or even conquer] a thing. Once you have conquered and experienced things, it is then that you can be a great “teacher” and you’re able to offer a worthwhile opinion or take on subjects or situations that may be beneficial, useful, or enlightening to other people. That’s education too. College or being “educated” aint got nothing to do with that. Don’t ever forget that.” I told her.

That really relaxed her and we moved on to being our silly selves.

Sometimes during the conversation I would write: “*raising my brow...”

And she would ask: “Can you *really* raise only one brow?” And I would say: “Yeah, for real, I can.”

She would then say: “Wowwwwww, you’re sooooo talented...LoL” ...and we’d burst into laughter.

I loved her sense of humor-she was sooo funny. More and more, she became so human; so vulnerable, and I could help but love her to life. I just did-I can’t lie. I was smitten like kitten with that girl. She had me wrapped around her finger...

Next, we began talking about the fact that I had been going through a situation with a couple friends of mine who had accused me of being selfish--selfish with my self and my time (especially here lately)...I had been having an especially terrible time about the selfish issue with my 4:10pm friend who I just started back talking to. Janet told me how she too, was accused of the same exact thing but that she *knew* she was guilty-fuck it. I fell back laughing.

Speaking of my 4:10pm friend.

Janet had a bone to pick with me about our conversation [over the phone] where she sort of “overheard” my friend and me talking about my eating chicken again. (But it wouldn’t be until later that I found out just *how* she “overheard” the conversation).

She set me up to throw a bone out there:

“I think I’m gonna order out for pizza. What do you like on yours?” she asked-setting me up with the question.

“I like: spinach, tomatoes, onions, green peppers, artichokes and pineapples on my pizza,” I replied.

“Hmm...Well, I’m getting ***chicken*** on mine...” she stressed (in bold and italicized)...

I looked at her-wondering why she said it like that, and why she even brought it up. Because she brought it up as if the only thing she wanted to tell me was that she liked eating CHICKEN on her pizza-*chicken* was the “bone” [she threw out there].

Next, she wanted *to* bone (to FUCK). So she started getting real sensual on me:

“Do you even know what “Kajira” means?” I responded: “No, tell me.”

“It means: ‘slave to passion.’ I’m guilty of that, selfishness, greed, and lust and...”

I stopped her: “Stop right there because you’re turning me on,” I said.

“Am I? *W” she said. (*W=wicked. It’s ‘sexual’ in cyber world).

“Yes you are. Stop right now, please.” I said.

“I’m wiggling my tongue piercing,” she bragged.

“Scooting back,” I replied. “What do you have on?” I asked.

“I have on a jersey, boxer shorts, thick wooly socks...AND my black bra...” she replied. I thought about her notorious black bra she was known for wearing (in “I Get So Lonely”) that held up her ample breasts and knew that was why she threw that out there like that.

“Umm...” I said.

“Umm what?” she asked.

I got very aroused, and started feeling sexually vulgar and said: “I was just thinking,” “Tell me, what? What are you thinking?” she asked attentively (feeling self-conscious). “You *really* wanna know?” I replied-thinkin’ nasty thoughts...

“Yes, tell me,” she said-eagerly.

“I was thinking. Thinking about space between the crouch of your boxers and your pussy... *W” I returned, *virtually*winking my eye at the computer and sitting back in my comfortable black Futon chair.

“Why? Why?” she asked attentively (having no idea that I was being sexual). I sat up and responded: “Because... Then it could be *me* rubbing up against you-your clit.”

I was trying to work her slow. That control thing for her, was so mental. And “trust” on so many levels was all wrapped up in it. I knew she had control issues and I wanted to (at some point in this-even if just once) take her out of sexual control and make her give into me too, like I gave in to letting her have me all the time.

She paused a second. I paused with her-wondering if I might be too raunchy for her taste because it took her *quite* a minute to respond.

She got back on.

We continued to talk about holding one another and kissing madly and wildly, while she caressed my breasts and bit and licked me all over my stomach. I told her not to forget lick, bite and suck on my neck because it drives me crazy. She came up to do it, and get at every area on my body that I begged her to, while in extreme sexual agony. We were both moaning: oooh’s and ahh’s, uuuh’s and um’s until we couldn’t take it anymore. We were talking raunchy and using raunchy and dirty language like crazy-the way we couldn’t wait to get our hands on one another. My pussy was so fucking wet sitting there. She went for areas that I never ever knew I had. Like a wild woman. She lost control on me and was eating me, sucking me, licking me, biting me and caressing me in ways to make me forget I *ever* said anything about touching her. I kept telling her how wet I was. What did I say that for? Another side of her came out, she wanted to take over in a much different way. When I said that, I could feel her pause and sit up in her chair like an attentive animal of some kind-placing her paws on the keyboard.

And again, like I said...she wanted to take over-all the way over.

She told me how she would insert her fingers; finger-by-finger, into me until she could get her whole hand up my wet pussy while she enjoyed the sounds I was making.

My turn now:

“*Ouch!*” I said aloud (at the computer screen). *Iiiiiiii* was taken aback and *she* was a bit much for me. Call me dike-lite I guess. Because for starters, I had never been fucked with a dildo before, so 9 1/2 inches in length and 3-inches girth was a bitch much, but hey, rocked with it-it was our first cyber sexsion and I didn’t want to spoil the mood. But a *whole hand in my pussy too?* Oh hell no.

While lookin g at her words on the screen, I sat there and clinched the hole of my vaginal opening and Kegel exercised my pussy walls until the tunnels of those bitches kissed on the inside. I paused and started daydreaming for a minute, thinking, and said aloud to myself:

“Now I’ve fingered my share of honeys, and I’ve been fingered (two fingers max). I’ve gotten my pussy sucked senseless. And betcha by golly wow-I suck a meannnnn pussy something terrible and can send a chic out of this *world*. Hell, I’ve even scissored clit-to-clit a time or two. But I’ve *never* let a girl fuck me with a dildo and put 3,4,5 fingers and a fucking *wrist* inside of me!” Oh hell no. I was stunned. She was way over my head and out of this world with her style and I was a basic dike in comparison.

Are you there? she asked, during *my* long pause.

I replied: “Uh yeah. I’m here. Umhhh. Iiiii don’t think you can get your hand up there Hun, besides, that’ll hurt,” I squinted. I was dying to see what she was going to say.

“No, you won’t even know it. You won’t even feel any pain,” she assured me (sounding like this gyno experience has been tried and tested several times, ten-many).

I imagined *her* saying aloud to the computer screen: “*Shidd, you just don’t know how many honeys I’ve had my fist in*” ...

We finished up with our I love yous, our ooh’s and ahh’s, our slurps, and shlllss, and moans and groans.

“Maniac,” I said to her (a name I would always call after she fucked me good because that’s what she reminded me of when she would get aroused. She was hot-animal hot, and just my type).

No one would ever understand this part of us. It was just...explosive.

When I would call her a maniac, she would laugh and say:

“I love you Angela. I *love* you baby-so much. Don’t *ever* forget that, okay.”

“I love you too,” I said to her. I was whipped. I loved it when she would call me her baby. I felt so special. I loved when she would be this way.

She wanted to step it up:

“I want to be able to tell you. I want you to *hear* me tell you how much I love you and how you’ve changed my life Angela. I could call you. I could call you from my mobile phone...no, I couldn’t...I can’t...but you can call in to me though. But I’m nervous,” she said-wanting virtuosity.

“Why, why are you nervous?” I asked.

“I can’t wait for you to hear me tell you how much I love you and how much I want, and need you, and how much nothing else matters but you,” she confessed.

In my mind, I was so happy-swinging from vines screaming: “Weeee!”

She paused. “Call me, call me: 011 612 9489 xxxx.”

I figured she was telling the truth about being in Australia [because when we get back over on our role-playing game, the name she was using right now: Kajira” was in Australia]. I really didn’t care where she was anywhere across the globe, all I knew was that I wanted to hear her voice, and hear her tell me how much she looooved her some me dammit. I was feeling so very emotional at this point. Both of us were. I was scared shitless but I didn’t tell her. She didn’t mind sharing her fears with me, though.

She posted: “I’m so nervous, my stank voice right now...LoL,” she said.

I replied: I don't even care about that, you don't have to sound "pretty" AND YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY TO SOUND PRETTY EITHER! Just be you, okay? 'Cause if you don't, I'm gonna get scared. She replied: "Ok. I'm nervous, I can't lie."

I responded: I have to call you on one of my two calling cards because I got the ghetto phone-complete with long distance blocks so I know I sure as hell can't call overseas without my calling cards! LoL." We both laughed.

"Here I go," I said. (*cue the last two beats of the Jeopardy sound-bite*)

I tried calling the overseas number on both calling cards and neither card would let me dial it. I came back on line to tell her.

"THAT'S TOO BAD! THAT'S TOO BAD! THAT'S TOO BAD!" she said regretfully.

I sat there waiting for her to suggest calling me from that mobile again, but I figured it must had been a bad idea the first time she said it-because she reneged on the suggestion, so I didn't press the issue. I knew the rules.

Like two happy people, we just sat online telling each other everything-learning one another more; cracking jokes and crapping on one another for the next couple of hours, until she got sleepy. Throughout the day of my seven days and in between my schedule and her happenings; we were always stuck like glue-hours at a time. At this time, she was good and off tour. So for me, outside of home, school, and work; it was hard-*very* hard to squeeze anything and anybody else in. So when I would go into the room and her people would post *gone*...that was like my unexpected surprise free time.

She had another request:

"Angela, the time that I am talking to you from, here...it's a time that's really hectic. What time do you usually get up in the mornings?" she asked.

I told her that I get up about 6 a.m.

She asked if I could log on at 5 a.m., because that would be perfect for her time. Of course I told her that I would (although truthfully, the time was *not* good for me and my much needed rest). I had to set my alarm clock an hour early to get me up, but I would have done anything for her-including losing sleep-I can't lie. I was terrified to not oblige anything she asked because A: I was *loving* it and B: It was like PURE DE' HELL jumping off track with her. They would all get suspicious. That part was about as nightmare-ish as the role-playing was. She was my heart though... *puts my fist to my chest* I cannot lie. I was loving all *on* her and was confident that she would not break my heart, and I promised not to break hers...

At this time, from my comfortable black Futon chair on my CD Rom, I was listening to "Love Ballad"-another song off my old school LTD Greatest Hits CD.

As if all that I was doing to honor her requests wasn't enough, it wouldn't be until later that I found out that every song I popped in that very same CD Rom, she could hear too. She. Did. Not. Miss. A. Fucking. Beat! (literally and figuratively).

I had zero secrets from her-in, or away from home.

She was *not* going to, and I mean she *refused* to get fucked by me literally (*and...literally*).

The next morning (5 a.m.), there she was-prompt as me:

"*smiling* Hi baby, I miss you," she said.

(She appreciated my honoring what I said I would).

"I miss you too, and I love you so much baby" I returned.

“*Nodding my head slowly* Mm.Mm.Mm..I love you...I love you,” she wanted to overpower my way of telling her the same. She got quiet.

“What are you doing babe?” I asked.

“*W” this Maniac responded. “Ooooooh, and I just got out of the shower too,” I revealed, virtually laughing and thinking about the look on her attentive face (paws on the keyboard). “Oh...?” she said seductively-with *her* one brow up: “I’m licking the water beads off of your neck and shoulders while I drop your towel,” she said.

I let her have me how she liked to, and wanted to. She proceeded to lick the water beads off of my neck down through my thighs while the sounds she heard from the pleasure she was giving me drove her crazy. My wetness and my wetness drove her wilder. “I can’t *help* myself, I love your sexy ass girl!” she confessed.

She then snatched, applied pressure to my clit, and teased me like I like it. She wouldn’t let up. I froze. She dug in. She wanted her to give it *all* to me, and I took it while she gave--like crazy, like I never had it before...

No one would ever understand...

“I think I’m gonna like this. Letting you have some of my first thoughts when I wake, I love you,” I confessed.

“You’re on my mind all day every day, when I wake through to when I go to *sleep*. I love *you*,” she revealed. She paused for a *long* while. “Baby, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Oh nothing. Just on the line with Rix as well...and I’m also about to call this guy called Michael who acts like he’s so damn busy and “imPO’ent” all the time. We talk on this one kind of program on the computer where you can communicate but hear one another’s voice as well.” Of course I thought “hearing one another’s voice and communicating” was one in the same, but who knows--they’re probably both paranoid and don’t trust each other without being face-to-face (my knowing her and [of] him). Or maybe she did mean “communicate” (like she and I do) but too, can talk online (voice-to-voice) via headset. I dunno. I didn’t pry or ask any questions--only in my mind I did.

She continued: “I’m dialing him now, again--because he’s had me on hold like...*forever*...” she said; sounding like the spoiled baby sister that she is (hence why he too, got invited inside her Velvet Rope: Track 3 “You”).

I sat there. I didn’t respond to the comment about Rix being online (or anything about Michael) because I knew that she was only showing me that she was removing her mask and trusting me, and that meant a lot to me. I just took the comment about Rix being on line as my warning: “DO NOT FUCK UP. BECAUSE LIKE A HAND IN THE (LITERAL) NET, YOU ALREADY KNOW BY NOW THAT ‘WE GOT NEXT’ ON YOUR COMPUTER ANYWAYS...” (with *her* one brow lifted).

Our thing was unique for sure. We sat and talked for *hours* about everything.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, my first class was at 8 a.m., and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; my first class was at 9:30 a.m. Sometimes we would talk in the mornings for so long and about so much that she would hate for me to leave. I would call her a spoiled big baby and we would stay on until around 11 in the mornings sometimes. I eventually dropped the 8 a.m. Tuesday/Thursday class because if I wasn’t late, I was at home cuddled up online with her in my comfortable black Futon chair--listening to her just be *her*, and loving it. I was loving the fact that she was just being her *real* self: telling me what makes her happy, what makes her sad, what makes her mad--all that. I enjoyed her--immensely. She was

enthralled and ecstatic to learn everything about me too: listening to what makes me happy, what makes me mad, and what makes me sad. We were like two kids sometimes. And she was happy as heavens to have someone to love and play with, and well...I was overjoyed that she chose me.

We'd Go Deep. And we would get no sleep, 'cause we'd be up all night until the early light...

Sometimes we would talk about movies and the stage (Broadway) plays we liked.

Other times we would have senseless silly conversation and (pretend) to break into some kind of fight while we were naked because one of us did or said something out of line, and I said to her: "Man can you *imagine* that? That would look a trip!"

She wrote: "tusslin' and shit, LoL." I just busted out laughing-thinking of the two of us booty butt naked trying to fight each other. We had so much fun together, all *kinds* of fun. I would bring her into my little bitty world, and we would talk about how I liked to drive around for hours at a time-wasting gas-absorbing and ingesting my music (because I always preferred to be in motion when listening to music) "whether it be driving, cleaning up the house, or making love...in slow motion..." I told her.

"Oh goodness I love you Angela," she sighed. When I would catch her off guard and say stuff like that she would put her paws on that keyboard-ready to go there. I would giggle like a high-school girl. She told me that she wanted to share all of that with me, and promised to ride around with me listening to music for hours-absorbing it together, and make love in slow motion to music (together)...

We would talk about a favored spot of hers that she liked to go. She called it her sanctuary-a place where she liked to sit and think. She said she had never taken anyone there with her before, but she wanted me to share it with her. That made me happy. And I promised I would share that with her-whenver she was ready to.

"That's fair. We'll share each other's world," I told her.

"Oh Angela," she gasped. She was sooo smitten with me. I felt so special.

Other times we would (pretend) to go dancing together and freak each other all wild, while laughing and acting silly. Later, we would slow dance and cuddle up-all alone in our own little world with nobody bothering us.

Sometimes she would make fun of my lazy slang when I would post words in chat or in private with her. She said to me: sometimes you write and say words just like the way you talk sometimes-your lazy slang" she specified.

I didn't quite understand what that meant but I do know that I was comfortable with her by this time, and I would post things like: "Imma" or "I'm 'bout ta" (I'm going to), "tal'mout" (talking about); things like that. She *insisted* that I "*sounded*" like I was from Alabama..."Alabama!? I asked again-and prepared to make her laugh: "Well I wonda how a p'urson *wrat* like dey *soun*l'ack dey from Alabama!," I posted-in a country/southern twang.

She burst into laughter: "lolololololololol." We laughed our asses off. But little did I know-the joke was on me. Because the funny thing was; she was laughing for reasons more than just a joke. She was also laughing because she had been actually *listening* to the sound of my voice a long time ago, *Iiii* just didn't know it...yet.

One Saturday afternoon, I was going to a carnival and was looking forward to getting a funnel cake.

“A funnel cake? What’s that, like a potato pie-a potato cake thing with holes in it?” she asked greedily.

I laughed: “No baby, it’s like a deep fried piece of dough with holes in it. It’s shaped like a circle and it has powdered sugar, or hot cherries or hot apples poured across the top of it. It tastes really good. I look forward to this carnival every single year! Baby I wish you could go with me, I would be soooooo happy,” I said to her. (We “baby’d” each other to death-always).

“Baby, I hate that you’re going alone. I wish I could go with youuuuu. We will put that on our list of things to do ok?” she yearned and promised.

“Ok,” I said (acting like a baby). I was so happy. I had to make her laugh again:

“Hey Baby,” I posted. “Yes my love,” she replied.

“Picture me on my carnival windmill ride-gripping the bars really tight and looking over at the person next to me with that scared/fear/ready to take off look on my face, as if I really know them!” I posted.

“Oh my goooooooooodnesss. I’m clutching my stomach. Oh noooo lololololol. You’re going to give me a heart-attack!” she laughed so hard.

We talked while I was getting dressed (the usual). Both of us would always do that: talk while we were getting dressed until the *exact* time to leave. It would be like pulling teeth to get either one of us off line Monday through Sunday. Sometimes when she would have things to do and I would wait patiently while she showered and got dressed-she would do the same for me. “Let me talk back at you when I get out the shower/get dressed” was unheard of for us. We would type every single detail: “hold on, I’m putting on...” or “hold on, taking off...” we were crazy like that. We were like two happy lovestruck teens who couldn’t get enough of one another-like each other’s other half. We were ridiculous. I was so in love with her.

At *this* moment in time, she could do no wrong in my eyes-nothing.

When I got back from the carnival with my funnel cakes, I was eating sharing one with her greedy self. She liked it. She made sure she interjected: “Baby...now let’s save the other one for later.” I frowned, stopped chewing and posted: “Are you still trying to call me fat!”

“LoL. No. No. I promise. LoL!” she posted-remiscing on the January 21st morning that she and “Drama” (Shawn) were calling me names.

“I’m soooooo sorry baby, just...mixed up emotions...” she said-apologetically.

“That’s ok, I got you whipped now,” I laughed-catching her off guard again.

“Lolololololol,” she replied. “True though!” she finished-seriously.

Her paws hit the keyboard:

“Baby, did you think of me when you stuck your tongue in the hole of the potato pie thing?” said this maniac.

I busted out laughing (she knew how to catch me off guard too). She was so funny and so cute.

We promised that we would go to the carnival, the theatre, the movies, her sanctuary, my Think Tank in motion, and see plays together as soon as possible-no matter what, and nothing but death would keep us from it.

She already won me over.

“Head Over Feet” by Alanis Morissette was blasting from the speakers of my computer’s CD Rom while I sat in my comfortable black Futon chair...

I'm on with her. We were talking about love, trust, pain, and our personal definitions of it. She was very defensive about the pain subject. She yelled: "DON'T TELL ME WHAT PAIN IS, I'VE HAD MY BILL OF PAIN. I KNOW WHAT PAIN IS AND WHAT IT FEELS LIKE. I'D RATHER *DIE* THAN TO RETURN THERE AGAIN. AND I MEAN IT." She talked about how hard she loved before, and the hurt and pain that she had gone through. She told me that she had really never gotten over it, but had learned to move on. It was pretty sad...the way she spoke of it. I could only assume she was talking about her first marriage and all the rumors (and truths) that happened surrounding it.

She then asked me what my definition of love and trust was. I told her that (generally speaking) love is something that can only be mirrored by that which is love itself. If you love you, then you are all the things that love is (and should mirror): trust, honesty, patience, care etc. If you are all the things you believe love is, and you feel those things; you will give, and be open to receiving those things, too-accepting nothing less than that. I told her it was my experience that romantic love should come with conditions: conditions of mutual and like *reciprocation*. I told her that for me, romantic love is *not* unconditional. People only say it because it sounds good. A mother loves her children unconditionally, but if a lover crosses you, watch how quickly our so called "unconditional love" changes. I'm true to myself. I love myself in a way that I would never accept anyone who couldn't match those ways. Romantic love should be mirrored to the extent of the love that you have for yourself. If you are not being loved the way you love you, then I believe *that* kind of love deserves conditions: to be loved from afar (unless you do not love yourself as you should, or say you do).

"I disagree," she said, as we debated back and forth about the subject.

"I...I just have a place inside of me that I just can't get past, I can't get over. I've been hurt so bad in the past that sometimes it stands in the way of the way I love now..." she confessed.

"Well, that's not good baby. That's no way to love. It's just like that quote that we discussed. Your approach to love can't be with hesitation because of an experience that stunted your growth in love. It's not good to let one bad thing spoil it for you in love. It's not healthy. In love, you don't come to lose. You come to win. Remember? Even if it doesn't work, you know that you tried and gave it your all—and that's how you approach the next relationship." I told her.

"Angela. You have my *all*. I gave you my all. You have all that I have to give," she promised and assured me. "*All* that you have inside of you to give?" I asked.

"Yes, *all* that I have to give Angela," I promise. I promise you that.

I smiled softly, loving her more.

It was her turn to talk [about one of her favorite plays]: "Miss Saigon."

She started rambling on about it non-stop. I listened and adlibbed.

She paused in spurts, wondering if I was tired of her rambling. I wasn't-it gave her a different kind of energy. I like to hear and feel people's energy when they begin to talk about things that interest them, it's so varying-the octaves and excitement.

I replied: "No-go ahead baby, I'm listening. I want to enjoy what you enjoy. You do the same thing for me don't you?" "Yes, right. I do," she replied. "Well go on, I'm listening," I said. She didn't want to stop.

I cued, probed, and adlibbed until she got it all off her chest. We talked about it for about an hour. When we got done, she told me about how the original character that played Miss Saigon was murdered by her husband in real life (just like the character-on stage).

"Asshole," she said. I got quiet. "Baby, are you there?" she asked.

“Yes, I was just thinking. Thinking about how ironic it was that her life ended in the play as it did in real life. That’s all. What a shame. Talk about life imitating art,” I said.

Everything around or that held Janet’s interest and attention was life imitating art in some way or another-and even I knew that included me, this, and us-too...

“The Closer I Get To You,” by Donnie Hathaway and Roberta Flack was blasting from the speakers of my computers CD Rom while I was sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair--emotionally, mentally, sexually, and artistically imitating something like life for this woman who so badly needed it. Here I was, months in, tangled way too deep into her web of “life” now-imitating the art of every single lyric of countless tracks from her very own CD: The Velvet Rope.

Back to going behind hers (behind her own velvet rope)...

Finally, we got *real busy*.

After our last few conversations about love, pain, and loss; it was like she was feeling a bunch of things inside and needed to let off some steam.

She started off by leading me to the sauna, began undressing me and kissing me uncontrollably like the maniac she was. Before we could even get in, we fell to the floor and I began kissing her wildly-then holding her face to my neck to kiss me, lick me, bite me and suck me every where that I like. I’m shaking and trembling so hard because it’s driving me crazy. She’s biting down on both my collar bone and my jugular making me feel like I’m seizing.

She then began sucking on my breasts. All the pleasure she brought to me seeped through the pores of my skin like sweet poison and made her lips shake and voice moan like a synthesizer. I began to hold my breasts together for her so that she can almost suck them both at the same time. She tells me that she’s loving it-loving that she can use her hands to feel me up while she’s simultaneously caressing my breasts that I’m holding together for her. I’m wet like lava and it’s driving her crazy. She rushed down on me wildly-applying the kind of pressure that I like. We’re both oohing and ahing and shaking like crazy-we had no sync, we just went *at it*-our tension was in sync.

She’s wildly aroused and grunting-finally allowing me to touch her. Her grunt was like it was really against her wishes to allow me-but she just couldn’t help herself. While feeling her body and breasts up, I sink my teeth into her neck like butter -to distract her from making me stop (once she realizes what she allowed me to do). I’m sucking, licking and biting her neck, shoulders, chest, and caressing her breasts while I’m gently rubbing her clit. I was all over her body. She was way too *intensely* distracted and gulping. I’m crazy excited. Right now she’s too weak to tell me “no” to anything I wanted to do to her-although her trembling, grunting. Gulping was all the “no” tussling she could do for resisting, because her “yes’s” wouldn’t let her resist. She couldn’t get the words: “stop” to roll from her tongue. She was frowning with both disapproval but extreme pleasure while her body was twisting and shivering the direction of “no” but blurting the words “yes” from her mouth. I’m learning more and more that she *hates* not being in control. I was so nervous because I knew one wrong move would break up the moment that her body was loving but her ego wanted to fight-I couldn’t let that win. She hated being that weak for me but the pleasure was overtaking her. I extended to her: a little bit of control for a short time in this because I knew I was going to be able to get it back. She was way too set ablaze.

I asked her to get my thingy for me (“Mr. Happy”).

“I knew you’d ask for it sooner than later,” she said, in a slow moaning whisper; remembering introducing him to me back in her “Qbenlyric2” days. She knew I liked that, and liked that I remembered.

“Help me put it on,” this maniac said, while biting her bottom lip-preparing to work me over so that she could show me how much she did *not* like being forced out of control-ready to teach me a lesson. I knew she was going to fuck me senseless. I told her:

“No I don’t want to help you. I want you to put it on while I watch you. Just let me lay here and anticipate what I’m in for because I know you are going to fuck me crazy, right?” She licked her lips and told me how sexy she thinks I am: “Ooooh I loooooovvve yooouu, I LOVE your sexy ass,” she grunted.

“I love you, too baby,” I responded. “Hurry, fuck me-please,” I begged-desperately.

She’s in the water kissing me wildly. I told her I wanted her to back me up to the corner of the sauna so that I can’t move any further while she thrusts into me.

“You turn me on so damn MUCH. I LOVE your sexy ASS! Why do I love you so MUCH!?” she screamed.

“Oh baby I love you so much, I love you so much,” we said simultaneously, kissing and trying to put those words through one another’s body, heart, and mind.

“How does those bath beads feel beneath that ass?” she asked.

“I love it, it’s driving me crazy. It’s so much going on right now,” I told her.

She took her torso and grinded up into me so precise and deeply: inch-by-inch in a way that had me gasping starting from a barely-there whisper to soprano, screaming into the air. I’m loving it and her, to death, while she’s giving it to me-fiercely. She was grabbing my waist, pounding up and into me with a brutal kind of pleasure that felt like I was cummin’ with every single upstroke. She knew how to fuck and move her body while strapped, like I never could have imagined. I loved how she had those indentations on the sides of her ass-like most men do. Not many women are built like that. Those pronounced indentations were indications to me-that she knew (and had experience) at thrusting into some pussy. That turned me on about her (and she proved me right).

My eyes rolled back into my head. I thought I was going to faint. My whole body was trembling and felt like one big out of control nerve-ending. I was so weak and over-stimulated that all I could do was gasp and beg. I was like a ragdoll. She pulled out of me mercilessly. I yelled louder with every exiting inch.

We got out of the sauna and she grabbed me by the neck to follow her lead as if I’d better not step one step out of line on the way to the bedroom. She was loving all over my body like crazy while I was shaking and taking it. My moans, trembling, and every bite into my skin was plugging in to her like electricity-giving her *life*. She was screaming out between each bite into my skin like she was climaxing from it-hard. She started panting so hard that she yelled: “Oh gosh I’m panting like a fucking dog! I can’t help it! I can’t. What the fuck? Oh gosh,” she squealed. It was making her crazy.

She then shoved into me mercilessly. I screamed out. She got her rhythm going-holding onto my waist and hitting my spot again with each thrust straight up into me.

“I just LOVE how wet you get! I’m throbbing so hard, gosh help me pleaseeeeeee! I’m going crazy!” she panted.

I opened my legs up a little wider and let her listen and watch as she was going

in and out. I placed her hands onto my inner thighs to help her balance herself. I had her thrusting straight up and into me to hit my spot squirt right on to her. That made her crazy. She was gasping into the air like she was forcing herself not cum. She was fighting something inside of her. It was so fucking sexy. I knew I was about to have her. The more she moaned, gasped and gulped; I knew she was losing control. She acted like she wanted cry. Her pussy was throbbing and she wanted that bitch *done* but did *not* want to say it. I could tell that she wanted that pussy eaten, fucked or both.

“I’m panting like a dog, I’m panting like a... UHHhhhh” she kept saying-ritualistically. She sighed and faded out at a loss for words. I grabbed underneath her arms and began caressing her breasts, darting my tongue, and sinking my teeth anywhere on her moist body that I could with her still on top of me. I then reached into her harness to manipulate her with my two middle fingers and thumb: round and round while managing to slide her clit between my index and middle finger to manipulate both sides, swiftly while tapping and flickering the tip of it with the tip of my thumb. She was gasping and panting as the same time-literally losing control now, she couldn’t help herself. She was so wet and so weak that it drove me nuts! I couldn’t take it anymore: “Get up here, get up here right now!” I said.

She wanted more than what my fingers were doing. She was weak like the effects of Superman’s Kryptonite. I grabbed the back of her head, tongued, and French-kissed her deeply. Her brows were dipped and seriously into this. Her eyes wanted to cry. I grabbed the back of her hair, lifted it and placed her forehead to mine: “You’re about to get this, you’re about to get it just like that,” I insisted. I began unstrapping her. Her lips and body were shaking badly. “Helpppp meeee, I’m panting like a fucking dog!” she panted deeply-she was in a hurry to cum.

I whispered: “I want you. I need you to come up here. Mark your spot for me-right here. Come here.”

I lifted her body slowly above me until I could get that pussy right on my face. She’s was up there-legs shaking like a baby doe. I grabbed her by her waist and plopped that shit right on the target-locking her in place on my face, she could not move. She threw her head back and began howling into the mid-air. That moment would’ve sent the authorities kicking our door down if we were *anywhere* but her own private quarters of the world. I grabbed her and guided her to wipe her entire pussy all over my face while I chased her clit. It was teasing her like crazy. That pussy was on fire. She kept howling: “Whoooooooooo Hooooo” repeating it over and over as she grabbed my face and hair while I was sucking her senselessly-loving the feel of her swelling inside my mouth. She was riding it like a pro; thrusting and cummin’ so hard while biting down trying to shout words between her clenched jowls. She was shaking and screaming like she was turning from a human to a werewolf.

“You lost control huh? I got you howling at the moon now huh?” I said, while she was screaming to the top of her lungs-straddled over my face. She then fell forward toward the headboard. I turned my face sideways to meet the side of her clit rather than facing it. I trapped it in between my soft lips and played games with that fucker between both my lips and tongue while I rolled my head and face like the figure 8. She started going crazier: riding my face and going at it-panting like a racehorse; shaking, trembling and screaming some language that I-nor she could understand. I isolated her while holding her waist tightly and flipped her onto her back.

I then stretched her legs open and got to her like feed for my famine. She was up there in tears. I was so fucking lit. I pinned her there with her legs open-full concentration on her entire pussy. I took my lips, my warm mouth, and tongue and did tricks on, in, up, down and around her entire world in ways that she never experienced-I could tell. In high to low and low to high octaves, all she could do was belt out: "Ohh-ho-ho-ho-ho" as she tried folding herself in fetal position on while on her back. She was in a stiff trance as if my venom was going through her veins. She couldn't move-only scream, jerk, holler and cum like she was going crazy. I swelled her up so good. I turned my head to the side and figure 8'ed her with her entire clit in my mouth while my tongue whipped across her clit 'til she came-harder. She was pulsating and throbbing so hard that it drove me nuts, I felt like I was about to cum--through my mouth.

Her loud moans got softer and more faint. Then sneakily, like a cat, she flipped me over and went down on me, snatching me with her mouth just like I like it. She caught me off guard, and at a good time-because I was throbbing like a beat drum. I started climaxing like crrrrrazy-hollering like the siren of the Emergency Broadcast System. I needed to bust, and I mean I busted-hard. "I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU" was all we could say-all we could say.

I'm convinced we shook the world off its axis the way we fucked that day. When we calmed down, all we could do was laugh because nobody but nobody could ever understand... "Unbelievable..." I said. "Damn right," she gasped. She's so *damn* sexy.

All was going perfectly normal, gentle, and sweet between us. A couple days later, we were online about to get aroused and she immediately gave me some rules-a list of places not to touch her: armpits, anus, or feet. I sat there and covered my mouth then posted: "I don't fuck with feet, and armpit licking aint my thing. But if I tongued your ass-my bad baby, I got carried away, lol" I burst into laughter. "LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLO" she replied.

She kept hesitating, trying to inch into a conversation I could tell she was obviously coached on something, ridiculed about, or she later over thunk something. She went for it: "Um... Don't be telling me to mark my spot again. Don't you ever say that to me again!"

(Hmm. Now I see what she was trying to get at). I replied: "Excuse me, that was just impulse-not to insult or to degrade you. YOU are the one who was panting like a dog and kept saying that YOU couldn't help it! I was merely trying to get you to sit on my face-and that just came out! I didn't mean anything derogatory or insulting by it," I said to this control freak.

"I know, but...I don't like it-those words. Just...don't say it like that again," she said.

Normally, something like that would have turned me off. Because during sex, if I do or say something-it most certainly is not pre-planned and obviously turned me on. And if at any time after sex, I'm met with a disapproval about any act that went down, my desire'd go south. I'm the type that would never ever touch you again (or let you touch me ever again). But I thought about how much privacy we *didn't* have, and how by the time the I.M script had gotten through so many hands, they had made fun of her and she felt like that belittled her or something. I knew someone else had to have influenced her, because we talked for a while after that session and she didn't seem to have a problem with it-*at all*. That bothered me. I knew I was in for it with this woman and her hired help. Because I'll never forget that day [when she was "panting like a dog"]a while afterwards, when we had gone over to her room, the nickname: "ALOTAVAGINA" had rolled down. I knew that it was most probably Lissa's

silly ass. That was her kind of language (and fun). But that let me know for sure that she really *did* save the I.M script and let her digirati team view the contents in it (because it damned sure was a lot of vagina poppin' off in that sexsion right there).

Right after Lissa's comment, I immediately turned to her in our private I.M and said: "How nice of you to reveal to them how we cyberfucked! Damn!"

"No, I didn't! No I did not!" she replied, (laughing and lying).

"You saw that 'ALOTAVAGINA' nickname-unless it was your silly ass!" I said.

"It was not me though!" she swore.

"Well, if it wasn't you then it was your buddies, whore!" I said.

"LoL. Welllll... it *was* a lot, though" she laughed.

Although the jokes were funny, it was then that I knew for sure nothing about us or between us was ever going to be just between "us." That was the moment I knew I was not only going to be in for it with her, but as well-fucking *them* too. This whole covert operation was on lock. Everything said and done was being clocked, combed through and dissected.

Her people seemed to be more on top of it all than she was. They could give two fucks about our lil' "love" and too, were on top of all our messaging and the digital end of this thing with lightning-speed fast eyes and hands-hands down. In that regard, it was like she was working for *them* and *they* had too much to lose (rather than *her* being in "control" of her own life). That, eventually, played a part in my decision to not place her in as high regard as I was holding her in-in the beginning of this. Because one thing about me, whether it be somebody rich and famous or somebody I met in the grocery store; I don't take up with and relationship with "workers"-I like bosses (well-respected people) who I can see (and know) are in full control of their own life (every aspect of it). Because in my eyes, like I eventually discovered later in this thing; if they could control her, then they could control me. And well, I wasn't having that-*at all*.

I knew Rix was the head digirati cohort in this thing from the very day that he was "testing," "test," "testing" my computer [the day my friend talked me into going to her chat room after my being gone for a while]. He was most probably sending all kinds of packet sniffers to my poor little cheap, unprotected piece of metal [otherwise known as a computer] that day. This conversation clocking, these I.M comb-over sessions and dissecting moments kind of reminded me of when she was on the line with Rix the day she was holding on waiting for Michael. It made me know that (remotely) he most probably was never too far from Janet in between nobody-not even Michael (her own brother). I really don't think *anybody* was fully trusted by Janet's digirati, not even Rene (her own man of over 13 years). So in this moment, I was realizing that I was probably at the bottom of the trust totem-pole in her life. And just when I would get comfortable with "us" being "us," it was like Rix was this guy with some emotional barometer that could send a jolt to Janet to her to remind her that she was still "Janet," and it was time to get me back to being not so comfortable with her giving me the full and real Janet behind the "Janet" (that the world knows).

We could be us for a good stretch of time, but like every third day or so she would piss me off in conversation where she would break off into this "Joanna" character. I hated when she would do that because I felt like she wanted complete normalcy from me-on my end, but when it was convenient for her-she acted like I was that stranger that she pulled up on stage at her concerts and strapping *me* to a chair while she danced around me and acted out her lil' cyber fantasies, while absorbing my real feelings and my real life. And then whenever she would feel the need to [or perhaps may have been reminded] that was behaving too Janet-like

she would heavily get into this Joanna character and it would catch me off guard sometimes. We could be getting along like “Angela” and “Janet” and then she’d pause and come back with her Outback charm-like someone tapped her on the shoulder to remind her. Although I understood, I told her that I’d rather not talk to her at all if we were going to go through that because it seemed like that would be the only time we would fight.

We’re in I.M. We start to talk. We start off fine and then she strapped me to the chair again, but this time I let her have it. I told her about the so called “trust” she claimed to have in me was so temporary because if it was the way we had discussed, we wouldn’t be going through these types of things that cause us to argue. We argued because I refused to sit there and accept it when well over too many times, I had her normalcy. I’m not a fucking puppet. I wasn’t that desperate to have her in my life that I was going to let her dangle me like one either. I told her that she had the nerve to claim to love me, when she really was walking around with that dent in her heart, and doing the crazy things she would do. I told her I was starting to think it was mental-some kind of substitute for the lack of normalcy in her life, and she was getting (literally) sick with it-the habit of this kind of lifestyle and communicating. And my stupidly entertaining, aiding and abetting it was no better when I knew that sitting around tending to her and this shit was fucking up my own life and my own time, too. I told her that I would tend to her-but nothing extra.

I lit into her: “You kill me, talking about how scared you are. Yeah you are scared. It scares you because of the way you came into my life and ended up feeling things you didn’t expect. Yeah you’re scared all right. You’re scared because you and me have done things and gone more places than most people do in years-and many not at all, including YOU with anyone else. You’re scared because of how you feel about me was something you ‘sneaked and peeked’ upon and you didn’t expect it-now look at you. The game backfired on you *and* your heart, and now you don’t know what to do with yourself. That room was a trap and it’s trapping you too. But you expect me to be ok with what you feel is safe for you “until when[ever].” “Bulllll-shit” I told her.

“It just don’t seem real, it just doesn’t. I’m so confused,” she confessed (and playing out Velvet Rope’s Track 12 & 13 in her mind). I drilled in:

“Yeah I bet you are confused. Look at your whole approach and how you go about things. Look at how you are deep down inside. How are you going to be walking around claiming to know love but afraid to trust. You were right, all you *know* is pain! All that you do creates it! You’re scared because you are so impulsive, and this (what you and me have), is probably the most time you have ever taken to let someone know you and love you for you-and you didn’t expect that either. Had I let you come here to see me that one time in 3 hours...we probably wouldn’t have gotten as far as we’ve gotten today (at least as close as we are right now). That’s because you are so used to getting your way-and *fast*. And that’s why you felt you had some inalienable right to come into my life the way you did. Because all your life you have obviously had things expeditiously go your way. Well, it doesn’t work like that with me Hun. I’m telling you right now. I’m not about to play into your little cyber fantasies and shit. You can go your way and I’ll go mine. So fuck you. Carry your stupid ass on somewhere else and leave me the hell alone,” I told her.

“Don’t talk to me that way! Don’t talk like that to me Angela. Don’t do that to me. You’re hurting me! You’re making me cry. You’re hurting me!” she said.

When she would try to convey her version of “normalcy” and seriousness (whether

when feeling warm and fuzzy, sexual, or during our serious and deep conversations), she would always stress my real name-never: “Cin,” not even “Angie,” but: “Angela” (regardless whatever “character” she was). She may have been able to overpower me with her resources and abilities to commandeer and do all the things she did, but when it came down to my being able to put her mentality and emotions on display by holding a mirror to her face; I was the head bitch in charge of the psychology behind her Jedi Mind Tricks and games.

I drilled in more: “Well too bad “*J-oanna!*” Too bad that you aren’t the right J (for me) ‘cause we would have it going on. We would love like crazy, play like crazy, fuck like crazy and just *be* crazy.” I said (to soften her).

“I know, I know, I know. Don’t say that. ‘Cause I know,” she said (softly).

I came down on her like a ton of bricks-catching her by surprise by continuing:

“...so when you talk to her, just send her back my way. Would you? Crazy **bitch!**” I said-bluntly. I wanted her to feel as degraded as only she knew how to make me feel demoted.

“STOP! STOP! It’s like you are putting a knife in my heart and twisting it over and over. QUIT talking to me like that and just leave! Just leave now! You are hurting me!” she said.

I wouldn’t stop, I wouldn’t quit: “Yeah and don’t expect me to log in to I.M for your ass anymore you stupid bitch you!” I said, trying hard to cut + disrespect her with my words.

She kept crying, begging and yelling at me until I disconnected. I was so pissed at her. It was like she didn’t know what it was like to continue having a good time for too long-like she was afraid, and things were almost too good to be true (and real), but I loved her so much and I felt badly for her. The normalcy that she just did *not* have; I tried *hard* to give it to her. I was getting so used to “us” being “us,” and then she would pull the rug from beneath my feet right when I would get comfortable with her all over again. I could almost imagine what it would be like for any man to try and love this woman, or even any woman to be her friend. She was such a basket case, just...much too much. (Track 16 now)...

Down beamed Sassy: “Angela.”

“Don’t call me by my name-it’s Cinamon to you Hun!” I said. This woman was wild:

“Angela? Angela!” she said twice, as if I didn’t just tell her not to call my name, once.

“Don’t talk to me crazy girl, I’m talking to somebody right now,” I said.

Immediately, my power completely goes out of my computer. I had to reboot it to get back on. She loved that type of shit. When she would do stuff like this, she reminded me of a type of Samantha Montgomery of Bewitched; standing there with her hands on her hips-snapping her fingers and changing shit the way *she* wanted.

I got back on and headed back for the room. She was sitting right there waiting:

“Angela... I’m waiting on you to answer me,” she said.

Feeling like I was raising and grasping for air responded: “Waiting? If you are waiting on *anything* from me then you’ll just be a lady in waiting.”

She blinked her really eyes fast and said: “Then I’ll be just *that* then... waiting...”

She continued: “Look, I’m having some connection problems and when they are fixed I’ll let you know. I can’t hookup to I.M until it’s fixed though,” she said.

I shook my head in amazement because I knew that I was in for much bigger than I ever could imagine with this woman, and this was all a big brew-ha: happening...bit-by-bit [and literally: bit by bit]. She was just too much for my head. Although I knew things would go much smoother if I would just put my pride aside and be content with knowing that

everything really was everything-and allow Rix to do his job; we would have much better time consistently. I just couldn't see myself not resisting knowing that I was openly revealing my true and real self and allowing myself to be put out there at their disposal in ways that they were working overtime to protect Janet *from*-as if my trust in them meant nothing (either way), and as if my little unimportant life (as compared to their *mistrust* in me) meant everything to her and her big important life.

Thinking about it all, I decided to go on a "Fuckitall sabbatical."

I went to my Hell Mail account and blocked Janet out every which way that I could (including *all* of our I.M's). I blocked LockiejawsLissa out, I blocked Alina out and anybody that was associated with Janet-OUT-every which way I could. I was so hurt and so mad at her (and this thing). I knew she couldn't take that.

She would call and hang up on me sometimes once, sometimes three or more times-back to back. I knew that what I did would hurt her, but I was hurt too (*and* exhausted). She was used to being exhausting-so I could care less about her getting exhausted with calling me (or that she could exhaust me).

From my comfortable black Futon chair, I played my sad love songs on my CD Rom: "Crying Overtime" by Alexander O'Neal, "Against All Odds" by Phil Collins, "Rocket Love" and "All is Fair in Love" by Stevie Wonder, and "A Song for You," by Donnie Hathaway. I can't lie, I was sad because I really was getting deep into her too and I refused to keep going, knowing that the only way to do it was to somehow mechanically cut myself on and off. Fuck that.

While having stayed away from her room and I.M for a couple of days, I went to my Hell Mail and there she was: three messages *anyway* (as if my little blocks didn't have anything on what she had the control to do). When I read the emails, she acted as if nothing ever happened-telling me that she loved me and missed me, and talking about her new connection she was waiting on. It was a trip, she was talking to me like my absence from her was an absence of mutual understanding; totally ignoring my blocks and my ignoring her. I laughed and shook my head because she was so boldly child-like sometimes. I could just *imagine* her standing there looking like a hopeful little kid: watching me in her mind while I was reading-hoping that she did not lose the "*only person she had ever loved this way-the only person who ever got all that she had to give.*" I smiled and wrote her back:

Date: Sat 01 May 16:30 PM PDT

From: xxxxxx@netscape.net

To: jj@fan.xxx

Subject: hey u

Hey baby. I feel like such a sucker for even writing you back because I had blocked everything I could that had anything to do with you at first but I am such a sucker for you...here I am writing you back and about to remove my so-called blocks. I really miss you too and am tired of thinking about you morning, noon and night...smile...I miss you I know that much, man...anyways just email me when you are back up and I'll log on to you okay?

From my black comfortable Futon chair, I'm listening to Celine Dion's "It's All Coming Back to me Now" in my CD Rom while I'm in I.M with her. My maniac damned sure made her way in for a quickie (she was lit like she had been deprived for two days too long):

"*W...I missed youuuuu," she yearned. "I miss you too, baby. I do. I really do," I returned. We got quiet. "How are you feeling?" I asked, concerned.

"Well, a little...hesitant," she confessed.

“Well...we don't need to waste time debating about why we fought, but I do know that I don't want hesitation from you because it just wastes precious time,” I said (I knew what she wanted-and I wanted her to get straight to it).

“Yes, I agree,” she said.

This time we start off in the bed. She started from the bottom and worked her way to the top. We hardly say a word to one another except for how much one missed the other and how much we loved each other (in unison and in sync).

“Go get my thingy,” I said (I knew that would make her happy-my asking for it).

She strapped on Mr. Happy while biting her bottom lip.

“Are you still mad at me?” I asked, seductively.

“No, I'm not mad at you anymore,” she said.

She had an axe to grind with me and she couldn't *wait* to get it off. All of this was more than emotional for her-it was mental too (she needed a fix). These couple of days that I stayed away put her heart through it, I could tell.

She grinded it in to me slowly-about midways up into me. She couldn't wait anymore. She had anticipated hearing me scream out at the mercy of her because she really was still mad at me, but was glad that we were back on again from that short [but what felt like a long time] for the both of us. She thrust into me wildly, so wild that we fall to the floor. She told me she liked the thickness of the carpet scraping her knees-the pain of it burning her knees was turning her on, making her mad, but arousing her at the same time. I opened wider for her to insert Mr. Happy as far as she could until she could feel the very bottom of me. I began to scoot and pull away from her to force her to keep trying to catch up and stay inside of me (and so she could continue to feel the burn on her knees).

“Oh my gosh-the carpet burns...they're driving me crazy,” she belted out, feeling masochistic.

I'm still backing away from her while she was trying to grab and secure me in place to drill deep into me.

The more I backed away, the more she had to scrape her knees on the carpet in order to keep Mr. Happy inside of me. She did not want it to come out of me at all. The agony was doing something to her mind-like she thought I was going to run away again. She dug her nails into my skin and tried her damndest to hold on to me, and hold it inside of me. The task of trying to keep it inside of me while I was moving backwards (and making her scrape her knees) made her crazy. She kept shivering and yelling out: “Ooh!” as if she was the one getting fucked. Her arousal was like she was feeling a tremendous amount of pain, but nearing a strange kind of climax at the same time. It was fun to watch...When she felt my body back into that solid wall, it sent a jolt through her entire body. She yelled into the air like she hit the jackpot: “Yessss!” She was waiting on that moment. I gave her full access to me and opened my legs so that I could let her all the way in. She grunted, folded her lips and dipped her brows like serious business while she dug her nails into my skin like she was punishing me-forcing Mr. Happy inside of-me inch by inch. It was *incredible*. Every inch she slid into me had me moaning and breathless. Her grinding skills were impeccable. She knew how to fuck, use her body and get in that pussy in ways even a man would envy. We were both moaning helplessly. I couldn't move anymore. I was officially backed into the wall, and she made it official: She was aroused, bull-mad ready to tear this pussy up! I surrendered to her.

“Just take it, do what you wish to it,” I pleaded. She started her grinding. Ohhhh my goodness she was *awesome* at it. “I’m gonna fuck the shit out of this juicy pussy, girl!” she shouted out. “Fuck me harder since you know I can’t go any further! Fuck me harder!” I demanded. I needed it. I held myself up by my hands with my legs wrapped tightly around her waist while she supported herself by holding her hands to the wall. “Squeeze me tighter, hold your legs around me tighter,” she said impatiently, like she was on to something and was about to throw down. Oh goodness she was so good. She began to bang up and into me. I was taking it. We were wild and screaming like crazy. “Now show me how mad you were at me! Fuck me the way you were mad at me,” I cried out. She began to pounding senselessly like she was gone mad. I told her to put both her hands around my neck while she thrusts. Her knuckles were scraping against the wall. That one kind of pain hit her body again and something went through her: she threw her head back into the air and began shaking and gargling like she was cumming all in the seat of her harness. “Now, fuck me the way you were mad at me. Tell me what you were going through,” I demanded. She started to thrust with crazy reminiscent anger from our fight. Her knuckles were being pinched against the wall while she was holding me by the neck: “AN-GEL-A, don’t you EVER IN YOUR LIFE TELL ME THAT YOU ARE LEAVING ME. DON’T EVER! DON’T EVER! DON’T *EVER* TELL ME YOU ARE GOING ANYWHERE!. YOU DON’T *EVER* TELL ME YOU’RE LEAVING ME!” she said cried out over and over. I was cumming so hard that my breath took my voice away. It felt so good I cried. The deep, desperate gasps of her voice let me know she was cumming something serious. I reached into the harness to cuff her pussy and smash and rub her clit so that she could get hers. She was screaming and moaning while biting down into my shoulders, and speaking that language and saying those words I never could understand when she would cum so hard. We fell to the floor and held each other tightly. “Skin to skin;” she said, reminding me of a line from another one of her songs called “The Body That Loves You” (off of her “janet” album). I just shook my head and laughed. She knew that I knew what she meant. Our hearts raced a mile a minute. “I love your sexy ass,” she said. “I love YOUR sexy ass,” I returned. No one would ever understand...

She emailed me later:

Hey sweet thang. I’ll be around online a little this weekend...just letting u know. I don’t know when tho really. Still haven’t got the connection fixed up tho mym (miss you much) with your sexy ass... J

I wrote back:

Date: Monday 03 May 22:50PM PDT
From: xxxxxx@netscape.net
To: jj@fan.xxx
Subject: Re:[hey]

I hope you’re not mad because I didn’t stay logged on this morning... But I’ll check back with you in the morning to see if you are okay...missing you...got a lot of reading to do

anyways...(distracted thinking about you)Love u.
P.S-im gonna stay logged on in case you come in, I have a couple of papers to write okay?
I miss you and I hope you aren't mad at me.

She responded:

Baby I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry I haven't been on but I've been having some connection problems at home (I'm working...) I'm gonna be getting a new service provider ASAP. Hopefully before the end of this week. I love you too beautiful. I've been missing you too. I hope to be online soon I've kind of got a cold so if I get really sick and have my connection up soon then that will make a day of computer fun LoL
I feel really achy though. Hope to see you soon Mym...J

I wrote back:

Date: Wed 05 May 14:31PM PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: ...

Missing you is like the understatement of the year...(smile) I really hope you feel better. Did u get the elderberry tea? I also forgot to tell you to get some garlic capsules too. I really don't know what else to say because I don't know all the ways to tell you how much I miss you except...I miss you *TTTTTTTTTTTTWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW (fat kiss!) I'll log on in the evenings and afternoons to see if you are on...*pouting cause I miss you again...LoL Well I'll keep checking off and on for your connect alright? I hope you feel better though. Remedy? Get that elderberry tea (no sugar, no honey) so you can feel a lot better. I sure as hell don't want you sick with me. You already work my nerves!...LoL you better get well...missing you (foreal)

She responded:

I'll be at home. I won't be on in the mornings because I need to sleep. But in your afternoons and evenings your time, I should be around if I'm feeling ok
Missing you...J

All this was around the time she was scheduled to be overseas at the World Music Awards show. The only way she was able to say something about it was in open chat where she and her crew would carry on cross-conversations about her whereabouts and what, if anything was going on [she felt I should know about, but couldn't say directly to me in IM or in email]. On big things like this, she would discuss them amongst her buddies in the open room where I too, could see (so I would know). She just wouldn't announce specifics like her department dates or arrival times-no details like that.

While she was on-route to the show (I guessed), I had come in, and the nickname: "Gone" had dropped down on me and said: "So Cinamon what's up?"

I knew that was my cue, so I responded: "Nothing just peeking in.

"Gone" then responded: "Ok, Cinamon..."

All her "connection and provider" issues (that she kept talking about in email) made more sense to me. I knew that Rix had a job to do for every device she was using to communicate with me on, and from. So I could tell that whenever she went from country to country, he had something very specific to do for this hookup she had going (that was way over my head) yet, necessary-if she and I were going to communicate while she was out of the country.

I didn't pry, I just cooperated.

Date: Thu, 06 May 9:45am PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: I'm here now

I checked my mail this morning around 6:45a.m. my time but I didn't stay in because it wasn't afternoon or evening my time—(the times you said would be best for you)...Sorry. Although you didn't get to read my first thoughts, you were among my first thoughts when I woke up...(smile)...I'm about to take a bath right now because I have a 2 p.m. mid term and I'm home on a short break. I'll sign in though and will check it when I get out of the tub...right now it's like...12:45 p.m. my time...I'm sorry I missed you earlier...

Her response:

Did u just leave? I have my connection set up and going so I hope to see you soon
Much love....J...

Happy to hear from her; I put in my Alexander O'Neal CD and listened to "Sunshine," Terrance Trent D'Arby's "Sign Your Name," and TLC's version of "If I Was Your Girlfriend," and "At Your Best, You Are Love" by Aaliyah. I wrote back:

Dang man. You told me you'd stay on, now I come back and you're off...I'll just wait then. And honestly. I was kind of mad at first and I was thinking, "Nah I don't think I want to talk to her anymore tonight while she is in this kind of mood and all" so I left right out to run and get me something to drink (in a shitty kind of mood and all). I rode around for a second and dropped some books off to the library.

Went to the store, and after leaving, about to get into my car and fell down on my hands and knees and fuckin' scraped them--in front of about 6 guys!...man I was laughing at myself...then I said "that's what I get for being hellish..." I turned back, get here and now you're gone...shit I dunno I wish you'd talk to me and tell me what you are mad about...I don't like it when you are like this...I sw... well...you know...

(She *hated* for me to use the word "swear" or "oh my god." She was sanctified *somewhere* in this madness).

Saturday May 8th, I was at home cleaning up and cooking. A made-for-television movie had come on called "What About Your Friends." I had gotten so touched by it, thinking about what [behind the smoke and mirrors, really was] a virtual *mess* I was in-and the affect it was having on my (closest) friendships in my virtual world, but even more than that; not knowing how, when, or *if* this thing with Janet would ever end. I knew it couldn't be good-because good would require some semblance of normalcy, and no matter how hard I tried, we just couldn't get "normal" consistently. So a part of me was scared in that regard. All else-I loved her to life for, but she wasn't normal, her life wasn't normal. Me and my life are normal, and the truth was: we just weren't for each other on any level-friendship or otherwise. Dealing with her, day-by-day, was making me "not normal" right along with her.

I felt like I was allowing myself to be molded into a kind of comfort for her and *her* needs, that in the end; was going to be of no comfort or addition to me and my own life-just further subtractions (and distractions). The neglect of my friends and social life as I once knew it was my first sign and reality check of that epiphany.

I had been neglecting a lot of my own personal friends who needed me and I wasn't always readily available to them because besides work, school, and taking care of my kid; Janet really was a handful and a job in itself. I absolutely, positively, could not squeeze anything else in-*especially* (and more importantly) if I wanted to protect them from the kind of privacy and quality of life that they were used to having-that would be no more. Stepping over into the landmines of what I was experiencing had the kind of shrapnel they weren't even equipped to

handle the full details of knowing, much less-experiencing (especially without her enamoration being with them when she would much rather they stay away-anyway).

Like when I went to the carnival, I didn't really have to go by myself, but considering the fact that I wasn't very available to my friends (when they needed *me*), I couldn't see finally breaking away from my cocoon with Janet and placing a call: "*Hey girl, let's go to the carnival!*" I could only imagine the thoughts in their minds: "*Do you know what a circus has been going on in my life, and I needed to talk to you and you weren't available for me, and now you call me to go to a circus with you!*" ...I couldn't imagine that, so I went by myself.

Going to the movies, shopping, and dining alone (even before being boo'ed up with Janet) was something I would do alone anyways, most times. I never took the time out to sit and evaluate that as being a part of these "selfish" debates that I would have with my friends, but my friend Kim (who lived farthest away) had been on my mind a lot, so I took out the time to write her a letter to explain to her some things we had debated about on the phone regarding my "selfishness" in our friendship. I was too embarrassed to give the details of what I had been doing and going through, but I did the best I could in the letter that I wrote to her.

My circle of friends was tight, but tight amongst each one of them *personally* and separately. None of my friends were friends, yet, they all knew one another-even the ones that had moved out of town. With each of my friends, I knew all their personal business and feelings and they knew some of mine. We shared a lot, so my friendship with each of my friends was always emotional and deep. I had no superficial friends that I wasted time "shooting the breeze" with-ever.

So when I wrote my friend Kim the letter, it was very apologetic and emotional because I felt really bad about not being there for her because she lived in California now-and farthest away from me. She would always complain that my other friends had access to me here, in the city, and felt that I should make an exception for her when she needed me (and she was right). On that May 8th day, I sat at my computer and typed for her; a three-paged letter. I was so desperate to tell her what was *really* going on, but I hoped she could read between the lines instead. I actually thought about writing everyone a letter, but Kim was the farthest away-everybody else; we could do lunch and talk it out.

I saved the letter to my disc and immediately went up to my school's lab to print it and dropped it in the mailbox. She would be happy to get the letter because Kim was my one and only friend who still liked to do things the old fashioned way. We never texted, emailed, or used technology to keep close and we still send care packages-never gift cards. That's just how we've always been.

When I got done, I hurried back home. I knew I had better check in with my other half to see how, and what she was doing, so that she could get some of my energy too.

When I logged on to her she was *terrible*. Although I'd had many fights with her, nothing like this day (thus far) could compare. On this day-she was different: rude, crude, calloused, and mean but subtly, and passive-aggressively so. It was a total other half of her angry self that I had never seen. She sat there with her hands folded, looking at the wall-playing her passive aggressive little game: just throwing out words-not wanting to talk to me but *daring* me to excuse myself. She was sitting there as if I should really be able to read her mind. It was unbelievable. There was no such thing as reasoning with her, especially if she was angry. And I mean...I tried for a couple of *hours* at that. Nothing worked. She was *not* having it. Nobody in this world is more stubborn that she was.

She finally decided to speak: "**You need to get your head together. You need to sort your feelings out.**"

I was confused because I thought that she and I were very clear on where we stood in each other's life (but with her, every single day was an emotional roller coaster, so I didn't know what the hell she was talking about). I just knew *something* really pissed her off. It was like she was sitting there so angry that her leg was shaking. I could feel her anger permeating condensation through the screen. I was still trying while she was just listening. And when she got tired of listening to me ask her over and over again (for two whole hours): "*tell me what's wrong so that we can talk about it and work it out,*" Samantha Montgomery put her hands on her hips and snapped her fingers. I just sat there looking stupid; staring into a blank screen. When she would do this, the sound of it was like that of a tight light switch that you could literally hear "click!" Whatever I did (that pissed her off) she was pissed as hell and only saw red.

Instead of logging back on, I emailed her:

Date: Sat 08 May 18:48 pm PDT
From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: ok

I got the drift. I mean, I tried everything I possibly could. I'm not going to go into anything long and drawn out because I'm sure you know how I really felt about you and all. And I SWEAR to you on everything I own and love, that I meant it from the deepest depths of my heart. You're talking about "get my feelings sorted?" You need to get yours sorted! I'm out. Don't bother writing back because I won't be checking for you anymore, checking for you in email or in I.M. And by the way, I'm not going to go through the routine of asking that you do your part by promising to totally disconnect from me, 'cause I done already made up my mind that I wasn't going to even check for you anymore-you won't do it any ways. So why bother. Normally I would say I swear on my kid that I wasn't going to fuck with you anymore, but I quit swearing on my kid, I can't say it now. But consider this goodbye the other words in place of that swearing!

Sitting in my black comfortable Futon chair from my CD Rom, I was listening to Chante Moore's old CD-a song called "As If We Never Met," obsessed with the words of that song that always rang in my head and reminded me of her like crazy. The lyrics went through me. I logged off, and went back to my own virtual world.

Late that night I thought about Janet deeply, trying so hard to come up with the reasons for her many mood swings and why she would be so angry with me off and on. I couldn't understand her sometimes. It was like, if we talked six different times in a day, she would be mad four of the six times. Then something dawned on me...I remember the time I was in the room and I saw a conversation going between Janet's buddies where someone mentioned (openly): "Kim is the best friend." I didn't understand at the time, but it definitely was one of those open-room conversations where they were not talking *to me* but talking *for me* to see (like they would when they wanted me to know something that Janet could not say to me in our private I.M conversations). To protect her, and their knowing she had questions about some parts of and some people in my life (that they knew about from retrieving my files but could not say anything to me about it, or question it in print/I.M), they would bring it, or the person up on her turf-that chat room.

In hindsight, and in trying to process all this, I think they were trying to figure out if Kim was a lover of mine that had moved to California, or if Kim was just... "the best friend that lived in California"-period. I already knew they could see whatever I typed over the computer so, in remembering those open-room conversations between them-yes, Janet's passive aggressive anger definitely came from the fact that she thought my emotional letter to was most probably an old lover of mine or something. But she was dead wrong. Kim is

strictly dicky starters. It's just that the two of us have always been emotionally closest like she never "overheard" me interact with any of my other friends that she was "overhearing" me talk to (so I would soon find out). As I lay there in bed, my mind was still busy dissecting and putting together; this puzzle of mine and Janet's.

I remembered how earlier this particular night, my friend Danyay called and told me that she was going to pick up some things from the grocery store. I asked her to pick me up a couple half pints of Amaretto coffee cream for my coffee. Immediately when I got off the phone with her, I had gone to give Janet some of my energy, and the nickname: "CoffeeCream" rolled down but I didn't say anything. Half of me left it up to coincidence. The other half of me felt it was because they probably heard that conversation over the phone. I held on to that coincidental fifty percent because I was too afraid to worry myself over that ever being a fact. To hold on to my sanity and avoid worrying about all the shit she could have heard over *my* phone, I went into denial about the fact that they may have been listening to my phone calls.

I thought about the 4 a.m. phone call where I heard that series of beeps in my ear; (that series of beeps that rang to my ex-lover's phone that 4:10 p.m. day when I was at her house). I thought about how right before I was on my way over to her house, when I entered the room to tell Janet' buddies I was about to leave out; the nickname: "YAMP" rolled down. "Yamp" was short for "young tramp" (their derogatory nickname borrowed from Rene-Janet's ex. (It was a word used by him in his role in "Poetic Justice" during Tupac, Joe Torey, and Rene's mailroom scene). Janet and her buddies called me a "YAMP" most probably because they listened to me and my ex-lover over my phone, where my ex-lover told me that she missed me and wanted me to come over to see her but I needed to be there before 4:10 p.m. Janet was able to run those same series of beeps [that she ran to my home phone that one 4 a.m. morning], to my ex-lover's phone (at 4:10 p.m.) because she had listened to our conversation over my phone where "4:10 p.m." was the time we would have to wrap up our lil' afternoon. Janet's 4:10 p.m. call to my friend's house was a reminder for us that she had "overheard" everything we said (down to that 4:10 p.m. cut-off time)...

I thought about the day how (out of the blue) when Janet stated she was going to order out for pizza with "*CHICKEN*" on it ("chicken" posted in caps was how she wrote it). It had dawned on me that she only said that because of the conversation she "overheard" between my friend and me (about my eating chicken again-while visiting her house one day). At the time during one of our I.M conversations, although it caught my eye when she stressed the word "*CHICKEN*;" I went on and threw that in as a part of my fifty percent I kept lending to coincidence.

I remember the day she gave me the list of lovemaking "rules" (places not to touch her when we make love): "*armpits, anus, or feet.*" Over time, Janet obviously "overhead" many-a-girl-talk conversations about sexual situations—conversations that I had with a couple of close friends of mine (just like all close girlfriends do). That is how she was tallying a list of all things necessary to get to know me, and too, was checking it twice while trying to find out if I was naughty or nice. She knew way too much-things way over what she retrieved from my computer and read. And I certainly wasn't at a level where I was telling her about every facet of my life, but she seemed to be up and onto a lot.

I thought about the times she would say I *sounded* like I was from Alabama.

I thought about times I would be complaining to friends over the phone-about how much control Janet had over my computer and how I was going to get a laptop as soon as I was able to. After complaining about that, I remember seeing the nickname: "laptopjacker" roll

down in the chat room, but [other than yet, another coincidence] I thought nothing of it.

I thought about the times she and I would be getting dressed and we would always ask what the other had on. One day my friend and I were about to head out [and go *somewhere*]. My friend had asked me what I was I going to slip on. I told her that I was wearing a tank shirt and a pair of parachute pants (meaning to say cargo pants). That same day, while Janet was getting dressed, she stated that *she* was putting on a pair of snowboarding pants and then she said: “I mean...*parachute* pants,” (and italicized the word: “parachute”). I saw it, but still, I sent that to *my* tally (and list of coincidences).

I thought back to the times that I would sing Marilyn Monroe jingles for people’s birthdays and (over in the room) I would see Janet and her buddies carrying on conversations talking about someone who likes to sing “Happy Birthday” Marilyn Monroe jingles. It was just another one of those open-room conversations where something they wanted to throw out there in the middle of one of their constant impromptu improvisational-type conversations they loved to have (that they wanted me to take notice of something they took *note* of)... I sent *that* to my tally of fifty-percent coincidence, too.

I thought about the day my friend called me during a time “Poetic Justice” was on television. We had gotten on to a discussion about this child that (for many years) Janet had been rumored to have (from her first marriage). Afterwards, while I was over in room, the nickname: “JanetsBaby” rolled down. Her lil’ buddies (or perhaps even her) hidden behind the nickname repeatedly asked: “*Has anybody in here seen my mom?*” I was cracking up laughing. It was soooo fucking hilarious! But guess what? Still, in complete denial, I even sent that happening over to my growing tally and list of coincidences (although I knew that fifty-percent probability that she had my telephone tapped was looking more like eighty-percent by this time). Still, I insisted on remaining in denial, just to keep myself from literally “cracking up” (in the mind) at discovery that it really was true that she had my telephone tapped. I wasn’t ready to deal with that being so. Not at this time. She was already much too much for me to handle as-was. I couldn’t bare the thought of knowing the truth that she would “steal” her way into knowing me in a light that the people on my telephone took years to genuinely earn.

I thought back to one of the umpteen times she had gotten mad at me and disconnected me from my computer (and I would have to go the computer lab at school to ask her if she would give me my service back). One day that happened, and I remembered seeing the nickname: “phonetapp” roll down. My little buddy “Dread” had come down to ask me how I was doing. Because I knew that she was watching, therefore, so that she [Janet] could see it; I replied back to Dread: “*Oh I’m a little Computer Blue and would like to go back home now.*” Right after I said that, the nickname “WhereverUare” rolled down. By this time, I already knew that she could tell if I was connected to her room from my home, or: wherever I was. I didn’t think of anything past that knowing...

And lastly—Janet’s crazy mood swings that I never could explain. It drove me nuts as to why she *stayed* mad at me every other fucking day. I was beginning to think that she had bigger mental issues than my playing around on the Internet with her could handle, comfort, soothe, and cure. It would be so strange how she would behave and kirk out on me, leaving me clueless as to why she would be so upset with me sometimes.

In the middle of this March 8th night when I lay in my bed processing it all, I finally came out of denial by turning my fifty percent to that eighty-percent probability, to a full one-hundred percent sureness of the one thing I dreaded coming to the conclusion about:

Janet (*really*) for sure, for certain, absolutely, positively, unequivocally, under no uncertain terms—did indeed have my phone tapped. And at this point into this thing, it was getting too stressful for her-being the only one between the two of us who knew. She *wanted* me to know. The more she fell for me, the more she didn't care that I knew she had my telephone tapped. She and her digerati all knew that I had given up enough of my true self to her that it was too late to turn back now. So the fact that I knew for sure that she had my telephone tapped, there was nothing I could really do about it anyways. Their detonation process: the setup, the shun, the denial, and the back-fire; was already ready and set to go (should I get upset and try to make a big stink of it) because step by step, Rix was making sure that Janet was in place to come out smelling like the rose. I knew that for a fact, too. He was on it-every step of the way...

So when I came out of denial, I wrote her (making light and nice of it) so that I wouldn't put her on defense to prepare to detonate:

Date: Sun, 09 May 00:41am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: .

You know what? It's fucking 3:30 in the morning and something just dawned on me. Man, when I said you mu'fucka...that there was THE understatement of the century. Now I know why you're trippin' and guess what? That's what the fuck you get! I really should be mad at your ass in a totally different way for what I just discovered...but instead, I can't do anything but shake my head from left to right with my hand placed upon it. Girl you're a trip...FOREAL. You are too live for me. I'm thinking far back as I can—even with what your sneaky ass did, I still can't see why you would be *so* upset with me...The slightest things must make you jealous! You draw your own conclusions to shit you should have asked instead of peeking and prowling to try and understand!...I wouldn't have even been mad at you if you'd've just come out and said what was on your head and chest...I just don't know what the fuck to say except damn...you are a mu'fucka. I don't know if I'm shaking my head because I think it's cute that you care this much, or if I SHOULD be mad at you...Now I know why you're untrusting sometimes when it comes to me, but I still say you come to some bullshit conclusions about all that you've GATHERED!!!!!! Nosianna!!! You are creepy crawler!!!!!!Ooh...You didn't have to go that route with me because I meant what I said when I said that I would never hurt you, but I guess with only gathering PART of *any* of my conversations-that WOULD make somebody as untrusting, insecure and controlling as YOU (walking around with a dent in her heart) think that anybody they fall in love with would be out to get them...But it's just all in your head...Especially when it comes to me...

I went to sleep just thinking about her; wondering what the hell she was going to say, or if she would even respond at all. I couldn't stop looking at my telephone sitting on the floor. I was staring at it as if I could see what she was doing on the other side: probably running around the house all child-like with her fingers in her mouth-shoulders up and looking embarrassed. I lay there amazed at her. Her meaning of greed, selfishness [and her claim to fame: "Control"] meant more to me now than I *ever* could have imagined this new revelation would be the catalyst that escalated this thing of ours to levels where her wrath and gluttony rose to heights I never would have thought could light a candle to her special brand of envy, and lust-that as a result; my sloth turned pride would take us to levels neither one of us could have anticipated. I wouldn't have thought it

When I think of this woman, there is one word that comes to mind first: Serious. And I mean that in every sense of the word. She is serious-her behavior, and everything about her. What she does, what she says-everything is just: serious, intense. That's all I can say. She is such a thick personality. I couldn't imagine being on her radar if she didn't love me so much. I just couldn't. I was glad that she did love me to the highest heights of what she felt love was.

I lay there listening to the mechanics of my computer's loud, buzzing and busy hard drive; hopping off with activity all night long while I tried to recollect all the things she most probably "overheard." I didn't sleep well, and tried to do my best to get Miss Control back online so that she could explain just *why* she would tap my fucking phone, though. Not only that, I was curious to find out just *how long* she had it tapped. I was baffled:

Date: Sun, 09 May 05:50am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Y.O.U

Hey girl, I KNOW you got my last email and I do expect to hear from you today. I'm going to stay on because I'm like dying to hear what you've got to say. I need to know what is on your mind right now. My mind has really been on overload since 3a.m. this morning. *shaking my head* I still love you though. I really do. I know you know I do...Can we talk? About whatever by the way?...One thing in particular that sticks out in my mind...if you wanna talk about it... I don't mind. I hope that (if you feel like talking things over) your rudeness, stubbornness and DELIBERATE meanness leaves while doing so 'cause I'm not on your 'crazy' today. I'm telling you that in advance. I'm gonna be waiting on you girl. Love you.

She didn't show up after I sent the email, so I logged out to get some rest.

A couple hours later, I sat down in my comfortable black Futon chair to log on. As soon as I placed my hand upon the mouse [I hadn't right or left clicked it yet-I just pointed the cursor to the Instant Messenger icon]; somebody else right-clicked it, and a series of numbers was being typed—renaming the icon as if it was actually *me* sitting there renaming and typing, but it was not me. I placed my hands on my lap and moved my face closer to the monitor to watch the magic show going on in front of me. It was *wild*. I laughed, because I knew it was Janet, embarrassed and being silly, yet, showing me that she had more control of things than I could've ever imagined (and originally thought). I knew they could see whatever I typed over the computer, but I didn't know they could remotely make any changes *to* my computer-from wherever. She then went up to my Netscape Communicator icon and renamed the title from "Netscape Communicator" to two double-digit numbers with an underscore between both: (her age)_(my age). I knew for sure then, that the Internet world (from what was once my PC) was indeed under *her* control (as was my phone line and no telling what else). I sat there watching and laughing her magic show. I let her do it. It was basically her computer anyways...

She still hadn't written back yet, and it was now 11:16 a.m. I wrote again:

Date: Sun, 09 May 08:16am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Y.O.U 2

Don't be trying to get all shy and shit now. I'm waiting on you with your...(I can't think of a word right now)...but I am laughing with my head in my hands...omigosh...you are w.i.l.d...I can't do nothing but laugh...I still love you though...You are crazy-FOR REAL! Get in here, I'm not mad, ok? Let's talk.

I couldn't get her to come into I.M, to answer my emails, *or* get her to come into her own chat room. So I went on about my day and figured she would show up later. I was sure that she was most probably consulting with whomever, to decide what her next move would be. I was working hard to show her that I was ok with it, but just wanted to talk to her:

Date: Sun, 09 May 13:28pm PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject:...

Girl, why are you trippin' now? I told you that I would talk to you, now you're all mute and

shit? DON'T be acting all shy and shit now...I said I'm not mad at you...I hope that you don't think I am. I'm kinda laughin'. For real...especially thinking back...But mad curious now.....Anyways, hurry up, girl cause I aint got all day. I've been waiting on you for HOURS!!!...If you don't wanna talk about it...then we don't have to K? But hurry because I don't feel like sitting at this computer all damned day you coward...LoL

Finally. That email got her online-in I.M. "What are you doing?" I asked.

She didn't answer me. "Baby, I'm not mad at you, so I don't know why you are acting all silly. This is ridiculous." I said.

She paused. "Angela. Are you tired of me yet? Are you?" she asked innocently-knowing she had done so much and overstepped so many boundaries.

I sat there imagining her standing there biting her finger like a little kid-stretching her bright eyes and blinking fast as one of her little playmates pushed her into the room to be alone with me to face what she had done. I knew that if she was there face-to-face with me, she would be standing there with her pretty innocent smile, finger in her mouth-trying to hide her face from me with her other hand while peeking through her fingers. The thought of that put that much needed smile across my face because I really wanted to be mad, but I knew that the moment I showed *any* anger, it would be Operation Shutdown.

I certainly didn't want her to run away-especially now, because she had more information about me than I originally thought she had *and* had more control over things than I imagined she could possibly have the ability to do-without ever having stepped foot in my house. That was a lot to take in. I looked and smirked while shaking my head. I needed her to be comfortable as possible so that we could get through this. It was time consuming and took a while-the charade. But we talked around the subject, and I found out that four of her six mood swings and hissy fits per day did indeed have a lot to do with what she "overheard." That gave me answers to questions I would always ask myself: "*does she expect me to read her mind?*" and "*how do I know what's on her mind?*" and "*why the hell she is mad at me this time?*" I kept it cool. I was calm. There was no sense in my getting mad, because what *could* I do? I had been technologically powerless since the day I first walked into room. I told myself that I knew she was trouble when I walked in. Shame on her. But as long as I could do what I had it in me to do for her: keep her happy and keep loving her, I figured she would not clown on me-ever...

We didn't talk too much on I.M or in her room that day-at all. She emailed though: "Lawd...girl you got to be on something...I never knew anyone like you...I don't even know what to say...I love you though.....Joanna"

I guess after listening to *my* conversations on the telephone-she *would* say something like that. We are from two different worlds, have two different lives, and most certainly were two different species of human beings, because even if I *had* the resources to see, to know, or to hear things about anybody (whether I loved them or hated them), I probably would decline to take advantage of it (and not even so much as because of scruples); but because of the psychological effects behind it. I can only imagine it turning into about as much a need as we need food, water, or sex-and like for a drug addict to need a fix of the drug that they invited into their lives, body, and mind. I can only imagine how hard a habit that would be to break. Eventually, doing shit like that can do nothing but take over: you, your mind, and definitely all your time. Sooner than later, that would be proven to me in ways more over than I could have ever assumed would be true for her. And if as if having me wasn't *already* the fix she just couldn't shake, she had an even bigger addiction she was setting her own psyche and heart up for. I didn't want any trouble. She didn't even have to worry about my getting angry. All she had to do now, was not push me: her pusher, and I would forever keep her high...

Mother's Day Sunday. My friend Janine called me and asked if she could come over to my house in the evening to type a 7-page paper that she needed to do for school. I told her that she could.

Next, she started right in about a situation she had been going through with a guy she had been dating for a while. She was telling me that she didn't like him as much as he liked her, and he had been pressuring her for sex. She decided she would ask him for some money to see how he would feel about her pressuring him for money the way he was pressuring her for sex. Turns out she and the guy talked it over and decided they would continue their friendship, but if he wanted to have sex with her, he'd have to give her something he had plenty of: money. Eventually, that "fair exchange is no robbery" deal they had going blossomed into a full-on relationship in which she thought would could never be-was. Considering the many improv conversations they would carry on, as well as the jokes in the form of nicknames I would see Janet and her buddies drop down in the room; although I was a bit worried about her having listened to mine and Janine's conversation on the phone, I still carried on as if she [Janet]wasn't there ["overhearing"]. I didn't interrupt my friend to say: "excuse me, uh, be careful what you say because Janet is tapping my telephone conversations." I just let her carry on. The reality was this: this wasn't the first time she heard mine and Janine's conversations. It's just that now-I knew we had company.

They were quick with it, as they all were quick witted. Immediately, when I got off the phone with Janine, I went over to the chat room to see what the verdict was: "2DollaHooka" and "JigglinJanine" rolled down right before my very eyes, I didn't respond. I just let them carry on their little skit about her until I thought of something to interrupt them with to talk about (other than my poor friend). Instead, I replied to her previous email as if I saw nothing in that room that caught my eye:

Date: Mon, 10 May 03:37am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Y.O.U (3 or 4 shit, I forget)

I love you too. (smile). Oh! LoL. No, I'm not on nothing, just high or low all day on LIFE..HaHa..It's always something new (with you)...LoL

Although I knew she had my phone tapped, secretly, I made myself an **A) and B)** promise and rule. I would never:

- A)** indulge in, or curb my conversations to satisfy or pacify her
- B)** allow her to scrutinize or ridicule my friends and expect me to talk to her about *anything* she "overheard" that had anything to do with them, or even me for that matter, even if what she "overheard" hurt her.

That was my personal **A) and B)** promise and rule-no matter *what* she "overhears."

I simply *refused* to allow her to "overhear" something that may upset her (or even if it concerned me and in turn-concerned her and she wanted to talk about it) I promised myself that I would *not*, because she already had too much of this under her control already—shit that I had no money, power, or resources to *undo*. So with me, she wasn't going to get it *all* the way around, hell no. Just like I would give her hell about participating with her "character" games, *whatever* little bit I *could* control; I was going to control by any means controllable. I can't fight what I can't fight. I figured that as long as she would play nice-everything will continue to be just as nice. But no puppeteer games and dangling from strings for me. Ever.

She responded: Girl you are so right *smiles* And I love you too. Talk to you soon baby...

I replied:

Date: Mon, 10 May 21:42pm PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Re (.)

I don't know if I should say LoL or smile cause you make me do both...(shit take your pick)...HaHa. Just finishing up a couple papers and wanted to check in for you but since you didn't come in...I'll be back.

Late that evening, I received a call from Janine on my voicemail stating that her 7-page paper she typed at my house and on my possessed computer did not make it to her disc. She was livid. In the most menacing voice (practically growling) she yelled into my answering service: "*ANG-IE, FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, MY PAPER DID NOT MAKE IT TO MY DISC AND I KNOW THE REASON WHY! OOOOHHHH. Make-sure-you-call-me-asap PLEASE!*" When I listened to the message from my home phone, I knew Janet was also somewhere in the world listening with me. I took a deep breath and called Janine back and asked her if she saved the paper to my hard drive. She said she didn't because she only typed it on the disc and kept saving it as she was typing. She yelled: "*BUT IT NEVER MADE IT TO THE DAMNED DISC FROM THAT DAMNED COMPUTER OF YOURS! Unfortunately I wasn't spared the way your lil' friends spared you honey, MINE was COMPLETELY deleted. If I hadn't had the paper written down, I would have been shit out of luck and I DID NOT APPRECIATE IT!*"

In a calm voice, I tried hard to get her off of the line because of Janet.

Janine also told me that she needed to talk to me (in person) as soon as I got a chance because there was more to the story. When I got to her house that night, she informed me that when she had gotten off the phone from leaving the first message on my voicemail (where she was grunting mad), her phone rang twice. The first time, somebody was giggling in the phone at her. The second time, they called right back and just hung up. I knew she wasn't lying. I knew Janet and Shawn's moves.

My instincts wouldn't let me rest. I thought about the time I was over Janine's house a couple weeks prior to this incident. I had been on her phone. Immediately when I got off the phone, someone called and hung up twice when I was there (and had just gotten off the phone). We both thought that was weird because she had just moved to her apartment, and had only had the phone for about two weeks, which brought something else to my attention: not only did Janet have my telephone tapped, she obviously had Janine's tapped as well, and probably other people that I had dialed out to, or had dialed in to me.

Immediately I thought about how that nickname: "WhereverUare" would drop down when I would come in the room sometimes. I knew at this point for sure, that Janet obviously meant business about being wherever[I]was. I thought about the 4:10 p.m. call to my girlfriend's house that day and knew that Janet meant business about being wherever[I]was (when she ran those series of beeps through *her* phone). In this game of phone tag, my girlfriend, like Janine (and countless others); was most probably "it..."

"Too far-fetched," I kept telling myself with frown. But why not? No, the question is: Why would *she* not? This *is* Janet whose claim to fame *is* "control," and she *needs* to let that be known, no matter what-at all (literal) costs, and by any means available + necessary (to her)

Sure, I was rather disturbed about it all, but I figured there was no use asking her about the paper because I knew she would deny it, ignore it, disconnect me, or bring out "Joanna" and get real Aussie on me. So I left it alone. I figured I would just play it all by ear.

No matter what, and considering how quickly and in real-time they would “overhear” something (and then improv, joke, or clown around about it in the room); it was fighting hard not to react to it. Considering the fact that I couldn’t do anything about it-to react to it would give them more to do and would definitely turn up their fun for them. I knew that if I reacted in that room *one time*, it would only be a matter of time before they turned the tables on this “overhearing” thing on my *own* telephone (and then tossing *my* business across the room for their fun as well). And well, should that ever happen-all hell is certainly going to break loose and some heads are seriously going to roll. Because my purpose of telling Janet that I knew what she was doing was not to make her think it was “ok,” but so she could stop feeling like she was fighting phantoms from the frustration of being the only one in the know about exactly *why* she was always upset with me-not so much for her *buddies* to have the kind of fun with “overhearing” things they had no business overhearing-to giving them all something to do (in order to make the money Janet was paying them, worth it).

I wrote her with my same “I love ouu” ’s and cheer as if Janine never said a thing me:

Date: Tue 11 May 02:39am PDT
From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: (!)

I love you...and don't you EVER doubt it.

She simply responded: I love YOU!

I wrote back:

Date: Wed, 12 May 03:41am PDT
From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: Re: (...)

Aw. Don't be a copycat. I meant it when I sent it. LoL...I'm not gonna say I'm at a loss for words or don't have anything to say bcz of course I do. It's just that sometimes u leave me speechless...”*smh*...You never cease to amaze me...I love you like no other...you know exactly what I mean by that huh? Bye Baby.

Soon thereafter, up at my school, my car was broken into near the track that I run on. For some dumb reason, the passenger's side back window was broken, and the intruder ripped my CD player out. To add insult to injury, in a little thin leather case, I had \$350 stuffed down between the passenger seat and the armrest that the thief took as well. He was kind enough not to take the big bag of CD's (that had nearly every current CD I owned) inside of it. I was pissed. I called the police from the scene and made the report. When I got home, I called my insurance company to take care of what I needed to do with them. My mail pickup address location was registered with them (just like I do with any other business that I deal with), but the glass company they appointed for me needed to come to my house to repair the window. When it was time to give my *physical* address to them, I hesitated. That kind of stressed me out, considering what I was going through with all this phone tapping. My physical address was about the last piece of privacy I *hoped* I had left (considering the *fact* that Janet knew everything else about me).

When I got done, I called my father to ask that he help me out with the money I lost.

After that (incident?) when I was online with Janet, she was telling me about how fake I was [expecting me to read her mind again-this time, about something I know for a *fact* she “overheard”]. And *in being considerate* of what she *knew for a fact* I was in the middle of

going through; why she would pick *this* day in particular to fight, *knowing* I would be in no mood? But I soon found out why. Bait.

Later, when she was getting dressed, she made mention how she was on her way to: “help out a friend in need.” I looked at the quote she wrote at the bottom of the email she sent me (after my incident but right before I logged on). The quote read: “**Anyone with money to burn will easily find someone to tend the fire...**”

Typically in I.M, we would discuss her quotes (that she would write at the bottom of her most recent email) but this time, I ignored that one—that’s why she called me “fake” (because I didn’t take the bait). I really didn’t feel comfortable responding to the quote, at *this* particular time. I guess since she knew that *I knew she knew* I needed money; perhaps I would ask her...(after we discussed the quote).

With this new “overhearing” revelation, that opened up the doors for a lot of good and bad things that could happen—especially if I went against my **A**) and **B**) promises and rules.

I knew that if I took the liberty of responding to anything she “overheard,” that was going to put her in a position of a new level of control that could really get bad. So although I was in need, I still had to stand by my **A**) and **B**) promises, because she already took too many liberties of opening too many doors where too many things can be run all through...

Besides, I mean think about it. With a mere \$350 need, how much do you ask someone with over \$200 million dollars for? I was more than sure that with as much as she knew about me, through all that she’d hunted and gathered (“overheard”) she *had* a guesstimate of about how much I needed *anyways*—even before this new “overhearing” revelation. So my thinking was: “BITCH. OFFER IT! Don’t force me to be put in your debt twice!”

If she wanted to truly *give* anything to me (with no strings attached and out of the pureness of her heart), she actually would’ve done that a long time ago, especially considering how she claimed to love me so + considering how long she had been phone tapping me (*before* I even found out). I’m sure she’s “overheard” a lot more of my money troubles than a mere \$350 need and a fucking busted window. Please. Shit, because I know if I was “Brie cheesed up” and called myself being in love with some chick that I was heavily pursuing; I would’ve wooed her ass from afar, so tough, and with so many surprises; that she would’ve thought she was dreaming. I would’ve put such a spell on that bitch that she would’ve been way too head sprung to think twice about being hesitating to come meet me—especially considering the fact that I had plenty of one thing: “money to burn.” She sure as hell would’ve attended *my* fire-stretched *all* the way out.

I was watching her moves and playing chess with her to the tip-top level I could: with only my sense and sensibilities—that was my only power in this. She ruled with the money, power, resources, and influence. But if ever this “F” went down (fight or fail—which would only *definitely* be over something she forced me to), I had to make sure all my ducks would be in a row and that my sense and sensibilities would be as valuable as her money, power, resources, and influence. I could already tell that she (and her hired help) were not good judges of strategy—especially in considering that one thing she had most to burn: Money.

In the game of strategy, you can’t fall for a girl, then go at her with a knife because your dude was checking her out too, and then flip back to falling for her and expect her to be ok with (still) no solid answers as to why you went at her so hard, but trust that she should trust riding off into the sunset with you by removing herself from safety, when [by way of that same thing you have: money] you can make her disappear if you wanted to.

But if you call yourself being in love with her (and your intentions were anything remotely close to sincere), you would put your money where it’d lead to your mouth: Let *it* be

the first to be seen as the bait to get to you. She wasn't smart enough a strategist to do that. And as smart and tech-savvy as her friends and digerati were, they weren't smart enough to help her plan that perfect strategy (especially considering the fact that they knew she was "in love with the girl"). This setup she's got going don't come cheap yet, she (or they) didn't know how to lay the bait out to whom was most valuable to her (but yet they went through all that to get her to beg). I'm not a fucking beggar. You can't know what I need, have it, and don't offer (and we both know that you know). I wouldn't even let a dude woo me so tackily, and I sure as hell wouldn't let a broad with a dildo and a good mouth and some short fat fingers do it either-regardless who she is.

But that's just me-my (sensible) thinking. And she's not me. So there *is* another side: her side. And on that other side, knowing *her* the way that I do, I *also* know that she was *never* going to give me anything *unless* I asked her, because she wants to be in total control every which way she can. Her need for controlling things was more mental than she could be anything else romantically or strategically. And I do know however, that if she sent anything to me it would not be a little bit of something, it would certainly be an amount to make her feel more comfortable than she already was, with controlling my life and time. The money would have just been the tool she needed to tell me who, what, when, where, why, and how I can and can't do anything-and if I broke those "rules" (even my own **A**) and **B**) rules) she would feel no way about making her *virtual*/presence known in one ominous way or another that she could afford to undo or ruin (I do know that much about her brand of "romantic strategy"). So until I *asked* her for *whatever* I needed, she was going to sit, watch and know. And me? I settled with being content in knowing that the money she is forking out to keep tabs and tap on me aint cheap-so she's paying for me one way or another.

I methodically and strategically insisted that she only be in control of and given the truth about what I really did feel for her-that only cost me a lot of time (that I was losing anyways) and a few miles on my head and my heart but I've run races on that track before a time or two, so I've had enough practice and tons of stamina in that regard...

Probably within that same week, my car's driver's side door jammed. It was broken in such a way that I could not shut my driver's side door. The job to fix it would have to be done by way of a locksmith coming to me. Some locksmiths were too expensive and others couldn't come until the next couple days. I called my dad over to see if he could come do something about it-enough for me to drive *to* the locksmith myself. As soon as I got off the phone with him, Jan then called my house back to back-twice-and hung up (just to let me know that it was her-still remotely somewhere: listening, watching, and knowing).

Still, I had my pride, my "**A**" and "**B**" rules, promises + my sense and sensibilities.

She had her control issues. I kept in mind that, that controlling, possessive, money-clinching, stubborn ass Taurus was certainly not going to give me anything unless I asked her. Truthfully, if I felt like I had *any* leverage in this entire thing, I probably would have asked her. My friends kept telling me I was stupid for not asking, but they had *no* idea the extent and intricacies of this thing with her, they only saw the perks and benefits of my simply knowing a superstar that they only knew from a sweet smile on television...having no idea about her other faces and many ways.

Dana believed that my car break in was yet, another one of Janet's jobs she ordered done just so I would ask her for money. "*Why did a thief leave a whole bag of new CD's-a bag that he could have put the ripped out stolen CD Player inside of? She knows how much you love music and how*

you ride around listening to music, that's why he did the damage, took the device, and left the music! She had that done, I just think she did...Sorry babes," insisted Dana. As much as would have loved to discount that notion, I couldn't because of all the things this serious woman had done to me this entire year. And before considering Dana's theory, I was at least was going hand my driver's side door being broken over to coincidence too, but perhaps the intruder tried to get into my car by way of popping my lock and when that didn't work out, they just busted the window to get in, instead.

After this episode, Janet and me didn't talk that much in I.M (again) because she was complaining about getting some kind of connect to her computer fixed (again)...

She was always up to something--well...Rix was. Anywho, she wrote me:

"I don't want to explain it all, but I will be on at work only for a while. I know you know how I feel about this and I'm trying to fix it...*smiles Missing you...J"

I responded:

Date: Thursday, May 13 02:55am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Re: Re (<3)

I understand. (Don't I always?)...Just promise me you won't be like you were the last time your connect went down ok? Miss u too...love u always...I do...alright? I really do. (kisses)

Jan's birthday was around this time, and all this month there had been a picture of her at *that* birthday party [the one that "Joanna"/Kajira invited me to when she first introduced the Aussie]. The party was given by Janet's friend named Kris who owned a nightclub somewhere (I assumed Kris was the friend from the Track 7 of Velvet Rope's Interlude before "Go Deep"). "Kris" was never one of the friends involved in all this and we never talked about her, so I pretty much figured this Kris was *that* Kris (and one of her friends I didn't know).

On the photo, Janet sat in front of a couple of birthday cakes and some wine. She had on a black shirt and was holding a black NY Yankees cap in her hand. Her arm was thrown over top of and across her head while she held on to the baseball cap. She had her lips puckered up as if she was about to burst out laughing (with her sneaky lil' slick self). It was funny because you could tell that she posed for the picture, but purposely did not look at the camera--instead, she was slumped down with her head turned to the side and looking at the wall. I laughed because "**Looking at the wall**" was something that she would always say she was doing [if while we were talking dirty] she would say something that embarrassed me, or had me taken aback (which was quite often). So to keep from embarrassing me, she would say: "Ok, **Looking at the wall.**" Rather than her words on the screen expressing that, the picture reminded me of a live demonstration of how she *really* looked--"**looking at the wall**" (to keep from making me blush or embarrassing me). I couldn't stop laughing because she was so silly like that. Stuff like that used to turn it up ten notches for me with her, because she worked *really* hard to do the best she could, and to the extent that she could (all things considered)...

The picture itself was set up as a birthday card for everyone in the room to sign upon entry. Me-being special *to* her; I wanted to make it special *for* her. So from the May 13 day that it was put up; I would go into the room without signing the card because I wanted to wait to sign it until *exactly* one minute before the 12 o'clock hour of her birthday: May 16th.

When I entered the room, there was a conversation going on between two of her shit starting friends. They were talking about how obvious it was that I was ignoring the card

(because I hadn't signed it, yet, had been in and out of the room several times). They were talking about how pissed off Janet was that I had not signed it—considering the 2-3 page open letter she had sent down for me to read in the middle of the room while she was under the nickname: “SECRET” when I was in there one day.

The letter was so sweet and it really touched my heart. She said things that she could not and would not *dare* send to me in I.M or email-*ever*. And since it was during a time that she and I could not talk in I.M (due to her “new connection” changes) the effort she put into setting this up really made me feel special—because it was obvious that she was feeling very euphoric and she was happy about the emotional place she was in—happy that she found [me]. As cryptic as it was; her buddies and I all knew what it was about. It made me tear up—I can't lie, because it was unexpected and *very* well-thought out.

“SECRET” proceeded to tell the room that she was a hacker that had hacked Janet's computer and found a love letter that she had written to someone that she was in love with. “SECRET” revealed the contents of the letter, which stated how madly in love Janet was (with this particular person) and how she never felt that way before. She went on to explain how she loved (this person) emotionally, mentally, physically and spiritually and how she never thought she could love this way in her life and how she wanted the two of them to stay together forever. It was touching and pulled at my heart's strings like *crazy*.

The chat room script changed posts about every 15-20 seconds and I only *had* 15-20 seconds to read the whole page (and there were about 2-3 of them), so I couldn't ingest every word the way I wanted to (but I got the gist of it).

I was smiling and blushing, because I thought it was so cute. It reminded me again of how human she really was, and how vulnerable and shy she was beneath all the other stuff. Janet did a number on my head because just when I would step out on my heart and feelings for her and instead, rest and rely on my head; she had a way of sensing that—and at that moment in my head's time, she would lay her heart and feelings on the line. She did that a lot in some way or another. She could do a number on me. I can't lie. So for the whole three pages, I totally forgot about any terrible thing she had done thus far. I loved her in some new kind of way that I couldn't explain.

The contents of the letter would have definitely pointed the finger at Janet, and sending it through the chat room was where she obviously felt safest, and I understood, (although I still hadn't given her any reason not to trust me—despite all the shit they had done up to this very point).

Her child-like ways always did a number on me. Truth be told, the biggest part of me was really a sucker for her. She always needed reassurance that she was special and was the *only* one in all realms of my romantic life, and she was. My everything was centered around this woman—she was at the core of everything in my life at the time. She was *very* important to me. Although she had done things that hurt me, and the strange way she entered my life, and the things she was doing was uncouth; I still had some tucked away strange brand of loyalty and feelings for her as if she was my-everything from my best friend, to my significant other half. She just had that way about her. She relied on me and didn't try to hide that—that was what she felt.

If you did feel any kind of way about her that you ever wished to hide, if she really wanted you—she had a way of pulling it from you and multiplying it to the tenth power. She was the sweetest thing (most times). I cannot deny that—or her. I think the reason that I loved her so much was because I could tell that she was used to getting her way with many-a-people

“in 3 hours,” and *that* would most probably be all you were going to get out of her, from her, or have *with* her—a “three hour kind of relationship” and “three hour kind of times” with her. Janet knew how to collect pain, and ignore and forget about matters of the heart in a strange kind of way. Not that she was indomitable, but her resilience had more strength than her willingness or the necessity to play or stay. I say that because although her friends and I may have laughed about that “JanetsBaby” nickname and room joke, I know for a die-hard, hardcore fact that I saw her eight months preggers before. I knew the magazine name, the pose, and who stood with her in the picture—all the way down to what she wore, and the month and year I saw the picture. I’m not crazy. I have a memory like an elephant. About the only thing I can’t recollect about it was the page number of the magazine that the picture was in.

And as far as that, [in relation to this, concerning Janet], if somebody can give birth to a whole human being and deny its existence in order to begin and save a career and somehow convince *themselves* that it’s okay; I think that kind of mind-trickery can play out in any way in that person’s life too. So “love” is no match for somebody like her—somebody with the ability to be resilient and turn away willingly (or out of necessity). It’s a psychology behind that—and a deep one, behind her. And she knew that I knew that. She knew that I knew all that, (and felt that).

Having said that, I could tell that it’s not easy getting this far with her because trust me, had I let her get at me “in 3-hours” we wouldn’t have ever gotten this far—and I would not have ever gotten a chance to get in her head and get in her heart in this way—ever. Her bed: Yes. But her head: No. So I was special—and I knew it. But then, again... I knew *her*. And she became special to me in a different way than when I didn’t know her. So I put up with a lot from her.

Anyways, when “SECRET” left, the room was set ablaze by everybody talking and carrying on. While that was going on, “Secret” (in lower case this time), came down and “*sighed*” then asked: “*Cinamon, um, do you have my key?*”

I responded: “*Yes, I have it here with me swept safely under the rug...*”

We smiled at each other, because no one would or could even understand...

But back to her crazy as friends and this birthday card...

Because of Janet’s open confession and heart’s outpour, they rambled on about how inconsiderate I was for ignoring the card, and how Janet had even revealed to *them* that she had never been loved like the way I loved her and how the best sex she had was with me. I hated that so many people were in our business. I hated that I couldn’t really talk to her and tell her everything about how I really felt. I hated that they all seemed to have influence over her shame. And when the slightest thing would go wrong, they were *right* there to remind her—trying to make her feel like I didn’t feel for her what she felt for me, and that certainly *never* was the case. I just felt that because of how we were—so off and on (fighting all the time, her lil’ shit starter’s nose-poking, the phone tapping, and other madness), I had to keep a reserve as well as my cool, simple as that—nothing less than that. It’s just that Janet came with **a lot** of red-tape, and because of it; I came with a lot of yellow tape that read: Proceed with caution.

I went on and e-signed the birthday card but not without telling her when I had *planned* on signing it, and explaining that I was not trying to ignore her at all. I assured her that I did love her and how I didn’t appreciate her lil’ shit starters carrying on as if I would play her

crazy like that. Although Janet was flattered, she was still a little pissed. My explanation and reason still did not go over to well. My good hearted intentions always took a left turn when her friends got in the way-always-*that* never failed. I wrote her later that night (regarding her letter)-hoping that when I signed on, she would be in:

Date: Fri, 14 May 03:02am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Re: (Re: [<3])

Uhddd...I'm over here pouting --lip poked out and shit...feeling all out on a limb...Tear (smile) I got up all excited for NOTHING...I love you...

Later that evening I wrote:

Date: Fri, 14 May 16:10pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:xx@fan.xxx

Subject: Um...

I just wanted to say that I KNOW that you KNOW I love you like no other... love nobody like I love you and nobody loves you like I do...now gimme a kiss...man I'm feeling real crazy right about now...I wish u could hear my voice and see my face man...*pointing to myself...I LLLLLLOOOOOOVVVVVEEEEE crossing *hands to my chest* YOU...pointing at you. Squinting my eyes and squeezing my lips like I mean BUSINESS!" I love you infinitely...I do. I hope you know that.

That evening in the room, the nicknames: "CONSUMATION" and "CONSUMATED" kept rolling down. I thought it was so cute because she would remind you of a silly little kid who had a crush on you and the only way to express it would be to hit you and run. She was my heart. I knew after the birthday card incident, I was really going to have to make her know what she meant to me because I was so tired of her friends playing me like I would purposely play her as if she didn't matter. So after that incident (when she and I got back on I.M consistently) every single time we would talk I would say to her: "*Who loves you baby?*" and her line would be: "*NOBODY-like you do,*" ...and nothing but death could keep us from that much, no matter what.

We didn't talk that Saturday at *all* for some reason. I did come into the room, and there were a few people in talking a bunch of nothing. The nickname: "BidnezzHandla" dropped down a couple times but didn't post anything. I figured that was probably silly Lissa, because that was her kind of language ("Bidnezz," "2DollaHooka," "Alotavagina," "GubmentCheese)" stuff like that. I didn't say anything, and no one said anything to me either. I just lurked for a little while. No Janet in the room, no Janet in I.M, no Janet in email either. It was weird this time because if she was gone, they would let me know by posting: "*****gone." This was the very first time in history that nobody said nothing-at all, so I left. I just figured that Janet most probably told them not to say one word to me when I came in while she was gone (she knew they knew how to fuck up our ambiance).

Busta Rhymes and the Flip Mode Squad was coming to my college to perform at a culture fest that was being held on the 15th of May and it was free. He came with Goodie Mob, and a few local rappers had performed as well. It was the bomb. I've always loved Busta since Leaders of the New School and I was mad-obsessed with Goody Mob's "Soul Food" CD and song at this time, so I had a great time.

It was especially good for my friend Ahoo because it was her birthday and she was having problems with her lover. When they would fight I would giggle at Ahoo and say:

“Whooooo Nellie, you and KD Lang are going through the motions again!”

Her lover didn't have a style like KD Lang; I would just call her “KD Lang” because she was a stud like KD Lang (but she always wore her hat turned to the back). When I would mimic her [lover] it would tickle Ahoo pink, especially when I would say: “Girllll when she cocks that hat to the backkkk...it's on and poppin!” Ahoo would get a kick out of me making dike jokes about the two of them—so Janet had listened to that a time or two, too...

The very next day, May 16th, I got online at 2:15 p.m. Janet was sooooo excited.

Her turn now—it was *her* birthday. As soon as I logged onto I.M, she came down:

“Angela, I-LOVE-YOU-BEAUTIFUL!”

“Who loves you baby?” I asked. “NOBODY-like you do...” she responded.

“I miss you so much,” she said. “I miss you too beautiful,” I confessed.

We sat there telling each other how much we were smiling like crazy.

We just kept “*giggling”...it was crazy.

I knew it was her birthday, but she was acting like it was mine.

I was still on cloud nine about her open letter—wanting to tell her so bad, but I couldn't say anything about it in I.M. She said to me: “Angela, I'm turning my hat to the back...my...NY YANKEES cap...” she stressed and capitalized.

“I want you,” she said, in all seriousness with her brow up. Serious in a different kind of way this time—it was very...very... “matter of [definite] fact.”

I smiled and laughed to myself—thinking about my picking at Ahoo about *her* stud girlfriend turning *her* hat to the back, while I thought about Janet on the birthday picture holding *her* NY Yankees cap over top of her head on that birthday party photo. “This girl is so damned slick and clever,” I said to myself while I sat there giggling. She repeated:

“I WANT *YOU*,” she emphasized and italicized in caps—as if she was sitting there darting her index finger into the monitor of her computer screen while biting her bottom lip.

“*W...I'm staring at you from across the room, sitting up on the bed covering myself with a quilt. Come here, right now. *Signaling you with my finger,” said this maniac. She began forcing her tongue down my throat with the force of her desire for me—pulling my desire for her from me while taking the breath from my lifeless body. I was so weak. We were kissing wildly. I placed her mouth to my neck so that she could caress me where I liked it. She drove me crazy with it while sinking her teeth into my skin while I was trembling. She was *crazy* with it today. Her desire was completely reset and resurged. While the candle was flickering, I lay there and looked up at her while she rolled off my neck at sat up over me then stared down at me. She began rubbing my face while she squint her eyes; looking down into my face like this was the very first time she *really* looked at me. She was biting her bottom lip and thinking really hard about something. I couldn't tell what she was thinking but—it was very sexy...*very sexy*...I was getting so wet.

“You like these don't you?” she whispered. “Like what?” I whispered back.

“These **things**,” she guided my hand down to her harness—to touch my thingy.

I was afraid to say “Yes,” so I nodded my head: “Yes.”

I then whispered: “Only sometimes.”

“I'm talking about the real ones” she said—in a slightly bullying tone of voice.

I didn't respond. “I saw you—real good...You look like the type. Tell me what you like about these things?” she whispered and demanded to know—squinting her eyes and looking at me like she had me cornered, straddled, and locked in—and she did. I

took a deep breath and lead her by the thingy up towards my face. She followed my directing. I grabbed it and traced it all over my face-softly until it tickled. I heard her gasp. She took over and began to trace all over my face with it while I rubbed the sides of her waist, hips, and thighs.

I reached up to grab it and placed it upon my lips.

She gasped again as if she could literally feel what I was doing-like the thingy really had nerve endings connected to her body.

I puckered my lips somewhat and thumped the thingy back and forth on my full lips as it bounced back and forth. She was breathing deeply-telling me that I was so wonderful.

I opened my mouth, sat up a little bit and devoured the head of it, then took it straight back until her whole crotch met my face. I pushed my face into it hard enough to manipulate her clit.

She screamed out-as if that thingy was hers. It was too mental for her physical. She grabbed the back of my head and wouldn't let go. I continued to devour and manipulate that harness pressed into her clit, she was cummin' and screaming like crazy. When she came, I pulled the thingy out of my mouth and slid her down to my tummy. I grabbed my breasts and held them together, took one hand and slid the thingy between them. She got a rhythm going. When she did, I opened my mouth somewhat and let her slide it up and down between my ample breasts as I sucked it while buried between my ample breasts. She kept the rhythm going, as if the thingy was really hers.

"Oh AN-GEL-A!" she yelled out.

She started slurping and grunting like she was getting angry at the thought of me doing this to a real one, but she was aroused her at the same time.

It was her fault, she asked me to show her what I'd do with it, so I did-but it began to make her sexually jealous.

"Since you like it on the edge, I'll take you to the edge!" she yelled-like she had something to prove. She grabbed me mercilessly and led me to the dining room table. She pushed *everything* off of that table-not caring what broke or busted. Immediately, she went down on me like a mad-woman while I held my legs up for her, throwing my head back and screaming out from the pleasure.

She grunted out while standing in front of me, then shoved the thingy inside of me, holding it there-grinding-in me until my scream died down to a cry.

Without warning, she swiftly pulled it out of me like she wanted to cut me. She was both angry and aroused.

She then slid the head back in and began to push it in and out-listening to the mess she was making, my wetness was driving her crazy. She began to thrust out of control while I was screaming from the pleasure she was bringing me. I reached down to touch her clit, and she threw my hand out of the way this time: insisting on grinding deeper and harder as if she was in a bottomless pit.

"Fuck me like you mean business about it. Fuck me like you mean business about it...please!" I said to her. I tried hard to take all of it. She kept putting it to me like she never had before: up and down, in and out, round and round, side to side. I *loved* the way she knew how to fuck and work a strap.

When I came, she told me she still wasn't going to stop. She went back down on me and sent sparks to my *brain*.

My legs were numb and shaking so badly.

She grabbed me by my hair and threw me to the carpeted floor. I opened my legs and held on to her. She crawled back up on me, held on to my waist, and slid into me nice and slow while she held her head down in between both of us-listening to the sounds of my tightness and my wetness. It always aroused her to slide into me.

When she would go slow and inside me, she would always concentrate while doing it as if it was getting her off that she could literally feel the thingy dividing my walls-in harmony with my moans. She *loved* to listen to my overflow below while she stuffed it up inside of me. She fucked me with a kind of perfection and precision so good that I started to cry when I came again-it was awesome. As she slowed it down, she whispered in my ear: “Angela did you think I was gonna stay in you like this without massaging that clit for you at the same time? Come here!” she demanded. I opened my legs slightly wider and threw my crotch right up to her stubby fingers. She cuffed my crouch with her hands and did a dance on my clit that had me damned near singing opera. I busted on her hands while placing my hands on top of hers and grinding my pussy into her firm cuff and grasp.

I was shaking uncontrollably while she grabbed my neck to take my breath away. She was kissing me slowly and deeply like she wanted my life breathed inside of *her* body. It was intense. Oh I was loving her...

She kept telling me over and over how much she loved me so hard that she started crying and cummin’ in the seat of that harness.

I couldn’t understand what had gotten *into* her today, she was lit...

She paused a second and came up for air from and posted with all seriousness, in her serious voice... post-climax:

“Angela... I cannot *wait* to hold onto your sides and fuck the shit out of that red pussy do you hear me? Then I’m gonna smack the shit out of that ass of yours...” she said raunchily.

I giggled and blushed.

“I love your red sexy ass,” said this maniac.

“I love your sexy ass too, you fucking maniac,” I replied-embarrassed.

“Oh, I got your maniac,” she challenged seductively-with her brow up.

*Sigh... We “*giggled” again like two sneaky kids, hiding from a world who

knew *nothing* about our secret-our *real*/secret...

Since it was her birthday, she had a busy day ahead of her. But she said she wanted to speak to me so badly that she could not wait. So we talked for a while after our session-then we logged off.

My intuition wouldn’t let it ride. My ears went up so many times during our conversation. Her enthusiasm was way too fresh and way too “new.” Her behavior was a little more aggressive and textured than ever before. I thought about the words she used like, “*your red ass/red*” (my skin’s undertone) and “*I can’t wait to hold on to your sides*” (the obvious curvature of my guitar hips) things like that. Her enthusiasm kind of reminded me of how she first came down on me as QUEENJANET after having a clear picture in her head of what I looked like and who I was (from her remembering me from the night of the concert). Only this time, this particular day—she *obviously* got a bird’s eye view of me. I was like 99.9% sure.

She knew that I loved BustaRhymes and that I was only in walking distance of seeing him (at a free outdoor concert at that), so there was *no* chance in hell that I would miss him. All week long, through the morning of the concert on the phone, friends and me were making plans on the: who, what, when, where, and how's.

I thought about how when I stepped into the room the morning of; I saw "BidnezzHandla" roll down, but I merely assumed it was posted because Janet was away handling some kind of business but that she told them not to bother me-not even to tell me that she was: "*****gone."

At first, I thought my notion was too far-fetched, but with this very serious woman, I could never discount anything. What she wants, she gets, and *when* she wants it. With this woman, the sky is the limit.

I thought about all the boundaries she crossed that brought us together and I thought: "*with nothing but time and money on her hands, why would she not take a couple hours out of her day to get a birds-eye-view of the person she was so much in love with, and talking all this shit with. Why not? Why would she not anyway?*" I could just imagine her hoping I wasn't cross-eyed and pizza-faced. I mean-I too, eventually would have done the same thing—just to make sure I was really talking to the person I remembered and recollected.

That made me want to find out how and through what process Busta was chosen to perform at my college, but I was scared to even do the research. I was scared to find out that Janet had something to do with it-almost as scared to dig into the crevices of my mind trying to figure out why he performed for such a short period of time, but definitely sang all the songs that I liked and often played while sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair-listening from my CD Rom.

"BidnezzHandla" is an understatement, but I let that ride as pure coincidence...

She wrote the next day:

I don't want to explain it all but I will be on while working for a while. I know u know how I feel about this and I am trying to fix it. *smiles* Missing you

I responded:

Date: Mon, 17 May 13:53pm PDT
From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: ☺

Mad missing you and wanted to talk to you...anyways...I love you...that's all. P.S-Man, it's always something new with you...*shaking head back and forth, shoulders up...hands out, looking perplexed*...I dunno...still miss u and love u like no other though...but oh well

She wrote:

Don't frown baby. You *know* you're my baby... Miss you and your sweet lovin' Love, J...

She was going through (yet again) *another* one of her "connection changes" around this time, and we hadn't been talking too much (again) in I.M or Hell Mail. I had been in the chat room off and on and would pick up on conversations amongst her buddies-something really weird was going on, I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Actually, I had been feeling like this the whole month because she was like, coming in and fucking me-then leaving me.

It was weird...

Date: Fri, 21 May 13:20 PDT
From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: STILL hoping you're ok

Just dropping you a line to let you know that I'm thinking about u and hope that everything is okay...You are my heart and I love you. Take care. I miss you like crazy...

She wrote:

I miss you too. I'm really mad about this situation but it looks like everything is going to be okay soon. Look after yourself for me. I love you...J

My turn now.

In my next email, I wrote *her* a love letter that I sent as an attachment to the email I sent her. I felt so warm and fuzzy-I couldn't help it. My nose was so wide open:

Date: Sun, 23 May 17:43pm PDT
From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: xx@fan.xxx
Subject: FOR YOU

Okay baby. It's written kind of small, but I was trying get it all on one page. I love you. Take care. (Attachment): *sitting with you face to face. I take my right hand and lift your chin up to look me in the eyes*

"Thinking about you and what you mean to me. I am writing this because it is filling my head and chest up and I need to get it off. I know we've covered much but I'm not sure if the many layers of the reasons why I love you have been unmasked, but it's been heavily on my mind and I feel like I've got to get it off my chest (just in case it is not clear to you). Why do I love you? Well first, because I understand you and second because I care for you. You know... to be honest, at first I was mad and all that at the situation...because I just didn't know quite why. But when it became clear to me, the love, understanding, and care I had for you as *that* person was the under layer of love, care, loyalty, understanding that I have for you now as a person, a human being, a woman and my girl ☺.

Yeah, had this been any other ordinary person or situation in my world would that I didn't know, sure...I would have made a bigger deal of it. Even if it were someone else from *your* world, I still would have made an even bigger deal of it (considering the fact that I don't really care about nobody else in your world's "person" the way I do you)... But when that "person" had happened to be you (the one who I understand, love, and cared for); I was immediately taken aback because I felt kind of vulnerable. Because never in a million years had I even entertained the thought of something like this becoming the way it is now...When that happened, not only did I feel vulnerable at heart and mind, I was kind of torn because not only had I never entertained such a thought, I couldn't then, and especially now, even entertain the thought of retaliating against you in no way, shape or form, which scares me to the bone and makes me feel even *more* vulnerable... For that reason, I ask that you take care of MY heart, MY mind, and MY privacy... the way I take care of yours...

Most important to me was that you learned something from me that you could use and benefit from. When it turned out to be that (and then some) that's when I turned my attention to that "person," (that I love, care for, and understand) to give my undivided attention to. When we got to know one another on a deeper level, that "person"-that human being, that woman, my girl, had also brought her inner person, private self, her trust and her vulnerability to me...It was then that you-my girl-your person, the woman, the human being... made me worry when you worry, made me sad when you're sad, made me mad when you're mad, made me hurt when you hurt, and made me glad when you're glad...

My goal? My objective? I can't say that I necessarily have one, but I do know that I only want whatever you want. Right now, with all that we've gone through, I have to say that I *do* worry what (if any) problems I may have caused within your other friendships/relationships...It's been a rollercoaster...

I do want to assure you (and them-if I did) that my goal/objective was not to cause any harm or to hurt anybody. I worry so much (right now especially), about the pressure that I sense you are under right now...I know that they may worry about you and "risks" etc. but as I told you before, the fact that you and me have gone through all that we have, and because of all that I know you've risked to bring me your inner person, private self, your vulnerability, and your trust to me; that *alone* is

enough for me to see to it (with all that I have inside of me) that you are never hurt by me: now or ever. Another thing that I want to make clear is that no matter what, even on the days that we don't communicate, NEVER EVER EVER question the way I feel for you because it's an automatic thing, even if we go our separate ways...

With things the way they are...I feel like I have to be skillful with the way that I express the love that I feel for you because everything is so "open" and when I love somebody, all that I feel (in words) is something that they are supposed to "wear" from head to toe, inside and out, and right now my everything (my feelings, my words) are like "everywhere" (make a big circle with your hands to see that visual)...The one and only thing that gives me some sense of comfort is that I KNOW that you wear the love I express to you, and you KNOW it's true and from my heart. I just want whatever is going on in your life, I be that one thing, and the one person that you never have to worry about, or look at with a third eye...

I just want that whatever ails you, hurts you or worries you, I just want to be the part of you and in you that makes you see, feel, and KNOW that no matter whatever else is going on in your life...I do love you and meant it when I said I did... I would never hurt you...

I feel that is only fair considering A) it is what I feel and is true from the deepest depths of my heart B) because you welcomed me into your life...just as I welcomed you into mine.

Do you agree? I love you...like no other. You are my heart. Take Care..."

Love, Me.

She (merely) returned:

Thanks Sweetness I miss you so much im gonna print it out and read it on the way to work. I love you girl. J...

It took a couple of days for her to respond to the letter and I couldn't understand why. When I would go over to the room, the nickname: "eTrust" would drop down at me. That gave me a clue as to what was taking her so long to respond to it. If she were to respond to the letter, it would put her in a position to prove that she *actually* trusted me because although my letter was indirectly written, it was directed *at* and *for* her-Janet. And only she and I (and her friends and digerati) would understand exactly the meaning behind every word written in it. Furthermore, they (her digerati) knew that strange things can begin when opening up pic or document attachments via email (I sure do-thanks to them)...so just to be safe; I'm sure they were quarantining my lil' attachment—just in case...

She finally replied:

Hey baby

I've been doing some things, I'm sorry I haven't been around for you, but I wanted to write and tell you as soon as I could that I was so happy when I read what you wrote. I mean...it was so beautiful and I know you weren't trying for that too...I hope you are feeling me. Because I know you were speaking from your heart and you really touched mine...*putting my hands in yours. I'll be home as soon as I am able my Angel. I love you...J

From my CD Rom while sitting in my black comfortable Futon chair, I was listening to "Reason," "Don't Be Afraid," "All This Love" (and "Kissing You" from the Waiting to Exhale Soundtrack) all by Faith. I then began listening to "Sensuality"/"Make Me Say It Again Girl" by the Isley Brothers. I was so in love with her-I cannot lie. I wrote back:

Date: Wed, 26 May 03:52am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: (no subject, just smile...LoL)

Well, I always write what's on my head and my heart and yeah I am feeling u... I really don't know what else to say except that I'm happy...*looking at the news...ANYWAYS...thanks for checking in...even though you are "busy" aaagain...*sighs* You are my heart. Take care. Love you, and miss you...

She had checked into I.M to talk to me for a second, but she “couldn’t talk long,” (again). She just wanted to tell me how much she couldn’t get the letter off her mind and how she kept saying, “aaawww” the whole way through reading it-all teary eyed. I was just happy that she liked it and understood exactly what I was trying to say to her. I was so wide open for her:

Date: Wed, 26 May 18:36pm PDT

From:xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: *pouting

Man!!!!!! U keep my lip poked out!...I MISS you! (...and that exclamation point is for pouting reasons, not excitement!) *rolling my eyes...I love you...so much.

The next afternoon, my friend Shauntay called to ask if I would do lunch with her. I went, but I was in a hurry to get back to Janet because I secretly *hated* it when she would “overhear” me going to do *anything* with *anybody*. It was much better for me when my friends would drive by and toot the horn than it was for them to call me and make plans. Until much later, I never expressed that to them, but I sure as hell encouraged it. Eventually, unexpected drive bys became the norm between us-back and forth.

It always seemed to cause problems if anything with anybody [outside of my house/ household duties and other than my doing what I had to do by myself-like workout, run, work, or school] showed up in my life commanding my time. It would be hard to get back on track with her because sometimes, and (especially depending on who it was) she would get *very* passive-aggressive. I could literally spend *hours* getting her to warm back up to me. She was stubborn like a mule and could outwait your patience with ease because she knew that I knew if I dared excused myself, it would be *twice* as bad at return-so, it was like-take your pick: now or later (whichever I felt I could handle).

When I got back from lunch with Shauntay, I headed straight to the room before I could even get settled into the house good. “Stormy1” came down asking me my name and whether I was male or female and where I was from, (the usual norm, “just in case” precaution-just in case Shauntay was sitting there with me, and too, even if she wasn’t with me-just to upset me because she knew I hated that. She didn’t care about my upset when I allowed myself to be uprooted from tending to her).

The Stormy1 said to me: “I’m from the city in California where the garlic festival is held every year... where are you from?”

“Gilroy California?” I was thinking to say to the Stormy1 but I knew this “Stormy1” chose to use “the garlic festival” to relate it to mine and Shauntay’s lil’ afternoon “garlic festival” we just had.

“Cinamon, where is your partner in crime?” asked the Stormy1 (she just wanted to know if Shauntay was with me-watching the screen).

“Shauntay?” I asked, (Stormy1 did not respond).

I continued: “Well, she went back to work Hun,” I assured.

“Oh okay,” she replied.

Now she was ready to remove her mask and put her guard down:

“Cinamon, do I know you? *wink* LoL,” said the stormy maniac.

I laughed and said: “Man I swear, you are a mess!”

“Don’t SWEAR at me,” said Janet-who *hated* for me to use that word. (I laughed again thinking about how clever this woman was).

So that she could feel secure that Shauntay was not around me (like she wondered), I reassured her that Shauntay had a client to see at 2:45 p.m.

She didn't have too much to say to me-she just...left-logged off. I emailed her:

Date: Thu, 27 May 04:43am PDT

From:xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: xx@fan.xxx

Subject: TIT for TaT LoL!

You call yourself mad at me again?...Been checking for you to no avail...Oh well, here we go again...

Later, Janine needed me to come get her so I could drive her to the airport to catch her flight to Cancun and meet up with some of her groupie friends for the groupie weekend after the playoffs. Before I left, I checked in with Janet, because I was gonna be gone for a while. She had an email for me:

Girl I'm so sorry you must know how much I hate being like this, I love you too. You are to me like a book unopened...the story yet untold and you are deep in my heart... J.

She had a reason for saying that. In my real world that day, life and school was overwhelming me. Over the telephone I was sharing something with Janine that was weighing heavy enough on my head that it couldn't wait until we next saw each other in person. I hated to be in a moment or in my feelings about something and be on the telephone talking about it, because although I insisted on not curbing my conversations regardless of Janet's "overhearing," I *hated* to let her hear me share anything with anyone else that (as a punishment to her overhearing), I refused to share with her. No matter how bad she yearned to share my joy, sadness, madness or burdens, and no matter how warm and fuzzy with a nose wide open I was feeling for her, I would *never* give her any sense of comfort in knowing that she had some inalienable right to share *anything* with me that she "overheard" on the phone (because of how she went about doing it). My "A" and "B" promises to myself were the only pieces power I had, and had control of at this point. If my happiness, sadness, madness or joy had to do with me and her, or something I wanted to share with her (not heard from my phone line); fine-we could talk about it. But anything else she "overheard," was strictly off limits. I would make sure I gave off the kind of energy to let her know that too. I didn't care *who* the hell she was or how much I loved her-I meant what I meant. I had to maintain some sense of *personal* dignity with all that she had taken from me thus far, while I got nothing from her but whatever she *felt* like giving (whether I liked it or not).

So as a punishment; even if she overheard I was sad and having a bad day, or happy and having a good day; I made it a point to still pick up where *she and I* left off, as if my own personal, real world was another different story (and it was-until I met her)...

I wrote back:

Date: Thu, 27 May 17:47pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: Crazy for you.

Man, that is sooooo sweet. I love you so much. I love learning new things about you everyday. I love learning all *your* thoughts and reasons why...That feels really good. I love the fact that we share "us" with nothing to hide. That turns me on about u, makes me more comfortable. I'm loving and thinking about you everyday and I always want you to know that. PLEASE don't ever doubt it. I'm just gonna check email for u until I find that you're back on. I love u.

Date: Fri, 28 May 03:55am PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: You're too much for me...!

Just wanted to let you know that I'm thinking about you all day everyday and loving you...hope everything is okay with you...stay my baby, will you?...pointing at u...are my heart...*pointing at me...ttyp

Sunday late afternoon she hadn't signed into I.M, so I went in the room.

"Stormy1" appeared after me.

"Hello Cinamon," she said.

"Hello Stormy1" I returned. We talked about a bunch of nothing for little while.

Then the Stormy1 says:

"So Cinamon, what are you doing this coming weekend?"

I replied: "Well, actually, this weekend there's lots to do. We have this thing going on called the Taste...of...CIN...NastyNati LoL."

"LoL," said the Stormy1.

Without announcing her departure or logging onto I.M to talk to personally, she just logged out.

It was weird-something was going on and I could not put my finger on it. Whatever it was she was going through (or doing) at this time put a strain on what we had going on. It seemed like the entire month of May, she only came into I.M to fuck, or come into the chat room to make plans to fuck. I had so many emotions going through me at this point because with her, she could be mad at me for a *number* of things and she expected me to take a guess at what it could be (which could have been a whole sleuth of things considering the goings on coming out of telephone conversation between me and *my* homegirls). I didn't know if it was a conversation she had "overheard" or what. She worried me to death when she would claim she was "busy" or "getting a new connection" or if she would not write, or wouldn't be as sweet and loving towards me as I was getting used to her being. There would be times that she would come back and make me work extra hard to even make her smile. That shit would stress me out. Sometimes she treated me like I owed her something more than what I was giving her (and I was giving her a lot).

Finally, she sent me a short email indirectly confirming that she indeed was going through something and concluded it with a quote that read: ***"time has a wonderful way of weeding out the trivial, absence makes the heart grow fonder...growing fonder of you every day."***

That something that she was going through had nothing to do with a connection change...she was simply: "busy"...and it didn't seem like a good kind of busy. That quote actually bothered me-so much so, that I wasn't sure how to take it, and wondered if *she* even understood it. I wanted her on I.M to explain it to me so badly because it kind of hurt me. No-it *really* hurt me: bad. Because I was feeling like I was losing her and didn't know why. I mean, the way everything was set up was like, if she decided one day she wanted to go on about her way, all I could do was...be: left. I couldn't do anything. I didn't have an option to just *leave* her, nor did I have any of the options she had from the start.

So I wrote:

Date: Sun, 30 May 19:05pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: Growing Fonder

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder” is like one of those sayings that I’ve always felt held true for those kinds of couples who are sick of one another in one way or another, and need some time apart. Perhaps when days go by, it’s only then that they decide that they miss one another and then that saying takes it place between them. Once the fondness that they express after being absent from one another (for however long) is done and over with, they turn back to each other and pick up on the problems they had that made them chose to spend time apart. Sort of like, getting drunk to forget all the problems you have. When they become sober, it’s like back to square one again. When two people really love one another, being apart makes them just as crazy as the love and passion they feel when they are together. You know? That’s how I like to love...I love you...and am growing fond of feeling that way about you every day...like no other.... Now have a nice day.

I was so smitten with her and missing her like crazy. I wrote her the next day:

Date: Mon, 31 May 17:50pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: is everything okay with you?

Just wanting to know because I miss you. I don’t like how I’m feeling... ☹ Anyways. I’ll stay in for a while, while I’m trying to put together a paper. I love you, and I really do miss you man, what’s up?...

June 1st morning, I was working on a paper for school when she started her shit again. She was playing around with my screen and would rearrange the title of the documents when I would get done with each paper. That pissed me off, so I ignored her and did not log onto I.M to talk to her (although I knew she was online). I didn’t log on because typically, if I was working on a paper [and not logged onto the Internet], or if I took too long to log onto I.M, or if I wasn’t on the computer at all (but she wanted to get me online); she would call my house and hang up-that would be my cue to get online and onto I.M with her.

This day however, although I wasn’t logged online (but rather-working on my paper while offline) she still *knew* I was the *on the computer*, and with that (like I said) her norm would be to call and hang up during the first ring, but this day, this time-she did not do that, so I really knew something was going on and that something was not good, because she hadn’t been fucking with my files since early into this (before she and I got close). The last person’s files she played around with and screwed up was my friend Janine’s, so this wasn’t a good sign.

With her in my life + school (and my life); I was too busy to write books, and when I found out she had remote access to my computer, I put all my files from my books into three different online “briefcase” files to drag to my laptop that I so badly needed, because no matter how much I loved her; I still had to stay on my toes with her because of the kind of access she had to me (because she wasn’t always predictable). She could (and would) flip on me at any minute and I would be the last to know why. She was the type to squeeze the trigger first and ask questions later and sometimes-it was all squeezing, no asking.

I can’t lie though, after her open letter, I was convinced of her love for me in a different way that made me put my guard down with her. I put my guard down with her so much so (and because we had been getting along so well) that it was my personal goal to finish up my second book between June 3 and June 21 (because I was going to be free from school during that time).

I planned on telling her what my personal goal was (so that she would “allow” me to work in peace) Despite the fact that we were getting along and I was putty in her hands right about now, still, I did not feel comfortable with having her watch me do my work, writing live and in real-time as I typed each word from my mind. But like since the beginning; I had no choice. She craved virtuosity like a drug-addict needed a fix. Now that I found out she was indeed “Brie” and too, my knowing her (Janet’s) need to experience things in real-time; it all came together for me.

I remember “Brie” begging me to get that ICQ (I seek you) program so that she could watch me type each word, mistake, and re-type in real-time. After experiencing Janet, I ascertained that she was just sensual and intense like that. And although I didn’t bite the bait for “Brie,” Janet sure she got that damned program to me one way or another (whether I agreed to it or not).

One about thing Janet [that I was learning] was that she was going to get what she wanted, who she wanted, and no matter how much it cost—by any bizarre, illegal, inappropriate, evasive, or unusual means necessary. She doesn’t give two fucks what anybody else has to say about it, what anyone else goes through because of it, (or how they feel—about anything). Around this time, I was very emotional, and she kind of had my nose open in a different way since her open letter. And just when I would put my guard down and try to trust her, something bizarre would happen and steal that joy from me (to let me know that I shouldn’t). I wrote her:

Date: Tue, 01 Jun 14:06pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: Call it a year?

I miss u and I do love u. Just wanted to let you know that still stands...I dunno, u think maybe we should call it a year? I kinda do, because it’s too much for me-everything is really...I’m kinda ready to make like everything was nothing. I’d much rather do that than to have u in the position in my life that you’re already in, and I think it’s better for me as well. I hate trying to think for you, and read your mind between the lines and all... What if I’m wrong?...that would be funny...*smh...I’m just gonna quit while I’m ahead though for real. I love you and don’t ever forget it, or doubt it, I really do and always will, but just from afar...I hope you feel it...take care...*breathing again...

That got her attention:

Girl

I hope you didn’t think I wasn’t answering you on purpose. I received all your messages and I appreciated them. I suppose you are right, as sad as I am to say so I love you to Angela. Don’t ever be too far away ok? I wish I could write more to you...

Love, Joanna

...She made sure she signed it: “Joanna” (rather than ‘J’) for a reason—just about as much as she meant every word in every syllable she wrote in it. She wanted to write more to explain, but absolutely positively could not. She was really and truly in the middle of something major and wanted me to give her some breathing room too—but just but leave one foot in the door for her return and at her convenience.

She made sure she made her way to I.M (while I opened and was reading it).

We talked *around* her situation that she was going through.

I then told her: “People kill me complicating things. The only thing that makes relationships seem so complicated is the fear of removing things that bring peace of mind.”

She came back with:

“Sometimes the less complicated way isn’t always the easiest way...”

I challenged: “But I thought you had so much shit under your control?”

She responded-in all seriousness, as if she was holding her index finger up and shaking her head in a serious and slow, left to right movement:

“No...not this... *This...is not under my control,*” she insisted.

She quickly jumped over that with something else: “Say, why don’t you quit worrying, and think about what ahead is in store for you,” she wanted to assure me.

An unexpected jolt of tears shot to my eyes. My nose burned and began to run. I sniffed and said: “I want you...the right way...” I said to her, humming in my mind Marvin Gaye singing: “*I want you. The right way. I want you, but I want you to want me too...*”

She softened up for a minute as if she pulled the camouflage war helmet that she had been wearing, and for that moment; she remembered that I was the girl she claimed to be in love with-and wanted to place special emphasis on calling out my name-hoping I could feel her sincerity:

“Angela. I know...I know EXACTLY what you are saying when you say that Angela...I am *feeling* you right now. You hear me?” she said seriously and compassionately, finishing the song in her mind too.

I held my head down and cried then replied: “I hear you.”

I was very confused and hurt as hell, and for the first time: scared-scared that I was losing her. That was the first moment in all this time that I knew for *sure* that I knew I loved her for more than my fear of all that she had on me, knew about me, could control, or ruin. Because none of that was on my mind-just her leaving me was all that was on my mind and made me cry.

She “couldn’t stay on long” (again)...I wrote her:

Date: Wed, 02 Jun 04:46am PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: (?)

I am just kinda tired and really like-dying on the inside cause I’m thinking for you and am still trying to think for myself. It’s like, I have a good feel for you and me and then again, the other side of me knows that there’s so much other stuff going on and all...and that’s the part that makes me crazy. I hate it when we “sneak and talk” and then I think about the things are probably going on with you on your end...and me knowing ME like I know me, it’s like-so unnecessary, however I DO understand. All day it’s on my mind and when I talk to you, I’m forced to just put it aside, but then I think, “*why should I put what’s on my mind aside when she knows everything I feel about her anyways?*” That drives me crazy. I DO love u and I really miss u all day EVERYDAY. The hardest part is missing u because I don’t want to miss u, I just *hate* it-just like I hate having to hide the things that I really feel inside all the time... I hate doing things that only make me look back and wish I hadn’t. The craziest part is that I can’t honestly say “I wish I hadn’t” but I’m feeling that way when I lay down at night. I dunno. I have so much running through my mind...

No, I don’t want you to feel pressured to write more than u are able to...

I told you once before that I “want(ed) you the right way” and that’s what I meant. U told me u felt me and knew just what I meant when I said it and I know u did. But *do something about it...*

I love u...like no other...and that will never change...I hope u fully understand what I mean when I say that as well...

Love,

ANGELA

I sat back in my comfortable Futon chair and inserted my Mariah Carey CD and *we* listened to “Breakdown”...

She decided to give me some rhythm. We’re in I.M. She’s a little dry, actually.

I’m cooperating (as usual), hoping she would tell me what was wrong with her.

Again, she said she was: “going through some things right now.”

“What things?” I asked. “Umm... let’s just say some... “legal issues,” said-bluntly.

I didn’t respond. In my mind, from the tone of our conversation, I picked up such attitude in her energy that I really didn’t know *how* to respond to her, so I pretty much let her do all the talking. I only thought about her “legal issues” being the millions of dollars of debt she was to pay [her now, ex: Rene] so that he would not make good on his threats to expose her “secret bisexual lifestyle and insatiable appetite for pretty women” as well as other secrets about she and her family.

I sat there quiet-still.

She then disclosed to me that she was about “3/4ths” the way into paying the [“legal issue”]’s debt and advised that I should “just chill out and understand.”

Still, I just: listened...

Next, she said: “Cinamon, how would you feel if I told you that I slept with someone else?” My heart dropped to the damned floor and my eyes got big. I sat up in my chair and responded: “*looking stupid.”

She then asked: “Well, how do you feel about it?”

Whatever she was going through, it made her either a different person, or the real person she was-come out. She wanted to hurt me, especially knowing (now) my truest feelings about her. In my mind, she can’t imagine the slap across the face I gave her. My hand was stinging from the thought of having done it. I could taste the anger from my tightly folded lips as I called her a whore and a bitch while I coolly responded: “Well, I can’t really say that I feel any *particular* way about it, just that I am looking rather stupid right now, obviously. I mean...it’s obvious that you had to have wanted to, unless you wouldn’t have done it. I can’t really say anything since you and me haven’t “CONSUMMATED” what we have,” I replied-hoping that what I said would hurt her back and make her feel like all this time (in the greater scheme of things), what we had was really nothing.

I dug deeper: “I don’t know, it’s just... “a thing” really, between you and me...if you really wanna know. It aint really nothing-a fling is all, I said, pouting and with my defenses up as usual, not wanting her to know that I was *dying* inside and crying over in the world from my side.

It worked, she replied: “No, it was *more* than that! It was *more* than that! It was a ***relationship***,” she emphasized, italicized, and responded offensively.

Her use of past tense bothered me, the: “*was* a relationship” part-sounding as if it had already ended and never knew it. That killed the shit out of me, so I responded: “Well if you considered *ed* it a relationship, then you wouldn’t have done it with her, obviously you wanted her.”

“Well she is attracted to me, the time was right, and she was there. I have to send her home until November until my legal issues are over and we thought we’d fuck since we would not be seeing each other for a while,” she said-simply.

She was not lying and I know she wasn’t. I knew that “her” was someone who for a few years now; had been tight and under Janet’s employ, living quarters, and wing: Shawnette...and it wouldn’t be until a short time after this that my assumption about Shawn’s role in Janet’s life was what I originally thought. I knew this divorce of hers must’ve been

getting ugly if Rene was pulling out all the stops and threw Shawn in the bag, too. I knew that if her people were uprooting *Shawn* from the nest and being nestled under Janet, it's going *down*, and it had been going down (just like I thought-a long time ago).

I'll never forget a picture that [one of Jan's friend's] had floating around some time ago. It was a picture of Shawn and Janet where upon staring at it-*both* of their energy oozed from that picture like I certainly can explain: It spoke volumes. They weren't dressed provocatively at all, as a matter of fact Janet merely had on a t-shirt with JJ (from "Good Times") pictured on the front of it, and she wore a sweater over top it. Shawn had on jeans, a white t-shirt and a sweater as well.

It was the *way* they struck the pose for the picture that spoke *volumes* and I know my conclusion of what I observed did not come from my imagination running away with me, because Janet and me hadn't even been intimate at the time I first saw the picture-so my observation was with a clear head and heart. I just know what I felt when I saw it.

Both of them were sitting in an area of Janet's house-like, in a big deep area of space of the room by a glass-block window. Shawn had Janet cuffed and covered by her leg in such a way that it was clear *and evident* that Janet was the submissive and Shawn was the dominant. Shawn had her arm thrown around Janet such that it looked like Janet was her woman-her bitch-not just her friend. Shawn's had this intense look on her face-which was turned away from the camera, but Janet (with two afro puffs in her hair) was actually looking *at* the camera. If you looked at the picture for even under a minute, you could tell that they fucked that day, well...you can tell that *Shawn* fucked *Janet* that day--something serious (with a thingy). It was a very intense picture that jumped *right* off the page...you could tell they were lovers.

I remember sitting there looking at the picture with my face turned up with the "stink-face" as I hummed out that one gossiping and signifying classic sound: "mmmmmmmmmm." It wasn't a picture that Janet wouldn't necessarily want out in *public* view. And although it wasn't at all vulgar; it was *very* intense and *very* obvious-their relationship to one another-and who played what part (and on that very day, I might reiterate).

Even when Janet told me: "*I came out to Shawn in 97*" and when she told me (about me): "*it was Shawn who first pointed out to me where you really did love me,*" that picture, and their relationship [outside of Shawn merely being one of Janet's dancers] crossed my mind, I just never said anything to Janet about my thoughts. I just took advantage that because of how Janet was with me (so overpowering and a bully about things); she had everything around her under her control (especially considering her money, and influence). But turns out-not so much, because this strange twist of things was telling me that it's about to be more where [out of the blue] this came from. And as she sat here and dropped this bomb on me, it was becoming clear to me now, how-as long as Janet kept me the submissive; everything with she and Shawn was cool. It wouldn't be until much later in this, as Janet got deeper into me than Shawn expected, that Shawn would start making her place and presence in Janet's life known-where she wanted me out, up and away. Janet's being so into me so, was not a part of the plan. It was supposed to have been just like one of her other "flings."

As I sat there, I could tell that Janet wasn't talking to me sitting there alone-I could tell that Shawn was *definitely* around. She had a way about her whenever Shawn was around-a way like she would work hard to talk to me like she was uncaring and somebody just out to hit it. It would be totally fake, a complete about-face from the gentle, loving, and even possessive, jealous and crazy ways she would be all over me. When Shawn was near (or reading on) I could tell how she would purposely try to seem aloof and uncaring.

Considering how in control I thought she had over everything, I never would have

thought I was being brought into no bigger a mess than her plugging into my life, my time, my heart, my phones and my computers-that now; a man is threatening to pull if she doesn't pay up. And on the other side of the wall-a girl who probably thought I was going to be nothing more than Janet's hit and quit (her usual). Shawn did not expect [for what I did not allow to happen in 3 hours] to turn into 3 days, into 3 weeks, into 3 months, and 3 more months past that and into years and tears. And as far as she was concerned; I was in the way-it's been too long, and it's 3 of us now. To add injury to incident, the man and the girl have more access to Janet and both know things about her; so they can control her. She just needed to control and watch over me-but tuck me away from Shawn (and him).

Obviously, if Janet was sending Shawn gone until November, then it's something about Shawn and this "lifestyle" of Janet's that too, is a part of this man's claims. Me? My stray, nobody ass was already "away," but if Shawn was a part of this scorned man's claim, to further build it, I'm sure [early into this while "lurking]," he's seen Janet and me carrying on in that room. But I'm nobody that he could further prove his claims because again-I'm *already* "away." In hindsight and with clear sight, I now know that Janet didn't only do the things she did to me simply because she liked me; she had a reason, a vested interest, and a *need* to: To make *sure* I really was away—in any way that could cost her but assist him, and she did not want to take any chances on not knowing everything-all the way around and in every way that her money could afford to oversee...

Back to the matter of this little heart-rate o' mine.

I sat in my comfortable black Futon chair thinking about this "goodbye fuck," wondering if there were tears and passion, because female relationships are so much more intense than with men-*especially* with Janet. *Everything* with, of, and around her is intense-it just is—*she* is. I can't explain it. I was hurt as hell deep down inside, but I never ever wanted her to know exactly how hurt and upset she would make me at times like this. I just wanted to smack her face so hard-I could taste doing it. There were no words that I could post on the screen to describe how I would have screamed in her ear over the phone-no words whatsoever that if we *were* face to face, could describe how bad we damned sure *would* have been tussling. Kind of like how my thoughts were tussling at that moment. I was so hurt because not only was any of this none of my business, she should have been able to protect me from this part of her serious mess. Or maybe my feeling sad and pushed away forced her to bring out the truth. Regardless, it was all coming together now. I thought about the smut mag that mentioned how Janet was sleeping with some friend of hers at the end of her tour and Janet and this "alleged" lover were virtually "inseparable." Coming from a smut mag, I thought nothing much of it-and this was early and way before she and I started doing our thing.

I thought about a time just a couple weeks prior to this very conversation of ours, she and Shawn were sitting next to each other-how distant and different our conversation was; then Janet felt the need to *announce* that Shawn around (I guess to let me know that was why she was acting funny). I never questioned her, asked her, or said a thing about Shawn but out of the nowhere I remember she said to me: "*You can't be jealous of Shawn.*"

Until I got hooked up with her, and involved with her and this world of hers; I really thought Shawn was just another employee/dancer-friend of hers. But through talking to her everyday, I learned more and more about Shawn: that if she wasn't her lover, she was an *extremely* close friend who really was attracted to her-and that picture stained in my brain began to tell the tale.

So while I sat here in my comfortable black Futon chair listening to her tell me that she was sending Shawn home, and asking me if I would be mad to know that she slept with

someone else, I had to ask questions and now, I had the right to ask-so I asked: “*So are the two of you in love, or do you love her-this... ”person” that you slept with?*”

She responded: “*LoL, she and I are not like me and you. She and I are like high-school girls, like...that kind of friendship. It’s just that the time was right so...we took advantage of it.*”

I really didn’t have much to say after that. I was looking so fucking stupid. I was really hurt and felt stupid for any emotion that I was feeling. All I knew was that I couldn’t do a *damned* thing about it-Jack-so getting upset was futile. I had thought back to our conversation when we first started to get to know one another and she told me about her one-night-stands with women. I’ve never even had a one-night stand with a man, so, curious-I asked her to tell me *how* does a woman have a one-night-stand with another woman. She told me that she wouldn’t reveal the details but whomever the other person involved was; they would know that it was just a one-night-stand basically, nothing more or nothing less. With that in mind, and this major bomb she just dropped on me; I *had* to stop and remind myself once again who she was to the world, and on the other side of the world of me: she was pretty much out of my league, despite the fact that she liked to escape and run away with me from within some other secret side of herself. My plus was that I wasn’t one of those same girls. I didn’t allow myself to let her get at me in 3 hours, and didn’t get excitedly overwhelmed with her simply because of *who* she was. She just happened to have chosen me: who just happened to force her to slow her “role” this time. But still with all that in mind, I’m just “AN-GEL-A”: another one of the many that had been called and chosen few.

I can’t lie. I was an emotional basket case that day. I sat back in my comfortable black Futon chair and put my “Jade” CD on, removed all track listings except for: “Don’t Walk Away,” and “5-4-3-2 Yo’ Time Is Up” and just listened to it.

Like I promised myself, I would be minding my business and tending to my goal of working on my books from June 3-June 21 while I was off from work and school, until summer classes started back up again. I was prepared to leave her alone and let her go on about her way-doing whatever it is she felt she had to do. Considering how she put the brakes on this thing of ours and put it in reverse, I at least thought she would give me that same peace and respect.

June 7 back in my own little world, and what once upon a time was my own little computer; Janet started her shit up again: fucking with my shit, keeping my shit, rearranging my shit and sending Normal.dot and W97M.Ethan.A viruses to it and such. I thought I was about to go crazy. It had been *so* long since she did anything like this and the flashbacks drove me up a *wall*. My “love” was officially back to being a love bizarre. I was livid, so I emailed her:

Date: Mon, 07 Jun 17:58pm PDT

From:xxxxxx@netscape.net

To:jj@fan.xxx

Subject: Now u done pissed me the fuck off

I was trying to be mindful by leaving you to you, and I at least thought you would leave me to me! I’m trying to do MY fucking work on MY OWN FUCKING computer, now this shit again! I REALLY do not feel like going through this same stuff from like months ago. I’ve been laying low and minding my own fucking business. Let me! I get time on my FUCKING hands to do some shit I NEED TO DO AND THIS SHIT STARTS BACK UP

AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!Whatever the problem is certainly can’t get anything resolved like this!!!!

She knew that she wasn’t going to be reaching out to me in I.M or email, and she also knew that I was not going to come over to her room. That June 2nd day that she pressed pause and put this thing in reverse was the *last* time I planned on dealing with her *ever* again.

I was clear and piecing together everything I needed to know (and did not want to know).

I guess after five days, she *knew* that I meant business about going on with mine-but *knew* that I was in the middle of working on what she *knew* was very important to me. And she *knew* that would summon me to her room but I *refused* to go there. She didn't reply back to my email but decided to go the old fashioned route to say something that she *knew* would catch my attention because she *knew* she lost that luxury with me.

Through that same Netscape Composer program from way back in the beginning of this before we had gotten close (where you could go behind the page in HTML and change any part of the front page script that you wished too); in that same area from way back in the beginning of this where she changed the paragraph to " *You're witty, so is she. Let the quips fly.*" this time, she changed it to: " *Your Netscape email loves you unconditionally. . .*"

For a minute I laughed. Because as senseless as the line sounds, she and I knew what it meant. And if we were having a less serious fight about our regular trivial things that we would normally fight about; that to me, would have been cute because she was clever in calling out to my attention: one of our deepest conversations about unconditional love. And she knew that I *knew* that my Netscape email account that we were using was set up by her people. So, that cryptic line was cute (and witty)...but just not this time. I just wanted her to go away.

I was done playing "Connect the Dots" with her and insisted on not getting caught up into her web of secrecy, fuckery, and manipulation *anymore*. Although I knew that she did what she did to me for reasons that she couldn't explain to me, I didn't care anymore-I just wanted her to go away! It was way too much red tape with her and every step of the way, I stayed sticky with my yellow (caution) tape, because of.

She wanted me back in that damned room of hers, but I refused to go. So she turned up a notch-her being able to remotely manipulate my computer. And I wrote her-same day, different time:

18:11pm PDT

Subject: Now you're getting ruthless

Look, now I've had two of my fucking files deleted. Now, this is really getting out of hand and I am about to start feeling really disrespected. You need to be ashamed of yourself. How would you like it if somebody came into YOUR shit and deleted your MUTHAFUCKIN LYRICS?! Don't piss me off any further please.
P.S-Somebody needs to be getting my shit back over to me ASAP...

She still never responded, so I sent another that same day, different time. I was for *sure* this one would get her attention:

18:25pm PDT

Subject: ??????????????????????????????????????

JANET.....give me my shit man you are being so fucking disrespectful. I can't believe u are doing this to me all over again!. I WOULD'N'T HAVE EVER done anything to hurt or disrespect u in this way. Why are u doing this to me?

She didn't respond or release the files. I sent another one-same day, different time:

18:32pm PDT

Subject: ???

Why are u testing my patience? What did I do to u? What did I EVER do to YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Why are being so disrespectful? U want me to talk to u? I will! I'm in...

“In” meant I.M, *not* her room (where she *wanted* me to show up). She did not, and could not get on I.M. but figured she’d keep fucking with my files until I broke and showed up on her turf-I refused. I wanted her gone and didn’t care to hear no more of her bullshit, lies and fuckery. I sent email:

18:46pm PDT

Subject: .

I wish u would tell me why u are mad at me NOW. I didn’t do anything to u. Can we talk? I really DON’T feel like going through this same shit from earlier this year. I can’t take that again. What’s the matter?

She *still* didn’t respond. I sent another one, same day, different time:

19:02pm PDT

Subject: ok

After all this shit I’ve been through with you, I can’t believe u would fuck with my shit. What did I do to you? I told you I will talk to u –I came to I.M and you didn’t show. U are being sooooo fuckin unfair. PLEASE I’m really trying keep my cool and be patient with you. I can’t do it no more.

She *still* did not respond. I sent this one, same day, different time:

19:19pm PDT

Subject: you are terrible

It’s terrible that u would take advantage of the fact that I wouldn’t do anything to retaliate against you and shit. It’s terrible that u would behave like this and take advantage of that. WHAT THE FUCK DID I EVER DO TO YOU? WHAT? I’ve been patient with all this shit I took from you for MANY months and Sundays and u start back in while I’m minding my OWN FUCKIN BUSINESS, trying to get MY shit done and u snatch it!!!!!!!!!! WHY???

PLEASE send it back. I don’t have time to be here like this all night. Girl u are really hurting me. My chest is so fucking busted up.

That got her attention. I think she took that as a threat or warning of a threat (although it wasn’t).

She showed her ass up in I.M then.

She spoke ominously:

“So Cinamon...tell me something...**What**...made you call me Janet?” she asserted.

I can’t lie-I sat there with my heart pounding a mile a minute because I could tell that it pissed her off and most probably made her paranoid-thinking that I was doing what she and her digerati were working overtime trying to spearhead and avoid: Me setting her up.

In the greater scheme of things, I knew my place was no match for her and the things she could do to make shit hard for me. So I humbled myself and played along:

“I was about to come to the room and was probably thinking about Janet and got it mixed up with your name: Joanna, that’s all.”

“Oh? Oh really? Okay...mmkay...” was all she said-but most probably meant those words as *my*warning-wondering why and how I grew the balls to mention her real name. And although it was probably against the advice of her buddies, she thought she would just pay me a quick visit to sit on those balls I had grown. She had no concern about what I was feeling, or *how*I was feeling-at all.

She was just pissed and concerned about her “big” self.

I was so hurt.

I really wanted to tell her how hurt I was.

I was so tired of how everything went her way-everything.

I made good on what I lied about. I showed up in the room and in addition, logged onto I.M. She came into I.M.

She wasn't mean nor was she nice. We talked about a bunch of nothing while she told me she was listening to some music.

"What are you listening to?" I asked. She threw this response out there to try and soften and soothe me (and because she *knew* that *I* knew that she knew as well, "Jade's" CD was the last CD I played in my CD Rom).

She replied: "I'm listening to: 'Don't Walk Away' by Jade," she said (really meaning those words, and knowing I would catch what she meant). I rejected the gesture and replied:

"Yeah, I like that song **and** 5432 Yo Time is Up..."

She didn't say anything; it just got quiet.

She struck back-picking up where she last left off (about that damned Shawn):

"So yeah, Cinamon, we have a relationship...but it's kind of an open relationship, so, she's not going to mind if I see you. I see you in a different way..."

I already knew what she meant by: "in a different way:" Shawn's request that she kept *me* the submissive and that I not touch Janet the way *she* was doing.

She continued to explain:

..."And although I'll be committed to her, I can still fool around with you since you and I cannot have a relationship. I still want to know if we can get together and fuck. I know you're not going to agree with that, but I thought I'd ask," said this wild ass woman.

Of course I didn't reply.

We both sat there for a *long*time, saying nothing to one another. I don't even remember who logged out first-probably me, because *that* girl knew how to outwait you and out-persist you no matter *what*. And she would show me better than she could tell me-in due time...

4

SLOTH



n. disinclination to exert oneself; indolence; slowness; delay

“I could probably give a thousand all-true reasons why the sloth I displayed in doing what took me forever to do: prepare myself for the worse, was so. I think that in my mind (and why belabor the obvious) my heart-I kept telling myself that because of the good and exciting; all that was bad in this thing was all just a bad dream that would soon blow over and out of the way of the sunset awaiting to be ridden off to.”

-Angie

Of course Janet got her way. For the rest of the June month, we did most of our talking in her room rather than I.M (I guess until her “legal issues” were ironed out). They weren’t taking any chances-at all. Just like the new “rule” was posted earlier into this (that you could no longer lurk without signing in first-during the time when Janet and Rene’s issues had been made public and it was announced that he would not be returning to the room) her digerati had yet another new “rule”: Everybody could only use three different nicknames (as opposed to the unlimited number you could use before)...

They were always up to something, obviously making sure they kept Janet and themselves bulletproof. They knew that Rene was a chronic lurker and had seen more than his share of things that may and could be held against Janet (from knowing who was who hidden behind whatever nickname used. He knew everything-like I did, in that regard). They knew I would lurk without signing in too, but for no other reason but to observe. So when they put a stop to lurking without officially signing in, I knew they were making sure to be on alert when Rene entered so he wouldn’t get any more information about what Janet does in her room-to be used against her. Their putting a limit on how many nicknames you could use was something that definitely didn’t concern me, because I had only used one since the very beginning: “Cinamon” but I guess they couldn’t be too sure, considering all that was going on right now.

They were in the middle of consolidating and dotting all I’s and crossing all T’s...for reasons, but I knew the new rule didn’t apply to Janet and her crew-because **they** were going to be the ones in need of overkill on nickname usage, and I guess they needed to be in total control of that being so. Considering the fact that (while whatever was going on was going on) anything Janet and me would need to say to each other for however long; it was going to be necessary for them to have Janet to continue to drop down nicknames like: “lovestruck”-to express her enchantment with me and other nicknames of endearment *or* disenchantment when she wanted to say things to or about me-all without any rhetoric being posted afterwards. All “in a name” is what’s in the [nick]name and they, she, me (and Rene) knew the game.

When I walked in, it looked like old times. Although I had been in the room several times [for a few minutes] since Janet and me had been off and away from the room doing our own thing in I.M and email; it had been a *while* since I had come in the room knowing that I would be spending most of my time there with Janet (rather than with off in private her). And they were all ready...just like old times.

Crazy Lissa was up to her same old self. I came in one afternoon, and she some of the usual suspects were having a conversation. When I entered, I (((Lissa))) and she acted as if she didn’t see the hug I gave her. Instead, she turned to the others and said: “Boy o boy, she done got kicked out of Malibu and now she’s walking around bamboozled, hoodwinked, and bedazzled by *this* one! Smh.”

Everybody *LoL (laughed out loud).

I knew they were making fun of Janet, because part of her settlement with Rene was to check in the keys to the Malibu home [that she never returned to after the tour anyways]. The part about Janet being bamboozled, hoodwinked, and bedazzled by me was something that (little did they know) was a safe place and thing to be with me because I didn't have any tricks up my sleeve. I was on the up and up with her.

I listened on to see what was next.

Lissa still never spoke back to me, and no one else spoke to me either. It was like all of their backs were turned to me, purposely.

Then Lissa finally turned around and spoke to me and she said to her audience: "Can you see her walking into a store with her eyes looking up all bedazzled telling the store clerk: "Excuse me, excuse me, can you PLEASE give me a pack of Kool-Aid, the RED KIND please!"

They all started laughing out loud again-that was supposed to be some kind of inside joke about my complexion and Janet's occasional use of referring to [my] "red ass" during sexsions.

"There you go starting trouble again Lissa, there you go," I said.

She and the rest of them turned around to look at me, still, without saying one word to me. Lissa continued: "Uh oh y'all we better *scurry* on, here comes the crab-the RED LOBSTER! Y'all better watch your step. A crab is crawling around! 'Get off of my crab!' she mimicked, probably something [Janet] said in some way or another-Lissa was just being creative by her knowing Cancer (the crab) is my astrological sign.

The bottom line to all this silliness was one thing that I could appreciate: Janet obviously told them not to say anything to me if she wasn't around-not even "*****gone," because obviously Janet wasn't around, and the norm (for them) was to post: "*****gone" if Janet was indeed gone. But this time, they didn't post that.

They all quit talking and laughing out loud, then logged out one by one without announcing their departure.

Next, "Duchesse" logged in:

"Duchesse," who claimed to be a French writer, was talking about her French novels. Somebody else was asking her about her agent, writings, and publishing deals and all. They loved to carry on improv-type conversations of various kinds whether it be to mock me (or Janet), or something to do with my writing, my life, my conversations on my telephone-any and everything they could get their eyes and ears on was used as material and fair-game on their turf (this room), which was totally under their control. *Everything* (every nickname, or dialogue) was used to tell a story, warn, inform, scorn, or converse and feed on. This was like a form of exercise for them and seemed to give them a lot to do to pass time. They knew how to do what they do, and when Janet was around-they (and she) knew how to do it such that they could differentiate herself (and the nicks she would use) from them and aside from their nicks (like how we they did early into this). It wouldn't be too long before I found out just *how* this all was so easy to do—away from all outsiders who weren't apart of this thing...

The next afternoon I'm in the room, and "NappyNik" came in after me and began to carry on a conversation with somebody else about her woman, and how she couldn't wait to sink her teeth into her neck while she'd place her face against the wall and watch her go crazy. "NappyNik" started talking about all the sexual things [that I liked and how I liked it]. I just watched and didn't say a word. I wasn't supposed to. At the end of her lusty conversation

with her buddy, she goes on to tell her: "I know she probably thinks I'm crazy, but I'm gonna tell her: *It's not that I'm crazy, I'm just crazy about YOU!* ...when I'm going down on her..." I just looked at that maniac while sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair. A big chill went through my body making me shake my head-wondering what the hell I got myself into. Janet always seemed to have a whole lot of intense sexual energy that could even crack a computer screen-imagine in person...

I left and came back later. As soon as I entered, "NappyNik" came in, again, right after me and stood at the door watching me talk small talk to a few people. I turned around and looked at her but I did not speak, neither did she. I just wondered...and she...just watched...

That same night, I was cleaning up around my desk and listening to my music on my CD Rom playing the track listing of my Windows Media Player. Anita Baker was singing to me: "Body and Soul." All of a sudden, a series of 3's rolled across the "Artist's Name" field where I programmed the tracks from the CD into my computer's CD Rom. At first I thought I was seeing things, but how soon I forget how much control over my computer Janet had whether I was on *or* offline, and this particular time I was not online. "Body and Soul" just so happened to *be* track #3, so I knew for sure it was Janet-bored and wanting some attention. Nothing was too far fetched when it came to this serious and intense woman. I guess she must have been ingesting the words to the song like I was. Although she was across the globe, she already *knew* that I was ingesting the lyrics, and I guess she was hungry too. I just shook my head and giggled knowing the answer (now) as to how so very ironic it was that when we would be in the room, whatever songs I would be playing; I would notice conversations going on about those *very* same songs that I would be playing on my CD Rom when I entered the room. They (and Janet) never cared about how senseless whatever it was they would be talking about-may have sounded; their point was: they always wanted me to know that they were in the real-time know about everything-period. But for Janet, in addition to that, she required a kind of virtuosity in a kind of way that she wanted to be able to sip whatever I absorbed and ingest it like through a straw and into her body.

When "Pink" first came onto the scene, I proclaimed to be the first "Pink" fan and played her first CD until it began to play backwards and speak in tongue; Janet became a chronic "Pink" fan too. She did me one better and met then took a picture with her-complete with her jean jacket and pink fur around the collar. She wanted to be at one and t.h.e.e one with being in the know with all things that I liked, loved, or knew. She wanted to be in my thoughts and if she could; my DNA.

One time they were in the room talking about my big ole' butt-teasing me, and somebody started singing a song called "DaButt" by EU off the "School Daze" soundtrack. I then mentioned how much I was in love with the song that was on the soundtrack called "Perfect Match." Before I could post who it was by, Janet had turned to Lissa and asked her about it. Lissa returned: "It's on the 'School Daze' soundtrack." I could feel Janet bust out of the room and out to the store to go get it-oh, I forgot...one of her assistants went to get *it*, and probably a whole list of other songs that she heard me play from my CD Rom so that we could ingest lyrics together from across the globe for an even better sense of virtuosity. She was like that, every step of the way and well...I can't lie, I liked that she felt that way about me-enough to want to get in to me as far and as deep as she could. *That* part of overhearing is something I could appreciate. I wanted her to love and want me, because I loved her too.

Speaking of overhearing and talking.

In the room, I was talking to my Virgo friend, Chris (from earlier this year-the one

who would bug me to death about astrology and his relationship with his lil' Scorpio boyfriend). This particular day, "Chris" wanted to talk about astrology and *my* moon sign in particular: Taurus. His conversation was cryptic and for a reason-some reason having to do with Janet's Rene but I couldn't quite understand what it was he was trying to say. He'd thrown in something about "a guy" whose birthday just happened to be the same day as Rene's: July 16. I could tell that he was trying to get at *something* where his whole purpose for wanting to talk about my moon sign being Taurus was so that in this conversation, we could place Janet there-subliminally. He would start saying things to let me know that he too was one of Janet's crew, (rather than just some random dude from the room that I originally thought he was), and just to trigger my belief in what he was saying; while sitting there in my comfortable black Futon chair, my Antivirus program was triggered and set to run as if I had manually opened it to run a virus scan (and I didn't). The report read:

Date: 6/25 Time: 20:06:12, angela on DEFAULT

Virus scanning completed.

Items scanned: C:-D: F: H:

My mouth hung open-once again. I laughed and shook my head. No viruses were found this time. Janet just liked letting me know that she could manipulate and control any feature on my computer, and at any time, from across the globe-remotely. I couldn't believe this woman. She was too much and too virtual for me. For her, the sky was really *was* the limit. She was fearless, and ignored and overstepped all boundaries. "Control, never gonna stop. To get what [she] wants. Got to have it all" ...was more than just another line in a song of hers. It was literally art imitating life for her. And I grew to know this for sure. I experienced this one [of many things] about her.

"Chris" asked if I would call him that night so that we could talk: "Cin, do you want to talk to me?" he posted. He then waited 15-20 seconds for that post to completely disappear from the room's screen then posted the next question, finishing with: "...On the *phone?*"

When I saw that, I knew Janet was somewhere hiding behind this lil' setup for sure, craving virtuosity.

Next, the nickname "MuzikWrita" rolled down as the person behind it asked: "Cinamon, do *I* know you?..." emphasizing and italicizing 'I.'

My brows lifted at this point, because that was how "Stormy1" would always address me when she came down after me in the room, and would *we constantly* use ellipsis' (...) when we would talk (no matter the "character"). For us, it represented either: seriousness, sentiment, anger, humor, and we'd use them when we would sex, or to simply mean: "to be continued..."

I was still trying to catch on to this subliminal conversation, then the "MuzikWrita" told me that I would be getting an email with the phone number in it that I was to call. When I got it, it was a copy of a *very* old email from earlier in chat, where I had responded to Chris the time he was asking me for advice on his relationship with his Scorpio boyfriend. The confusion I had, sort of lifted and my brow relaxed when I pieced together Chris' email address: xxxxx@hotmail.com, with the nickname that had just rolled down called "MuzikWrita." I knew that my lil' friend Chris was in some way affiliated with "the music writer" herself for sure-then.

I scanned the busy email-looking for the phone number-and could not find it at all. "xxx-x66-0751" was hidden; located within some part of the email in the middle of one of the sentences of the busy email's paragraph. I came back into chat: "I got it," I said.

"Ooh I'm so EXCITED!" said "MuzikWrita."

“Well, I can call now, which means we would have to stop talking in an hour or so because I have to go and do something in an hour, *or* I could go do what I have to do *now*, so that I can hurry back and call you *with/in* this hour, then we could talk for however long we want.” I offered.

“Yes, that one!” said “MuzikWrita.”

Then the nickname: “Star50won” rolled down.

I didn’t know what *51 meant where she was at, but in my city, we use *82 to reveal our name and number when calling someone who wished to see who was calling them; as I am sure that was what she wanted me to do-reveal my name and number to the caller ID box I would be calling. I just laughed and hurriedly did what I had to do so get I could back home because I was “EXCITED” too.

When I got back in and settled with all that I had to do at home, I climbed up into my bed and got under the comforter. I took a deep breath and called the number. The [person] on the line was a guy: Chris. He sounded like he had a touch of some kind of disability that caused his speech to slur somewhat. I didn’t know if it was to disguise his voice or if he really talked that way, but I continued to talk to him-waiting for Janet to “ease” onto the phone. I couldn’t wait, but I kept my cool.

We sat up and talked about the room, the people in it, and for some reason-Jody Whatley and her sister Midori. We talked about his Scorpio boyfriend, his love for music and how he was sending some music to Dallas Austin to listen to, and of course we discussed Janet... That’s when the “EXCITED” woman’s voice in the background began whispering and blowing kisses, and laughing and giggling in the telephone. She was so excited as if she couldn’t contain herself.

“Put her on,” I giggled.

I could hear her *clearly*, she would yearn-yell: “ooohh,” blow kisses, and giggle: “I love you!” into the phone horn.

Chris began to laugh and giggle then said: “Uh...ignore her Cin!”

I just hung on and shook my head and responded: “I’ll try to, I’ll try and do that,” I giggled.

We continued to talk about our love for music (as Janet listened on too).

We talked about how I best absorb, consume and ingest my music when I am in motion and how I never really have been able to discuss the level I take my music to with my friends because they could never understand (something Janet learned about me from early into this). When I made that statement, she immediately jumped in with her shy, childlike, bullying and sassy whisper, then she spoke into the phone: “THAT’S BECAUSE YOU NEED **ME!**”

Chris laughed and tried to talk over her: “Uh Cin ignore her *again!* I’m sorry.”

I giggled and replied: “Oh okay, I’m trying. But put her on,” I asked, gently.

I just hung on, waiting to [what seemed like now] “ease” *her* into talking to *me*. She was so jumpy and excited [I guess to be able to hear my voice above “overhearing” it by listening in on my phone conversations, and hearing it past listening to the sound of my voice pick up the phone to say: “hello” before she’d hang up]. I guess this was more virtually exciting and inviting to her.

Next, he wanted to talk about this July 16th birthday of this “one guy.”

He asked me what type of person I thought “*he*” was-astrologically. I was really confused at this point and trying to figure out where we were going with this part, but I went on to give him a general summary of characteristics typical of a Cancer man.

Throughout the conversation, we still continued to talk about his relationship with this boyfriend of his (born October 25 1981). Chris had been going through some things with this Scorpio who was a member of a [now defunct] boy group whose lead singer had gone on to have a semi-successful acting and solo singing career.

Later in the conversation Chris asked: “So Cinamon, I noticed you haven’t made a comment about the fact that my Scorpio is a star, does that surprise you at all?”

I turned up my face, and replied: “Uh...no. I mean they are people too who just happen to be in a business where they entertain and are seen on television or whatever. Shit it’s a lot of people in the world who have just as much (if not more) money than many of them. They just happen to have other careers or inheritances and all. Besides, although your Scorpio is a star (and seen on television), he *is* human, and has to either be loving somebody, or fucking *somebody* over and vice versa. That’s in everybody, no matter what their occupation, riches or obscurity is”

I was still trying to figure out where the hell we were going with this, and why all of a sudden, I felt like I was being interviewed. Lastly, he wanted to talk about my opinion of Janet and her music-and we critiqued her last couple albums. Critiquing was something we felt we had in common because my rising and his Sun was in Virgo-and analyzing, critiquing, and criticizing is what Virgo’s did best.

I wanted to, but I didn’t keep pressing him about putting her on the phone because she spent the majority of my conversation with Chris-talking, giggling and playing around, just jumpy and excited in the background in the horn of the phone making sure she was heard, but merely happy that *I* was that near to *her*.

I was sleepy and satisfied [like I guessed she was] that she had gotten some of my energy and felt somewhat closer to me. I didn’t insist on more. I took what I could get and gave what I could give: fed her need for my virtuosity while she sipped me through a straw and we became “one” that night (for her).

Monday June 28th was my birthday and I came to the room late that afternoon. It was a rainy day, and I was pretty much settled in by this time. I was small-talking with some people in the room. In walks that damned Janet. She takes a seat and stares at me. I *guess* she felt like it wasn’t wise to wish me Happy Birthday, so we both just posted: “*giggling*” back and forth at one another the way we did on her birthday. She broke the monotony and asked: “So how is your *day*going Cinamon?” (stressing the word: “day”).

“Oh it’s boring, ugly, and rainy outside. *lip poked out*” I responded.

Catching me off guard again, this maniac asks:

“Uh...which one Cinamon?...” in her raunchy sexual voice (feeling raunchy).

I responded: “*head south*...oh, that one is...” I replied and giggled.

She then responded: “*Lick*”

We just laughed and giggled.

Lissa walked in: “Cinamon! What are you doing? Who are you talking too!?” she yelled, in defense of her boss, obviously unfamiliar with the nickname Janet was under at that time: (“Stormy1”)...

Janet responded to her: “Hey Lissa, it’s **ME!** @Lissa. It’s me...”

Lissa then said: “Oh ok,” then she took a seat and watched.

Then Lissa, Janet, the rest of her buddies and me kept talking about a bunch of nothing in particular. Occasionally I would mention something about the movie I was watching on television: “Escape from Alcatraz.” I would interject: “*watching television.” Then: “*watching the men about to escape.” Janet, wanting some action said: “Aw Cinamon, you know you need to quit playing. We all know you’re over there watching a porno girl!”

I played right into it and began to mimic some of the sounds in words that she would say to me in I.M during our many cybersexsions and we all burst into laughter (because of course we *all*knew what it meant and exactly *who* I was mimicking).

I then continued by pretending that I really was masturbating while Janet sat there getting hornier and hornier; turning into the maniac that she really was. I ended by posting something familiar to this horny little devil’s eyes: “*If I was your girl, the things I’d do to you. I’d make you call out my name, I’d ask ‘who it belongs to.’ If I was your woman, the things I’d do to you. But...*”

...her possessive ass sat right up and refused to allow me to finish the song with the original lyrics, so she took over and ended it with her personal remix and rendition: “*But you are! And you can! And you will! ‘Cause Cin you are my girl!*”

We all laughed.

It had been so long since we had been able to have one of our cybersexsions, or had been able to say anything directly to one another and we were both overdue.

We had fun that day.

I entered the room the next day. I walked in to a conversation that someone hidden behind the nickname: “INFATUATED” was having, with a couple of other Janet’s buddies whom I knew by nicks. I sat there and just watched. No matter what, they hated it so badly when I would come in and just lurk and not talk-I couldn’t understand why. Sometimes they would ask me why I wasn’t talking, and my same excuse would always be: “If we were in an actual room, my natural personality is to go to the back of the room anyways. I normally just speak, or sometimes I just go off to myself and mind my own business unless I am approached, which is what I do in here. So when I come in here sometimes and post: “**going to the back of the room to rest my head on the desk,*” that’s what I’m doing.”

I didn’t know what to start off saying to anyone sometimes because it seemed like they all stared at me every time I would enter the room. The only person I felt comfortable with was Lissa-I liked her regardless of her silliness and the misunderstandings she could stir up sometimes.

This particular time that I walked in, “INFATUATED” (and the others she was talking to) preferred I sit back and watch anyways.

At first, “INFATUATED” was talking lusty and about all the things she liked about this woman’s body. Then she began to tell her audience about how she felt about her girl and how she felt so good to have met this girl. She spoke of how she had really learned the art of patience and how it turned her on that this girl forced her to get to know her and how great it was that she took the time out to do it because it turned out to be the best thing that’s ever happened to her.

I just smiled, because I was happy it worked out that way as well...

As I watched, I was so happy to see that she appreciated me for more than her usual

one night stands and trysts, and at least took the time out to take notice. I can't lie, that brought tears to my eyes to see her express that to me.



That Xcapade trip was nearing the date planned, and for a couple months actually; periodically, someone people would ask who all in the room was still going. Some people would be talking about how excited they were, and how much they couldn't wait and all. I never mentioned that I was going because when I canceled reservations back in May, Janet and me (or in any of her many other nicknames) ever discussed the Xcapade vacay since. Besides, she was so off and on that I didn't know what to do but play it by ear, and so now, it's here, and she's in my ear:

Friday, July 2, I entered the room in late morning to see who all would be in. Everybody was talking a big bunch of nothing while I went to the back of the room and laid my head on the desk. After a little while, I just eased on out of the room since Janet didn't come in. I figured she had such a busy day ahead of her and was probably getting ready for the extravaganza, seeing as though the arrival time was supposed to be at 3 p.m. that day and it was almost that time. She was also scheduled to appear at Virgin Mega Store to receive some special award, so I figured she was probably getting ready or whatever.

I didn't come back to the room until Fourth of July Sunday, figuring that I'll peek in to see who was there and who had gone to Xcapade.

That morning, however, I had received a phone call from my friend Kia. I had my calls from home connected to my new cell phone that I purchased that Friday, July 2nd on a special they were running. All was unintentional. It was just something at the right time that I took advantage of, that eventually ended up being a divine convenience. I then called the phone company to have them cut off my answering service because even when I would check my messages, Janet could hear those too, so I desperately needed the cell phone to have *some* privacy.

Anyways, when Kia called, she was desperate and crying; telling me how she had awakened from a dream that she had, and how if I hadn't answered the call, she was going to have her grandmother call (who too, lived in my city) until she got a hold of me.

"Angie, Angie! I seriously need to talk to you," she said. She was in tears.

"Girl, I just woke up from a terrible dream about you, and I need to talk to you," she kept saying over and over.

Kia was a highly religious person as was her grandmother. She'd told me that she was informed in this dream of hers that I was in a situation that was very tempting and enticing. She felt that I needed to dig into all the willpower I had, to rebuke it, because this temptation clouded my gift of discernment and that soon I would see that my energy and my spirit would be tampered with. She was very worried about me. She kept begging me and crying about how at the moment, it may not seem like it, but many troubles were soon to come.

"Angie, it's in my body, you know I can feel it. You know that God doesn't let me rest when I'm feeling like this, you know he never has. Whatever doubt is in your mind about what I'm saying to you, I really would like for you to hold on to what I say, because whatever is going on, it's trying to rob you of your energy girl and your spirit. Don't do it!" she warned (like divine intervention).

Tears came to my eyes. I thought about the fact that my calls were transferred from home to my cell phone but I still wondered if Janet could hear what Kia said to me. The irony of it was that here it is, I finally thought of a way to have some privacy and the ONE phone

call that Janet *needed* to “overhear”-she most probably didn’t (because of my calls from home now being transferred to my cell phone). I wasn’t sure if she could still intercept and I gave up trying to figure how just *how* someone who has \$200 million dollars could do or find out anything or what could be done to combat it-full proof (if you didn’t have \$200 million dollars too). That’s out of my league and realm of understanding, but what I *could* do (to have some of “me” back) I did try to do. And finding a way to transfer my calls was one of them.

As Kia continued, my nose was burning and my eyes filled with tears thinking about the hurtful times with Janet, combined with the fact that I was borderline afraid to think of what I would be soon going to go through with her-all over again (considering the fact that I did not show up to the Xcapade trip because I had canceled my room reservations months back-and she never followed up with me about it. I was really serious about having no intentions on showing up). In addition to that, these new calls being transferred from my home to my cell phone was something I was deathly afraid that she would find out about; those two things were enough to incite a war with Janet. I was two days missing from her [and with those two things]: worried as hell.

I was so torn. I cried, but held it in and hoped that on one end, Janet *was* listening so that if she had any *further* ill intent, she would change her mind. Because despite the bad, I really did love her and wanted things to be right-just as I wanted to be there for her. I didn’t want to take her this far and then let her down *at all*. On the hard end of this rock and hard place I was caught between; from the hard place end, I hoped she *wasn’t* listening so that I could let out my big cry to Kia and really explain to her in detail what it was I was *really* feeling and going through. But the rock in me did not, and instead-I allowed Kia to rant and rave about her dream until I couldn’t take it anymore, because I was too afraid to open my mouth and respond, just as I was too afraid to continue listening.

I got off the phone and contemplated about whether or not I should enter the room (after *that* conversation). I was dealing with too many things that I could just *feel* Janet sitting up in the room waiting to deal with, with me. I knew she was *seething* and counting down the minutes and seconds before she was forced to react to my silence...and my absence. And knowing that I hadn’t gotten any strange (transferred) hang-up calls from her, something told me that her digerati had already patted the line down and knew the calls were transferred and advised her not to bother calling, because they (and she) knew I would be showing up soon.

Later that afternoon, I did show up. When I took the steps to enter and had come across that one red-faced picture of hers; my heart started *pounding*. I think I can better describe the look of her face on that picture now: Wicked and sneaky. Seductive, enticing, *and* tempting as hell, but I was well-beyond tempted, I was caught up by now. As I kept staring at the picture, her horns slowly grew, so I hurriedly clicked on to the room link that read: “Come on in,” and came right in.

I didn’t speak to anyone. I just walked to the back of the room to rest my head but spoke to all those who spoke to me. Janet walked in and took a seat. She was her passive-aggressive personality today, the one that I can admit-I was a little afraid of. *That* one was tough to get past. *This* time, she wasn’t “Stormy1”...she *was* stormy but chose to be the calm before it, by call herself: “Miss*Secretive*,”...that was the name she chose to use today. She did not speak to me. Instead, she silenced her buddies to ask them a question: “*Hey, Hey. You think maybe I can get some help? Does anybody in here know the song “Go Deep” by Janet? I can’t quite understand what she is saying at the end of the song-she adlibs something about missing her CALLing...she capitalized the “call” in calling.*

She asked twice, and by this time I was in a conversation with someone else, but Janet kept staring at me—rolling her eyes, as she repeated the question to everybody while still looking over at me.

I looked at her and responded: “Well, I think Janet has the lyrics to her songs in the jacket of the CD, perhaps you could look there and see.”

She stood up and placed her index finger to my forehead and said: “Don’t you think Iiiii know that! I SAID she ADLIBS the line I was asking about, and I don’t believe ADLIBS are written in the jacket of the CD!” she emphasized by capitalizing every word she wished to spew with venom, making it clear that sheeee (of all people) should know—since it was her song, her lyrics (and her adlibs).

I took a deep breath and sighed.

She then said: “Oh, I know what it is y’all. It’s: “I’m gonna miss my calling, I’m gonna miss my calling..”

I took a look at the name she was hiding behind: “MissSecretive,” and knew that it (as well as her comment) had something to do with me. I knew that she must’ve heard me transfer my calls to my cell phone or I either missed my calling (from her) when she had someone call so that I could run away with her on this vacay. But after patting the tapped line down, they must’ve discovered the calls were being transferred: “somewhere”—to a phone number they knew *nothing* about.

I posted: “The number is for you.”

She took a deep breath and gave me her half-smile.

“It is,” I said. Then the nickname: “Angelindisguise” rolled down.

“I’m never incognito,” I responded (but knowing that she was talking about the song: “Angel in Disguise” by Brandy—probably something Shawnette had her listen to many-a-nights where she and I was concerned in this tug-o-war with Janet, trying to prove to Janet that I was no good for her).

Everyone just looked at Janet and me, waiting on the fight. Instead, Janet dropped down alter ego: “Qbenlyric2”—the same name we were using way back when the Xcapade plans were made (and canceled). I think she was more hurt than she wanted to fight—*they* just didn’t know. Janet was intense:

“So what’s up Cinamon?” she asked.

“Nothing, what’s up how are you?” I asked.

“Well, I’m not feeling that great. I’m a little lonely. That’s all,” she said.

“Well, why is that?” I asked.

“Well...I’m here...I’m here...In *New York*...and I’m missing my woman,” she said.

“Well, don’t you think she misses you too,” I asked.

“I don’t know, she was supposed to be here with me and I just don’t know. I want to talk to her. I miss her so badly,” she yearned.

“Well, I’m sure she wants to talk to you and misses you too. Don’t you think so?” I asked again.

“I’m about to go, I’m missing my woman right now cause she should be here with *ME*!” she yelled.

“I’m gonna leave now,” she responded. She was a combination of upset + disappointed+ hurt at the same time. She sure as hell didn’t want to fight.

I wanted to give her a hug. I really didn’t know what to say because I thought she knew I was serious that day that I told her (“Qbenlyric2”) that I had canceled the reservations.

I remembered now how the entire month of April, May and June, people *kept* going through the room asking who was all going to Xcapade. I never said a word, and I assumed she knew that I really wasn't coming. I mean, I had been through so much with this woman over those past three months, I couldn't tell if we would even be mad at one another around that the time Xcapade was planned, so I pretty much felt safer saying "no" altogether-until I either saw some consistency and most importantly, until she asked me again-personally-from behind her red-tape and many masks.

I was *verysad* that day. I felt even worse that *she* was sad. She felt so broken down. I can't lie, that broke my heart. I felt soooooo fuckngggg badddd, I didn't know what to do or say but what I did know is that nothing I could say this day would soothe her. She couldn't bare the *thought of talking to me that day* anymore. She was acting as if she had been sitting around the house doing a big bunch of nothing but waiting for my call or a knock at the door from her friends who would have met up with me and brought me to her. I felt bad because I knew then, that the trip wasn't a big "Janet room shin dig," it was a setup orchestrated just for me and her. Had I known that, I most certainly *would* have followed up with her more closely. My transferred calls to my new cell phone was just bad timing (little did she know).

The mood of the room was kind of blasé. Everybody felt bad for her-so bad that nobody fought me. It was just...sad-a sad day. She seemed unbelievably stressed and clueless as to what she could (covertly, and through her red-tape) do next to get me to her.

From my CD Rom while sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair, I was listening to "There U Go" by Johnny Gill off the "Boomerang" soundtrack over and over...

July 5th, I came in-early afternoon. This day was kind of fun. We were playing around as if we were at Janet's New York apartment on top of the roof in the swimming pool...where we *would have been*, I guess.

"Come on Cinamon, let's go over to Janet's house," said her buddies.

I guess since Janet didn't get to take me on an escapade, she figured she'd bring the escapade to me. I thought that was soooo cute as I told myself: "This girl is serious and intense and means *business* when she means *business*..."

"JigglinJanine" says to me:

"Cinamon, will you come over here and drop your cherry into my ice tea?"

I just laughed and shook my head at this crazy maniac nasty girl. She *had* to make her presence known by saying something sexual to let me know what nicks she hid behind. She was something else.

We barbequed, drank, ate and went swimming. Lissa was running around making fun of people, talking about somebody was trying to outshine Janet with the swimsuit she had on. She was always poking fun at Janet (mainly). That girl always made her way around with her silly sense of humor.

She said to me: "Cinamon is it okay if we let Janet join our party or no?"

I turned to Lissa and said: "*in a kid's voice* I don't knowwww Lissa 'cause her hair's longer than ourrrrrsss."

We all started cracking up laughing, and Janet wouldn't come back out to play.

I kept begging her to come out and she said she didn't want to. I hoped she knew that I was playing about the comment I made, but I forgot how she took *anything* I said so seriously. I hushed and waited.

Surprise! I.M (It had been a while).

She I.M'ed me off to the side while we still watched what was going on in the room.

This time, her I.M name was "EsCaPaDeJ." I shook my head and laughed. That girl doesn't forget a **darned** thing—from start to finish. With her, you *will* finish what you started.

"((((Cinny))))," she said. "What are you doing Cinny?"

"Nothing, baby how are you? I hope you know I was just playing about the comment I made," I said.

"It's ok. I'm fine Cinny Cin Cin," she said.

(I guess this character was going to be the "playful" her-I'll take it).

"I'm so happy," she said.

"What are you so happy about?" I asked.

"I just came from taking this BMW for a spin. I just bought my woman an 80,000 vehicle," she said.

"Oh? You must love her huh?" I asked.

"Yes. Yes I do. I *do* love her. I plead the 5th..." she said.

"Oh, do you think that she loves you?" I asked.

"I sure *hope* she does!" she replied.

"She does, I **know** she does..." I responded, while playing out fantasies in my head of the look on her face surprising me with a vehicle wrapped in a big red taffeta ribbon, had I come to New York for my birthday and the 4th of July romantic shin dig.

She proceeded to joke about me dropping the cherry in her iced tea as we joked about it in a subliminal sexual way, then she lead me into the first order of business that she had been wanting to get out of the way: The cell phone number. I gave it to her, and told her that she could also text me. In addition to that, I also gave her the information to be able to send email to it-through the number if she wanted to-while I was away from home if she needed me (knowing that probably would never happen). I just wanted her to have everything that I intended on keeping secret-she was way too sweet this day. That made her happy, and as long as she was happy, *were* happy. This day, what she felt for me was at a level than I ever gave her credit for. I loved her so much that I forgot all about the solace I was feeling from having the new number, so much so that I decided to give my trust another try with her-hoping that we could stay like this day, all the time-forever. I dreamed of being this right and this perfect with her. If she would allow it-I was going to give it my all.

"Got it! I'll put it where I put all the rest of your...well you know. *LoL," she said.

"...letters, emails, I.M's and other **STOLEN STUFF!**" I wanted to end it with, but she would have disconnected me-and we were having too much fun for me to cause upset and paranoia over a mere joke. I just laughed it off and was happy as hell that I made her laugh and smile (since she was so upset with me at first). That was my **baby**. I **l.o.v.e.d** her this day.

We were back over in the room where we were finishing up the party. "TendaKissa" beams down. We were all laughing and joking about some joke Lissa cracked about revoking my Dr's license. She would call me Dr/Professor/Cinamon sometimes and would ask crazy questions like: "*Um Doctor, what do when you are hanging out with somebody who feels the need to bark back at a dog that barks at them?*" or: "*Hey Dr. what do you do when someone is so pissy drunk that they stand in the middle of the street and scream to the top of their lungs?*" ...jokes that obviously had to do with something she would be picking on Janet about; one of *their* inside jokes I guessed.

She was also making jokes about warning everybody to stay away from Janet's computer while visiting her house-even I understood *that* one...

[My] “TendaKissa,” on the other hand, chose to ask me sexual questions and we’d all laugh. When she claimed I answered a question wrong she said to me: “Dr. Cinamon, I’m gonna lock you up for malpractice, no, actually I think I’ll let you out. I think that bracelet around your ankle will do. It tells me everywhere you *go!* LoL.”

I laughed, but I got kind of sad because although we were joking about it, it was really the truth-to a great extent. But with a smile on my face and as if she was in front of me, I just responded: “Ah yeah, it’s rather becoming, but it doesn’t match *everything*thing, I’m going to cut it off one day real soon...”

She frowned then replied (in all seriousness): “No, you can’t do that! That bracelet’s not going anywhere! It keeps track for me, your every move...”

I just looked at that maniac, knowing in her own clever little way, there was much truth to that joke than I could probably ever imagine, and it wouldn’t be until years into this thing with her that I’d find out just how true that was...

But in the meantime, between time, and the present, I scanned the house with my eyes and I reached down to touch my ankle just for G-P. Shit, ever since I first met her, she was always so “in my face” and “virtual,” so I didn’t take anything she said as a “joke,” because she sure as hell wasn’t a joke. Everything about her is *serious* (even when she’s joking).

Later that afternoon, I checked my cell phone usage and it was up by an hour. I could not understand why. I had just gotten the phone and was clocking how long I used it and could not account for that one hour, that one day, for the *life* of me...

The next day, I had gotten a phone call from a guy friend of mine that I hadn’t talked to in a while. (My calls were still transferred from home to my new cell phone). At any rate, my guy friend and me began to talk about what he had been up to and when we got around to him asking me about me; my call was mysteriously disconnected. Sure a call can indeed drop, but it alarmed me because the same thing happened a couple of other times that day-at the craziest times during certain conversations I was having with certain people. And none of those things had happened until I gave all of my cell phone information to Janet (the usage spike *or* the dropped calls--during the most ironic of times in my conversations).

That same afternoon, I was talking to her in I.M under Qbenlyric2 and we were talking about the telephone situation again. The *main* reason for me getting the cell phone was so that I could have *some* privacy when I needed to take care of my business that was none of her business (although the way she had everything so hooked up, she was not *that* “in the dark” about a damned thing anyways), but what little privacy I had left, as well as that of my friends and family, I so desperately needed to hold on to, especially considering all that she retrieved + all that (since the beginning) I had given to her willingly-to keep her happy and to keep peace between us.

When she “caught” me with my new little cell phone, out of habit and conditioning; I immediately went into “Operation Explanation”:

#1. I explained to her that I was not trying to be little “*Miss Secretive*” and that whatever our situation was [whenever she was able to talk to me without her “coaches” and “people” on the line and wanted privacy] perhaps we could have private time on my cell phone, or she could drop me an email, or text on it if she wished to-on a line of communication that no one would know about but the two of us (if the two of *us* was really what she genuinely wanted, and she had pure, genuine interest in me-period-without the drama and red-tape).

#2. I explained to her that with the new cell phone, I could also be online with her-without interruption, because my home phone calls and voicemails would go straight to the new cell phone's voicemails and I could retrieve them and talk to whomever, later.

#3. I told her that rather than me rushing home from my day to for us to talk, and to avoid my having to get online and going into the room to find out that she'd be gone; perhaps she could just send email, or text to let me know that she was waiting on me to get home so that I could do just that: get home and talk right to her. I explained to her that I didn't have the luxury of having mobile/remote access to her like she did me, so she was able to handle her day with knowing my availability but at least with my new cell phone, I too, could be mobile and accessible. At least I would know when to go home to be available to her rather than breaking up my day to get home, only to find that she wasn't available yet. This setup could free up a lot of time for me. The thing about Janet is that when she was off tour with time on her hands, whomever deals with her must have *a lot* of time on their hands too-to tend to her-that's just how she is. She can't (and won't) trust you otherwise.

I was exhausted with all the creative explaining, and ideally, those explanations *would have been* true, but *realistically*, I had been dealing with her long enough to know that the reasons behind those explanations could *never* happen even if she could merely entertain the thought of it being that way-it wouldn't. And she certainly wouldn't go for #3 (to allow me that much free time in my own personal life away from her) that would mean way too much free time not just away from her-but away from her control (and her literal remote control).

The *real* truth was just what it was when I bought the damned cell phone and transferred my calls from home to it:

#1. I wanted privacy on my fucking telephone.

#2. I wanted whomever dialed into my telephone to have some fucking privacy, too.

#3. It would eliminate 80% of our issues of her "overhearing" something that caused her to react-that totally had nothing to do with her, and her misunderstanding and acceptance of the fact that I really *did* have a life and other friendships and relationships before her, period--that since her; became strained (and some-estranged).

I felt so stupid. I felt like such a puppet on a string but I didn't know what else to do. I did know however, that I had to keep my cool and remain patient until I could put together all the pieces and was able to pull away from her-safely (in the event she *did* have any ill-intent). I had no idea if, or how this thing would end, but I did know that when or if it did; it was not going to be in my favor or out of care for me, my feelings and my life. She was just too hot and cold, too off and on-and we were *always* arguing about *something*. I never knew what she would do next.

As happy as I was that she took a very unexpected turn from the way I expected her to react about my no-show for the Xcapade shin-dig; the bottom line is, that way was a rarity. The hurt got to her heart before the anger did, so things went well (that time). But in my heart of all hearts, all else was just a matter of time. I was growing not to get *too* comfortable with her sweetness-no matter how much I loved it.

With her, I was beginning to know what the effects was like for that baby whose mother was going through post-partum and loved + hated her baby, where the child could sit in the feeding seat and get all kinds of love, food, affection, reaction and attention that was pleasing to it and then the next moment, the mother would go blank and stare the child in the eyes and become unresponsive and despondent when the baby would reach for the mother

and expect that same play that it had gotten the last time it sat in that feeding chair. Enough of that made the baby crazy and then there goes their healthy mind and sanity as they develop and grow.

I'm sane and sensible enough what was going on and could be true enough to myself to admit that I was allowing it to happen, but without a clear plan of action to prepare for the worse, as well as what damage could really be done by somebody who blinds the world by her superstardom and smile and who too, has access to the media, my computer, my important files that I need for my career plans (and I won't belabor the obvious): my heart.

So two days after our fun, July 7 night, I was lying in my bed thinking things through-thinking about how all this shit began and *if* there really was a way out for me. I knew in my heart that what we called ourselves having was almost impossible, because she really *didn't* wholeheartedly trust me--therefore I couldn't wholeheartedly trust her, either. I just knew that she had the upper hand because of who she was, and that afforded her many resources that I couldn't light a candle to, so I knew I had to be careful all the way around. I knew in my heart that she felt like she had too much to lose by trusting "little ole' me," but she too, had given away so much and the fact of the matter was--we were from two different worlds and going nowhere [normal]-fast. Her image was too big for her to want to consider "love" with me--not just us being "out" and open--that's not important, nor was it my wish. But how we communicated and especially how she gathered information--period, caused more problems that necessary and that thing would always be--because of trust level never matching her status and "image." I was sensible enough to know that.

Deep down inside, I felt so defeated every single day with this woman. I had really come to terms with the fact that no matter how much time, love and attention I gave to her; it was *never* going to be enough to make her trust me fully. All I could see was me--giving; trying to prove things to her until I broke down in mind. I just broke out crying. I cried so bad that I could hardly breathe. I wanted to burst out of the house and drive six miles up the road to Shauntay's house, or anybody's house, so that I could talk about what I was going through deep down inside, but it was too late at night. So I took a deep breath and picked up the phone to call Shauntay. I knew that Janet would probably get her signal, letting her know that I was on the phone, but I did not care. When Shauntay answered, I took a deep breath and busted out in tears even more and began to spill out things to her that she never even knew about this thing with Janet.

I told her about how trapped I felt and how stupid I felt for *feeling* trapped.

I told her about how every other day I was going through something with Janet and how controlling beyond *belief* she was.

I told her how I've never felt this defeated and trapped in my entire life.

I told her about how I had been trying so hard to be patient because I was so afraid that everybody on her payroll would point the finger at her to say, "*I told you so!*" I can't lie; I wanted to prove them all wrong about me where Janet's *best interest at heart* was concerned.

I told Shauntay about how I felt so obligated to be there for her since all others around her *were* on her payroll and were basically paid to be her friends, and something inside me couldn't pull away from her, I just couldn't, although I know I needed to.

I told her about all the rotten, cruel, crazy, as well as the good, the grandiose, and the great things that had been going on that I never told her about.

I told her about all the nights and days that tears rolled down my face sometimes at the thought of the whole situation, but that I was so afraid to turn away. I was scared. I just *couldn't* turn her away no matter how hard I tried because I knew she was lonely. And

considering who she is; she couldn't just walk to the corner store or take a stroll in the park even like the average celebrity could. She was happy to have found somebody from outside of her life, to give her "life" and I couldn't cut her off from that. I felt obligated to that.

I told Shauntay I was *tired*, tired as hell. I cried while Shauntay pitifully listened.

I told her how so desperately I needed her to go on and live her life so that I could have mine back and that I was trying to hang in there to give her whatever she wanted or needed to finally release me.

That night I thought I was going to have a nervous breakdown. Thank God Shauntay was home, because I needed to cry out to *somebody*. Somebody else on my side needed to know what was *really* going on.

The next morning I woke up with my eyes wide shut and puffy and tight.

My nose was all stopped up from crying myself to sleep. I walked downstairs into the living room and looked at the computer looking at me. I did my usual thing, I took a deep breath and logged into I.M while I got dressed to see if Janet was going to come on. I needed to know what was on the menu today. It was something new: A gone away message-something she never did in the history of my dealing with her.

The message [emphasized, capitalized, italicized] and read: "*Hello, I'm away from my computer right now and out **LIVING MY LIFE**... I'll return later... In the meantime, check out my cool web page: www.geocities.com/wellesley/veranda/xxxx/xxxxxxxxx.htm Thanks.*"

I took a deep swallow. "Living her life huh?" I said to myself, as I looked at the ellipsis that followed the sentence. I knew she must've been upset because I told Shauntay "I wish [she'd] go on and live her life and leave me to mine. I was so shocked and hurt that that was about all she gathered from the entire conversation she "overheard" rather than understanding my pain. It was real. While reading the message I shook my head-because that was *just* the kind of shit I was talking about.

I selected the web addy that she had listed (for me) to view. It was titled: "The Three Amigos... Plus One." The three amigos pictured were: Shawn (in her own window of the pic), Tina (in her own window of the pic), and then Janet (in her own window of the pic). Janet's picture, of course, gave off the most energy. She had practically no expression on her face-almost like she was being interrupted. She stood upon a balcony holding on to the rail, with her back to the camera but turned her face was turned to look at the camera with *very* soft half-smile. The "Plus One" part? Well, that was left blank, but I knew whose picture was supposed to be there...

I frowned and said aloud while sitting in my black Futon chair, feeling uncomfortable: "*No, they are no friends of mine and this can't be happening. I do not believe this. I hope she doesn't ask me if I saw the web page.*" How soon I forget...she was most probably up already, watching me-watching the page anyways, but stubbornly refusing to talk to me.

I logged out, put my book bag on my shoulder and left out for school and work.

That afternoon when I got in, I peeked into the room to see who was there.

Immediately, someone came down under the nickname called: "Employee" and said: "*Has anyone seen Janet, because I need to pick up my check?!*"...I guess in response to my telling Shauntay on the phone the previous night that they were being paid to be Janet's friend. I didn't say anything back. The next [employee-friend] was having a conversation with [another employee-friend] claiming how guilty they felt and all. Then "Chulo" came down and said:

“Cinamon, come here... *wiggling finger* Do you trust me?”

“Well, here lately Chulo everyone’s proved themselves guilty-first, before proving themselves any other way, so I can’t answer that right now,” I replied.

“Cinamon, come here... *I’m caressing your neck and holding you close to me while I feel you breathing*”

Immediately I knew that was Janet hiding behind the name. I just stared at her as she looked at me through her mask-we both didn’t know quite what to say to each other. I had grown scared to receive her niceness for too long. I couldn’t accept it-because I knew it would only be for a short time. I really wasn’t in the mood for her lustfulness that day, however. She had already taken so much out of me. I just sat there, letting her caress my neck until it was time for me to go. I didn’t come back for the rest of the afternoon.

That Friday evening, I finally logged onto I.M and waited for her to come in. It took her forever to come in and I did not want to go into the room, so I stayed logged onto I.M while I stepped outside on my porch to talk to a close male friend mine who too, knew the rules (but without knowing exactly why): Drive by and toot the horn.

He and I sat on the porch and talked a while. When I came back into the house, Janet had left a few lines:

“Where are you?”

“What are you doing?”

“Oh, you’re trying to be funny because it took a while for me to come in?” ...stuff like that.

After reading them, I kept trying to get her to come back on and although she stayed logged on, she refused to answer me. I went on over to the room and she was there. I just watched her doing what she does best; staring at me from across the room deciding what she was going to do next. Anytime someone said anything to her, she would respond but kept her eyes on me the whole time-daring me to move or excuse myself all the while, refusing to talk to me. I already knew her moves. She was top of the line stubborn and could outwait and out-persist you, the type that could squeeze blood from a turnip like no one else could. I refused to play that game with her tonight, so I logged out like slamming the door in her face.

The next day was Saturday and I spent it at Shauntay’s. She wanted to get me out and away from the house and I hurriedly did so. I arrived to her house in the late morning and we basically hung out, cleaned up, cooked, had dinner, and talked all day. We got caught up on the goings in her life that had been back-burner conversations for she and I whenever I could find the time to pull myself from Janet for longer a period of time than a one-hour lunch.

Shauntay confessed to me that in that one conversation last night and finally finding out what had *all* been going on (besides what she had known the surface) she was so winded of the situation I was going through that she wanted give me her favorite bible as a “no weapon formed against me shall prosper” gift. She wasn’t a highly religious person like Kia, but after learning what I was feeling and going through, she said she felt like it would be like kryptonite to Superman, daylight to a bat, and a cross in the face of the devil. Immediately I flipped through it, reading through some things that I could relate to at this point in my life. Together we came up with a remedy to alleviate a lot of the things I had been going through with these people in this other-worldly world of *theirs*.

We selected some scriptures for me to recite for when the need would arise again.

I already knew that day would not be too far away...

Our day was just like old times. It had been a while since Shauntay and me spent a weekend day for so long and so many hours with just me, her two girls, and her husband coming in and out of the house finding something to complain about while we'd all laugh and he and Shauntay would argue like Ma' and Pa' Kettle.

When I got in the house late that night, I walked straight past that damned computer and retreated to the quarters of my bedroom that hadn't seen the likes of me lounging in it to merely sit back and watch television in like-forever. I could feel the four walls of my room doing a dance with the flickering light from that television dancing on it-wondering what the heavens was going on up in here! My slumber extended it my audience while I slept like a baby until I was interrupted by the doorbell ringing.

It was 3:30 a.m. I snatched my curtain back, opened the window and looked down: "WHO is it?" I yelled.

A tall black guy with a cap on his head yelled:

"Uh yeah, is Shanina there?"

"WHO?" I asked.

"SHA-NINA!" he enunciated and confirmed.

"Uh, you have the WRONG house playa," I yelled.

"Well, do you think she lives right here?" he pointed at door number 2.

Perplexed, in my rough "*I'm a woman but will bust a cap in yo ass voice*" I hollered down:

"Uh no, I'm more than sure she doesn't live there Playboy..."

"Yeah, ok. Alright then..." said the tall black guy, as if he did not believe me and 'willll be back.' I sat up in my bed in the dark, not believing what just happened.

"This can't be," I said. "This just *can't* be."

"Shanina" is the name of Shauntay's eight-year old daughter. "Shanina" is a name that Shauntay and some family members made up from a mixture of about three late loved ones in her family, so that tripped me out-the irony of some big, tall strange black guy knocking on my door in the middle of the night asking for a "Shanina" and enunciating it like he meant that shit, *and* wanted me to hear him pronounce the name-make no mistake about it. And to add interesting to irony, Shauntay (and Shanina)'s was where I spent all my time that whole day, up and away from Janet.

I watched the guy walk away from my house headed south-down the hill, and from the house next to mine; the view from my window disallows me to see any further down the hill in the direction he was headed.

My house was the only house on the whole street with a driveway, and if he was driving, why didn't he pull into the driveway? It's not that often that one *walks* the streets in my neighborhood at almost four in the morning ringing wrong doorbells on my small residential streets, either. One would pretty much make sure he had the *right* address before ringing someone's doorbell in the dark morning hours asking for a name like: "SHANINA."

I was livid and a little shaken up because I really didn't know how to take that, but I had been through enough with Janet and experienced the lengths she would pay for and go to, to get the results (and the reaction) she wanted-to match her wishes, her sweetness (or her wickedness).

Sunday July 10, I entered the room. Everybody was just staring at me. A couple people spoke, and the rest just stared.

When they would prepare an arsenal of drama (or even fun), they loved to make

harmless nicknames to poke fun at my red/orange skin undertone, my duck lips, or my round bottom. So when they began to drop nicknames down like “peachy,” “orange,” “daffy,” “red,” and “basketballbutt,” that would be like their inside jokes and siren-like a warning that I was in the room. Whether this day was going to be drama, or fun had yet to be seen.

So far, what she wanted to be seen (by me) was the conversation they were carrying on about what she knew about me sexually-and just like a dude, she even brought up our May encounter where she placed the thingy between my breasts and I gave it head while merely in the moment-demonstrating what she wanted to see: how I give head. Then she went gangam style on me.

Like a dude, she turned it on me and called me every dick-sucking slut she could in front of her friends. She began to drop an arsenal of things that she kept on safety for a day to come around like this. Other things (that she most probably “overheard” at some point in one of my phone conversations) she brought up. She began to repetitiously drop down *real last names* of a couple of *real* old boyfriends of mine-one in which she had to have *really* sent the dogs out for, because he a) had an unusual last name and b) she had never heard me mention anything about him-not even on my phone. She was on a hunt to hunt and gather, and was very jealous-she just wanted to pick a fight with me that day (as if I didn’t have a life before dealing with her). She was unbelievable. I think her digging into my “heterosexual” was inspired by me telling her that my male friend stopped by and I sat outside on the porch with him (when it took her too long to get back on the line). The way she behaved this day reminded me of one of the times back in May when we cybersexed and she told me I “looked like the type that liked these” (talking about “Mr. Happy’s” e.g-penises). That session took her through a strange kind of sexual and sadistic agony that on this day in the room, she turned into anger at the thought of it, so she decided to taunt me with her friends (like a dude would do to a girl-trying to entertain his friends).

I watched them insult me off and on for almost *two whole hours*. I just sat there, wondering which nicknames Janet was hiding behind, or wondering if she was just sitting back letting it happen. It was brutal. They carried on like a bunch of jealous girls picking at the pretty girl at the party. In my comfortable black Futon chair, in front of a computer that once belonged to me, I sat there and cried; hardly unable to catch my breath. Then by the second hour, when they saw that I would not fight back with them, they started cracking “Yo Mama” and “You Be Ghetto,” jokes amongst each other. Other times they would crack jokes or mention something here and there about Janet. In my virtual world, I was laughing and finishing up my cry while they were cracking these jokes (because they were funny as hell-I can’t lie). Still, I didn’t post, I just-watched.

Finally, Lissa turned to me and said something to me about being in my own little world (or something to that effect). I then responded: ***“The best way to be in touch with the world is to be out of touch...you discover that silence has a sound. Then life doesn’t intrude, you invite it in.”***

All the laughter stopped. Janet and her buddies (Lissa included) just watched. They know me and knew that I was about to once again put something on all of their heads, so they waited to see what it was. Then I posted: ***“If you chase your goals, but do it without following your heart, you’ll always be answering to someone else.”*** Conversation continued-somewhat. Next I posted:

“If u travel the same path without exploring others, you’ll always be left-wondering.”

Then I posted:

“If u strive for perfection but do it without your heart, your work will have no soul.”

They watched and listened. . .

Here comes Janet: “Cinamon did you write this? Are you making these up?”

I turned to her and said: “Now what do you think? Do what you do. Go hunt, gather and investigate!”

She didn’t respond. She really didn’t know *how* to respond.

I continued: ***“If you sing like an angel but do it without your heart, then your work will have no soul.”***

Her heart was beating-everyone else was wondering where I was going with this.

Next: ***“If you sing like an angel but do it without love, then you’ll never rise above the crowd...”***

I then glanced over at Janet: ***“If you seek to please your eyes but neglect what can’t be seen, then you’ll always be looking for something else.”***

I watched her horns rise higher and higher but I was on a roll, I wouldn’t let up:

“If you make strives but can’t stand still, then you’ll always be running in circles.”

Janet finally spoke: “Cinamon, Cinamon. Then maybe you can help me out with something. I’m going through a situation with a friend of mine that I love so much and I thought that she loved me too...We’re just having problems right now and I don’t want to lose her,” she said-wanting me to know that she was talking [about us].

I responded: “Well, is it something that *you’ve* done or something that you’re *doing* to hurt this friend or cause problems in the friendship?” I said-flipping and proposing the question [for her].

“No, well, we have a **relationship** *and* a friendship and I love her, but she... we are just going through some things right now,” she said desperately-not caring what her buddies were thinking of her.

Janet’s not stupid. Whether it be to test you or vex you, she knows how to use words with the precision of a writer with the most exceptional wordplay. And she *hated* to see me *confirm* it being a “friendship” (after her test of using the word: “friendship” rather than “relationship”-first), therefore, she wanted to flip it to what she always felt we had: a “relationship”—just to remind me (in case I had forgotten while I was absent).

I was gaining a little ground. They put their guns down, somewhat, and so did I.

We went on to talk a little more civil amongst one another while some of them suddenly felt the need to speak positive and talk to me as if they hadn’t just sat there and tossed me around like a ball while they were cracking me with their bats.

Janet kept posting questions for me (mostly emotional scenarios like she had been doing). I was feeling stronger and that this time, I *could* be done with her for good. I had never felt so empowered in the middle of a time like this with her.

I knew now was the time to whip out something really good for her: “The Good Book.” I posted: *“Now these things became our examples, to the intent that we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted...”*

The room went crazy-everybody started trying to speak at once. Others were yelling at me, and at each other. It was crazy in there-all those devils. I muted them out and continued:

“And do not become idolaters as were some of them. Therefore, let him who thinks he stands, take heed, lest he fall. No temptation has overtaken you except such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation, will also make the way of escape, that you may be able to bare it.”

Everybody continued to talk about. The room was rockin.' Some of them started proclaiming their belief and non-belief in God or the bible. Some stated that what I was saying was crap. Others even began to apologize and refer to what they had done to me was nothing more than typical harmless banter amongst chums.

Lissa began referring to me as: 'CinamonReverendDoctorProfessorPastor.'

I shut them all up and responded: "I'm not preaching the gospel nor do I proclaim to be anything other than just human. Be it *my books*, or any book, if the message applies to you and you benefit, learn from it, or identify with the message; then use it. This just happens to be from a bible. I've questioned some versions of the bible myself however, it-just like many other book, I find nourishing and on-time sometimes. I'm human, just like the rest of y'all."

Nobody had anything to rebut after that. They just stared. Janet didn't know what to do or what to say. I looked at all of them. I then said:

"You know, I sat here for almost *two hours* and watched all of y'all sit and insult and ridicule me with information that y'all *illegally* retrieved from me as if I wasn't even here. I sat back and watch while y'all continue to toss me around until y'all got bored. Next, y'all decide to get into something else like cracking jokes and speaking about the hostess of the room, which to my understanding; is how it is *supposed* to be conducted as per the rules I read before entering. But I forgot those rules do not apply to the employee-friends awaiting their **paychecks**-like I said! There is certainly a difference between intelligent conversation, harmless banter, gossip, and hurtful bullshit, which is what I just sat here and watched for almost two hours. Shame on all y'all!

Next, someone dropped the nickname: "PeaceOMine" down.

I looked at it and said: "Oh 'PeaceOMine' do you *have* that?"

"Yes," said the 'peaceful' one.

"Oh well, that's really good to have because misery loves company, so I see." I replied.

Next, the nickname: "GhettoSupastar" rolled down.

Oh lord, I had to let them have it: I took a deep breath and said:

"Hmm, I wonder what the difference is between GhettoSupastar and a STUPIDStar!?"

Janet was pissed, but she could not touch me.

The whole scene reminded me of the end of "Color Purple" at the dinner table when Mister got up to backslap Celie one last time for old-time sake [for mouthin' off-then Celie gave him the E.T finger and said to him: "*Everything you done to me already been done to you...*"]

I felt so strong at this point. She stood at a distance, and said in her smartassed way replied: "Oh so Cinamon, are you saying that all people from the ghetto are stupid?"

I responded:

"No dear. The difference is, if I'm the GhettoSupaStar, *you're* the STUPIDStar!."

I squinted my eyes and looked at all of those fools.

Janet replied: "Umm...Cinamon, this situation that I'm going through with this friend of mine...that I feel like I'm losing...is putting her closer to her death. What should I do?"

I then yelled (in caps): "SHE AINT SCARED OF YOU!!!" although I was-just a little bit, because she had the money and resources to put her hands on me without putting her hands on me and thus far, had done a literal damned good job of proving that (*and getting away with it*). If things got nastier, who's going to hear or believe a story like this...about *her*: Janet, a celebrity, and these types of things-a bizarre story like this?

The room got real quiet. They knew Janet was steaming mad.

I could tell they all flocked to their I.M's because in I.M you have the capabilities of talking one-on-one like Janet and me would, or you could open it up to a buddy chat with however many people you want to open it up to, and boy...they all got busy on theirs.

Somebody must've forced Janet to clean up what she just said in the best way she could, so she came back a few minutes later and said something else off the wall and bizarre:

"... Yeah because she is involved in this Satanic kind of cult and I'm worried about her Cinamon," talking about herself that time, (I wouldn't know exactly what she meant by that until a short time later), but I looked at her and said:

"Well like I said, she 'aint scared of you..."

I rolled my eyes and tightened my lips.

I just felt *stronger*. I can't explain it, but some kind of feeling came over me that in all these months of dealing with her-never did.

She didn't say anything else and I just walked out of the room without announcing my departure or feeling like I even *had* too...



In my virtual world, I had promised my 4:10 p.m. friend that I would do her pedicure for her before she left to go out of town. Before I went to her house, I stopped over to my mom's to see what she was up to (she lived right near this friend of mine). My mom mentioned that she was upset with me because I never do her pedicures and wondered how I could be right down the street from her about to do someone else's. I secretly needed to know if my friend told my mom *over the phone* that I was about to come to her house to do her pedicure, or (like I hoped) she mentioned it to my mom while over for a visit. But when my mom said she had just talked to her-it let me know that my friend *did* talk to her over the phone.

That sent my antennas up because ever since that 4:10 p.m. day [that Janet called her house and ran those series of beeps—at 4:10 p.m.]; although I never discussed my friends with Janet, she pretty much was under the impression that I hadn't talked to this friend (because did tell her that we didn't see each other in that way anymore--and we didn't), because alongside our other issues within our friendship, hooking up caused too many problems.

With that in mind, and Janet not hearing me talk to my 4:10 p.m. friend on my telephone in such a long while, I was hoping that was *one* friend's phone who she didn't have tapped anymore, because last I knew-she did [have her phone tapped] after those series of beeps]-that's where it all began: those series of beeps. And I would soon know for sure, the very next time I headed over to Shauntay's again, because she was next...

At any rate, no love lost. It's business, personal, and pleasure principles as usual with Janet and me.

When I got home from doing the pedicure, I sat in I.M to see if she would come.

She did, and we spoke. As if nothing poignant, and cryptically specific had ever happened at last left her, her first question (again) was: "*Where* have you been!?"

That girl is something special. She was probably sitting there waiting on my log-in chime to ring to her, especially considering the fact that I hadn't so much as sent her an email or checked in all day (before I started and had gone on with my day, and I *never* do that).

Whether or not she still had my friend's phone tapped weighed heavily on my mind and this conversation would give me my answer. If I lied and told her I was somewhere *other* than my friend's house and she *did* have the phone tapped, she would have taken me through it. If I *did* tell her that I was at this friend's house and the reason *why*, she *may* give me "credit" for being honest (or be mad at me just the same-simply because she hadn't "overheard" me talking to her in a long while).

I took my chances with the truth-the whole truth:

"I went over to my friend's house to do her pedicure. She was about to go out of town and I had been promising her for forever and a day that I would, so I got around to it today."

She replied: "Oh...ok :) "

The smiley face made me know that I scored the points with her...

She continued: "Cinamon, by the way, how did you like that web page?"

(Talking about that "Three Amigos Page")

"Well...it was nice," I replied.

"Well, why didn't you sign the guest book?" she asked.

(I noticed they had a thing about needing me to sign these lil' guest books-just like the one around the time of her birthday. I remember when they were upset about me not signing that one too).

I then went to the Three Amigos' Page and simply signed: "I love it!"

My turn now.

When I came back to I.M, I asked her why did she post: "*I'm out living my life?*" in that "Away" message on her I.M page (which was now deleted by the way). She acted as if it was something she just put there for no particular reason, so I left the issue alone.

Hidden behind her EsCaPaDeJ name in I.M, she was really nice and back to her same sweet and childlike self. When we would talk in I.M (under EsCaPaDeJ), she would use: "JigglinJanine" in the room. When she used both those names, she was more jovial rather than sexual or seductive like she was when she used:

"QUEENJANETQbenlyric2SECRETSassyKajiraMissSecretiveNappyNikChuloINFATUATED."

This alter ego of hers was young and kind of wild.

"EsCaPaDeJ/JigglinJanine" could be that one competitive friend she probably would be with me in the real world. Since she already *knows* me inside out-upside down; she knew just what to do and what to say to me to get me to act and react (just like how women carry on in the real world with each other). This alter ego of hers was *that* personality. I could tell that she often fantasized what it would be like to be as physically fit as she is now, and as pretty in the face like she is now--and be able to be that person out in the real and regular world-being the envy of all other girls. She wanted that life, I could tell, so she role-played through that. Although she played behind the "JigglinJanine/EsCaPaDeJ" nickname/character mentally and emotionally, the physical Janet was still "Janet." She liked that part.

This wild thing would talk about hanging out at parties, going to the movies, wedding receptions and cutting the rug and breaking it down, honey!

She always talked about wearing tanks to show her abs of steel and how great she looked in *all* her pictures that she took! I would laugh and call this wild thing "Jiggs" for short. She liked that. She liked to play like this-the way I'm sure she missed out on what it was

like playing “Barbie” as kids with other friends where you and several other girls would get together and make up impromptu scenarios with Barbie Dolls in your hand-making up life and happenings until you all got tired. “Jiggs” was a release for her-to act out a life that she could only pretend, but never have-never had, and never will have...so I would assist her in that [and all those] experiences under her countless nicknames. I was a psych major so I understood-she needed it. But within all alter egos (the seductive ones and “Jiggs”) since the beginning, the *real* Janet was always there if she needed to say anything about us, got upset, or would be overcome with emotion if we would talk about the two of us.

Janet was so addicted to this whole computer world; she could carry on a ton of conversations all at once. She amazed me sometimes. She would be carrying on conversations in buddy I.M’s with her buddies (several people privately chatting) + chatting in her room with them, and in private I.M (one on one) with me. Sometimes if she was too involved, she would have me on hold for like twenty minutes and would come back practically breathing hard as hell and apologizing.

This particular day, “EsCaPaDeJ” was saying very little to me in I.M while “JigglinJanine” (over in the room) would be messing around and about with her buddies but telling me to just hold on. I sat around for about two hours just watching her carry on while purposely ignoring me but occasionally peeking over to see if I was still on her playground. She was just being contrary-still a little pissed about my performance this past Sunday in the room, and punishing me for whatever I may have done while with my 4:10 p.m. friend while at her house all those hours, the day I did her pedicure.

I really didn’t have much to say and was quite tired actually, because she really wasn’t talking (to me)-just wanted me to stay on and give audience to her passive-aggressive game. She was always good at doing that especially when she still had an attitude with me about anything.

After I had been on hold for another twenty minutes too long, I sent her a line in I.M to tell her that I was tired and was about to condition my hair then go to bed.

She didn’t reply back to me in I.M but instead, over in the room, she posted: “WaxeeBldup” and most probably went to her buddy I.M with her buddies to let them all in on the joke. I just shook my head. She thought it was so funny that she even sent it down a few times more-logging in and out of the room using the nick, so I could see it. They all then prepared their arsenals and began shooting down their usual: “basketballbutt” “punkin,” “pumpkin,” “Daffy” “Duck” “peachy,” “dusty” and other banter to identify my complexion, my dishwater blonde hair color, my lips, or my butt.

Much to my chagrin, especially compared to times before, this was actually an insult-lite day. Because if she was too mad, she (and her buddies) would shoot nicks down to identify something relating to my sexual or personal business, my friend’s personal business, and any other thing relating to what she “overheard,” hunted or gathered-all just to keep me reminded that whatever it was, she was always in control of knowing everything I hoped was secret and sacred. That was her way of “punishing” me.

Slowly but surely though, I was growing numb to her kind of hurt, and she was feeling it. The things she would do, and allow *them* (her buddies) to do to me seemed to make their day more entertaining (and kept them paid and busy I guess). That kind of stuff was all Janet and her buddies had to do for costless fun (that was of no emotional or mental expense to *them*). The only thing they did all fucking day was build web pages for the Internet for Janet, and fuck with people’s computers and phones for her.

What a life...

All *she* did was promote and tour for two years, off for four, then go back and promote and tour for two years again-routinely. She used her four years down time to fuck with other people, gain weight, lose weight, write and co-write music, studio-some, and then sink into depressions from all the shit she had done that come smacking her in the face. And then she reinvents herself like a chameleon by starting her two year escapade all over again.

What a living..

From the outside looking in-blinded by her glitter, camouflage and career; one would question and first-guess her being too busy to be doing all the shit she was doing [to me] and no telling who else. But that's just it-they're on the outside, I'm on the in, having no idea that being "in" with her would hurt as bad as the times were good (although still "not normal" or typical).

Unlike most other entertainers who do a *whole lot* of collaborating, partying, hob-knobbing and Hollywood'ing with other entertainers, Janet is not one and never has been. She has been working with the *same* and exclusive number of producers since her sophomore album-they know her formula and what she wants and what she needs. She's not *that* damned busy-what she does is effortless and routine to her (again): tour for two years, down for four years. And it's during her four years down time this is *just* the kind of mischief that she gets into. The invention of the Internet was the *next* best thing to virtuosity and obscurity to this woman, so it made a *damned* good co-conspirator, especially for all the resources she could afford to pay for in order to bring a kind of virtuosity to her that she could remote control.

With all that in mind, what the hell *can* "Janet" do like normal people *but* hide behind a computer screen and bring the world to her? She sure as hell can't go out like normal people, or even like many other people in that business [can do]. Internetting is right up her alley. Let her think it, it's all in her name: **Janet**. In her heart of all narcissism, she probably even thinks the inventor of the Internet had *her* in mind when it was founded. She loves this shit. People amaze me thinking the bigger celebrities are "too busy" to do covert, or wicked shit like such.

Actually, it's the "average" celebrity who doesn't have time to do shit like this (the kind that has to place sneak third party calls to the paparazzi to drop dimes on their own locations for press-the "C" and "D" list ones, or even the "B" list ones who aren't popular in the media currently). In order to get press-*they* have to go eat at "Mr. Chow's" where the paps hang out, in order to get press. Janet's an "A" list superstar-already got her niche' dug and routine set-her hustle is not as hard as the average "busy" B-D list celebrity who too, can at least step out and doing normal things without a sleuth of paparazzi and screaming fans tearing at their clothes.

It's the average 9 to 5 working *person* who doesn't have the time (or money) to do shit like this. Having money *buys* time, and also affords you the *resources* to do shit like this for as *long* as you want, *how* you want it, and *whenever* you want it.

It was surreal to me; how I could watch her anywhere on television in one face, but know that in my world-back home, although I was the recipient of her good and sweetness, but too: her evil and her bad that at one time, you couldn't have paid me to believe could be.

The ability to be *that* about-face ruined it for me for **anybody** (whether you were a school teacher or a celebrity), to (in front of a majority or a public); show one face, but be doing something sinister, or illegal, or hurtful, or damaging, or cryptic to one person in receipt of something(s) you'd *never* want other staff member and students (or the blinded public) to know.

I *never* knew how ignorant and blinded by glitter and trend the public was when it came to public people (and especially superstars) until this situation and my being on the inside

looking *out* (at them-the “outsiders.”). I secretly began to have a very deep-seated disdain for the fanfare of people who were *blindly* starstruck (outside of just love for a superstar’s craft) but *in addition*, latched on to *every single redeeming* quality that their “people” put out to make them look good, upstanding, or harmless. These kinds of “outsiders” that felt like they had some kind of connection to a superstars good and their life (outside of respect for their work) immediately made me look at them like completely packaged idiots in my eyes, *especially* being blinded by the bigger and more “public” ones. Because in my experience with Janet (as it was being demonstrated in my life and in real-time) the bigger they were, the more shit they have to hide because of the wicked shit they most probably *do*-do. I don’t trust them.

Because of what I was experiencing, my thinking was-even if they weren’t naturally wicked people, they *are most certainly* going to attract wicked people to assist them in doing wicked things to help them spend their lonely time and big money.

Whereas the average person with limited resources could experience something that made *them* angry or jealous, their only option is to take it to the streets and duke it out, talk it over, or take it to court or run gossip mills in the streets.

But if they have the money, the resources, the access to the media (and especially that growing and large portion of a deaf, dumb, and blind public), innocent people caught in the crossfire of their evil-if *any* ounce of evil is in them--whomever *they* select as a object of their envy, or desire, or anger, or see as a threat:

- because the media won’t care to take the time to see truth in you (from only caring to get ratings and a freak show)

- because the a great majority of the public won’t believe you (from being completely packaged blinded, deaf, and dumb idiots who won’t use their own brain) and

- because your family and your friends will eventually grow to talk behind your back and deceive you (because they don’t know how to use their brain beyond the level of their own living and circumstances)

... you’re left with nothing but to mold yourself into the circumstance and try and pull from it-anything that felt like good or like love, in order to maintain your sanity (at least that was the case with me). It’s called survival. Something I had to do: rest on my sloth, until I could muster up the strength to figure a way out.

Because of the blindness of her glitter, years later into this (ironically) I had nobody-but her-and for **years**. I know what it meant to “sleep with the enemy,” and “dance with the devil” in order to keep angels in my head in order to keep me sane. But it turned my heart black-coal black in places where if I could see *anybody* (celeb or regular person) in one face-fighting hard to, or paid for the “good face,” but experience for myself, or hear tell that somebody was the victim of that person’s back door evil. They could fall in a lake of fire that I would gladly light and marinate, if it’s left up to me.

I knew for the first time in my life (not just in the movies) that people like this existed. I experienced this. And because of, I became conditioned to not trust anybody like that-**at all**. I grew to hate people like that and fight tooth and nail to keep my natural self at all times. I refused to put on a face for some: *thing* some attention, an audience and a world of people where it is not consistent with my true self just to gain their attention, love, adoration, or to increase my popularity and income.

So don’t hate me. Understand my experience. Feel my plight. And if you don’t...I could give two shits about your opinion and your life, because you don’t know (or care) about mine-the sensations inside of my heart and on my mind that I go through *everyday*...

I knew, I was watching, I was learning, and most of all, I was experiencing that ninety-eight percent of what they do and say publicly (be it spiritual and light-footed, religious and sanctified, or sound and sane) is for public face-for “show”-all things that aid in increasing their income and popularity, not what’s real (many of them-a great majority of them)...

From the inside looking out, I was watching this, living this, experiencing this and knew that they become conditioned droids, programmed and machine-like; appearing human and relatable. It’s hard to truly be human and relatable in an occupation where if you slip up and do anything human, you got a whole team of handlers that will put their heads together, go into spin and damage-control mode, and clean your ass up to the public-even if your victim died and left behind people who too, loved them in the process. After a while, when you get so used to this kind of privilege and that side of a world of complete idiots who will believe everything you say (simply because of your glitter), you can’t *help* but have no regard for the average person, and to act your impulses with a blatant disregard for consequence (or other human beings).

It’s their *livelihood*. They too, have family and friends to feed, countless people on the payroll (with families to feed, too), and what they *don’t* need is your sense and sensibilities, and your inability to be blinded by their glitter. They *have* to have your ignorance and gullibility they can’t make a living without that in you-the ignorant population of public. Even if they are, or once were nice people, it’s “not their fault,” (per se) it’s the nature of the business of “entertainment” and “show-business.” All that glitters aint gold, and it could be a dangerous thing get caught up into the clinches of just that one who absolutely positively could give two shits (too).

I knew this, I was experiencing this. I knew for a hardcore fact that behind the closed doors of their lives is a totally different animal and horse of another color that people on the outside looking in would *never ever ever* understand.

So in my little life and virtual world, no matter what redeeming qualities or intelligence I may have known about the outsiders (of my little end of the world) if they fell *for all and only* all things that made people look good, upstanding, or harmless (true or not), they immediately looked like completely package idiots in my eyes, and nothing they could say or do could make me respect them-ever again. Skeptical but balanced [rather than blinded] thinking was the only thing I could stand near me or in my life. I began to have *very* little patience for people who didn’t use their heads—not just where “show-business” or “entertainment” was concerned, but in *any* area of life. Life turned very serious for me because of this. I didn’t know *how* to have blind, stupid, meaningless fun anymore because I saw and experienced life from behind the blind. Anybody who didn’t use their head but lived and *chose* to be blind to *anything*, was enemy-mine. Whether they could help it or not, I lost all and any pity for people who elected not to use their heads because my heart, my mind, and my life was being used in such a way that if you did not use your mind; I hadn’t a leg to stand on, and quite frankly through this (for years-I did not), and it broke me down, but built me up three times as strong—such that only the weak-minded, weak hearted, and Tom-Foolery would see my diesel and fear me, hate me and envy me. I only began to attract people who too were rational, smart, and used their heads-and that’s how I rebuilt my world, with no care or concern for opposite that. No fear. Something was given to me that after I made it through the fire, made me feel like Moses having come back with the truth in his hands-and no one could touch me, no one. No fear.

From a hurtful kind of sight-inside of all that I was: knowing, seeing, and experiencing; I ascertained that people see these celebs on television and lose their *heads*-it stops

there-they don't think beyond that. The "TV People" swooped up more than just Carol Ann on "The Poltergeist;" as well, it swooped up people on the outside, being *fortunate* enough to never have to *experience* things that their eyes would never see, and their small and controlled minds could *ever* conceive anyways. I feel like a higher power felt I needed to know this-to be on the other side of the matrix of life-so I don't hate her, I was glad that I met her.

Even on the "in," she continued to blow my mind in ways that people on the "out" lose their minds over people like her (not knowing her). I just had to remain conscious and keep fighting hard to *keep* my mind. I have to admit, that in that regard (and with those things in particular about the world of "outsiders"-the ignorant-in the audience of it); this thing with Janet fucked up my mind about what's real, but removed a kind of blindness from eyes that until you experience what I did, you could only be ignorant, jaded, hoodwinked, and bamboozled in this matrix of a "life" that you *think* you live (as long as you stay out of the way of the other side) even if, like me, if you didn't ask for anything but: "Does she really come in here?"

Having experienced what I *experienced*. I would much rather be ignorant, jaded, hoodwinked, and bamboozled in this matrix of a life (just like you). But knowing what I now *know*, (as a result of what I *experienced*); with what my heart knows and my head kept-that built me-I would *hate* to be living on the side of that matrix of life (like you) because unless you keep your own mind-you don't even know you own mind (unless you were forced into an experience like such that forced you to wake up and use it well past life little normal trivial trials and tribulations), there's more to life than that, trust me...



Wednesday rolled around. I was riding around in my car thinking myself through (and ingesting my music). One song in particular rang in my head and I couldn't stop listening to it. I left it on repeat. It was a song called "Lost One" by Lauryn Hill. Every word of it was so significant to the mess of this mess I was in. It reminded me of all that I was feeling and wished I could say to her.

When I walked into the house, I immediately put the song into my computer's CD Rom, and on the Windows Media Player's track listing, I erased all the other songs so that that one song could play repeatedly. I played that motherfucker to **DEATH**... I mean-**DEAF**. The words were blasting: "*It's funny how money change a situation. Miscommunication leads to complication. My emancipation don't fit your equation. I was on the humble you're on every station...*" And I mean Lauryn was busting it wide open for me. She had *no* idea that the day she recorded that song in-studio, it was she who was strummin' my pain and singing my life with her words. That song was working for me that day-creating a séance beyond belief.

I just sat there in my comfortable black Futon chair and stared at the computer that I used to own-imagining Janet's red face with her horns rising to the top of her head as she was forced to listen too, since I knew now, that she and I simultaneously ingested lyrics to songs together (in real-time, even under her remote control). Considering the lyrics, I knew that she would know what I was doing was for a different reason this time. It was personal.

I left that *one* fucking song on repeat, even while I walked out of the house and went to the grocery for nearly two hours. It played, and it played, and it played. Lauryn was singing her *ass* off! That was the night I OFFICIALLY fell in love with Lauryn Hill. She did wonders for me that night that up north while in the comfort of her Jersey home, she hadn't a clue about.

While I pushed that cart at the grocery store, I could just *imagine* how Janet was pacing the floor and waiting for me to come in so she could crack her whip.

I finally made it home, but still made her wait until I put my groceries up, up, and away.

I went in.

Of course she was logged on to I.M, but would not answer me. I kept calling out to her over and over, but she still would not answer. I came into the chat room and she was staring at me with the horns high as hell. If looks could kill, she would've shattered my computer's glass all in my face and eyes. My heart was beating, but I stared back at her with defiance. Condescendingly, I sent page after page of I.M's asking her to "please talk to me" (just "fuckinwit" her. I got her damned Jedi Mind Tricks all right).

She would log off I.M as if to slam the door in my face, while in the room she steadily dropped the nickname: "Lauryn" down, just to let me know she knew what the hell I was doing, repeated (making her listen to) and shooting to deaf her with.

I was laughing my ass off, because we knew each other way too well. She knew I was trying to be funny. She dropped down: "Lauryn" repeatedly, until her fingers got tired. The lyrics drove her *crazy* like I knew they would. She knew how significant every lyric was to this entire situation-as did I.

Next: "Sassy" comes back to life and (she) carries on a short conversation back and forth, with *herself* ("Lauryn"). "Sassy" and "Lauryn" (Janet) were going at it. I just shook my head and watched her do it while she continued to drop the nickname: "Lauryn" down non-stop, like she was goin' crazy. (**I got** her ass...)

When she finally came in I.M after about an hour of my watching her give her one woman show in the room, just "fuckinwithher," I posted:

"*(in my country Alabama voice)*: Man, you are *one* stubborn ole mule."

She responded simply: "Oh," she was pissed.

I kept asking her if she was still mad at me (from the past few days) as if my sending such powerful and significant lyrics through her laptop wasn't the issue, now.

She still ignored me. She knew what I was doing.

To aggravate her and pretend to be oblivious and harmless, I continued to play on the past few days as if I didn't even know she had access to listening to anything I inserted into my CD Rom, and man, this one time, she probably wished she didn't. This one time I know she wished she could communicate *right to* me rather than *at* me. She wanted to take off her: "QUEENJANETQbenlyric2SECRETSSassyKajiraMissSecretiveNappyNikChuloINFATUATED" mask bad as hell. It worked her nerves like never before. I kept telling her how much I loved and cared for her and that I wanted us to quit fighting and how desperate I was for all the madness to stop (which was true-I felt that way), but at this moment, she didn't care. She would listen, disconnect, reconnect, drop "Lauryn" and disconnect again, until she thought of something that would piss me off (and it worked), she got *my ass right* back. She knew that what *always* got to me, would get to me now...

She started talking her third person talk-to "un"identify herself but worked it such that she made sure she mentioned things that only she and her buddies knew about me. Serious or small, the bottom line is that it was all personal (about me). She was always pulling new shit out of the bag-just to let me know that she knew something new and had an arsenal (if she ever needed to pull it out). I let it get to me and I know I shouldn't have, but it drove me crazy-just like *she* knew it would. I couldn't believe how much I *still* let her work my nerves when I already knew how she operated. I was so frustrated because in my virtual life, I don't

put up with people for longer than one time past anything foul. I would have cut somebody like her out of my life a long time ago, yet here it is; I couldn't just cut her off knowing that somebody out in this world had access to more things about me than anybody who earned knowing-and too, could afford to do damage. And my feelings were woven all through this-right along with hers. Tit for tit, all the time-typical "cat and mouse games" is what my friend Denise would say we were doing to each other: "*You do shit-then she's running around like crazy. She does shit-then you're running you around like crazy. Y'all both doing shit and running around chasing each other's tail like y'all **crazy** or something*" is what she'd say. I couldn't agree more. I wanted so bad to be able to pull out and away from her but I just couldn't for sweet + sour reasons. Just like this cat had me by the tail and knew shit about *me*, I had her by the tail and knew shit about her too-so we were both trapped in more ways than many...

I listened to her third-person talk until I couldn't listen anymore, then I yelled at her about how stupid she was and how sick I was of her being in my life (my same ole song and dance that I could do nothing about-the same one that *she* had grown numb to hearing). So I just logged off as if to slam the door in *her* face. The shit hit the fan, my phone rang *immediately*: "What are you *doing*? What is the problem?" asked the girl on the other end.

Urgh. It was that same girl's voice from the time when Janet was trying to get to my city with Mr. Happy and Lil' Bit in 3 hours so that she could "swab me down."

I yelled at the girl, and asked her not to call my house.

"Well this is my dime!" she said. "Well this is MY TIME dammit!" I responded.

I hung up the phone. She called back: "Look, I'm just trying to be your friend, maybe I can help you. What's the problem?" she said, as if she was on my side. That sent fire through my body. I spit fire at her: "How **DARE** you call my fuckin' house with this bullshit as *if* that bitch aint behind none of it and you give a fuck about me!!!!!! How **DARE** you!"

We argued on and on as I complained about my phone being tapped as well as every other phone that I used-friends, family and all that. I complained about my computer not being mine anymore and how ridiculous all this shit was. This resourceful chic, whose the voice I hated so badly, explained something about some buffer system sweep needed to run a tap check and she mentioned all this computer jargon that I could not comprehend. She serenaded her computer information systems savvy as if she was *really* trying to help me-like I should be standing there taking literal notes. Insulted again, I yelled at her some more.

She then (out of nowhere) asked me that *same* question that "Chris" asked me on the phone that day: "Are you talking to someone whose name has four letters?" she asked. Again, in an instant, I thought of Janet's boyfriend Rene having four letters in his name and got even more pissed. They all insisted that I knew something that I wasn't telling. Whatever it was he did to bail out of Janet's life (that she obviously caught him plotting and planning) she and they think I had some part in it (but *maybe* unknowingly). He left my ass holding the bag in the worse way. At times, they wouldn't let up. It was almost like he (from some other side of the world), could push her buttons and say things that could instantly send she and her buddies all on me with the force of a firing squad. Whatever he got caught doing, planning, and plotting (with Rob, or alone), I fit some plan in it that at any point, she could be convinced I was holding back from the grasp of her knowledge, control, and remote control. It didn't matter to Rene though, I was nobody. And Janet was settling out of court, so he didn't give a damn how he could push her buttons-especially when he sat back and watched her flirt with me while they [although were separated] but were still married. He used to lurk and watch it all, so he didn't give a damn how he left me hanging with the bag or what he had to do to mind-fuck her. Alls I knew is that it was working.

“Okay this whole fucking thing is stupid and whatever is going on, she nor you assholes, can get any results or answers this way. I wish you would keep that stupid crazy bitch away from me, my phone and out of my life! I’m sick of all of y’all bitches.” I yelled.

That worked her nerves this time.

“Wait a fucking minute dammit! You’re not gonna pull that “stupid” shit again-my friend’s not fuckin’ stupid! And for your fuckin’ information, Janet is *completely computer illiterate!*” she revealed-lying like a fucking rug.

I finished with: “...amongst other things, however, she has the time, resources and the money to pay YOU! You “computer buff.” She can pay you to *teach* her all that you would *love* to convince me she does not know. Close, but no cigar or good defense, Buff!”

I continued to pour on the insults about Janet in ways that could fill a page. I lit into her ass like a bull to a matador. like the capital letter “T” turned sideways.

In her heavy east coast accent, the girl got *really* defensive and yelled at me: “I have been friends with her for thirteen motherfuckin’ years and so fuckin’ what, my roommate used to work for the CIA and you can’t do anything about it anyway because it is *not* illegal to tap telephones in the state of Ohio-stupid! Have you ever seen anybody outside your house working on phone lines? Huh!?”

I thought I was going crazy. I couldn’t believe them.

She went on to explain something about some kind of box outside the house and talking all this language that I knew nothing about-again (but yes, I have seen servicemen out on poles in front of my house by the way-for long periods of time-two different apartments during this ordeal). I continued, however:

“I don’t know about none of this shit you are talking about and what makes you think I would even take your advice about how to get this tramp off of my lines and out of my life as if you care about me! I’m sick of her STUPID ass. Shit, to even have the phone company come out to run a tracer on the line, I have to file a fuckin’ police report. What the fuck I’m gone look like telling them that her dumb crazy ass is tapping my phone? Huh? Why doesn’t *somebody* with some damn sense talk to the crazy bitch? She needs to work out whatever issues she’s got with that damn daddy of hers that’s done fucked her up mentally and emotionally, and quit running around fucking with other people’s lives and deal with her own crazy ass problems! But that’s okay. She’s going to get hers one day real soon!” I yelled.

The girl laughed in my ear as if I said *nothing* and in a firm whisper she snapped broodingly and said word for word: “Girl... You. Can’t. Get. **Near** her!”

I responded: “I ain’t trying get near that crazy whore.”

As if she was shaking her head, she responded:

“Nall, please, girl I’m trying to MAKE YOU KNOW SOMETHING REAL...” she continued and took on an annoying and careless laugh with that horrible masculine and strong east coast accent: “**You can’t touch her! You can’t touch this STARRRRRRrrrr!**...” she growled-down to the sound of the last ‘r’ she pronounced.

I looked at the clock and saw that we had been on the phone arguing for over an hour while I know Janet listened on. Playing out images in my head about how I could do *nothing* about this bizarre and crazy situation without looking crazy trying to explain it, I took a deep breath and I SCREAMED to the top of my lungs--some word I forgot I said to that bitch. I hung up on her with the force of a decibel that I *prayed* would send her eardrums to her brain to combust.

I ran upstairs to my bedroom and sat in the middle of my bed on my hind legs. I

threw my head back and *screamed* to the top of my lungs. I don't even remember the words I said after: "God." The last thing I remembered was my head shaking from left to right uncontrollably while the tears streamed down my face-making me foam at the mouth. My body began to twist and shake opposite my head like a washing machine in use. In that moment, it was like an outer body experience. I was outside of my body, looking at my body, but I could not stop myself from twisting and shaking-my other body was trying to twist me in the opposite direction. My mind, my spirit, my soul, and my body had a serious fight that night. It was like someone was trying to breathe life into me but was trying to twist and pull me from someone else who wanted me to check the fuck out of here.

If I never believed there was a God, I believed after that day, because *somebody* put their hands on me and fucking saved me from something else that wanted my mind and body into another world. In that moment, I could *clearly* feel what it was like for a sane minded to person to go through a mental breakdown to the point where they never returned back to normal again. And I was in that moment, then I passed: The. Fuck. Out.

In the middle of night, I woke up on my tummy. My body was so light. I opened my eyes and looked around my room-everything still looked the same. I ran downstairs to the bathroom to cut on the bright light so that I could feel and see my face that I couldn't stop touching and examining on route to it. I was altogether there.

I put my hands on my hips and began to pace the floors of my house to make sure I didn't check out and was fully up and in one piece: mind, body, and soul. I sat on the couch and stuffed my feet into the thick cushions then turned on the television and let it watch me.

About an hour later I got two phone calls.

The first one, they hung up. I then sat up and wiped the sandman out of my eyes.

The second one, they just sat there and just held the phone for as long as I would say "hello."

I knew it was Janet, so I held the phone for a little longer with her, still angry, but feeling horrible deep down inside that we had gotten down to this. She was on the other end breathing hard, hurt, and probably crying because of all the insulting, mean, terrible, nasty, and disrespectful things I had said about her to that girl on the phone. Although I felt bad deep down inside, I couldn't let myself care anymore because of all the things she had done to me, allowed to be done to me, was still doing that as far as I could see, was never going to end.

My numbness was pulsating to a near flat line for her tears and manipulation anymore. I don't even remember who hung up first. Alls I know is that we did...



I stayed away for a little while and pretty much didn't plan on going back, but as usual, it didn't work out like that. When she would do something to my computer, call and hang up, run those series of beeps, call someone's house and hang up after I'd use their phone, or disconnect my computer and force me to go to the school's computer lab to log into the room from there, I would step in to give her some presence-what she wanted.

Slowly, we worked our way up to not being angry at each other anymore.

Friday July 16, this was the night the movie "The Wood" came out. "Jiggs" told me she was going to see it with a girlfriend of hers, but that she wanted to talk later on when she got back. When this wild thing returned from the movies, she told me about how she met a guy named Deion who was really cute, and how she wore her tank shirt showing her abs of

steel honey! Jiggs said she was looking “wayyyy too good.” She talked about Taye Diggs’ ass and how on one part you could almost see his penis. I just shook my head and listened to this wild thing carry on-acting out her fantasies of the normal kind.

After Jiggs calmed down a bit, I let her carry on with me in I.M and watched her do her thing with her buddies in the room at the same time. This computer shit was her *life*. Me? I just held on and watched, again. After a while of me sitting and watching her perform while she ignored me, she turned to look at me and triggered my AntiVirus:

Date: 7/16 Time: 19:00:30, angela on DEFAULT

Virus scanning completed.

Items scanned: C:-D: F: H:

She didn’t say a word, neither did I.

All of a sudden “*Rene* {**authorized**}” rolled down in the chat room as her buddies hid behind various nicknames and pretended to ask “him” [Janet] questions. [The fake] Rene responded here and there without too much to say. I knew it wasn’t really him. This is when I knew something funny was going on, because I remembered how prior to this day when I was in (someone who was an employee of hers) came down under some generic nickname stating how he had Rene’s cell phone number and had been trying to call but the recording stated he was in Mexico.

Whoever hid behind this nickname asked if anyone in the room knew how to get in touch with him. No one responded. It was bizarre. I just shrugged my shoulders while the room just carried on, and the person went away...

I also thought about how just a couple days prior to this July 16 night after I came in, they sent down Rob’s nickname {**authorized**} and carried on a mock conversation (with other employees), asking goofy and staged questions like they did with (the fake) Rene like on that July 16 night. All this talk about “*are you talking to a guy whose name has four letters?*” from “Chris” and the girl with the heavy east coast accent, and all this love/hate from Janet—it was confusing to me. I couldn’t understand how she could be so into me the way she was, but still have that one side of her that still wondered if I had, or did something with, or knew something pertaining to Rene that I was sitting on. She had *some* kind of information that made her take this to this level. And if it wasn’t for the fact that I know for a *fact* that she was lusty and liking me *before* she came after me that January 21st day (with “Drama”); I would doubt her heart’s sincerity completely-and I assure you, this story would have gone a whole lot different than this.

I watched them as they even went so far as dropping those big lettered fonts that Rob would use-trying to make [me?] think it was him. But I knew better, because Rene or Rob hadn’t been in the room since mid-January when I last talked to either of them. I couldn’t, for the life of me, understand what the hell would have made them think I would fall for that trick. Besides, the last talk of the room about Rob was that he and Tina were not together anymore and as for Rene and Janet-well, you know...

Both times they came in as the fake Rene and the fake Rob, I was in I.M with Janet off to the side (so it could have even been her). I didn’t know if she expected me to say to her: “*Hey look who’s in-Rene*” the one day or: “*Hey look who’s in-Rob!*” the other time. *She* didn’t mention: “Hey, there’s Rob!” or : “Hey, there’s Rene!” either time, so neither did I. But I do know that I had been in I.M with her several times before and if Shawn or any other one of her employees would come in the room {**authorized**}, she would say: “*Hey look! There’s...*” So I knew that the fake/authorized Rene and the fake/authorized Rob were staged and done for a reason...

I just shook my head once again, because I didn't know quite what to make of all that. I do know however, that Jiggs was coming down off of her "high" from her night out at the movies, and she was at a loss for words after a while. She caught me by surprise and totally off-guard. Little did I expect, she had a **major**sucker attack coming on.

I knew in my heart that Janet was missing her love and business partner of 13 years. She broke down and cried. It was so very sad.

This day-July 16-was his birthday, and she went *through* it this night. I guess because it was his first birthday without her in all these years, it felt weird for her. She and I would be throwing words at each other off and on in I.M and then all of a sudden she had come back *bursting* to tears, telling me how she was going to kill herself and how terrible she was feeling. She started telling me how she was trying to find the only pills in the house she had: Tylenol, so that she could take them all. I could hardly get a word in, because it was so sudden, dramatic and traumatic. It startled me shitless. I begged her to calm down and tell me what the problem was. I assured her that she had my undivided attention and that she could trust me and talk to me; hoping my telling her how much I loved her was enough.

I said to her: "I **love** you and I do care. Isn't that good enough a reason to want to live? I **love** you girl, I *do* and I care. I know what you are feeling and going through tonight...Just talk to me."

She replied: "I know you do. And I know can trust you. It's just..." she said.

"It's just...what? Talk to me. Please talk to me (((((((holding you tight))))))" I responded.

"It's that plus *everything* I mean...The people...The people I interact with..." she confessed.

"Tell me, I'm listening...I'm here for you," I told her.

She told me she was crying uncontrollably. She asked that I give her a second.

"What are they doing to you! What is it that you are feeling right now?" I demanded to know.

"I don't know, I just feel..." she got quiet again.

"I hope you are not fooling around girl—trying to get a rise out of me, because this shit aint funny," I said.

"NO I'M SERIOUS! I'M CRYING MY HEART OUT AND DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!!! You can I.M my friend: **loxxxixxm2x8** SHE WILL TELL YOU! I'M CRYING MY HEART OUT!!!!" she yelled.

I responded: "No I'm not going to I.M her, I want you to throw some words out to me about what it is and how you are feeling right now."

She took too long to reply so threw some words out at her.

"Unappreciated?"...

"Yes," she replied.

"You gotta help me out," I said.

She paused for a while-then she responded: "They can just take me down in *one* minute flat!" she confessed.

I didn't know how to respond to that-because that one was unexpected as well.

My mind instantly flashed back to that one Sunday when I was in the room arguing with all of them and she mentioned something about a cult. I just waited on her to say more about it but she didn't.

"I'm sleepy, I'm so sleepy and I'm about to go to bed," she said.

“Okay, but I need your word that I’ll hear from you tomorrow you hear me woman?” I demanded.

“Yes, yes...here, email me here: EsCaPaDexxxxx@aol.com okay? I love you,” she said.

“I love **you**” I returned. “Goodnight...” I finished.

I knew she knew how to manipulate me when she felt I was slipping away, just like I knew that she and I would probably be at each other’s throats tomorrow or the next day. At this moment though, I didn’t care-she needed somebody and she wanted to vent. She’s manipulative, she can be vicious, she can be vindictive, but you still love her just as hard (if you ever did love her)-you can’t help to. All I wished was for her to not feel this way from this point through and until the morning hours brought her a new character, a new emotion and most of all-new sun.

Well, I got my wish.

I was concerned about her and put the new email she had just given me to use.

Sometime in the early morning, I sent her an email asking how she was doing and feeling-telling her to promise me that what happened last night would never happen again. I told her to promise me that if I was not around, she would never go through it alone and to find somebody that she trusts to help her through (rather than Tylenol). I told her that I hoped she was okay and I expected to hear from her by the end of the day. She wrote back:

Date: Sat, 17 Jul 06:01am PDT

From: EsCaPaDexxxxx@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re:.

I am fine...Don’t worry about me. Thank you for your support. I love you for it very much. Love J...

When I went back to my Hell Mail to select the email that I wrote to check on her (only so that I could reply/send another email from it), she had gone into my account deleted it quicker than a New York minute. I mean, it was gone like I had *never* written it. The only thing that sat in my Hell Mail was her response to it [advising me not to worry about her as if nothing ever happened]. Feeling shut out, I took a deep breath and wrote:

Date: Sat, 17 Jul 08:17am PDT

From: EsCaPaDexxxxx@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: thought

Well dang...I just thought about writing you to let you know that I got it. I aint on that stuff you’re thinking...Take care ok. Bye.

I didn’t talk to her for the rest of that Saturday, that entire Sunday, nor Monday morning. She was M.I.A.

One thing about me that I’ve always firmly believed is this one thing:

The night-time brings on emotions, and things said and done that often times in the daylight hour; probably would have been felt, said, done differently (or not at all). The night-time is “dark” and where all things “dark” get life breathed into it. It’s where we hide out or escape. After breaking our fast, the morning time is that tell-tell sign about *any* decision we made (or anything said or done in the night-time hours). The sunshine brings clarity and

sheds light on everything said, done or attempted [in the night before].

I feel as though for anybody, when you do or say something in the night time, by morning; your actions will do one or the other thing:

-follow (what you did, said, or felt in the night-time hours)

OR

-deviate (from what you did, said, or felt in the night-time hours)

...and for me, in my eyes...she *completely* deviated from it. Not just that she showed me she didn't trust me anymore than the start of all this (by deleting the email), but that her emotion was completely devoid of any care or concern that I *genuinely* had for what she was going through last night. If she could have said more-she would have, because she was ready to *die* that July 16th night-literally...

Monday morning, Shauntay called and told me that she was skipping work since Shanina was off from school and asked if I could come over for lunch. Despite her being M.I.A, because I knew Janet was probably somewhere in the world on guard, I told Shauntay that I had a pretty busy day ahead of me, but if I got around to it, I would stop over.

I sneaked over to her house in the late morning. We sat around and talked and did our girly things with Shanina.

Around 12:30 that afternoon, Shauntay ordered a pizza for us all. Her side: Pepperoni, and my side-my usual: Green olives, black olives, pineapples, artichoke and spinach. Well, after the pizza guy called to say that the pizza was on its way, Shauntay's phone rang. When she picked up, she got those notorious series of beeps ringing in her ear. I didn't know if these beeps that Janet would send over to the house of wherever I was visiting was a process happening, or a warning that she knew where I was. Regardless, by this time, Shauntay had been *more* than briefed on the entire situation, so she knew it was Janet. Although she did not appreciate the fact that her phone was now most probably tapped, she laughed so hard because it caught her off guard. She remembered me telling her about the series of beeps that Janet would send to my house (which were the same series of beeps that she sent to my 4:10 p.m friend's house that day) too, so Shauntay's phone rang and those same series of beeps sounded off in her ear, she looked over at me with an almost childlike surprised look of laughter in her face and she yelled: "*Angie! Are these the beeps you were talking about!*" and she shoved the phone in my ear.

"Yes! That's it!" I replied and laughed.

Shauntay hung up the phone.

The phone rang again. Janet did her usual: hung up at half ring-my cue.

Shauntay looked at me and burst into a loud laughter and said:

"Okay now when your pizza gets here, you gotta GO! Go HOME to your WOMAN girl! It's close to 2 and you know you are supposed to be at home in the heffer's face!"

We laughed.

I knew she probably just wanted to talk, because we hadn't talked in two entire whole days plus the rest of Saturday (which was actually long for us).

I guess she was feeling better now-that made me happy.

When the pizza came, I sat around for a little bit longer and then I rushed to get on with her because I knew she was waiting patiently.

I had to log on from the computer at my school because since that Saturday morning that we last talked, Janet's digirati had been doing something with my computer that had everything scrambled. No matter what site or place online I went to, even outside all my connections to her, all words were scrambled in squares.

When I logged on (from school), she was so happy and excited. I smiled at her. Euphoric and high again, she was her playful self that I loved, she just kept posting: "EXCITED" "EXCITED" "EXCITED," as if she was clapping her hands while jumping up and down on a bed.

She was so cute sometimes and I was so very excited *with* her, but between each smile and each blink of my eyes, I kept thinking about that same "excited" feeling I felt several times before and by the end of the day, she would have me near tears. I know *just* how she is. The next day, we would be at each other's throat over *something*, so lately I had been trying really hard not to get so relaxed with her when she was "EXCITED," cute, and sweet like this, and no matter how much I tried to show her that I cared and could be trusted, she would pull the rug right from beneath my feet *just* like she did this past Saturday when she deleted my email merely expressing my concern for her and about her breakdown from the previous night. To add insult to ISP, they disabled my *entire* computer from functioning altogether, because of [my caring and concerned email that I sent to her-now deleted].

After my June 3-June 21 break, summer school had good and started back up again and it *just* so happened that I had *no* papers due on Monday, and if I did, I would have been screwed-because I had zero access to my computer at all, not even a mere word.doc.

She's shown me that she knows how to get things done with a savvy group of people *working* in the wings to assist her in all her evil deeds, and *waiting* in the wings to assist her in all her sweet, cute deeds, too.

I never could get her to stay consistently "EXCITED" and cute and sweet, so by this time, I had been emotionally and mentally prepared to be let down by her, or to fight with her (and them). Taking the bitter with the sweet was something I had been conditioned to do-that was my messed up program[ming] from all this.

Everything in the room was Kosher-dill in this pickle we were in, but I told her I could only hang out at the school's computer lab until like four o'clock and we could not talk on I.M from there because it was not set up at the particular lab I was in at the time.

When four o'clock rolled around, I had to bring our happy lil' "EXCITED" cute, and sweet day we were having to a close.

"Why Cin, why can't you stayyyy?" she asked, gleefully.

"Girl, I have to go because I will get a ticket on my car, but *hopefully*...when I get home...I will have *full* access to my computer...huh, you think? Maybe?" I said, hinting that I wanted them to finish up whatever they were doing to it so that I could use it when I got there.

"LoL!" was all she said.

Later that evening, I did have access to my computer, but it was *veryslow*. So I didn't stay in the room, or talk to her in I.M that long because it was too difficult and annoying to even try to use.

I was *so* winded of this (and her), and I knew that *something* was going to have to give.

I refused to wait until I was angry and at another point in time when I would break down in mind, because I knew that if I got to that point ever again, I was not going to check back in-I had my chance already.

I had to get a plan together, since I knew that there was no way out of dealing with her (unless by some turn of events) she got *unexcited* and decided to go away. I saw that happening no time soon either. The day I could see that happening would be a day she was able to walk to the corner store to buy and pack a bubblegum, chew it, and walk down the street whistling without a bodyguard or paparazzi in sight or paying her any attention: No time soon.

In between the times that I too, would get happy that she was “EXCITED” (and sweet and cute) I would get frustrated, agitated and on-guard; wondering how long, and what the hell was she going to do next-and more importantly-how far she would go to turn it up on me and my life.

All I knew is that whatever she wished to do, it could only make me look like the crazy one and leave her smelling like a rose.

I looked at it like this:

I already made a deal with this woman that she sure as hell was not about to let me out of easily or in any way that would be fair or in care of me at *all*.

And each day, I became more and more caught up into her web of the web (a.k.a: her life)-depleting me of mine with nothing to fight with and no way to take it all back.

The only thing I could tell myself was: “*Ok, since you already made a deal with the devil...then deal with the devil.*”

Yeah, I’m going to have to deal with her-my way...and by way of the thing that **I** do best...

5

GLUTTONY



n. excess in eating or drinking, greedy or excessive indulgence

“During a close conversation we were having, she said knew she was guilty of selfishness and greed-and to hell with whoever had a problem with it. LoL. It was pretty funny because it was in one of her more sensual moments of a conversation (although she still meant what she said). But what I think she meant was that she was gluttonous-and she was; well over “greed.” Because whatever she liked in sex, virtuosity, madness, goodness or badness; she had to have it to a power over-explainable: excessively. All things considered, I know that in order to balance this thing out, I was going to have to do something for me that would definitely leave a sour taste in her mouth. And with this thing, if she really loved me like she said she did, she would understand-and still be with me, and if she didn’t-she would leave me. I would have to cross that bridge when we got to it in order to be able to determine if this (for us) would be a bridge, or troubled waters ahead. So, here goes...everything.”

-Angie

That night time blindness is a motherfucker.

The decisions and finalities of all that we say, think, feel and do should *never* be made final in the night-time hours. I don't trust new decisions made in the night-time from people. I had my night of contemplation about what I needed to do, and just like I don't trust night-time decisions from anybody else, I don't make my own decisions final in the night-time either and if I do, the morning will tell me the right thing (if the night-time wouldn't let me wait).

Morning came. I felt the same.

I figured it was time for me to put my head in front of my heart, some pep in my step and quit being such a sucker and a fool her-by making a decision to look out for me, first. Because one thing's for certain: *she's* looking out for herself first, and not even the love she claims to have for me is going to stand in the way of that. In the bigger scheme of things, I'd be an even bigger fool to think otherwise.

It had been going on seven months into this thing, and for the very first time, on this July 20th morning; I was able to step outside of this ordeal and look at *myself* to really see what was going on. I had a very long talk with myself the way that I would advise one of my own friends if they were involved in this same exact predicament:

*“Regardless whatever feels good and feels right about **anything** in this, there is nothing, and I do mean **nothing** “normal” about it-all the way down to the person you're involved with. I can soften the blow by shedding light on the dark facts of it by stating another fact that you cannot ignore: this whole thing is just as unstable as she is unstable and volatile her literal **damned** self. The scariest part about it is that the unstable and volatile person involved is the one with the money, the power, the resources, the access to the media and the ability to turn this lil' secret love nest you have into a bad-bad situation, that by the time she is done with you; she can have you looking like a completely packaged idiot. In an effort to prove your trustworthiness, here you are having turned yourself inside out to this bitch to the point of having a paper trail of all true facts about you and your part in this-down to your real name-all in the palm of she and her team's hands. But you on the other hand; have no power in this that you can control other than whatever she opened up to you to reveal in order to give you some security that I'm sure that with the touch of a button, her people can flip and undo to make you look like a damned fool in five minutes of this love nest your ass has set up over here and built with this broad. Without Rene's help and your documenting everything, 80% of what you have is circumstantial by conversation or testimony. 100% of what she has is all-true, you (and in print).*

*Fuck who she is, what she tells you, and how all over you she is in an effort to prove her love to you. Use your head. If you were **completely** convinced of her love, you wouldn't have red flags all over the fields of your mind constantly reminding you to be on your toes with her. If this was completely and 100% about her getting with you the **right way**, there wouldn't be some many things that she and her cohorts do to upset you and antagonize you over silly shit that y'all go through over **her** tantrums (which are never ending I might add). You can't win or have a relationship with somebody unstable like her and who has access to knowing things about you that the average partner in a relationship would have to sit back and trust.*

*A relationship cannot grow healthy with a jump-start and heads up like that. It **cannot** work, it's impossible. She didn't get a chance to get to you like she does everybody else: spy on them enough to have them checked out, meet, get her shit off, part ways, spy on them and tap their phones and whereabouts and shit, then cut them loose after a few or no more trysts. You pressing 'pause' on her getting to you "in 3 hours" shifted the game in a big way that forced her to do something she never took the time to do with everybody else: Get to really know you and love you. Now she's revealed herself to you and what it is she does, and because of you are indebted to her for more ways than your ass think you are. Now she and her people have to be on you in more ways than they planned for—more than for "love" for you. This is about life now, and her livelihood—and this thing can get ugly. But considering her—how she is...count on it. She is **too** volatile, **too** unstable, and she's got **way too much money**, worldly power and influence over the **same** world of people who are going to send you to the nut house at the very moment she pulls the plug and you're not prepared to go toe-to-toe with this bitch. If you think that **one** girl on her team, that **one** night was enough to set you off on the telephone, what are you going to do when this sick bitch sends the world to your door?*

*You may not have her money, her worldly power and influence, but you are smarter and savvier than she and her people are technologically smart and savvy. And you had better start acting like it—**fast**. They can **only** and **specifically** act and move from the inside looking out from her ego. You have an advantage too. And one that you had better begin to value like the world values her over you. You are on the inside, but a part of that same outside looking at her ego, but unlike them; you are in the know about her alter egos, and her real self—having been the victim of her ego and her power. You have her more cornered she and they can push buttons to hurt you but **only** if you get it all on paper.*

*There is **no** way you can relay the intricacies of this complicated story in a matter of three minutes to an hour with a microphone in your face like you can do on paper. And you had **better** collect your paper trail on **her** ass and prepare to chronicle this tale to tell in the event that she pulls that plug...that's your **only** fight and defense. You can be rested in assured that pulled plug is coming, and they have **been** preparing it since the first day she came at you in—even in the name of adoration and lust. She's already seven months ahead of you. You, my dear, had better get seven months caught up in less than seven days—seven **hours** if you can.*

*Stop tossing your silly little yellow tape of caution to the wind and going at these seven deadly sins with her devil ass on "love" and a type of loyalty that she wouldn't give to you even if she **wanted** to. She's got a whole machine behind her that's got to eat—families to feed—that don't give two shits about you or even **her** "love" for you.*

*You had better put as much caution and care into the seriousness of your **own** life and career as she and her people place on hers and theirs. Start **NOW**. These **7** months of bullshit is something you can get caught up on in **7** hours or **7** days at minimum! Because that's the only luck and defense you've got in this pickle you're in dear. If you want to sit back and love her crazy ass like her crazy loves you—fine. That's between you and her. **But be your own machine** too—like she has her machine (that doesn't give a flying fuck about you). That way, if you wish to keep dealing with her, you will be armed and ready down to the wire. But right now at this very moment in time, your shit is on click-click boom, and you're the one unprepared to detonate when the real war begins. Love doesn't love anybody. Your time is ticking."*

...is the advice I would have given to someone else, so I answered my self back—the same way.

I spent the night [hand]writing the outline and timeline and prepared to go right in with the story—all truths—my part that I played in this thing and her part too. I had no time for fabrication, lies, and creative cover-ups on either of our parts if I was to get caught up and get this story chronicled and on the go. I put a special star with a circle around it in areas of the

timeline where I needed to pull emails to duplicate them in the story, but because I knew she had access to my email account that we used between us; I put that on the back burner-until then, I could write the story around the emails. I knew what happened on what dates and what times because I had so much saved on the “BULLSHIT” discs for a while from January through March when things got crazy and she started freezing and fucking with my computer after I quit her chat room.

I was armed and ready to go. Bright and early, I got up and went to my school's computer lab to take my chances. Skipping all classes, I started at 8 a.m. I went to a different lab that I had never talked to her from, feeling like I would have a special kind of peace without *one* computer in that whole room reminding me of anywhere I sat during the many evenings and days that I would have to run there to beg her to give me my service back at my own home.

From the time I laid my finger on the first key and my thoughts started to flow, I felt something come over me that I hadn't felt since she had taken from me one of my loves; my outlets-writing (in peace). Although *this* piece was very necessary for my emancipation, I was writing in *peace*-regardless. The feeling was like a “fix,” if you will. I was on a roll-just flowing. The story started pouring out. But at exactly 2 p.m., after I had gotten to the part about how Rene and I met, my computer completely froze just like the way she would do my computer at home...

Considering the moment in the story the computer froze, I *knew* it was her. I had been through this thing with her for long enough to know her moves, and how she moved. It was like she sat there and watched me do the first thirteen pages until she gathered exactly *how* I met Rene and what had occurred. That was her only missing link to the puzzle (thus far)...She got her chance to fill in some blanks, so I was kind of relieved that she *did* read that part and found out that was all that occurred when I met him.

The screen was frozen for about five minutes, no need to panic. Of course I knew what was going on but didn't worry about it either. I only worried about how I was going to be able to get this ordeal on paper to get myself caught up to date. I needed this.

I didn't feel stupid or sneaky, actually I couldn't *wait* to talk to her so then perhaps we could carry on like normal with one another (I hoped).

Since my breakdown that night, I woke up a little stronger and a little less emotionally detached from her-the worry, the fear. Since that time, Lauryn's “Ex-Factor” was the second song whose lyrics were true to life from me to her that I just hadn't put through my CD Rom's speakers for her to hear yet-for she had already lost one part of me that (after my breakdown that night) I didn't have in me anymore for her. I still cared about her and loved her but at this point, I could take her or leave her. If she left me alone it sure as hell wouldn't be too soon for me. I preferred to take her over leaving *her* because I knew that [unlike anybody else in my normal life who, for hurting me, I certainly would up and leave and never look back], I couldn't leave *her* unless *she* decided to, because she had unusual ties to me in ways that (because I knew about) I could never really feel back to my “self,” before her. I would never fully have my life back to the way it was before her unless it was *she* who walked away. If she would walk away, that would leave me no choice-and she knew that too, but she never would, despite at times going off on her own and hooking up with a couple of Hollywood dudes, and few industry honeys [and even telling me about those people in an effort to go her own way] still, she could leave, but she tried hard to-a couple of times.

Call it her karma and my biggest spiritual life lesson; for many years after this and

from different spectrums of our *individual* lives, this predicament snowballed into a mountain that neither she nor I could handle. It became bigger than the both of us after some time that (behind the scenes of her public) I know for a fact-eventually affected her career down to the minutes before her major debacle, and every other flop, and venue cancellation.

This predicament affected my entire life as I once knew it and would never be again, for me. She blew my mind so much and in so many ways, for so many years (even after I started writing the story) that I *had* to dig deeper into what I already knew about her-because I knew there had to be more (that obviously) she was not going to tell me. I just knew it was more to her story, this “thing” with me, and this whole Internet thing. And low and behold, I found much more than I never even expected.

I knew that the use of “character names” and nicknames was a *very* big deal with them in her room, so I started my research there. I headed over to a completely different college’s computer lab and sunk myself into that chair all day one Saturday afternoon and began my research first, by researching one of the main character nicknames that she used with me-the most that caught my attention: “Kajira”(the one she said meant: “slave to passion.)I found out that a “Kajira” was indeed a submissive slave in this lifestyle called “Gorean” (very similar to BDSM) where the choice to inflict psychological, mental, and physical pain upon the submissive was not a necessary practice for the lifestyle; but total power exchange, 24/7, dominance and submission, and servitude (especially) was the name of the game.

Upon deeper investigation, I began to look up several nicknames used by she and her friends in the room (whose names I purposely omitted while writing the story) and through searching those names, I landed right into the online game that Janet and her friends were the players of the rituals, and the screenshots from last played. I started printing my ass off when I came upon the pages. It was by the stroke of luck and my memory recalling one particular friend’s name that Janet mentioned to me in conversation before whereby that same friend’s name; I hit the jackpot...and through her page and links, I was over into a whole other world of Janet’s that too, explained so much more to me-it even helped me better understand the jacket cover pics of her Velvet Rope CD: all that bondage, ropes, slave mistress smeared eye makeup, latex body suits, her outfit worn at the debacle, the psychological stress she would put me through-all that. I was floored at these pieces coming together. But when I came upon the video game screen shot of a ceremonial piece, there was a girl dressed in a white wedding dress (a submissive), kneeled to her dominant. Guess the name printed across the top of the submissive?: “Angela.” That was the only non-Gorean name in the screenshot’s ceremony scene. Considering what I had been going through with her-that was no fucking coincidence, at all.

Sitting there in that computer lab and coming upon all this, I thought I was in the “Twilight Zone,” the “Matrix,” and very much apart of the cutting room floor reel of the “The Enemy of the State.” I was blown away. I never said anything to her about all of this but I sure as hell printed it and got the hell out of dodge. I flew home like a bat out of hell, and tucked that evidence away and proceeded without too much more caution. I got a lot of answers to things I hadn’t even questioned.

So even before I studied into her deeper, I knew her moves. I knew everything about her and how she and her people operated. Getting a hold of these first thirteen pages that they intercepted was going to cause one or two things to happen: She was going to completely turn away from me and shut this thing down altogether, or she and they were going to turn it up-in every way.

I waited patiently.

From home (and from the school's computers), they had me blocked from getting into the room for the duration of that July 20th day.

July 21st –game on.

I came into the room, and the first person that showed their face was “Danielle.”

I knew this was their day to perform for me like never before. I gave audience to it and performed right along with them-there was no shame in my game whatsoever:

“Hey Danielle, so that is your full name?” I asked.

(I asked that because “Danielle” was “Daniece’s” full name. “Daniece” was the girl from the Jack and Jill conversation with “Kajira” and me way back in earlier into this).

“Ah yes Cin, it sure is,” she responded.

They carefully took every name that I mentioned in the beginning of those first thirteen pages, extended the spelling of the names, and posted them down in front of me (just to let me know they were combing through each page they had received).

Next, they cracked jokes about Janet’s dancers-calling them “band members” (as I had originally called them in those first thirteen pages) because I was going to try to be as discreet as I could be by avoiding using the obvious: “dancers,” so instead, I called them “band members.”

I sat there to wait to see who was next: “QUEENK” came down.

In those first thirteen pages they now had in their possession, “QUEENKYRA” was the name that I had originally thought to use instead of the name that Janet *really* used: “QUEENJANET” because again, I was calling myself being discreet (in case this chronology turned manuscript became a published book). I did not want to completely drop the dime on them by turning it into a “tell-all” and putting the spotlight right on Janet. My main concern was to tell the *story*-on paper-and put it away for safe keeping-if ever I needed a defense prepared with details to tell my side of this story (should Janet and her people tried to fuck *my* life up). I didn’t do it necessarily to hurt or tell on Janet simply because I knew I could and had quite an interesting story to tell, but as hard as I tried to write a chronology only, the details of the story could not be chronicled in any way other than by telling it as a story. Because of that, I called myself being considerate, by changing names and functions. But after they started their performances, I turned “QueenKyra” back to QueenJanet, turned “Kyra” back to Janet, and turned the “band members” back to dancers-fuck it. I’m not the one with anything to hide in this but in the meantime, I will finish the manuscript and put it up for safe keeping (if ever needed to defend myself)...

The performances continued. I sat and gave them audience.

A guy named “DaveB” came down and posted:

“Uh yeah sorry guys but I have to go. I have a big interview on the Oprah Show so make sure you guys watch me! LoL...”

They all “LoL’d.”

Next, the nickname: “College Girl” came down and carried on a skit with another employee who asked: “Yeah uh, college girl. What are you studying in college?”

“College Girl” capitalized: “THE LAW.”

The employee then responded: “Yeah keep up the good work because we *need* our lawyers...”

I just sighed and watched the show. Lissa then showed up next:

“Um I’m going quit being nice to some people in this room if they don’t stop their lies!”

To that, I *had* to respond:

“Uh, hello Lissa. Lissa?”

She wouldn't respond back to me, instead, she posted to “College Girl” that she was Janet's Public Relations Specialist and that she had some work to do.

I could not *believe* the scene in front of my eyes. I sat and wondered what kind of public relations specialist and lawyer she would she *begin* to tell our story to. Now I could *clearly see* how impossible *they* thought it could be for *me* to be able to articulate our story to anyone in my little unimportant life too (which was why they were having such a good 'ole time running *through* my life and privacy) because I began wondering the same thing about them--how they would even *begin* to articulate the truth about what they did? *How* could they even begin to conjure up lies to divert and thwart the truth--whose details were laced with nothing *but* crazy! Who could I *or* she [sit down and] tell all these unbelievable and intricate details to without sounding like a nut?

But how quickly I forgot how a celebrity's PR team has seen and heard it all. These groups of people *specialize* in planting or trying to clean up any public story rumored (or in this case: true) about their celebrity client that may affect their “public image” (e.g., anything that may fuck up any commercial endorsements and all else along the lines of any other company, group, or entity who pays them that in turn; pays the people on their teams, glam squads and entourages i.e “could ruin their career)--to hell who they ruin in process, they don't care. They take full control and advantage of their access to the media in ways that the victim of their bullshit cannot (unless like me--they are diligent enough to tell write the entire story to combat that buffoonery).

They're talking about “LAW,” please, I wondered how in the *hell* anyone could defend her when it was *she* who came into *my* life and caused me an *unthinkable* brand of the mental, emotional and psychological stress I never knew was possible + did every possible criminal act under the sun like *she* was the FBI and had some fucking *right* to--as if I had some top secret antidote that could stunt her growth in life [that I didn't have until after and *as a result* of her fucking crime! What the hell! I wanted to slap Lissa's face right through that screen so badly that I could taste the blood in my mouth. “How in the *hell* could she bring this story to any human being and how could any human being defend her?” I wondered. I'd kill to be a fly on the wall; wondering how she even went about talking over the whole story with a lawyer and her PR people on that July 20th day that they found the first thirteen pages. What did she say? “*Hey uh, I met this stranger who is a writer that I ended up liking a whole lot, in fact, we sort of fell in love with each other and then I tapped her home and cell phones, her friends and family's phones, her computer and her school's computers and clocked her every whereabouts. Without her permission, I also had her investigated to find out every possible thing I could find out about her, and when things didn't go my way or when she'd piss me off--I'd kindly throw them up in her face, just to let her know that she wasn't shit and her privacy didn't mean shit to me. When I retrieved the first thirteen pages of work that she was composing to tell the story of how it all began (in to prepare for her escape from my craziness), I got alarmed, and now I need help getting out of this pickle. Do you think you can get me out of this one guys?*”

I sat there in the room and watched “College Girl” and “Lissa” perform until the curtain closed. I left the room for a few hours and didn't come back until a little later to sit and watch some more of the show.

This time, they were all out of performances related to this pickle we were in and was back to their normal (but now-pensive) selves.

The mood of the room was sort of blasé.

Actually, they were carrying on conversations about *something* sexual that Janet was obviously feeling envious and a “way” about. That seemed to occupy Janet’s mind over any pickles at this time.

She seemed distraught and hurt more than she was angered and upset.

Her buddy made a statement about this [sexual thing] and Janet simply responded: “I wish I had’ve,” and then her buddy says:

“But I thought you said that was nasty, didn’t you say that was nasty?”

(I guess to make *me* feel a “way” and “nasty”).

Janet did not respond.

They were inching up to getting something started. I just shook my head and left because I knew that if I would have stayed in the room any longer, it would have definitely escalated. So I never knew what that was about, I simply found it interesting that she could even put her mind on something else outside of the pickle, and was actually happy that she could. She got her curiosity answered (about what happened when I met Rene) and now they were all on alert that it was possible that I may do something about all that I neglected to do for all these months: put everything on paper. With that [now in their hands], I figured maybe perhaps things would change and I wouldn’t even have to worry about pages 14-on.

The next day, she and I talked in I.M-I couldn’t believe it. We actually had an ok day.

We didn’t say too much or too little—we both were consciously conscious of *every* word we said to one another. It was like playing a game of checkers (rather than chess).

Something we were both watching on television broke the ice and somehow, we got on the subject about how we felt about what happened to JFK Jr. and his wife, and how sad it was.

“I kept thinking about what it must look like coming upon the bodies in the water,” she said.

“Yeah, just to think how they suffered beneath that much water unprotected must have been hell,” I responded.

We proceeded to talk about how we were both emotionally affected back when Princess Diana was killed. I told her about how I could not stop crying for like a week and how sad it was that you almost have to wait until you’re dead and gone for people to take notice of the good in you and your many contributions to humanity. I was telling her how stupid I felt for being so emotional about it and I didn’t know that lady from a can of paint, but as the details of her troubled life unfolded—it was all so emotionally tragic that it made me an emotional wreck that week, just hearing about it.

She responded:

“*Omigosh*, it affected you like that too? I was sooooo depressed, I couldn’t hold myself up, I’d be crying off and on. I was *majorly* depressed,” she said empathetically—then she paused and finished with: “And yeah, it *is* a shame that the media did her that way. I hate the media. It’s a trip to know what people will do for a **DOLLA!...**” she ended with ellipsis, bold printed, capitalized, and emphasized.

In *my* virtual world, I did one of her moves:

Turned to the wall

....but said (to myself): “Girrrlll please.” In *our* world however, I simply responded:

“Yeah, well you know sometimes people gotta do what they gotta do. Everybody feels they have their ‘reasons for doing things’ that from one end, may seem like it has to do with money, but from the other end...may simply be about looking out for themselves (like the one end *is* and always has been doing for themselves, right?...”

She didn’t respond to my comment, but we talked for a little while longer (back to playing our “checkers-like” talking). She then informed me that she would not be in the room or I.M for the remainder of the day and the next day because she had some “important matters to handle.”

I knew what it was. I knew she most probably had to see her *real* lawyer and her *real* PR person to talk about this pickle she was in: (i.e, trouble that *she* started and monsters that *she* created). I could imagine what it would be like for Janet and her co-conspirators who were assisting her in all her devilish deeds to be sitting in a room with her lawyers and public relations specialists; trying to decide what to do with “little ole’ me” and my reality versus big ole’ her and her “image.” I figured that she and I would just have to be on some “Mr. and Mrs. Smith” type-shit in this, because I couldn’t see my going on with this thing with her without being armed and ready “just in case.” And if she loved me as hard as she claimed to, she would have to roll with it and understand. We’ll just have to test the strength of her love through this situation. Mine was already being tested every day. She knew what the hell she did, what it was putting me through-and how it was really affecting me-she knew.

My heart felt badly about everything, but my plans for this was still going to go as planned-and this ordeal’s every detail thus far was going to make it to paper, even if not to print or publish. I’m sorry. To that end, as much as I grew to love and care for her-fuck her “image” in front of her velvet rope. Her “image” was *nothing* compared to what my mind and life was going through and how every single day that I woke up, I mentally set my mind up to be ok with all this in order in keep my sanity because to try and pull away from this; I *knew* I would be fighting against it in a different way that I knew I could not win: by electing to be her true enemy and adversary. Been there, done that. I cannot win. Sleeping with the enemy was my only strategy, sanity, and peace I could find in it. If I made her my enemy, I already knew that things could be a lot worse for me and knew just what she could do to activate that “a lot worse” [for me].

Combined with the fact that somewhere in this twisted thing, her twisted lifestyle and in her twisted mind, she thought she loved me-that was my comfort and the only thing I could take advantage of (luckily). Because of that, I did want her to understand my reasons for needing to get it all on paper. I wanted her to be just as ok with accepting that, as I was ok with being my open and true self throughout this whole thing that, in the meantime; her people expected me to be ok with knowing that they were setting up landmines “just in case.” I needed some power in this too.

Although she’d already informed me that she had big business to take care of, and that she wouldn’t be around on Friday, I still wrote-speaking her language (third-person), letting her know that I did want to talk and that I was really feeling bad:

Date: Fri, 23 Jul 16:37pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: EsCaPaDxxxx@aol.com
Subject: ...

I know you already said you wouldn’t be here today but I checked anyways. I really need to talk to you. I have a situation that is weighing heavily on my mind that is stressing my brain that I am going through with someone that I really do care about...I’m dying in my heart and in my mind-help?...I’ll check back with you another time.

That next day: Saturday, July 24th I'm in the room.

Janet and I were talking (about cats).

My friend had this cat that would stalk me whenever I would come over her house and occasionally, Janet and I would talk how much I hated cats (not kittens) because they were so sneaky-how they creep around and have attitudes like women, and how dogs remind me of aggressive men. I told her about my friend's cat would follow me around the house trying to be my friend, and how that cat seemed to *crave* affection from me (we'd laugh).

I told her about how I kicked at the cat sometimes to get her to stop staring at me and how the cat wouldn't even budge.

"You kick my cat and I'ma kick your ass," laughed Janet-an inside joke of ours where she pulled a line out of her scene with Regina King in "Poetic Justice," I laughed with her.

(I was happy we could still laugh).

We then laughed about how the cat would even take a seat in the chair at the kitchen table to just stare at me sometimes or how it would nibble at my fingers if my hands were hanging off of the couch while I was resting on it.

I told her about how that crazy ass cat would greet me at the top of the stairs whenever I would visit my friend as if to say: "There goes my bitch!" and she would run down the steps towards me at the foyer and begin to follow me around the house.

My friend and I would laugh because when her cat would do stalkerish things, I would say:

"Girllll your cat is a straight up dike. She wants some of this pussy-baddddd."

My friend and I would crack up laughing.

Janet and I would have *big* fun talking about this cat.

So this particular day in the room Janet says, returning her third-person talk (followed by taking on the cat as a new character of hers):

"Cinamon, why don't you give her some love, she wants to give you some feline love. Let her have some. Give her some won't you? You know she's in love with you," she said (about her catty self).

I posted: "LoL, is that what you call it?"

"Yes Cinamon you know she loves you" she said (seriously).

I responded: "*smile*...I'll try."

She paused for a second.

"Cinamon, do you think that she might be obsessed with you?" said this black cat herself.

I responded: "Yeah...I'd say..." I responded-seriously.

She didn't respond.

In comes silly Lissa pointing at herself: **{LissaFOSD}**<<<<< ".*thinks somebody needs to be giving stalking lessons...LoL!" she laughed-something she got a kick out of-Janet's countless ways she had to stalk me: my every move, thought and plan. (It was diabolical if I must say so myself. Almost magical).

Janet didn't respond...

Me? I just looked at them both, and said to myself: "Oh shit, now she's gonna be a fuckin' cat next!... Watch. I know her moves."

She was, and she did.

They carried on in the room and I sat and gave audience to it.

I sent another (third-person laden) email to Janet:

Date: Sat, 24 Jul 12:33pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: EsCaPaDxxxxx@aol.com

Subject: The Cat-and NOT GARFIELD!!!!!!*rolling eyes

Btw I forgot to mention. I'm going to see my friend's cat for a sec in a little bit too. I'm a squeeze her and tell her how sorry I am and how much I love her...

On the subject line, I made the comment: "The Cat-and NOT GARFIELD!!!!!!!!!!," because after this cat conversation, while I still in the room, a nickname called "Lett" came down with another called: "GARFIELD" that came down afterwards.

Lett asked Garfield: "Garfield what do you look like?"

Garfield responded: "Fat and Orange! LoL!"

That was supposed to be one of their mean lil' jokes that always consisted of anything that had to do with my orange complexion, my butt, my dialect, my lips, the color of my hair, or my personal business that they'd "overhear" on the phone.

Sometimes it would be funny, other times-hurtful. I didn't respond.

Actually I had to laugh myself, because it was pretty funny.

They both left, because that was about all they came in to say.

I left and wrote her later:

Date: Sat, 24 Jul 17:43pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: EsCaPaDxxxxx@aol.com

Subject: irony

Well I just got back and I was checking for you...Ironically when I went over to see my friend, her cat (of all days-and this has NEVER happened) was asleep! OMG! So I didn't get to see her to give her some feline love ...But talk to you later...

Later that evening, we talked in I.M. She was in a pretty good mood. She was telling me how her own cat was nibbling at her nose and how cute it was. We were just laughing.

Virtually (in my real world), I was back and forth baking some chicken for dinner.

"What kind of chicken?" she asked.

"Chicken breasts with pepper, season-salt, garlic, and onions." I responded.

"*Staring at you*..." she said.

"*Cleaning myself with my paws and watching you*" she said.

"*Staring at you*..." I responded.

"*Waiting on my chicken*..." she replied.

"*Putting your chicken on a saucer on the floor for you*..." I said.

She frowned: "How come you can't put it in a bowl for me?"

"Okay, *putting it in a bowl for you*..." I responded.

Hopping up in the chair at the table "How come I can't eat at the table?" she asked.

"Okay, *putting your bowl of chicken breasts on the table for you*..." I responded.

"Atchoo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!Atchoo!ssnarrlllllll!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:" said this black cat.

"Um what's the problem?" I asked, sounding like a serving winch.

"Hint: atchoo! Atchoo! The pepper!!!!!!" she replied.

"Then why'd you let me come this far if you knew the pepper was gonna bother you, you picky lil' pus! LoL," I said.

“LoL!.....:snrrrrllllll!.....” she said.

“Okay, I’ll do anything for you baby. I have to go way back up to the store to buy more chicken breasts okay?” I said.

“You would do that for me?” she asked-completely out of her cat character and in her Janet self.

“Of course I would, you know I would. I’ll do anything for you...” I replied (serious about my statement).

(She paused).

“*Smacking my hand on my butt, rolling my eyes and twisting my hands*...” she said.

“Huh?” I responded.

“Nothing, that’s just something that Janet does in the new Scream movie, Scream 3...” she said, still speaking in third person about her contingent role in the movie (that obviously fell through).

“Oh, really?” I asked. “I’m serious, I’m for real,” she responded.

“I’ll see when it comes out...” I replied.

(We paused a moment. She wanted to get into another “character.”)

“Are you sassng me?” she asked.

“No you are sassng me, I’m gonna whoop *your* butt!” I said.

“*About to bend over, shall I?” she asked seductively.

“*Looking at you...” I said, just thinking about her...the real-her (she’s so seductive). But then he caught me off-guard:

“Don’t be sassng or else Joseph’s gonna send you to get a switch! You hear me!” she said (crying out for a friend, confidant and the therapy her soul so badly yearned for).

I frowned, then I responded:

“Yes, I’m listening to you...”

“Be careful not to let him have you...” she sneaked in (and confessed)...

That really caught me off-guard-I paused, my brows raised:

“He’s not very nice huh?” I asked.

It was crazy. She instantly turned into “Penny” from “Good Times”-lying to defend the parent that was abusing her:

“No, no, he’s changed a lot though. He’s much much nicer to the grandchildren. He’s changed,” she quickly defended, wondering if her four walls could talk and tell on her...

(I stared at her):

“*Looking at you((((((((((holding you)))))))))) I love you baby. Do you know that?” I asked *her*-Janet.

“Yes. I know. I love you too. I really do...” she replied, knowing what I meant-appreciating my sincerity...

It got really quiet between us.

We hung around for a while saying nothing much and got back on later that night. She was in such a good mood, back to her same ole’ “Jiggs” self again.

Next, she asked me if she could show me a love letter that she wrote (it was posted in the room-the way that 3-paged open love letter she had posted for me back in May was posted. And like that one, I had to speed read to get the gist of it in the 15-20 seconds before the contents of the letter would disappear).

This time it was a short one. It read: “*I’m so overcome with so much emotion that I can’t fight it. I know it must be love and if it wasn’t, I can’t understand why I can’t keep you out of my mind despite all...you stay on my mind...*”

It was so sweet, but I was so afraid to fully embrace it because I remembered all too well how bad my nose was opened after her last open letter (and what happened shortly after having sent the open letter).

As the screen rolled down, like a kid with a high school crush, she quickly changed her [“to whom it concerned”] by stating that she found that love letter in her boyfriend’s pocket, and it must be to her (or something silly like that). I just shook my head.

We just sat on I.M as I watched her do her norm in the room while carrying on in several I.M’s with her buddies as we sat off to the side in our private I.M for hours-saying “words” to one another until I got tired and ready to go to bed.

The next day I was trying to get in the room from home, my computer was extremely slow. All the words were scrambled and there were blocks within every other letter of everything on the entire page of *any* page that I would try to access (even a mere word file-again).

When I was on my way to the room; sitting at the top of my screen were the words: “**velvetbg3.gif**” (I guessed that was the title of the default name of front face site pic and file they used entrance block entrance to the room). I knew they were in the middle of doing something with my computer at that *very* moment but wasn’t finished just yet.

When I was finally able to get into the room I could see conversation and their posts, but they blocked out the nicknames so that I could not see *who* was saying *what*. When I would try to post-my posts, too, would be scrambled with blocks between every word through anything I posted (so that I couldn’t see my own posts-but *they* could). I was really confused as to why they would be doing something with my computer since she and I had been getting along, but I had to remember that she was still “who she is” and their guards were up even more so since they got those 13 pages. Besides, no matter how much we got along anyways, no matter how “EXCITED” or sweet, and cute she would be; there would *always* be things like this happening to my computer. I *never* knew what they were up to-ever; hence, the birth of the 13 pages (and going forward)....

Although I loved her still, I knew *I* had to do what I had to do.

At any rate, I left, and went up to the school lab to log on.

Everything looked fine from there.

That confirmed for me they were doing something with my computer at home, so I emailed her:

Date: Sun, 25 Jul 14:32pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: EsCaPaDxxxxx@aol.com

Subject: Okayyyyyyyyyy...

Now what?...I mean, can I get some services please? I mean please.

After I sent *that* email, they *then* began doing something with the Hell Mail account, because I was blocked from even getting into it until the next day.

Date: Mon, 26 Jul 12:26pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: EsCaPaDxxxx@aol.com
Subject: Re: [Re: Okayyyy...]

Hi baby. I came in this morning to tell you what I was going to be doing today but I haven't been able to...When I got back just about 30 min ago, I still couldn't...I am AT SCHOOL right now and wanted to drop in here to say something to you since I couldn't this morning and this afternoon. I miss you very much and I love you...Would like to talk to you...just because...(smile)... I'll be back in by 5:30 this afternoon. *MUAH

She wrote *right* back:

Date: Mon, 26 Jul 12:27pm PDT
From: EsCaPaDxxxx@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: .

Services?! Cin?

I didn't even respond to that email. Whenever I said something specific, I stopped debating back and forth with her "characters" in her effort to cover up her tracks. She knew just what the fuck I was talking about.

It's over for debating for issues that like, I promised myself...

By this time, my computer was up and running, so I entered the room.

Her buddies were carrying on a conversation that they did a *really* good job of trying to make me not understand the contents of. It was *very* crafty this time. They stepped their inside-convo game *way* up (in *that* one moment) I guess to show me that if ever they needed to take it to that level, they could. And well, if they (especially Janet) wanted to be brazen and wanted me to know something or get it poppin'; they made sure they made it obvious-like in their next conversation they started, it had something to do with Rene (yet, again).

They did the usual: make a nickname up of something specific, this one dropped down like such: *drumroll*... “**{Welcome New User}**: July24”--the date that I met Rene, however, they kept it cryptic by setting up a staged conversation with a purpose: To make me jealous. It was weird because I didn't know if this little performance was done to make me jealous because of Jan (considering the fact that she knew I was loving her during this very moment in time), or if because she was back to that female rival-minded mindset--this was done to make me jealous (just in case I ever said or done anything with him...that she felt like I was keeping from her).

Janet (hidden behind her “Jiggs” nickname), was in the room with them talking about the sexual sounds that [Janet] would make in her songs were the real thing because Rene would be doing things to her to make those sounds. She continued with: “You know what they say about those soft-spoken women, you know they are screamers...” said Jiggs.

I just looked at them all with my brow up, wondering what the hell was *really* going on. They were going *wayyyy* out of their way to talk about sexual details of Janet's relationship with Rene, as if I was some girl standing there who had once upon a time, slept with him too, but “just for [my] information” this was how *their* fucks went down. It was odd, but I continued to watch the show.

Being in possession of my first 13 pages seemed to put a different spin on her curiosity about my being truthful about the contents of Rene and my conversation when he sat down to talk to me. Instead of knowing all that happened to put her curiosity to rest (like I was happy and hoped it would); it seemed to magnify her thoughts (or magnify the mind-fuckery that Rene bailed out on her with). I watched them in amazement, because from *my* point of view and looking at this--this was all way overboard. But from *her* side looking *onto* it, it seemed to me that she was merely making me the reason for the drastic decision [she made? or he made?] that uprooted and forfeited over 13 years of a relationship.

Watching them carry on, this day really made me wonder just *why* Rene was out of the picture. I mean, now that I knew Janet the *person*, I thought maybe perhaps *he* set the whole thing up to make her upset at me so that maybe *he* could pull out. I don't know. Because truthfully, I sure as hell couldn't see how *anybody* could put up with her in a relationship for that long. She's way too much, and has way too many resources to do things that normal people in a normal relationship would have to *build*. You can't build anything “normal” and good with somebody who has the means to completely carve out the: “having to trust somebody” part of the relationship. There's no experience like somebody who has the means to oversee everything and question you about it every day, and if not--bring a reaction to you that you simply won't understand--all because of something they had no natural business knowing, yet, (of the two of you) they are the only one in the know about why they are feeling a particular way about why they are bring certain reactions to you. It's a weird experience.

I say that maybe it was *he* who wanted out, shit because early into this while in the room, (after my asking him if he remembered meeting me and I joked with him about how often was it that he met a girl whose pen ink exploded in his hand), he *did* crack the joke: “So

Cin, tell me what you look like,” then I laughed and posted something to the effect like: “Ah hush Rene, I’m not going to describe myself. You know what I look like-you’re just trying to make Janet jealous! LoL.” He got a kick out of that and laughed too. My *now* knowing Janet *and* her people (unlike then-I didn’t), although it was a joke, a comment like that is a federal offense in her world. Now that I know her and how she *is*, I figured maybe (in the beginning of all this) he was lurking for a while and watched what transpired between myself and Janet while she hid behind the nickname: **QUEENJANET**, and he masterminded some way to pull out from there (knowing that he could make her jealous).

Or maybe something *did* happen that July day that I met him (with someone else) and it just so happened that it seemed like that someone else *was* me. It could have been that maybe he conjured up a story, about something that happened that night to make her know that he too, is desirable-after all she *is* “Janet” and he was just (a.k.a) her “boyfriend.” Although they had a relationship, she was free to do what she wanted to do (so I’ve experienced)-and she does just *that*: what she wants. Or shit, knowing her (*now*-and where we are *now*) maybe *she* simply got upset because he met me first, stood next to me first, talked to me first, and all that. I mean my knowing how unreasonable, possessive and irrational she can be, it could be one or all of these reasons. Who knows? But considering the fact that Rob+Rene never came back to the room at the same time, my best guess was that her digerati caught the two of them plotting, planning and having “boy talk” and that was just the straw that broke the camel’s back for she and Rene. But now (with 13 pages in her hand and details that she didn’t know) she had a kind of clarity that opened up a whole other can of worms that (from my point of view) was “nothing,” but to her, it was obviously “something.” Whichever version, she believes his story and/or what she caught him doing or saying...and she’s sticking to that.

So after their performance, when I got to school I wrote her.

Date: Wed, 28 Jul 09:00am PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: EsCaPaDxxxxx@aol.com
Subject: ...

Just wanted to say hi to you amongst other things but I’m sure u can read my mind... You know what my norm would be to do right now...but I’m not going to even go there with you today. Funny how I just told you just the other day how every other day it is always something with you... I just figure one day you’ll know for sure that everything you read... was the truth...and all that I’ve ever said to you was true and from my heart. Maybe you’ll be able to look back on all these things occurring and you’ll find that they were such a waste of time. Hopefully that day you come to that realization is near...

After I sent the email, on my computer’s desktop; I renamed my Netscape Communicator desktop icon: “Communicate with my Boo” in place of what *she* had changed it to [that one day when she wanted to show that me she could remotely make changes to my computer from wherever she was--that day when she changed the icon to both of our ages].

So (with my changing it) instead of it being named [our ages] the desktop icon now read: “Communicate with My Boo.” I also renamed my Instant Messenger desktop icon: “Talk to my Boo.” I was really feeling a little warm and fuzzy after I sent her that email-it was straight from the heart. I really tried with Janet. I really tried, sincerely. But she wasn’t feeling me as a girlfriend at this moment in time, she saw me as a rival. She flipped on me.

She turned things up.

Later that afternoon, I entered the room and spoke to a few people. The mood was kind of weird however. I just sat there and stared at everyone, and did my usual: small talked

with a few people who made small talk with me. Then all of a sudden, the nickname: “BOO” came down and wrote: “HISS! HISS HISS HISS HISS HISS HISS HISS HISS HISS” (repeatedly-like nonstop).

At first, it took me a while to catch on, but then I remembered I had renamed my desktop icons “Talk to my Boo” and Communicate with my Boo.”

“BOO,” continued to hiss.

“Oh she’s the cat again,” I said to myself. Only this time she was hissing at me.

I watched it until I couldn’t watch any more. My feelings were so crushed because I was sincere in the email I sent, and hadn’t gotten a response from her as yet. Then I came to the room only to have my feelings (once again) shitted on. I felt so **stupid** for even writing her that letter. I felt like I had walked in on some practical joke and a big bowl of mush had fallen down over my head while I just stood there, getting laughed and pointed at.

I couldn’t believe her-every other day it was always something.

The way she was acting with this “HISS” stuff reminded me of how she would tell me how when she was a kid-she would go to the end of the large gate of their Encino home and swear at the groupies who would gather around in hopes to get a glimpse of Michael and her famous brothers.

I remember (clearly) the day she was telling me about it. She was acting like the same mischievous catty little bitch-the way she was HISSing at me at this moment in time. I could just see her as a kid doing that too: running from one end of the gate to the other, squinting her mean, dark, slanted, cat eyes and curling her fingers in a way to look like she was scratching and jumping at them as if she really *was* a cat (protected by that large gate, guards and bodyguards of course)...

This cat “character” really became her. She really was getting carried away with it too. She *loved* it-probably why she made a song of the same name-“Black Cat” (about her ex hubby James Debarge) but little did she know; she wrote the lyrics herself, too. [*She*] was “so together, but just at a glance. [*She*] would do anything if given a chance” (too)...just like the black cat in the song. She never ceased to amaze me.

Well, there’s more than one way to skin a cat...

I stayed away for the rest of the day feeling so many ways to **stupid**. Janet wasn’t feeling that last email I sent at *all*. For the *very* first time in the history of this entire ordeal, I was *really* feeling like that “pretty girl” [who the boyfriend of another pretty girl] wanted.

Janet’s antagonizing me and purposely trying to hurt me was different this time. She never treated me like she did this day.

Throughout this thing, yes, a few times (in the room and in our private I.M) she would bring things up about Rene as if she was trying to “pick” me-get me to say something or respond, and of course I never did. But she wasn’t treating me like some jealous girl. Now she has 13 pages in her hand. And all this time she *never* knew my side of what transpired between he and I outside the backstage gates, and outside of what she *assumed* but most probably “overheard” him telling Rob (which obviously was the last straw that caused the breakup)...

Janet had done many antagonizing flip-floppy kinds of things to me throughout this, but *this time*, she had the missing link in her hand. Considering how she was treating me, I could tell that with the information now in her hands; it jarred a lot of recollection about what he was doing (and not doing) backstage with her, when he was outside sitting on the bench in conversation with me (at a time when she would soon be going on stage and he *most probably* should have been back there with her).

I'm abnormally, extraordinarily "intuitive-sensitive" and "feeling" in a way so strong that even by way of my never having seen her face-to-face thus far (in the story), I uncovered her and this thing this far (in the story). So when it comes to her (especially as it pertains to me) I know what I'm talking about.

I could tell that she specifically remembered him having hands covered in ink when he came to the backstage to wash it off...there's no telling what kind of lie he told her in order to get back outside to talk to me (as he promised). So when she retrieved my first 13 pages, she knew how to put the pieces together because what was said and done (in between her recollecting every detail that I wrote in the 13 pages)...*she* knew (more than I did)-what it was he did (frolic outdoors with me), and what it was he did not do (tend to his duties with her-backstage-before she went on).

From what she now has in her hands as fact, *she* [now knows] how he got missing from backstage, why, for whom, and (in her mind) who he got missing again *for* as she got ready to go out onstage.

That, compounded with the fact that since I was a fan of hers-there to see her-she probably couldn't entertain the thought of why was it that I didn't ask him to meet her when I had the one person of all people [who could even by-pass security] and could take me backstage to meet her.

As well, she obviously "overhead" Rene saying, emailing, or private Instant Messaging with Rob [most probably pertaining to me talking about it] from a man-to-man's point of view and recollection...and *that's* what sent Janet (with Shawn in tow) came storming at me in front of her own fans the way she did on that January 21 morning.

My knowing Janet and her irrational and extreme jealous ways, *she* knows that if I was that same "pretty girl" that was flirting with *her* in the corner-stage left (who she winked her eye at and thought "was the bomb"), then her mind probably went crazy knowing that her man actually sat outside and was frolicking *with that same girl* (who he most probably lied to Janet for, after washing the ink off his hands) in order to get back outside *to* that same girl who he was conversing with.

A lot of thinking and piecing together but I know Janet and how she thinks.

And too, I think in four corners-especially with people and situations.

Where the average person may call someone like me an "over thinker," it's natural for me-I merely "think" (in those four corners where the average person either thinks in two of the four corners), or just at the dot in the center-only. For someone like me, two corners or a dot in the center is under thinking. And with situations and people, it may not always be bigger than that, but situations and people are sometimes complex; therefore they do require a little more thought than the average person will consider (but not me). And it's always served me (in being fair and trying to consider everybody's side and point of view). So I understood hers, but she didn't want to care or receive my understanding that. And that was hurtful to me. At this moment in time, in her mind: "She fucked my man" or "My man was trying to fuck her, and that bitch had the nerve to be up in my room cracking inside jokes with him and I was over there trying to get with her myself."

Janet got those missing pieces, began hissing and turned things up...

For me, I was in a very bad place at this point of this thing with her because she knew soooo much about me like: how I liked to have sex, oral sex, positions, my sexual way, my sensual way, my feelings, my personality, what moved me, just-*everything*...everything that in a normal circumstance, that “other pretty girl” is *not* supposed to know. Yet here it was—that “other pretty girl” was **the one** who had me in all those ways (but at the time—had not had those 13 pages in her hand as yet). Thirteen pages that now, fucked with her twisted mind such that, one part of her lusted and loved me madly, *now* (with the missing links connected and the mystery removed), it all began to play tricks on her head. At this point, she didn’t want to receive me like before and this all gave her a reason to churn this whole entire thing up twice over what she had done thus far...and I mean it was ON...

We went AT it:

After feeling stupid at her hissing at me after that email I sent her, that next day (in the afternoon) when I checked my snail mail box (at the post office), I had gotten a cute little Kangol styled fisherman’s hat from my one of my besties: Kim (it was leopard print ironically-tan and brown). Kim liked to stop by the Swap meet and pick up cute things for me to send in my care packages. She got a kick out of the fact that the Swap Meet was an L.A staple-she loved herself some California.

It was such a pleasant surprise because I wasn’t expecting it.

When I got home, I called her immediately to tell her how much I loved the hat and that I was shocked at how great it looked on me (because I’ve never been a hat person). We were laughing and joking around-happy to talk to each other (as usual). I was telling her about how I was in the mirror trying it on at that moment, and how I had put it down to my brow so that you could barely see my eyes. We laughed because she told me that was what she did when she put hers on too.

When I got off the phone, I took a deep breath, because I knew that damned Janet had “overheard” every single word and was probably going to have an attitude the next time I talked to her (fuck the attitude *I* should have at being hissed at—with Janet, that did not matter to her-whatever *she* did-that’s how she was).

Even without this happening, it would make her soooooo jealous to hear me give *any* joy, laughter or time to anybody else outside of her. That would make her bazooka crazy, which was why I hated for my friends to call me on the phone and I preferred them to ride by. Sometimes when they would call, I would purposely drag my voice in an almost standoffish kind of way just so I could tweak any excitement that Janet could pick up and get jealous over. I learned how to keep my enthusiasm and tone of voice at a certain robotic-like decibel. It was *that* serious. I would feel so bad when they called me with too much excitement and I couldn’t greet them back with the same enthusiasm, but they could *not* image how much drama in my life that would cause me with Janet. It was hard with her, but with them-I could explain later-not to her though.

When I went into the room, sure enough, she was bad-*real bad*: Michael Jackson. She was mad, *real mad*: Joe Jackson. She had a *major* attitude with me and couldn’t even hide it (nor did she try to).

Before knowing her, I used to be *so* fooled by her (public) sweet smile and gentle ways-all that. But as I had been in this thing with this girl, this little bitch was a tyrant and Tasmanian devil-a total bully. Every sweet and “gentle” way about her, even down to the way

she pronounced the words she speaks, I learned was all by design. She was a master at the fuckery of public persona and imagery. That little bitch bites-*hard*. She wore me **out**. Her persistence is unmatched.

She turned things up.

We were logged into the room, and off to the side in I.M as well.

This panther set me up to move in for the kill:

She told me she was having a terrible time trying to do something with her hair and asked me if I had any suggestions. (She only said that to set up a fight between us. I knew that was her sneaky lil' cue for me to say: "just put on a hat.") Fuck her, I did it: "Just do like I do, pull it up in a ponytail or pull it back and pull a few strands out, OR you can just throw a hat on. My friend sent me a hat that I'm going to wear on my next bad hair day. Man I love it! It's sooo cute."

She simply responded: "Oh."

She was sooo jealous.

We didn't say anything else to one another for a while-a *long*while too. That tyrant could outwait and out-persist anything or anybody. She was Spanish-bull stubborn.

I eventually turned my attention away from her.

I turned things up.

In my virtual world, I looked over to my left at Madonna's "Beautiful Stranger" video and I posted to her:

"My video is on-heeeeyyy *doing the snake*"

(I started literally started doing the "snake," back and forth, as if she was really around me-she was getting *pissed*. "Hiss at that, bitch!" I said aloud-looking at the screen).

"What?" she asked.

"BEAUTIFUL STRANGER," I yelled then sang (and posted to her):

"Haven't you heard/I fell in love with a beautiful stranger/You could be good for me/I have the taste danger/If I'm smart then I'll run away. But I'm not so I guess I'll stay/Haven't you heard, I took my chance on a beautiful stranger/I looked into your eyes and my world start tumbling down/You're the devil in disguise, that's why I'm singing this song/To know you, is to love you/To love you, is to be part of you/You're everywhere I go and everybody knows/I pay for you in tears/I swallowed all my pride..And pay for you in tears... Dada da da da da da da da da-Beautiful Stranger."

...typically those lyrics would have reached her-she knew that we both could relate to every single lyric (which was why I posted the song's bridge and chorus). But instead of receiving it, she's such a tyrant-all she wanted to do was fight me.

"Oh. Never seen it," she replied.

I shook my head at this video junkie who was in the room when one of her employees and me had talked about the video a few days prior where I mentioned how Madonna was freaking Michael Myers while he was driving. She put her butt on his shoulder and she started twerking on him.

It was hilarious.

If Janet hadn't seen it then, she damned sure saw it by this time-especially knowing that I liked it so much. (But I forgot that she wasn't that fond of Madonna, so I chopped it up to her just being her same ole' mean self again; jealous and hating to have *any* possession of hers give *any* attention whatsoever to *anything* else). She was already (still) jealous about Kim and the cat-printed hat...

Her turn (this little bitch):

"Yeah Cin, I think I'm going to get my brow pierced," trying to make me jealous because her troublemaking ass friend [slash] lover (Shawn) has hers pierced.

I responded (cynically):

"Yeah? I never understood those things. Why one would pierce their eyebrow? I thought it was because of something you do sexually with it, sort of like how you can bat your lashes onto someone to tickle them. I always thought that's what they were for-batting the brow instead. I can deal with the little flat barbell thingy but not an actual *earring* hanging from my eye...Something about that just does *not* compute with me." I then giggled (to myself-pissing her ass off).

Smirking, I shrugged my shoulders with my lips tight, imagining the anger on she and Shawn's troublemaking ass face over there saying, "**Oooh I can't STAND her!**"

I turned things up higher.

The next video was Mary's "All That I Could Say."

We were both commenting on it.

Then I posted:

"Did you hear Mary same my name baby? *singing* 'Sweeter than CINNAMON.' "

A few minutes later, some wild comment came through the room:

"THE BLACKER THE BERRY THE SWEETER THE JUICE!"

I knew that was Shawn hiding behind the name.

Laughing, I replied:

"It's not sweeter than the taste of Cinamon though," I purposely spelled it with one 'n'-my nickname.

The next thing I know, I got disconnected from my computer-they rebooted me.

She turned things up even higher.

When I logged got back in, I didn't say anything or ask why I was disconnected, nor did Janet apologize this time. We both just sat there watching conversation in the room.

This rebel started again:

"Oh it's so refreshing to hear songs like: "Chante's Got a Man," she said that because of "No Scrubs" and "Bills Bill Bills," I had been bumping both of those songs on my CD Room earlier that day and we had a discussion about both songs before.

She was in a rebellious and combative mood; ready to start an argument in the room around her buddies so that she could have an audience, because she knew that were waiting in the wings to assist her for when things got out of hand.

She only said that because once while we were in the room, she said that she liked "Bills Bills Bills" but she felt like the line: "*You trifling: good for nothing type of brotha*" was too harsh and that she could never say anything like that to a man.

To that, I responded:

“Well, I love the song and every word in it. I think that if you *listen* to the lyrics of the entire song, I’d say he was a ‘Trifling good for nothing type of brotha.’ I don’t have a problem with it and am appalled at the responses I’ve heard from women complaining about ‘No Scrubs’ and ‘Bills Bills Bills’ when all day every day, you see men degrading women in their videos and in their songs like clockwork, while women are still singing about losing them, how to get and keep them.

Here it is, you get two itty-bitty songs where women are degrading men, somewhat, and it’s a problem. I cram to understand that whole argument, especially coming from women. Even before ‘No Scrubs’ got out good, some somebody *had* to put out a rebuttal to it. Men sing and rap songs like that about women like it’s a rite of passage. Women hardly *ever* sing songs like that. I mean you would really have to search your memory archives to find a song where a woman degraded a man, whereas it would take no time to pull one out about men degrading women. I’m appreciating this liberated approach to music that I’m hearing. It’s time, I’d say...”

I felt good annoying those bitches (with the truth). I could just see Janet rolling her eyes at me so hard that she gave herself an eye-ache.

They listened on. I continued:

“Sure, don’t get me wrong, I like snapping my fingers and nodding my head to some of the very same degrading songs and videos, and even though I am offended (as “woman,”) I am not offended personally, because I do not allow men to treat me like the women they sing about in these kinds of songs, nor would I ever entertain the thought of shucking and jiving in any video for any man who is rapping or singing about degrading women, so to each his own. It doesn’t bother me-either way.”

She figured I would respond about Chante Moore’s song because she knows I am an old Chante’ Moore fan (since her first CD-long before “Chante’s Got a Man,”) but I didn’t respond-I ignored it on purpose.

Janet knows me like a *book*. She knew what to say to pick me-so that she could start an argument.

She knows personally that although I do love the song (and played it a lot); I still feel Chante’s [story in the song] is a “situational” thing, like *our* story is a “situation”-an isolated special circumstance...

For the women who really feel that they have a man like Chante’s then I am happy, because everyone in a committed relationship *should* be happy like that. The lyrics to the song is exactly what women should wear, know, and feel all day everyday about a man that she commits herself to. But Janet, knowing me like she does, knows that I feel Chante has an exceptional “situation” that she chose to take a chance and sing about, which *is* a change from the “*I need a man, my man left me, and my man aint no good,*” kinds of songs.

“Chante’s Got a Man” is a song [in which most women whose situation doesn’t *identify* with Chante’s “situational ballad]” still fantasize about, which is fine and good, too. The poor woman could hardly even get through performing the song without all the “*Amen!*”’s and the: “*I know that’s right*”’s and all. I saw her once on television performing it and I’d never heard so many cat-calls and praises during one performance in all my life!

However, Janet knows that I personally feel that there is such a difference in the way that we love today as compared to way back when. Back in the day, it used to be, “Only YOU Can Make Me Happy,” now, it’s “Only the LOOT Can Make Me Happy...”

Don't get me started. Janet knows (first hand) that until I have seen a change in the ways that we live and love today; I will *always* feel that although Chante's got a man, she's got an *exceptional* "situation" too. And since all this was really about us being in the middle of throwing blows at one another, she was just ready to rebel and battle, but I wasn't up for it. I ignored the fact that she even *said*: "Oh it's so refreshing to hear songs like "Chante's Got a Man." She was sure that would conjure up a debate.

The next conversation was about "Gay Pride" weekend.
Off in I.M, she told me she wanted go to one day.

My turn now-higher...

I made another comment that I knew would piss *her* off again (since we were already throwing blows at one another. Besides, I had a bone to pick with this cat since her "Booing" and "Hissing" at me the other day.)

Fuckinwith (and knowing it would send her through the roof, I responded):

"Yeah, I remember my East African friend asked me on my birthday if she could taste me for Gay Pride weekend, I thought that was pretty funny..."

The shit hit the fan then.

They started dropping down the nicknames to make fun of this friend to carefully identify her like: "Boomshackalacka" (because she was from East Africa, very cultured and into all Third World country culture) so they learned-by listening in on *her* conversations also, where by listening; they learned that she would allow her 12-year old and her 10-year old sons to stay at home when they would not want to go to summer camp while she would need to work her 4 hour a day job, three days per week). I didn't even know my friend was doing that until I brought it to her attention after this day-when Janet and her buddies had started making conversation about their preparing to call Social Services on her come morning-first thing, I had no idea.

That's the kind of shit I'm talking about. She knew things and would hold on to them for her safe keeping-to use as an arsenal whenever she needed to fire (whether it would be about me or my friends) she would use her "overheard" information at opportune times.

It was getting ruthless in the room. They turned-up even higher than I did.

Next, they started making jokes about my personal business and dropping down nicknames and carrying on skits to let me know that she knew much more than I even *thought* she did from other people's conversations that she was listening to-more stuff she hunted and gathered as well.

It got *really* wild in the room.

I sat and watched, boiling mad, as she kept posting to me in I.M:

"HOODY HOOOOO!!!! HOODY HOOOOO!!!!" and **"Drop it like it's hot, drop it like it's hot,"** over and over like she was jumping up and down on a mattress or something-like a hyper ass kid. That was turning me the *hell* off-for real.

I was sitting there like: "uuhhhddd...fucks wrong with her?"

It annoyed the shit out of me.

Next, the nickname: "MeHo" came down, like: "Me...Hoe."

I just sat there in shock. I could not believe the sight in front of my eyes.

She and they were in rare form that evening.

They continued to carry on conversations asking her if she still wanted me, and she responded:

“I don’t know what I’m going do with my lil’ girlfriend y’all.”

“So much for nine and a half inches!” said one of her buddies (they all responded in “lolololol” laughter).

I just sat there shaking my head, pissed and hurt as hell-clueless as to how we got *this* far. It was so brutal.

Next, a sexual nickname came down as they made jokes about my “sexual prowess,” and treated one of mine and Janet’s lil’ sexual shin-digs like I was a completely packaged whore of hers and she was some dude who fucked me and treated me like a slut in front of his friends. I bit back-to mind fuck her: “Why envy? Perhaps if you stayed on your job you could’ve kept *your* man. Maybe I can show you how it’s *really* done one day...with a real man!”

She then posted a message to me over in I.M: “WOW! Really?”

I replied:

“Yeah...REALLY...and I can do *that* to a real man with a real thingy...How talented I am huh?...” I replied to her (laughing to myself).

I then went to the chat room and posted:

“Does anybody have Rene’s addy to *his* chat room, because this one is starting to bore me?”

Somebody responded: “Yeah Cinamon” ...and posted some way to get to it through one of Janet’s links. Knowing them, they probably tapped every IP of every damned computer that clicked through the link to get to that man’s chat room from her room. I knew their moves. I laughed and responded:

“Do you *really* think I would go to Rene’s chat room through a *Janet* link? We would have NO privacy!”

Nobody responded.

Janet was pissed. She asks me in I.M:

“So Cin, have you been over to your friend’s house with the cat lately?”

“Um Lena’s house? No,” I responded.

“Dirty Pussy...” she rolled her eyes and posted.

I couldn’t understand at first what the hell she could have been talking about with *that* comment right there. Lena had no kids, and treated that cat like a newborn baby and it was cleaner than some people *I* know.

I thought back to the day Janet and I first brought her cat (named Cleo) and Lena’s cat into the picture. We were joking about how prissy they both were because they were indoor exotic cats. Janet and I started joking about the dirty little cats in my neighborhood and how they were always outside screamin’ fuckin’ and fightin’ every night. We busted out laughing because she responded: “Well you know those out door cats in the hood got to fight to survive...” and we laughed.

But *this* day, the cat joke wasn’t funny-this was about *real* pussy (so I found out).

I cursed them all out in chat, logged out and drove over to my friend Lena's house to find out why Janet would say something like that. I felt awkward bringing this conversation to her but I *needed* to know what sense Lena could make of Janet's "Dirty Pussy" comment. I asked her had she been on her phone saying anything that had to do with the contents of what I had just told her [Janet posting: "Dirty Pussy"]. Sure enough, she informed me that she had told another friend of hers that she was upset about the smell of her vagina and that she had made an appointment to see her doctor. Turns out she had something in the yeast family (nothing sexually transmitted), which let me know that was the reason for Janet's comment. I was l.i.v.i.d, and embarrassed for my friend and *definitely* tired of Janet's shit. I wanted to kick her ass this day. She and they were all *up* in people's business.

When I got back home, I made phone calls to Shauntay, Janine and "Boomshacklacka."

I told them that they had my permission to talk about her like a *dog* whereas at one time (many times), I would stop them in their tracks. Together, we talked about her from head to toe, inside and out, up and down. My energy was bursting out like crazy-overpowering theirs because I was soooo mad at her.

By this time, my friends had been so tired of me and Janet that they didn't have the same angry energy they once had-the kind that would hurt me when they'd talk about her and I would stop them **immediately**: over the telephone (*and* face-to-face). I used to hate it when they would talk about her, because I had so many excuses for every bad thing she did to me. But this time, I didn't care. And the only reason why they assisted me-once again-is because they knew I was so upset, but their angry energy wasn't there anymore the way it used to be, but they tried-for me.

By this time, they had gone on with their lives; carrying on with conversations on their phones without even *caring* that Janet would hear sooner or later. I got angrier thinking about how much I even envied that. "How they could carry on?" I wondered, thinking about how trapped I felt. Thinking about all the things that was holding me back from carrying on as they did-wishing I could do like they were doing, knowing that had I not allowed my feelings to get caught up into this, none of this shit would ever happened (or phase me-at all).

All I could do next was get personal and tear into her physical and personal self-rip at her beauty and take back from her; every compliment and appreciation for her beauty she had ever known me to feel and reveal to her.

I began to talk about how she had the money to correct, remove, and change any limb, strand or clavicle on her whole fucking body if she felt like it. I talked about how stupid she should feel even talking about anything that had to do with me or my friend's poor lil' lives when she can afford to pay a cook to cook for her; three square meals a day, sit her at the table, put a bib on her chest and feed her fat ass from the next room, if that's what she wanted.

I further insulted her by reiterating how everything she's paid for I got naturally and how it all sits the same way in clothes as without clothes on. I went on to talk about how everything she has paid for, could be found naturally in these very same ghettos that she made fun of.

I would not stop.

I couldn't stop.

I wanted to talk about her so bad and hurt her feelings to a point where she would be embarrassed to even try for me again. I wanted to hurt her so bad that I too, would be to embarrassed to take her back.

I talked about her like a *dog-I know* like she had never heard anyone do her before. Any little thing I could think of, I said it. I had it with her ass.

When I got off the phone, I ran to my computer and began to completely uninstall any program or component that had anything to do with the Internet. This time it was working, unlike before when I didn't quite know how. It was working one by one, but each time I'd uninstall one, my screen would freeze. Janet was on the other side of the globe trying her *best* to stop it. I rebooted the entire computer and start uninstalling again. She would keep working her end, but I succeeded one by one each time I would reboot; deleting programs until there were none.

Each program I would delete, I could feel her shrinking away to nothingness like the wicked witch in the Wiz.

I could see her and feel her screaming, crying, and breathing hard as hell; melting in her puddle of tears that I'd created from talking about her so badly. She knew it was over for sure.

The next morning I was on my mission. I got up early to run to "BoomShackalacka" to tell her to make sure she made the boys go to camp even if they didn't want to go. I made sure that I didn't tell her on the phone so Janet and her digerati would not win this one.

I went to Kinko's to recheck Hell Mail to make sure I had all the copies of mine and Janet's emails in my files.

In the middle of my printing a couple of them, I got error messages: "*This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor.*" and "*Contact the server administrator. Try back later.*"

...*that* screen froze too--from Kinkos! But the last important (and relevant) copy that I needed did make print.

I knew for sure that Janet and her crew had Hell Mail on lockdown, considering I had never even used Kinko's computers to check it. That caught them off guard because actually, I was in there for a while, printing away, before they "caught" me.

I went over to the school lab to get back into Hell Mail to see if I could get in from there. They had deleted the rest of the emails that I didn't get to get. I laughed, because I had more than enough printed already to help me with remembering what happened on different dates in order to finish the story-accurately and precisely.

My next mission was to call the National Enquirer tabloid on her and tell them the story. I was *so* desperate. I *hated* her this day. All niceness, reckoning, and bets were off-she crossed *way* too many boundaries and needed a swift lesson taught to her presumptuous ass.

The lady (who said her name was "Pat" /Patricia Shipp) told me she didn't believe me and that they could be sued for slander if they even took my story. All I could do was yell at Pat from the payphone in the quiet building I was in: "**THIS WOMAN IS RUINING MY LIFE!!!!!!**" I was so pissed, because at this point I felt like I was fighting a losing battle. Because if the smut mag wouldn't take my story or believe me, who in the hell would? They too thought I had climbed aboard the Hale Bop Comet and was a nut, and quite frankly I was-that day. Because I had already told myself that there was no way I could explain this situation in a three to sixty minute conversation, but I went against that and tried any damned way.

I didn't know *what* to do. I just wondered how I was *ever* going to be free of this woman. She knew so much about me, my whereabouts, my child's whereabouts, who's, what's, when's, where's, why's and how's-even what time of the month I came on my period.

After that day, I knew I had to make a plan. I knew there *had* to be a better way. She was wrong since the beginning. I know that I'm a good person and never had any ill intent from the very beginning with this whore, and I didn't deserve this from her. But I knew if I took my time and prayed on it; something good would come my way to help me combat this situation... *something*

The next day-Saturday July 31st I got up first thing in the morning and went to the store to buy a printer for my computer. My plan was to finish the story and print each page, as I finished it, just in case Janet still had control of my computer.

After talking to the lady at the tabloids, I knew that exercising my First Amendment Right was the *only* way to battle this woman-the pen is mightier than the sword anyways...

When I got home, I hooked the printer up and started brainstorming and writing an outline for how I was going to finish up the story. I opened up a few Word documents and titled them: "MeHo," just like Janet did me in the room. I left it up, just to see if she still had access to my computer. When I started brainstorming and writing notes, my fonts started to change *while* I was typing. At that point, I knew she still had access to my computer-uninstalling all Internet features wasn't going to stop nothing she had going on, on it.

I had also gone through my hard drive's cache to see what pages and pictures were in there from all this time. I wanted everything-all the proof I could gather. I found that all of our emails from Hell Mail were still there, but when I selected them they looked like this:

12-15 ÚŔŸÿ-ð•ÚnÛ^Ã
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-----PgBnk-----

PgBnk-----

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Every email of ours had a date of "12-15" which had to have been manually entered onto them. I guessed they deliberately used the date of December 15 because that was the first day I had entered her room perhaps, I don't know. Any and all pictures of Janet and anything that had to do with her or her room room-any web page, graphics, pictures-everything, was deleted from my cache.

Later, I decided to take the printer back to the store, since it was not going to serve its purpose. I jumped in my car and turned on the radio to a song playing that I hadn't heard in years. All I could see was Janet's face woven through the lyrics of this song blasting through my car stereo speakers: "Every Breath You Take" by Sting. I never paid that much attention to that song until this particular hot summer day in the car while I was sweating and crying in almost 100-degree weather-wondering when, how, and *if* all this was going to end. I was so discombobulated.

The highest degree of pissivity traveled through me while the poignant and ironic lyrics encompassed me.

I thought back to the time I had that dream about my friend and me watching her little sister fight it out with somebody, and how every detail was interpreted with the words of a chat script instead of us talking about it face-to-face.

I thought about the time my friend Kia called me that Sunday morning crying; telling me about how she got a message from God telling her to tell me that whatever I was doing

and whomever I was involved with would try to chip away at my spirit. I remember how she begged me over and over again, “*Whatever it is you are doing Angie, I don’t care how good or enticing it is, it aint for you, leave it alone!..*”

I thought about how one Sunday afternoon I had seen a made-for-television movie starring Kim Delaney as a horror-story writer. She was confined to a wheelchair-writing about a character that she unknowing brought to life-her life, (oh the irony)...Look at me...

In the movie, the guy was stalking her and while on route to her; was killing her friends and family. Each step of the way, he would send pictures of his “work” so that she could see. He’d yell at her in the computer’s chat script: “YOU CREATED ME! AND I MUST GET TO YOU!” He felt like he identified so much with one of her many horror story characters that she wrote about, that his goal was to save *her* for last. That freaked me out because (ironically) I saw this movie while going through this bullshit with Janet, and I never sit down on a Sunday afternoon to watch television-*something* drew me to it.

Although the movie actually looked like it was a lil’ dated, it still freaked me out, because it was synonymous with what I was going through with Janet; how she was intruding upon mine, and my friends, and family’s lives. The only difference was, instead of actually murdering *them*, she was killing *me* emotionally, mentally, spiritually *and* financially; trying to maintain my sanity and buy shit to combat her that I couldn’t afford and never could outdo what she was doing.

“*You need to stick to pen and paper girlfriend-that’s the only way you can win,*” that was the only talk I could have with myself that gave me hope, because all else was gone.

That Monday, August 2, I walked into the room from the school computer lab. Somebody came down and said a few words to me like: “*Cin, I’m sorry. Is be crazy and...*” I can’t remember exactly what the fool was saying, but I could tell they were trying to “talk like ‘dey sounded like ‘dey was from Alabama;” (I guess mimicking a southern) dialect-trying to be cute and funny.

I was in no laughing mood, just eye-hustling.

Next, the nickname “basketballbutt” came down.

Then “YellowFlower” came down.

I’m sitting there just watching, feeling her heart beating as she contemplated coming in to say something, even if not to me, she wanted me to know she was there, but she couldn’t decide who to come down as. I could tell she needed her push and a shove out the door from her buddies. She felt like she *had* to do something, and do it *fast*-for she did not know how long I would sit there, or if I would announce that I would be leaving.

Sure enough, she appeared—as *herself*: **{authorized}** Dunk, her *real* nickname.

If she could have, she would have come down as her real, *real* name: Janet, but she knew “Dunk” was the next real thing to it and would most certainly get my attention-especially since she hadn’t used it since earlier in beginning of this mess. That was her way of being sentimental, open, and revealing (just like manipulating ass would always do).

She just sat there with tears in her eyes and stared at me while I stared at her.

She really didn’t have too much to say to anybody.

She had her reason for being there...

We just sat there to see who could outstare whom-for about 45 minutes.

I would not say one word to her, nor did I greet her. I just stared, and I won. This time, “Miss Out-Persist” let me win:

“*You guys, I have to go now. I’m gonna leave now,*” she said in her depressed and teary voice, hoping I could feel her hurt. I was so mad at her-still-so it did not affect me. I had zero fucks to give.

Janet was a master manipulator like nobody I ever knew. You could know her natural sweetness when it was real. And as well, you could see straight through her manipulation tactics when she would use her sweetness as a weapon. The crazy thing about it was, sometimes it was hard to tell if her sweetness via manipulation was real but you’d know it was-ONLY because it would be her way of apologizing or saying: “I’m sorry” (because she always had a hard time forming those words-no matter what)...

We both sat there lurking in our virtual separateness, as if our backs were to each other, while I sat tapping my fingers to the desk. I told myself that I wasn’t going get caught back up into her trap again. I had to keep telling myself that I could handle her now. I logged off (without announcing my departure).

Determined to get another computer; I walked up to a nearby computer store to see if they had any used ones I could buy for under \$600. I’d held on to my rent money and work check because my goal was to have a computer in my possession by day’s end. The guy at the computer store had nothing available, but he had been doing something on a laptop. “I’ll be done checking this laptop out in a sec. I just bought it from a guy yesterday. After I’m done wiping the hard drive, I think I’m gonna let it go for about \$600/700,” he said. My heart started pounding. I emptied out every dime in my pocket. I was so grateful, I felt like jumping up on his neck. I couldn’t *wait* to get it home.

When I got in the house, I pulled out the first 13 pages of work that the computer specialist at the school lab was able to save for me onto a disc from that July 20th day that Janet’s digerati intercepted. I slipped the disc into my laptop and began to do work on it then all of a sudden, my fonts had changed. I could not *believe* my eyes-I thought I was going crazy.

“This ain’t happening, this *can’t* be happening,” I yelled out.

I then walked over to my PC (possessed computer) to log in, and the entire screen was a frightening bright green color, looking as if the power was transferring from *it* to my laptop. I logged out and busted out the door with my laptop in hand, ran to my car, and drove up to this café’ in the neighborhood. It was a nice lil’ basement joint where they sold smoothies, coffee, and bagels and stuff. Upstairs, was the dining area where they served brunch, lunch and dinner and throughout the entire place, you could work on their computers located in the bottom of the establishment. It was something like a mini-Kinkos going on except it was dim, had brick walls, and resembled a dungeon.

I stood there in front of the girl making my Monkey Joe; crying my heart out talking around what I was going through with my computer at home and my laptop. She began telling me her story about her hacker experience as well. This story of hers that couldn’t light a candle to what I was going through, so what she was talking about went through one ear and out of the other.

I turned around and banged my head to the wall, while the loud speakers in the dungeon-like café’ were blasting “Obsession” by Animotion. My head was spinning and rocking back and forth to the crazy lyrics screaming at me and giving me the shakes-thinking of Janet. The bass guitar was loud like I was at a rock concert or walking through a nightclub. It was a movie moment: my angst and my heart danced to the hard rock beat. It drove me **nuts**. I had been done with pinching myself trying to see if I would wake up and this all would be a dream. I knew I was just being tested. I’m too good a person at heart, and I *definitely* was good to her. I didn’t deserve this at all.

I had to keep telling myself to stay strong over and over, and that something good was going to come my way. Sure enough, a very nice looking guy, who said his name was Mark, was waiting in line for his drink as well. He said to me, "I'm sorry, I was kind of eavesdropping and I see that you are having a problem with your computer. I'm a Computer Information Systems Specialist for the bank right up here and I'll be glad to help you out. Do you have your laptop with you?" he asked.

"Yes, I do! Did you hear everything I said?" I asked desperately.

"Yes I did, if you'll just hold on, I'm going to go right upstairs to get my sandwich and I'll meet you right back down here so that we can get those fuckers out of your computer ok?" he said confidently.

When he returned, we sat down. I asked him to *please* talk to me and listen as if we were talking about someone doing this to me who had all the monetary resources available to get the job done. I told him that they could cross all boundaries and un-norms that have to do with a computer and that what I could *not* bare to hear was anymore of those: "that's impossible" stories [as I had heard from various clerks at these computer joints who felt that because they knew how to send a virus to a computer that they were skilled enough to work for the FBI and could do what somebody with \$200 million dollars could have done]...puhleeze. They didn't know shit, or have shit on *her* team. This stuff she had put on me was far beyond the job of a mere hacker who sits at home and sends out viruses to computers "just because."

I told Mark every detail about the computer hacking end of this whole ordeal, obviously, neglecting to tell him *who* was involved, because he too, would have probably thought I was zigadeboo crazy. He completely understood, and explained exactly how since day one, all the things they did to my computers was made possible. He then went to the setup screen of my laptop and did some stuff, turned to me and asked that I put in a password as he turned his head. He advised me that no one but no one could get into my laptop unless they physically came to take it out of my hands, and I gave them the password. Even if I were to forget the password, the laptop was of no use to me either. He gave me his cell number and told me to call if I had any other questions.

When I got home, I called Shauntay and told her about all that had just happened; about how the guy popped out of nowhere and was able to help me out of another situation that I didn't think I was going to come out of. Turns out, I later found out that was nothing more than a BIOS password that you can set up to password-lock your computer from anybody else starting up and getting your computer to turn on [to begin to run any programs on-that's it]. He tried, and I was thankful-but locking out the world from getting their physical hands on my laptop was certainly would not going to be the cure for what Janet and her buddies had going (if indeed they really were in, and I wasn't 100% sure that they were-as yet). Even if they weren't in, they had done everything to my PC without ever having to lay physical hands on it. Mark didn't know the half. His Computer Information Systems education aint on CIA-level computer information systems' intelligence, although I appreciated the effort.

That evening, Shauntay called and told me that she had something to tell me. I kept asking her to tell me, but she told me that she wanted to tell me in person and that it was nothing major. Of course when we got off the phone, I hopped in my car and rushed right over her house to find out what it was. She just wanted to tell me that Janet had run the series of beeps onto *her* distinctive ring (second line) and knew for sure that Janet must have her normal line tapped in order to have gotten the phone number to that distinctive ring line that she hardly ever used. She told me when the line rang, she picked up and got the same series of

beeps that Janet sent through to her normal line that same afternoon we sat over her house eating pizza. I knew that she wasn't lying, and that was just Janet's way of letting me know that she still had everything under her control. Because it was Shauntay that she had just heard me call to tell about my day, she figured she would take it upon herself to go one step further and call Shauntay's second phone line, so that she could put this "bug" in my ear: "*I STILL got everything under my control, even a phone number of your good friend and confidant that YOU don't even have. . .*" (because I didn't even have that particular phone number of Shauntay's- ever). I still ignored Janet. I didn't go to the room and promised myself that I wasn't going to, no matter what she did (because that's what she wanted).

The next day, I went over to my mom's house with my laptop to get away from home so that I could do some work on the story. I made a phone call and when I got off, it rang about two minutes later. My mom answered and the person hung up. I knew it was Janet, I just knew it was, but I didn't say anything. So a few minutes later, I picked up the phone again to make another phone call, and right after I got off, she did it again. I told my mom that it was her-but she didn't believe me. She kept telling me how she was going to admit me if I didn't stop it. I was so frustrated arguing with my mother and brother about this, because there was no way they could understand what I was going through with this woman, hardly anybody could, I don't even know why I ever tried explaining. Being met with instant resistance would make me feel so defeated [how people with no computer savvy and monetary resources outside of a life on a budget]'s minds could *never* conceive such a thing happening. I was so upset with Janet by this time, just thinking about how many people would actually think I was crazy if I were to explain the *whole* story to them. I was pissed. Pissed that she could even get away with doing all this shit from afar and all I could do was deal with it, or be labeled crazy. And if anything were to go legal, I was feeling like they would just throw my story out as a disgruntled ex-girlfriend of Janet's that was trying to get back at her or some ole' bullshit like that.

I remember I would talk to this chic named Allison from the café and although she believed me, she told me that I should be careful about who I discussed it with, because it reminded her of a situation that her brother had gone through. She said he was a *brilliant* Ivy League college student who had been involved in a story almost as similar as mine. He had known some kind of top secret that had to do with the Ivy League school. As a result, his computer and telephones had been tapped, and the way it was all setup, the culprits took him through a series of things and he had been trying to get his story told. When all was said and undone, the situation backfired on him somehow, and he was admitted to some psychological hospital as a result of it. Allison said it turned out, years later, that what he had known had eventually been uncovered in some major scandal. To this day she said (although he was able to put it back together again-somewhat); his life had been ruined as a result of it all. That story kind shook me up because a) it was my *same* story, and b) because it's a shame what can happen when you are on the receiving end of a situation like his (and mine) and you only have your intelligence, what you know about the situation, your intuition, and savvy to guide you out of it. Yet, the culprits have the money, social power, status and resources, and for that reason; they come out on top and smelling like a rose-when they were the ones who came into your life and made a complete mess of it. I can't even *imagine* having to be admitted to some crazy hospital for some crazy shit because of a crazy bitch herself who, little did the world know, was crazier than the brother who the world labeled: "crazy"-down to his death. R.I.P.-may his soul rest.

After listening to that story about Allison's brother, I knew then that I'd better *shut my mouth* and just be a "BIDNEZZHANDLA" myself. Because little did Allison even know, I was already experiencing the scrutiny and shunning of my very own mother-having no (literal) understanding of what it was I was going through. We argued constantly. I told her that if she did not believe me-fine, but just do me one favor and not mention it to anyone over the phone *ever*. Just drop it. Drop it like it's hot. I didn't even want my mother *mentioning in conversation*-anything about me merely sitting at her house "working on a laptop." I especially did not want Janet to know that I still *had* the laptop because the last she heard tell of it was me talking to Shauntay- telling her that I was going to take it back because I didn't trust *it* either, it was a waste of my money-I couldn't afford it.

I wanted my mother to completely drop it also because I did not want Janet hearing anything additional that she could use for fun or fight. I definitely could not take her knowing that my big mouth mom would get on the phone blabbing her mouth about my being "crazy" while Janet and people sat and listened-laughing at their masterwork *working*. I figured that if she and her people could get a whiff of the sneers, shuns, and doubts in my own world, that would *definitely* make them feel as though they had some sick twisted inalienable permission to feel even better about what they were doing, all the while finding solace in the fact that the world outside bigger than my own-people who don't even know me but are enamored by Janet-would *certainly* feel I was the crazy one and Janet was somewhere "sane" and overseas; too busy, and taking care of way too much business to do something crazy like this. I *refused* to let she and her buddies test-market their evil and giving them more courage to have fun while doing it-wreaking havoc in my life.

My mom and I still argued (non-stop) about the phone calls (and her needing to admit me). I was so pissed, just knowing how much control over the entire situation this woman had, and how she could just sit back and be some unseen force in this entire ordeal; making me look like the crazy one to everybody. I couldn't stop crying, I was soooooo burning with upset and fury. I *knew* I had to finish the story. I *knew* I had to. I kindly reiterated to my mother, my need to have her not mention that I had a laptop at all-especially over the phone. No sooner than I said that, her friend walked into the door and she started to tell *him* about what we had just argued about, so I *knew* she would do the same thing (over the telephone) when I left her house. My blood was boiling. I was so pissed that Janet already knew about what kind of relationship my mom and I had (from "overhearing" us). She was the sister of sisters. She knew that if she wanted to know *anything* I was up to, all she had to do was keep the tap on my mother's phone because her mouth was so very big, and [when it came to me and my life excursions, especially]-she was not the one to trust with things I didn't want anybody to now. Right in my face, when my mom turned and told her boyfriend everything I had just asked her not to mention; I *knew* that Janet once again would win and have it in the bag with my mother. So I *knew* that I had to distance myself from my mother if I didn't want my right hand to know what my left hand was doing, just like I always had to do when it came to her-ever since I was a kid (Janet *knew* that too-from many discussions over the phone with my mother).

At this point in this thing with Janet, all I needed in my life was not so much as "allies" (or even people to believe me). But what I did need was for any information about me: large, small, or irrelevant; not be mentioned over their phones. If I bought a candy bar that they never had before and shared it with them, I wanted them to not mention *that* over their telephones. I needed to contain everything that I could. And where I couldn't control their being able to retrieve other information: bore them, like bleeding them out with weed-outs.

I already knew this was nothing new to them-I could tell it wasn't. They had done this thing several times before. And I seriously doubt that I was Janet's first (in this way). I would even lend credit to the notion that she and they have most probably done this to several other people from their *own* their private lives (that they loved or hated), and perhaps the "strange happenings and coincidences" in *those* people's lives (for wanting to hang on to their sanity) kept throwing caution to the winds of "consistent coincidences," (like I used to for a long while). Or they knew-but couldn't do a damned thing about it. But me, unlike them, I seriously think that although I was most probably not their first victim; I *most definitely* was the one who: caught on, (and in her terms): "played the game so well," but when shit got real: *did something about it*.

As far as the people from *my* private life, all I needed was for all friends and family members of mine to do for me; was to omit my entire existence from their mind in conversation on their phones-period-that's all I asked--*all* I asked. Whatever we needed to talk about, we could do it in person. That was the *only* thing I needed from them-nothing else but to treat their lives (over the phone) like we didn't even talk anymore-whether they believed me or not, resisted me or not, or called me crazy or all three--but just keep it in their *heads* rather than out of their mouths (especially over the telephone).

It got to the point where [during this very moment in time, and years later into this] whoever did meet me with the tiniest bit of resistance, attitude, questions, or a second guess (about my request); I had to cut them **completely the fuck off**. . . nice, swift, and silently. I had to-because little could they *ever* understand, to not do the simple thing I asked-only helped Janet and her buddies in waging easy strategies with this technological and psychological warfare going on in my life. To resist the simple thing I asked, was to elect to be against me, to elect to hurt me, and as far as I was concerned: kill me slowly-which was all the things that Janet and her buddies were doing to me every single day that I was waking up fighting [which ended up being for *years*]. I did *not* need my friends and family to unknowingly assist in giving them more to do than what was already being done to me. And as far as I was concerned, after I told them (what not to do), and they did it anyways-then as far as I was concerned; they knowingly and willfully assisted Janet and her buddies.

This little request of mine caused a whole lot of problems that otherwise would not have been a problem had I not opened up the can of worms-by going down the line connecting Janet's dots-per-friend (as told to me by Janet): the stories going on in their own lives that they hadn't even told *me* as yet. Connecting the dots wasn't hard to do, Janet had a nickname for each friend based upon something they did, or some character trait about them that I would automatically know. My asking *them* to exclude *me* from their minds (even in the most innocent of conversations on their phones), made many of them (who were really upset that I knew some things about them they hadn't told me) second guess if this was something I would probably grow to enjoy laughing back and forth with Janet on-for *our* entertainment. Not hardly. They had *no* idea about the promises I stayed firm on when I found out she was listening in on my telephones calls. They had *no* idea that I was *never* going to give her the comfort of discussing with her; anything that may hurt or upset her that she took upon herself to "overhear"-ever (and I never did-even if she "overhearing" something that caused concern or care about me-or what I was going through). I would never give her the comfort of thinking that what she was doing was ok-ever. I fought the good fight on that.

I remember Janine's words constantly ringing in my head: "*Angie it's like her rich ass is playing all of us like our poor little lives as compared to hers has no value-like we're these little toy soldiers*"

on this lil' chess board game that they're playing. We've got lives, dilemmas, problems, and stuff, and our shit is like...entertaining her. We didn't consent to a reality show for this bitch! She aint paying us! I mean serious!" That stuck with me.

My friends earned loyalty with me. Janet didn't earn any loyalty with me. Quite frankly, she didn't earn her way into my life. Despite my heart being open, my eyes and my mind stayed open too. As far as my friends were concerned, my thinking was: appreciate the fact that I revealed to you, what I hope you too, would reveal to me (if the shoe was on the other foot). Extending my loyalty and informing them-that they didn't have any privacy too-made some of them lose trust in me. And if they resisted and fought with *me*, then I couldn't trust *them* to honor my request in excluding me from any conversation on their phones [so as to not give Janet anything to work with-so that maybe she would get bored and leave them alone]. It was a science and a strategy to this shit that took a good brain to understand.

This whole thing forced *everyone* stand around like that scene out of "Scandal" where everybody drew guns on the person to their left and then the person to their right. It got crazy-the paranoia (and I understand that), but my (four-corner) thinking was all this:

The logical reality was, as annoying as this thing was *to everybody*...there wasn't a *damned* thing either of *them* could do to Janet about it by way of *nobody* (but *me*). She wasn't talking to them—she was talking to me. Having said that, *I'm* the one holding the: "can do anything about *anything*." If you can't allow me to position myself to do something about it altogether; that means I don't have your trust, therefore-I don't have your loyalty. And I'm not the one with the money in this. I'm only the one with the truth, the pen, and the patience-period-nothing else. I cannot buy your loyalty. So while I'm positioning myself to do something about it, *against* the people *with* the money-*they* can afford your loyalty (if they needed to), and if you weren't doing what I asked; then you gave it to them *for free*. So with that (and as far as I was concerned) you belonged to Janet's team in my eyes, so get to stepping from my sight (any family member or friend who fit that bill). Because in my life, there would be no other test of loyalty and support greater than this one-*ever*. My fight against a big superstar wouldn't be just with her-it would be against a brainwashed world of people too-who loved her for just singing and smiling. If I ever needed loyalty-the time was this time.

To hell with your only understanding of loyalty being my being there for you as you cry over some dude that doesn't want you, or want you calling his phone, texting him, crying to him. To hell with crying over some dude that barely wants to sleep you with except near payday. To hell with mending "unbreakable bonds" over gossip about who showed up to holiday dinner with a bigger mouth than what they brought in a bag through the door but had the nerve to sit at a table and feast but didn't wash dishes and shit. To hell with mending fences over punk ass twenty dollar loans and countless other petty, basic, muddleheaded bullshit. How about being full-on loyal over some *unusual*, life-altering shit that I needed *your* help, trust, and support with-unyielding?

How 'bout the loyalty and support I needed with shit like wayyy before the Internet opened itself up the way it is today, when I was on letter writing campaigns, faxing, paying money for time and consultations so much so that I couldn't even pay my rent because of--risking and rather be homeless or live in a fucking shelter if I had to-in order to fight to win my happiness, and have my peace of mind returned and restored back to me (and to you too by the way-little did you *continue* to know) Ignorance *was* bliss...

I was emailing, snail-mailing, talking on the phone to (ironically-wayyy before he was a regular on the Dr. Phil Show) former FBI investigators like Jack Trimarco-thankful for the *only* time in this, to be offered time on the telephone free of charge, listening to my situation—

naïve and raw; wondering how I can get these people subpoenaed to get a lie detector test done, to prove my truth and get my life back.

No loyalty, support, or help when I was listening to counsel and people take my money only to tell me that my fight would be much easier if all the same people who *too*, were victims and witnesses were in this with me [but little did they know, by *that* time and throughout the city]; mostly all had attitudes, were resistant, second-guessed me, and gossiped about me—complete with Ginsu knives in my back. After some time, they didn't see sweet trinkets, big-ticket items, and the materialistic proof of her adoration, lust, obsession, and interest any more than they saw any help in getting this dealt with ever coming my way or being possible, so after a while; they too, figured: Why bother? Why believe? Why behave?

Later years into this, how about being desperate and at rock-bottom, getting laughed at, and in between time (in order to keep your sanity); laughing *with* the *same* people you're trying to fight--them watching you get talked about and turned on; knowing full well I didn't even *have* a fight or a leg to stand on without any support, and no dollars--knowing all too well that my attempts were *futile*...

Picture being busy scrapping for your life and privacy--naively thinking that the truth, your rights, your humanness, and zeal would be all it'd take to put it back together again from somebody you didn't even in *vite* to it--to no avail, and all you have left is the will to remain hopeful that someday you'll wake up to a brighter day and a miracle of justice called: "Right Over Wrong."

Picture a mind going through all *kinds* of gerbil in a cage type shit that those same friends, family and foes weren't even *cut* to mentally be able to deal with or had the Motts to fight and handle by themselves. I did. I had no other *choice*. I *been* a "Gladiator in a [motherfucking] Suit" in *this* scandal--before "Scandal" was even a television show. Right here where I lay my head at night, and within arms reach; my telephone, my fingers and my heart (when all was said, done and undone) it ended up being: Angie, alone, #TeamMotherfuckingAngie--period--with the love of one homie that held me up through today thank *goodness* thank God.

I experienced enough loss, hurt, pain, ridicule, suffering, agony, hopelessness, angst, backstabbing, embarrassment, humiliation, anguish, despair, desperation, and aloneness in these past fourteen years to know that *nothing* else in my life could ever get worse than the things I suffered and experienced behind this--*nothing*.

This experience altered my entire personality in ways for the better and for worse.

Better, in: strength, perseverance, tenacity, complete fearlessness of anything and anybody.

Worse, in ways that I would rather and not put on paper--because it just might shock you.

I've had no *choice* but to be brave, be bold, be heard, be strategic, be on guard, be ready, be patient, be strong, be sane, be sensible, be cool, be calm, and be prepared to tell *anybody* to kiss my ass if need be.

I'm afraid of *nothing* and no one about a *darned* thing, because I never in life felt more damned than this ordeal (and I know never will). Because despite the hell, I *know* I was blessed and guided through this situation by hands bigger than she, her money, and her people (and even me and my pen--that over the years, eventually I had to give up fighting with). I couldn't fight any more. I was tired. I couldn't write any more--dream anymore, or even write for *myself* anymore...

Eventually, some light was shed into this dark tunnel when I was contacted by publicist (R.J. Garis) who read through my proposal-and wanted to work with me. He sent me the contract, tentative itinerary, and date to begin getting it crackin.’

An attorney out of New York: Steven Hubert who, after reading everything and needing to make sure it was no celebrity shake down, offered to take my case. As desperate as I was to get this out of my life, and now-with help; I still had to be sensible, by not forgetting that combating this thing was a science-a strategy, by too, being realistic and thinking things through. Realistically, I couldn’t afford the attorney if I wanted to have a place to live. And playing the publicity game is a game on her turf by which she has more experience. Furthermore, I was *more* than sure nobody on television or radio would really take the time to read the story in its entirety before talking to my “nobody” ass. I *refused* to be mopped across the floor once again over the glitter of her celebritydrom-further squashing my truth and turning this into some entertainment for show business. This story is not *about* “publicity,” it’s about getting at the truth-in order to get my life back. So before making a final decision to make the first large increment payment to the publicist, I paid for a half-page spread in a major television and radio publication [that producers of radio and television subscribe to-to select their guests]. I wanted to see (from the privacy of my own home and five-minutes of airtime) what these interviews would be like-how they would handle little ole “nobody me” when talking about “big ole Janet,” her stranger than fiction dark side, and a story about her transgressions (illegal and otherwise).

Unlike now (in television especially) back *then* (2001), tv shows weren’t so eager to take on any “freak-showish” type of story or anything that seemed too sensational (like they are today-in 2013). So I knew television would not consider my ad in the spread. But I knew that radio (drive-time most probably) would. Sure enough October 2001, I did snag two radio interviews: one interview with station WNWS with a host by the name of Harrell Carter. He was kind, impartial, objective, and fair. The other interview was with a Dallas station (KTCK). A program director by the name of Richard Hunter set up the interview for me and two of his radio hosts who had a segment called “The Hot Spot.” The DJ’s weren’t necessarily rude; but they did try to make a complete mockery of it (one of the two DJ’s more than the other). But I could tell this one thing for sure (which was the main thing I was looking out for): Neither station’s DJ/hosts had gone onto my website and read a *thing*. They just wanted to go at whoever had whatever to say about “big ole Janet” (because she was “Janet”), that’s all. I was fighting for my life-I didn’t care. I only needed one beneficial person to hear my truth and cry-I could give two fucks about the public, and her weirdo ass fanatics.

After that experience, **refused** to play that game ever again until I knew I was going to be *heard*: literal WORD for WORD...

I had already had Janet’s people (one of the main ones who worked for her and too, in on this whole thing might I add) sending me my first “*This is your: We gon’ shoot back and you know your broke ass can’t win/so the fuck what-we’re guilty and we know it, but you gon’ get this work*” warning: An email in defense of Janet, laden with a bunch of bullshit trying to patty cake and protect her fucking “image” by making me look like a complete nut-as if this was all fragments of my angst and imagination. It was *terrible*. To me, I felt like they should have just hung back and ignored it, especially when they *knew* nobody gave two fucks about me and what I was saying. They *knew* I was fighting with the wind (just like I knew, too). But the part of them that knew I did have the truth in my hand felt like they had to fight for her fucking “image.” I couldn’t believe them. Consider everything I had gone through with, that moment right there *completely* turned me off from celebritydrom. I was no longer impressed-so be

thankful if I respected what you did (your craft) in the world of celebrity. When it came to that, I became a magnetic bloodhound that could sniff out any bullshit that wasn't real or true (for the sake of protecting an "image"). The Janet Fake-Over was in full effect.

The new "boyfriend" search was on. Johnny Gill had run his stint and stunt with Janet back in '99/2000 after Rene threats [to tell the world about Janet's "secret lifestyle, and insatiable appetite for pretty women and the affairs she had with them"]. And with this thing *we* were going through, Janet's machine was in war mode; fully pulling out all the stops to combat (and stop) whatever her money, power, influence, and celebrity could. Having (originally) ended the chronicle by the end of 2000 and prepped it for print (to be in my hand); I was very aware of the mechanics of celebritydrom fuckery, because of this whole thing being the reason her machine carried on that god-awful unbelievable Janet/JD relationship [for years-at that]. All the believable pretty boys (Janet's *real* type and preference) were not available for this fuckery (especially for the length of time they needed), but JD (her friend) was available. Her people knew that this thing could get ugly and blow up, so they were putting all their fuckery ducks in a row for the ignorant, blind, and easily bedazzled public. That "JD and Janet" fuckery move they pulled kind of gave me life. It gave me a sign that I had more power in this fight than I had ever given myself credit for thus far. Although I wasn't her "boyfriend Rene," who the public found out years later-[one of Janet's many other secrets]-was really her husband of over thirteen years who had tons of secrets about Janet that obviously, he knew the public would be interested to know, so they paired her with JD-especially knowing that the details of *this* story (if put in the right hands and read by the right eyes), would blow whatever Rene had-out the water. Because in addition to this scandal, they knew that I also knew for a *fact*, four industry honeys that Janet shook it with: one popular, one semi-popular, one disgraced, and one defunct + two male actors. Although (little did they know) I had no interest in telling about any of that (and who they were) at all, but Janet's camp didn't rest assured of that.

By my being a writer, author, editor, and web-page designer (with a thriving publishing company for years), they didn't sleep on me and my ability to get the *job* (story) done, they only slept on my ability to get it to the *public*-the masses-because I had no money, no support of friends and family, I wasn't a public figure, and Janet was the superstar in this with access to the media, who could *definitely* make me look like I was crazy. My knowing that, I knew that publicizing and lawyering up would not be effective-out the gate (first). Because the details of all that happened could not be explained and understood *any other way* but in somebody's lap and in their hands-it was too much, too intricate and too detailed to be understood outside of that. So they knew I was at a loss in this (in that regard). But one thing they could not contend with, prepare for, or fuck around and finagle with, was the future: some college boys who had connected the world in ways that back then (1999-2004), **none** of us could have ever guessed and foresaw happening [like 2005 going forward]. Technology and access to the public and mass media changed drastically-and leveled the playing field in more ways than we *all* could've imagined and foresaw. *That's* where they lost most of their power in this.

But I was *amazed* at the lengths their "people" would go through to sweep their bullshit under the rug, no matter who they hurt or how detrimental it was. It was like a wet-bubble reality of being drenched with her bullshit for as long as I had been, and to have (one of the cohorts at that)...write an open letter and cc me on it [as if this was all the work of some crazy girl named Angela who merely used to hang out in Janet's chat room] was unbelievable to me and a complete triple slap in the face. I was floored! *That's* the moment when celebrity facade fuckery *really* became apparent to me-that moment right there. *That's*

when I knew their fuckery was big business, regardless the extent of the lives they *knew* they were guilty of ruining. It was *so* surreal, way too surreal for my eyes, my heart, and my mind. Trust me, that letter was so well-put and righteous that if I was a *little bit* crazy, I would have wrapped all this up and charged it to my crazy (and the voices in my head that aint never been there). That letter was *so* perfect for the public's eyes-to hoodwink and fool them, that even if I was 1% doubtful of any of my truth in this, it was perfect enough to make *me* think I had imagined it all, it was *just that good*. But I'm sane. So I knew it was mere fuckery with the attempt to mind fuck me, but I kept my mind and held onto my truth. I was the only one with nothing to hide, but just as much to lose in my little world-by fighting this (being called "crazy" for life) as she had to gain by having a big scandal [that would not only increase her popularity and income, but would all blow over in thirty days].

The ONE and ONLY element of the whole story that made them fight me were the illegal elements of it, other than that-she would have toyed with it, played coy, and hung back-quietly. But there wouldn't have even *been* a story had there not been those illegal elements involved that (because of her emotions) she used those illegal elements to hurt, ridicule, punish, anger, control and upset me. Other than that, this thing would have just been another one of her many secrets never been told-period-no matter what.

Although I played a part in this ordeal, the truth and part out of my control are these two facts 1) I did not come in with any malefic intent to cause her any harm. 2) I *ended up* becoming a victim in the wrath of her craziness, bullshit, and boredom that (between the two of us) only *she* could afford to turn into something altogether different than what I expected and would never agree to. She *knew* when she turned this into something else, I had no resources, access to the press and public, or dollars fight with. She *knew* I could not fight her without looking insane, and she took an over and beyond transcendent kind of advantage of that, which brought us to this.

Her people *knew* I had been working on this thing-they watched every single thing being typed and *knew* just when to bark and what to bark with. They knew *everything* I was doing-every step of the way. Everybody on her team was a team. Everybody had the same stake in this. Unless somebody grew a conscience and stepped outside to tell the truth, I had nothing but the truth and a strange kind of proof on pages and pages of paper. Outside of that, the *only* person who could shed any light on my truth has a Malibu home and an \$11 million dollar price tag taping his mouth shut-and that was Rene: the catalyst and premise of the story [slash] Janet's ex-husband.

Having said all that, her people *knew* that their open letter strategy would work over mine, and that no one would really take the time out to read the intricate details in order to determine (for *themselves*) what they thought was true or not (hence, no matter how embarrassing any part was for me too, even if I didn't want to admit any part I played in it-I admitted it). I made *sure* that I told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so helped me God.

Those were the facts, my feelings, and one facet of this fiasco. As strange as it may sound, there *were* those "good elements" woven in between [all that was good that had gone bad]. Surprisingly, even since the birth of the story (July 20th 1999), after commandeering the computer and getting a hold of the first 13 pages; we continued to get along (off and on), and more "on" than "off." Eventually, she understood my reasons for chronicling, and it was obvious she felt that as long as she could be a witness to it being chronicled, have at it. She knew that I wasn't trying to shake her down, and she also knew she needed to be shaken somehow. And unfortunately in this way; in her own neighborhood: the public. There was no

other way she was going to redirect her wrongdoings and assist me in resolving the part of our wrangles that I could not reverse-unless it was me who did the redirecting. And I did; the only way I knew how to-via my neighborhood: in ink and in print. After the shock and awe was over, it didn't stop her from "loving" me, wanting to see me, be "us", and continue our thing. She felt like she loved me enough that what she felt for me was bigger than what I could really do [to hurt her]. And in some twisted way, it made me love her back-because she still wanted me when she could have shut shit down (or even if she didn't shut shit down), the operation was set up as such that she could even *pretended* to have shut shit down and gone away, and I would have never known any different-that she really was gone (or no). The fact that she still accepted me and still wanted to be with me after knowing what I was doing *to her-for* me, forced me to keep a light on for her because unconditionally, she meant what she said about loving me. And I knew it was true and real because even after getting a hold of the first 13 pages; (and outside of all things, and big people surrounding and attached to her) where we-she and I-were concerned, our fights picked up and continued right where our fights began: about and around all things having to do with her unreasonableness, anger, jealousy, possessiveness, and controlling ways-*never* about my writing the book, ever.

No matter what we were "off" about, it never involved anything about the story at *all*-but always over her getting jealous-her emotions about me with other people in my life that took time away from *her*. And by 2001, the majority of my friends (in the same city) had backstabbed or bailed on me anyways, I only had one or two friends still by my side. So Janet pretty much had me to herself-and fighting for them was no more-and no longer necessary in my book. Janet (or her buddies) never brought them up anymore. It was like all she wanted was them: gone. I seriously doubt that anybody close to Janet can deal with too many people-because she was like that. She encompassed, required and sequestered a *lot*.

Strange chain of events and strange altogether-yes indeed it was. Yeah, we would have fun (through the "offs" and "ons") even around the time that her girl sent me that open letter email, that *same* week we (Janet and I) were still doing what we do. As the shit hit the fan (during 2003-2005); we *both* had things going on (in preparation to go to war with one another), yet even through my hurt, anger, and upset (and hers), we were still "on" talking about "love" for one another in a few day's time (off and on).

This whole thing was a tug of war-love and war pull of a velvet rope from the start. "War" was always being planned even during "love," at *all* times. Yes, it was strange... but with both our understanding that these were merely strange but necessary formalities that we both knew we had to do in the event one of us decided to go to battle. She was still "Janet" and I was still: "me." Therefore, "love" could never be the only thing. Love is *never* the only thing with somebody rich and famous like it is in with somebody broke or living modestly. I learned that (amongst all the other things that taught me lessons in this thing).

Early into the time we were especially head over feet with one another and really hitting it off-like way before *any* drama popped off especially in mid-March through May of '99-everything was unbelievably perfect. It was like magic. We thought this thing we had was kismet, and if what we felt and what we were doing by any other's eyes and opinion seemed indecent, immoral, insane, unnatural, or abnormal-we could care less. She cared nothing about going through a divorce or the millions it was costing her. Those moments within that bracket of time, Janet was with the girl she had grown to know and love and was *extremely* excited like a girl in love. Her face was different, her way was different-she was perfectly happy. It was like she had no care about what she was going through because she was happy to have someone

else around to talk to, to know, and to love—who accepted her unique and strange brand of love and accepted + loved her back. That’s all she cared about and we had big fun. We couldn’t get enough of one another.

During that early month of May ‘99 (when in the story, she was going through all those “connection changes,”) she was preparing to go overseas to the World Music Awards in Monaco where she was going to be presented with a special award. This show was to be her very first time out the gate to be seen by me in public while in her element since our lil’ shin-dig and love fest had begun, so this was a very big moment for her (for more than the award that she was being presented with). She knew that although it wasn’t aired live, her buddies and I would be watching it in about a week or so, so that appearance on the show was a big to-do (for all of us). Janet was intricately methodical throughout this whole thing (the bad and the good—just the same) and she deliberately planned everything she said and did publicly and privately, which was how we all (Janet, her buddies, and me) kept close and in communication. Everything we did, and how we communicated was one *big* total inside joke or conversation at *all* times (and publicly—starting with this World Music Awards in Monaco).

She was sooooo pretty that day. She looked like a black china doll. She chose to wear all white, because that was how she was feeling: virginal, new, happy, and in love. It was weird—how innocent she looked, sounded, walked, and talked—even down to the way she held on to the award when she gave her speech—expressing *how she really was feeling*: “ennobled.”

She wore her hair all pulled up in braids with a white piece of cloth around the up-do. What she wore was like a metaphor for her private person vs. her public personality: On bottom, she wore a modest almost formal-like skirt, yet, on top; she had on a fitted midriff shirt that showed a little bit of the skin of her trademark usual: her six-pack abs. The top was nearly see-through (where you could almost see her nipples and areola).

A couple weeks after it was taped then finally aired, we all sat in the room while Janet’s buddies were crapping on her about the areola of her tits showing through that white top. She *felt* pretty, she *felt* sensual. She was happy-*very*. That day was one of her most happiest, memorable, and remarkable times within this on and off tug of love and war.

Unless you know + experience Janet and her ‘sensuality’ (in its most strong sense of the definition), you do not know that her premeditation and deliberateness is a part of her good, and how she expresses herself and as well, can be a part of her bad and how she expresses herself, or too, is an extension of how she wants to extend herself to you.

Throughout my writing the story (which began on July 20, 1999) and during her filming “Nutty Professor II” (which she began rehearsing for on October 5, 1999), we were “on” so much so that by that time that I was writing in the part of the story where I introduced one of my besties who lives in New York [who-in the story] I gave the name: “Denise,” I later found out (when the movie came out of course) that Janet’s [Nutty Professor character’s name too, was: “Denise”]. With Janet, that was no coincidence, it’s what she does. That girl is a *very* smart woman beneath that seemingly dense, timid, withdrawn, innocent exterior. She is a master morph—who premeditates to predict the outcome, reaction, and response to whatever it is she is trying to convince or convey.

Her Super Bowl/Nipplegate “apology” is a perfect example of what I am saying. From her makeup, to the way she held her face and eyes upside down, down to the way she spoke and enunciated her words down to the vowel, the syllable, the verb and the adjective. That is the sum of the morph in Janet that unless you *experience* her—you will never get to know that side of her, even if you just know of, or even (think) you “know” her. The fact about Janet is this thing: She is a “school,” a concept, a prototype, and a literal piece of work

that requires a kind of dissection that you can't get to, unless she *allows* you.

You will never “know” Janet unless you experience Janet. You will never experience Janet unless she *wants to experience you* + (plus/and/in addition) *wants you* (outside of your merely experiencing her and she-you). If she wants you, you will know. If she does not want you, you will know. You will only know her “conceptually” (even if you think you know her).

She can be *very* cunning. She's *extremely* deliberate (by nature). But in this thing with me, and for all of our entertainment (her buddies, and she and myself); she was sometimes deliberate in real-time (publicly), and other times, by surprise (then later—we would laugh or talk about it in the room).

Names and nicknames meant a lot to us, it's how we communicated-how Janet could be “Janet” but behind names that would allow her to be *herself* with me but enable her to peek from behind them and go: “*Baby it's me-I'm this such-and-such name today.*” ...but in her own words to let me know what was up. She even does it with her staff-they never know at first, until she does [like she did with Lissa]-that day when Lissa wanted to know who I was talking to and Janet said: “@Lissa, it's me,” then we move on to talking. The fact of the matter was: She *still* was “Janet” the superstar-no matter how long past that fascination I had been. She still had to *not* be “Janet” (by name) but only in writing-by way of her words' deeds and doings.

Sometimes, it was pure de' comedy (that name game). And it came back to bite *her* in the ass by surprise one day in public...on *live* television.

Janet was scheduled to appear on TRL (Total Request Live) on M.T.V with Carson Daly. On the show, Carson would have a lot of young folks outside the studio (that didn't make it in) and some inside that did [make it in]. Well, Janet was doing press for “The Nutty Professor II.” M.T.V had a set of cameras outside. Carson just so happened to have called out to a girl outside whose named [just so happened to be] “Angela.” When Janet heard it, she kicked into ‘sensual;’ softened her voice and asked Carson if Angela could come upstairs to the studio [so that she could meet her]. Carson seemed to be *very* taken aback because no provisions like that had ever happened (he made an under-the-breath remark to that effect, some kind of way). At any rate, after a few commercials (and Carson being a good sport about it), he says something like: “*Sooo Angela you wanna come on up-come on up and...hang out.*”

Considering the fact that the girl's name (coincidentally) was “Angela,” it was too surreal a moment for Janet. It became “sensual-surreal”-something that had nothing to do with the girl (per se'), but the fact that her name was “Angela.”

When the girl approached her, Janet reached out and touched her face. She looked at her with a *verysensual* and piercing look. And while touching her face, it was like the girl's name being “Angela” forced Janet into a Ghost-like moment “Ghost” (like the movie)—like...a ghost of *The Angela* (me) was in her face yet, Janet was so timely and deliberate, that the way she behaved towards the girl could have very well been a deliberate “demonstration” (because she knew that I was watching from my home) and her buddies were watching from theirs-and this is like...something we would laugh at and crap on Janet about having happened so unexpectedly, and catching her off guard.

To all of us on the inside, as if that wasn't funny enough; later on, the girl said something about liking Janet's sunglasses. Janet then offered the glasses to the girl-graciously-to have, to keep. By this time, Janet was so nervous. My friend and me (watching on) could not stop laughing. The moment was something that Janet could *not* handle well, and boy was it classic. It was extra funny because Carson didn't know *what* the hell was going on, but he

knew something totally odd and over his head had just happened. “Angela” didn’t know what was going on. The audience inside or outside didn’t know what was going on. But my friend and I (and Janet and her friends) were the only ones who knew what was going on. The moment was very awkward too because Carson’s odd “this is awkward,” “what just happened here?” look on his face was priceless. It was crazy hilarious. That made it even funnier-he had *no* idea [what was going on].

She knew that most times, I hated the nickname thing we would have to do, but she went out of her way to do whatever she could do or say during any public real-time (and of course privately)-to make sure she did something substantial and *literally* remarkable to prove her effort.

Around the time we were getting to know one another well, in the beginning of all this ('99), when I would get up early mornings to talk to her; I would bathe before getting online because once on, we would talk for a couple of *hours*. As it would be nearing the time for me to leave, I would go on and put my clothes on during conversation. Somehow, we got on the subject of how I would get out the tub and put on my terry-cloth robe after moisturizing all over (while still damp) and how I would use a towel to stuff between my legs and up between the crack of my ass to dry out down there after my bath. I would then tie my robe around my waist and sit there (or walk around the house or whatever)-that was my routine and ritual that I always did out of habit. She thought that was the *funniest* and *oddest* thing. She giggled her ass off. It was cute.

She hung on to every single word I *had* ever said to her-no matter how large or small the conversation was, so much so that weeks or months later; she would do or say something to prove her effort at being as transparent and revealing as possible. I loved that about her. I loved that she cared to melt herself into my entire existence and experiences-she was sensual to that extent. It was very sexy, but also childlike and sweet.

So fast-forward, two years later after those early time, her “All For You” CD was about to come out (and mind you, she never said one thing to me about the cover art or anything about the CD for that matter).

I believe it was April 2001-the day the CD went on sale-she asked me if I was going to go and get it (of course I was). I had a guy friend of mine (who was picking up one for himself) grab one for me and bring it over. So low and behold, I get a knock at the door. I opened it. He had his hands behind his back then showed me one CD in his right hand (his) and the other CD in his left hand: mine. My mouth fell to the floor and I started to giggle and place my hand over my mouth. My friend says: “What’s so funny!?”

Of course I didn’t bother explaining but I couldn’t *wait* to get on and talk to her when he left. I giggled because the cover art on front of the CD pictured Janet laying there with a towel/piece of fur between her legs (like I told her how I do it). I fell out laughing. She does *not* play about her deliberateness, and is one of the most methodical people I’ve ever met in my life. She was very “interested” in me, and always retained things that the typical person would have long-forgotten about. She would go out of her way to *show me* her attention-undivided (for hours at a time). I can’t lie, I liked that. She was attentive to detail in ways that most girls dream about being catered to, by someone they love. I was both flattered and impressed. It swelled my heart, and I have to admit-it swelled my head too (while around she and her buddies-in this world of all ours). I *would* say that some of her buddies didn’t like me, but their “not liking me” pretty much was to the extent that that they were on guard and ready to serenade Janet with the “I told you so,” stories (whenever she and I would fight). They were completely on guard for being ready to prove to her that the love and attentiveness she gave to

Obviously, that statement meant nothing to me then, because I wasn't on the "in" just yet-with Janet and her buddies at the time that I read the article. But *since* that, I know who "those people" are. And after knowing Janet and talking to her at her most desperate of times in this--like back on that July 10th day that she went gangam style on me-that day when (in third person) she mentioned something about herself being involved in a cult.

Then another time (that almost fateful July 16th night that she wanted to kill herself) when she cried out to me and specifically stated (verbatim): "*It's the people I interact with/ they can take me down in one second flat.*" The "people" are her buddies-the same people who I am more than sure her own mother was "very concerned" about, I can bet on it.

When I found out Janet's room had been up and running since way back damned near when the Internet was first made available to civilians ('96/'97); as the pages of our story were unfolding, I could clearly see these people (her buddies) as those *same* people that I feel flock to and find these big celebrities with the biggest money that are always available to help them spend their big money on various things to help them pass time to keep from getting so lonely-no matter the level of mischief. These "people" (her buddies) became Janet's *real* family.

I remember the time myself (and her buddies) crapped on her about her brother Marlon one day in particular (the night that M.T.V presented her with an Icon Award). We crapped on her because Marlon made a comment saying something to the effect like: "*look at my baby sister...all **g**rowed up,*" but it wasn't a joke. He used "growed" in the grammatical sense as if he said (correctly): "*look at my baby sister...all **g**rown up.*" That was a hilarious day. It was cute because she could laugh at herself (even at her *real* family), or get crapped on and not take herself so seriously. We tore his ass up about that grammatical speech error. I'll never forget it.

For years, we had so much fun. But *right* before (and *especially* after Nipplegate) something terrible changed her in ways that our typical ups and downs, hot and colds, and off and ons could not hold a candle to. I was resistant to her. I was meaner to her. I couldn't get back on track with her. And from there, what we had was all off, down, and hot (fire hot). It made her a completely different person, and everything between us was all-out war: no love for a while. It was a lot of anger, hurt, bitterness, and fighting between the both of us (and with her buddies assistance).

Around the time of that notorious Super Bowl Half-Time fiasco, it had been about three-four years since they closed the room and we took our business elsewhere online in another private room and I.M (doing what we always did). Shortly before she began press and publicity for "All For You," the chronicle turned story had become a manuscript and hard copy book (in my hand-unpublished as yet), so a *slight* amount of humility set in (from she and her buddies). They weren't as loose-lipped and fly at the mouth as they were when we were in Janet's room, because this time around, I could print script/room conversations (if need be). So in the new room, I.M, and email; Janet used a unisex nickname, although the cryptic "nickname game" [to identify *things* in the form of a nickname like "basketballbutt" etc..] still remained-that part never changed. Janet said just enough to me to say what she wanted to (to keep this thing going) but nothing much that I could do anything with-like I could with all that had occurred from '98 to early 2000 (which was where I originally had ended the book and details about everything).

For a while after the book, they lay low on being fly at the mouth and keeping up drama and confusion-that is-until around early 2005, that because of (in March that year); I took drastic measures that rearranged my life as I knew it. After that happened, although it changed the dynamics of mine and Janet's relationship, it forced us *all* to make necessary changes that probably otherwise would not have happened had I not sent such a big jolt and

message to she and her buddies that I was not playing games with them-on the bullshit-anymore. Eventually, we took it all mobile (as technology began to get “smart”) and she miraculously changed-had a brand new respect for me and “loved” me all over again (her special brand of what love was to her-to the full extent of what she felt love *really* was)...

But a lot had occurred before we even got to the point of my having to take those drastic measures and miraculous changes happening.

You see, from the moment she began promoting “All For You” on into 2002, she was very busy (Awards Shows, the JD relationship publicity stunt fuckery, appearances, Kid’s Choice Awards, hooking up with her two male actors + four industry honeys-all that). One of her honeys (the now) defunct songstress, she was in a full-on relationship with (2002/2003) while seeing the corny D-list actress she was seeing; so she was pretty busy and I was not caring-at all because I knew she wanted me-still. They were just substitutes and good for her ego. I was just merely upset that I had no way of completely cutting her cord from my life. She had that under wraps. That was her power. And she stayed plugged in.

In 2002 she was preparing for her HBO “All For You” special too, yet, we still talked when we could (not very much though). So the new room and I.M changes set into place (after the book was completed), was perfect timing-because she didn’t have that kind of frivolous time on her hands like she did during the time we were all boo’d up during the last leg of her “Velvet Rope Tour” (1999) through the beginning of press for “All For You” (into mid-2001). We kind of picked back up (via that new room and I.M) later into 2003-kind of. Mostly staring, saying words-her: angry at me. Me, hurt deep inside that we had gotten to this point and we weren’t even angry like this way back when I started chronicling for the book. It amazed me that our issues and this fighting we were doing didn’t even have much to do with the book per se. What was crazily upsetting to her was that as a *result of the book*, it drew a wedge between us that forfeited a lot of plans she had for us, and she felt like all these years were in vain. She stayed angry at me but never considered the fact that we didn’t have to be at this point if it was not for the things she and her buddies *kept* doing. By this time, I was like a brick wall to her anger. I was good and over her romantically-nothing like I was in the beginning of this thing-and that bothered her. That’s when she would tell me about her other honeys she had been fucking around with during all that time away-talking about it to me in detail reminiscent of a college frat boy talking to his friends in a locker room, she wanted to hurt me *so* badly but I wouldn’t let her affect me. She then even went as far as to try and taunt me about her plans to get at one of my two besties. I laughed and told her that even with all her money-trying to get at either one was about as futile as the two of us being like we once were: aint gonna happen, so good luck on that quest, because neither ever was and never would be interested in pussy-sorry. Their repulsion for it was equal to what I felt about her at the time. She was *pissed* at me-my emotionless resistance. She was going for my heart and jugular at the same damned time-any and every which way she could. She was so raw and desperate to hurt me-certainly a different person to me from 2002-2005, but I totally didn’t even care, because so far, I was winning in this:

- 1) The “Room of Hell” was closed for good.
- 2) My book (arsenal, proof and protection-detailing everything from 1998-2000) was all ready for me to just press “publish.”
- 3) Here it was 2003 and she *still* hadn’t gotten *the* girl, the one she *really* wanted: Me.

....So: **PROGRESS**. I was making strides-strides that she couldn’t break. So as far as I was concerned, she could take that dildo and her fist and stick ‘em out all their pussy’s through their anus and out their ears-I could care less. I had nothing to shed a tear over because thus

far-at that 2003 point-although what she was doing hurt me deeply; it didn't hurt as bad because I wasn't a notch under her belt of bitches. My mind and heart was a little bit stronger because of that *one* reason. Had I given into her and we got to this vicious point (where we were at this time), I would have been devastated beyond repair. But I knew she still wanted me and needed to conquer *that* (even if it grew to not be about me anymore, ever in life again). I knew the fight in her-how she fights-and why. I knew it killed her to have something with someone she *knew* for a hard core fact (at one time) patiently and repeatedly put up with all her "crazy" and loved her crazy ass unconditionally (even beyond what I would normally stand for) that now, she could not reach in *anyway*: romantically, sexually, or emotionally--as a friend, a lover, a confidant-nothing. Having all things controlled by her and go her way for so long in life, mentally-she could not handle that. I knew too much about her to be out of her control + not love her anymore, like I once did. She had stolen + knew too much about me to let go. I merely became a conquest for her-that in the interim, she abruptly became a bully, a terror, a Tasmanian devil, and a tyrant. From 2002-2005 her head was fucked-and I had control of her heart. And that was my power. Her only power was that she remained plugged in to me still, while busy and plugged into the world.

When she had come down off her public self and when she wasn't met with the kind of open arms she was used to from me; she was ready to get into her darker self-but I wasn't playing that game with her. With my feeling stronger, she could have just gone away and I would have been ok with that. I was at that point-no anger, just over her. The thought of talking personal, cybersex, and anything remotely close to being boo'd up the way we were wasn't even imaginable for me. And she didn't seem too happy with that plus not being able to have control of things the way she did when we were using her room (owned and controlled by herself and her people). After the "All For You" tour, I guess it felt kind of odd to come back to all this downtime she was about to have, and now for the first time after all these years; not have the comfort of being back in her very own troublemaking ass room--thanks to the birth of my unpublished book, having (as far as her digerati was concerned) infiltrated that whole devilish operation. At this point in time, she was back out of the public eye and was doing her trademark usual: gaining weight, sinking into depression, (and what I knew and had experienced with her-now): gone under; getting dark at the soul and getting into other mischievous and dark things.

I hadn't seen her publicly since the end of "All For You"-around 2003.

Super Bowl Sunday would be the first time out the gate that I had publicly seen her in almost a year. The day of the Super Bowl, she was very busy. And although we talked for a second (very close to the time she was to go out), we didn't talk about nothing much, and definitely not too long. The only thing she asked me was if I was going to be watching. I told her that I would-while visiting my mom's house (I was staying the night there). When Half-Time came, I was sitting at a desk in my mom's spare bedroom-fidgeting around, while looking back and forth at Janet: looking dark and a lot heavier since "All For You" was over.

Unlike back when *we* are all boo'd up and having our own private tittygate, all her public appearances (1999-2001) when she knew I was watching-she was looking innocent, svelte, beautiful, and thriving-happy, in love. *This* time, she was dressed in black and demonic looking--all tight and buttoned up; reminiscent of her Gorean lifestyle (something I found out about shortly after this fiasco and how this breast-bearing thing then-for the World Music Awards where she dressed in white-and later-at the Super Bowl dressed in all black; was ceremonial and deliberate—and why (and not from some Internet conspiracy theories but from what she said to me).

At any rate, I blinked, turned my head and my mother ran into the room and said to me: “*Angie, did you see Janet’s titty out?*” Believe it or not, I actually missed the moment. When I looked back at the television and saw her clutching herself and exiting the stage-the show was over. I turned the television off and lay down for the night. My mother was back in her room with the door shut. When I woke up the next morning, my mom was gone out for work already. I bathed, got dressed for the gym and left the house. While at the gym, I looked up at the television and there Janet was with that “apology face” yet, I had no idea why her face was on the television screen (looking like *that* anyways). I stopped the Stairmaster and asked the guy next to me what was going on. Looking at me as if I lived under a rock, he began to tell me all that I had obviously slept and turned a deaf mute ear to through to this very morning.

I hurriedly rushed home to get online [via our new room] to see if Janet or her buddies would show up. Janet didn’t, her buddies did. I said verbatim: “*I’m getting ready to get online and find out all that’s going on, but whatever it is-that face she had going on was wayyyyyyyyy too apologetic. It was so overly apologetic that it looked staged and unbelievable. That was too much, just way too much.*” None of them replied to that mentioned something about Janet having a photo shoot coming up with Beyonce and Mary J. Blige that I *believe* she was on route to, or had been at already, so I left the [new] room.

Things got really crazy. As if all these years hadn’t been our own special brand of strange, things had gone to a new level of bizarre: psychological suspense movie-like bizarre. Nipplegate was the start of a whole different with Janet-a level turned way up from the brink that she and I was already on at this time. Something happened to her after “Nipplegate.” No, some *things* happened inside of her and did a complete 360-she completely “checked out.” Her mind, her emotions, her soul, her spirit and everything was pitch Milky Way galaxy black. It was *that* deep and *that* far gone. She didn’t care what happened to me [and as illegal and unheard of as what she started doing to me was] she didn’t even care what would happen to her. She turned this thing up to a game that felt like: “*Catch Me If You Can. But Until Then, You Gon’ Catch This. You Hear Me Bitch!*” She refused to continue to allow me to feel victorious in winning the emotional tug of war that she knew she had lost with me-and still (up to this very point in time) never got her chance to bring anything of ours to fruition. This time, she turned her mere voyeurism by “overhearing” to “overseeing” and showed no shame in telling me, showing me, and proving it. I was astonished. She came crashing down into my world like an Armageddon. My head was fucked up. My nerves were shot to hell. Luckily, I had been done writing and chronicling because I did not have the strength to write *another word* about this entire ordeal-and she was hacking and sending me packet-sniffers and boot-virusing my poor lil’ computers until them shits’ hard drives were toast. She wasn’t going down without a fight to make *sure* I wouldn’t be able to write and pre-press another **word** (especially about what she was currently doing).

Into 2004 with a printed book (detailing everything from 1998-2000) and 965-paged chronicle [+ a 365-paged condensed version of that chronicle which detailed everything from 2000-2003] traveling with me, she turned this ordeal turned up in ways *unimaginable-unthinkable* that made mere hacking and wire-tapping look minor as gossip. She started fighting, terrorizing, taunting, and going government intelligence high-tech on me. She and her people spiked the notches on this sha-bang that made my head roll this time. And unless you work for Lockheed-Martin, the CIA, the FBI and any other sensitive intelligence government agency that would be familiar with the contents and know-how of the shit I went through, knew, and lived to tell; I wouldn’t even *bother* explaining to your: “*Living In A Matrix Happy-Go-Know-Nothing About The Uncomfortable Side Of Life That The Only People Who Can Afford It Can Do*

it cost her money to have done. She was paying, out of pocket, for her own evil that she was too irrational to see had become a habit that she could not break, which gave she and her buddies much ado about nothing. By this time, she didn't have priority in my life like she once did with me. I had to keep going despite her craziness. As many places as I had been going with all my goings on in my life and living; these four weeks, she never had the window busted done anywhere else but on my street and in front or back of my house-methodically. Each time I stepped out to the vandalism, I was jumping around like bare feet on hot coals. I was basket case.

The first one, she had done while my car was parked out front, I got it fixed.

My street was constructed such that it could have very well been gated but it wasn't.

It was a long [about a mile] stretch of street that looped into a "U" shape at the end of the street's one-mile stretch, where the back of the right side of my street's homes and apartments (mine included) all had back doors where we could be on the other street behind [us that connected to the "U" from the dead-end].

The second time I had my car parked back there, she had the window busted back there *too*. The job was so quiet and so professional. No one had heard or seen a thing-not even me-and my bedroom door where I slept, sat adjacent to the back where my car was parked. All I had to do was lift my blind and look up a few steps to where I could see my parked car's side where the job had been done (but I didn't hear a thing). When I stepped outside to the broken glass mess, I was amazed-standing there at my car doing the same hot-coal dance and swinging my arms in the wind. It was like I was some psychological Pavlov Dog Experiment where she would pay for physical, tangible, stressful, and costly shit to be done in my real world (whenever it became apparent to her that for any length of time, that's where I was trying to remain-while leaving her to her own fucked up world with her "people she was hanging out with"). She knew how to make her presence known in ways that she knew I could not afford to financially fight, and in any way should I try to; I would look like I was chasing my own shadows and sleep-walking.

The third time, I parked up the street from my house, mid ways up the one-mile stretch. When I stepped out and walked up to it-same thing. It was as if these motherfuckers wanted to send a clear message: "*I could give two shits where you park your car, understand this: You need to know that we know it's on the street where you lay your head, we've got the right car that belongs to the right person who's going to step out of their own house to begin their day but get this work-first. Understand what the fuck we're trying to do.*"

The fourth window bust (to window number four) was unique. It happened one day I had just gotten in for the evening. I hadn't even gotten into the house good enough to crank up the television, only my computer where by this time; we had been in the habit of annoying one another and talking slick if I would log on. This day, she laughed and told me to look out the window. My car, parked right beneath my second floor window, had its inside light turned on. I ran downstairs to that fourth broken window. It was a totally quiet job, too, I heard nothing. I couldn't believe it.

Anticipating week number five scared the dog-shit out of me. With having four busted windows and a police report basically telling me: "*Fuck you. Get your domestic life together. Lady, you're not the First Lady. No one's going to guard your Honda all day and night,*" I was on total edge just knowing this professional was going to come for the big ones now: the front and the back windows. My nerves and anxiety had reached levels unbearable-she made it very hard to resist, fight, and ignore her. And the fact that I could do nothing about it or tell it to a sole (without looking crazy) was absolutely tormenting inside. As long as I could keep moving and

going on about my day, things would be fine. But if I so much as slowed down and stopped and stood in one place too long; I would break out and cry where coincidentally, whatever stranger was near and close enough to see me, would offer to pray with me or ask me to recite the Serenity Prayer behind them without a conversation or knowledge about the hell I was going through in my life. I was just that broken.

The intelligence she had possession of and could work from was movie-like astonishing; I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy-wait...yes I would, it was that tormenting. The anxiety and stress in my life was reminiscent of those punches and swings into the air with hot coals under my bare feet, and she enjoyed every minute of it-the torture of knowing I couldn't do anything about it without looking like a nut. She took full advantage of the fact that I could tell no one without looking insane.

Half of 2003, all of 2004 and the top of 2005's mind-fuck consistency was enough to let me know that this rabid "Cujo" of a bitch was not going to stop barking, growling, and biting until something drastic [but untraceable, un track-able, and un-pinpoint-able] happened. She meant business about making me pay for what she was feeling about everything, and had fun having it done because she didn't even have to put her hands on it or move a finger for it. She only had to move her fingers to type on a keyboard and fight me-catching my disses or pleads of olive branch extensions that she was not trying to hear, or trust trying. She herself, knew she had gone way too far to try trusting *anything*, and had experienced enough of my not cooperating (because of she and their "waviness") that to this 2005 date; yielded nothing to her desire or favor that she set out to do, have, or intended to happen. At this point, none of her craziness was going to end, considering the plethora of diabolical things she could afford to do and have done (unseen).

I had to gather my head faculties, emotions, and senses and make some big decisions and a plan. I considered the fact that if all it took was for me to write a book that told the story about that "Room of Hell" to shut it down, that proved something pivotal and key: That (by way of that room) they must have been doing something *that* sinister that a nobody (like me) could shine the spotlight on it such that some person on her team felt they should close it altogether when, if nothing sinister was going on as written about, it would have remained opened. Innocent is as innocent does. If somebody who was merely "delusional and crazy" said some things that were impossible and untrue, then any spotlight being put on [an innocent room run and hosted by "innocent people"] could have very well been beneficial to further publicity for Janet as well as it being a vehicle of honest and harmless intent to stay connected to her fans on her turf. But the truth is, that was never the room's intent from conception and startup. And even before the book could be published (because of their watching its production every step of the way)-they closed the room down (because they knew everything in the book as all true).

I figured that if I got that part done, I could get her, and all this handled too. Maybe not to the extent of truly making it, her, and them stop what they were doing and completely and *really* go away; but I knew I could get accomplished what I had been trying and make happen for many years: make she and all of them go away stop what they were doing so that I could at least *disillusion myself* into thinking that they really were gone-so that I could had some disillusioned denial and semblance of normalcy and privacy back in my life that since 1999 to date-was null and void.

She needed to be handled in the most abrupt and unexpected fashion that (because she knows how private I am + how the truth and details of this whole story would make me look crazy) she underestimated would ever happen. She underestimated the fact that I would

take it to court with nothing but [the truth] and words on paper against big ole untouchable “her” despite how crazy it would make me look. I gave up that narcotic about caring how I “looked” in the eyes of a world full of ignorant, bedazzled, celebritydrom-disillusioned people and instead; began giving a damn about being *heard*. Janet’s bragging and laughing about how she couldn’t be stopped is what stopped dancing around in my head as if she was some untouchable force with the power of a God. Hell no. I had to put an abrupt stop to her and this thing, in a way that as private a person as I was, I knew it would affect me. I just didn’t know how badly it was going to affect my life and ability to make a living. I didn’t predict that. My desperation in getting it dealt with and out of my life was my only hope and aim. So I took it to the judge to get it crackin’: PRO BONO and one-paged raw summary of details.

I knew that if I remained quiet and continued to finger wrestle with Janet and her buddies, I was merely doing nothing but giving them lots to do. I knew that to continue fighting with them was doing nothing for me but helping them pass time that only they and Janet had the money to waste, doing. And although diabolical, I knew that doing so only afforded Janet’s [concept of a human being ass], something tangible to sink her teeth into in order to feel, know, hear, and see what normal life was like in the lives of others—a stark raving difference from *her* real life that because of who she is, she was never going to have. So she got life breathed into her by being privy to knowing and peeping into other people’s life, lifestyles, and living (whether they knew it or not).

If she or they (her buddies) did not like you—low and behold, what worked and became fun for them—was their efforts to make you think all your taunts and “coincidences” were the result of you thinking you were crazy—all the while, they would watch and listen to you chase your own tail until they got bored and found someone else to play with. And well if they liked you, and Janet wanted you... then like me—she got up in your life and patted it down by listening, watching, researching, and investigating and (like me) if you passed the test—get it crackin’.” *Viola! Look who you get to meet!*” The best way to do it was to already know your interest in her by your coming to her room: her turf—that is where the games would begin.

What seemed like magic and kismet for us was yes indeed, the fact that I met, talked, and sat with Rene. Yes, my friend and I laughing with two gay guys while I yelled flirty rhetoric up to the stage to Janet that caught she, Tina, and Shawn’s attention that eventually (three/ four months later) was the premise that brought me to her room that (upon Janet and Shawn’s remembering); is where this whole thing began. But even with her right hand man and bodyguard (Hugh) standing right next to me [during my yelling flirty rhetoric], no, I did not ask him to allow me to go and meet Janet. (And too, with her man sitting right in my face, legs crossed and in cozy conversation with me, no, I did not ask *him* to allow me to go and meet her then, either). So when I showed up in Janet’s room, her turf and world of unforeseen trouble (three/ four months later with she, and Shawn remembering who I was), yes, it may have very well seemed kismet and magical. *She* knew what she does in her room, I didn’t. I merely wanted her to make an appearance in the room—and show up, not show up in my personal and private life—no, that wasn’t in the plan (of mine).

I very well could have [with Hugh, Rene, or my being at arms-length of she, Shawn, and Tina]; asked to meet her then. But never in my life, no matter how much of a fan I was to *anybody*; have I ever been, or had any interest in being a stage-door Annie or an ego ornament—it’s never been my pursuit or thing. I knew well over too many girls having got caught up into situations with celebrities and ballplayers and found themselves chasing them and chasing that lifestyle for their *life* and it was oh-so-sickening and pathetic to witness and hear about. I have

never in my life fought to get backstage to meet celebrities or put myself at venues, events, or situations to be all up under ballplayers or celebrities in hopes to befriend, hob-knob, hang-out out, or have intimate relations with them. That has never been my interest or thing-*ever*. I'm not even rich or "well-to do," but I've always been (what I call) a bit of a "separ-a-classist" who always felt that hob-knobbing with [the financially] rich (should be) for the fellow financially rich. The modest-humble and all else: party with the fellow modest-humble, and not to be mixed **unless** it was for business, a specific purpose, or for a cause. And if a relationship of any kind ensued from then-then fine. But just mobbing all up in somebody else's world of glitter that's not yours when the clock strikes twelve (in my opinion) was just Cinderella moments that I never understood (girls especially) putting themselves through. I do business with people from all walks of life (financially lesser and greater), but I've always been content in my own lane-I have countless Cinderella moments in it. I know how to go to a concert and be a loud, screaming, cheerleading fan and have fun without begging to get backstage. I know how to cheerlead and be excited about my favorite artist's talent and love all over what they do without being borderline fanatical and imposing.

In my eyes, celebrities have always been regular people who happened to have occupations that paid more money (than a nonprofessional doing the same thing). They just happen to be well-known through television-not some untouchable enigmas, and unreachable stars out of the sky. From a small child though adulthood, from the very moment my dad never stopped telling me that I was a "star," I truly believed him. All the mentors and special people in my life working hard to keep my self-esteem at a healthy level too, convinced me that I was special (I believed them as well). Their hard work was not in vain, I assure you. I never felt the need to put anybody on any automatic, or undeserving pedestal simply because they "glitter," no matter how zealous I could be about their work or talent-it stops there.

Celebrity or not, I *definitely* have a "type" that I would shake it with-get intimate, or sexual with. And unlike the average girl, those facts and that feel is gathered way before I would even consider sleeping with you. Yes, I believe in the power of lust-and for me, it's a necessity beforehand that I have to feel strongly (both ways). I respond to being uninterruptedly and wholeheartedly lusted, desired, and courted; but *not* being a lusted convenience (there is a difference). A lot of women do not understand that, *especially* when faced with the spontaneity of being summoned or propositioned by someone with fame, money, power and especially by what seems like love, the remedy for their loneliness, or fantasies of a certain kind of life. Your looks, money, fame or whatever else that shines about you (at bare minimum or plenteous maximum); is only enough to arouse and moisten me, not prepare me to shake it with you, that's a whole other thing. I'm a very simple girl but with old-fashioned rules of courtship that never left my heart and mind-for nobody. My "getting to know" process with a celebrity would be no different than the average person I'd meet in a grocery store. As I became sensible about sex and don't waste time or my fucks; my "type" is something that definitely won't be discovered via a spontaneous invite via text, phone, email or asking to hook up with me in a few short hours of meeting my acquaintance. That kind of spontaneous "let me get to you in 3 hours" is something I don't do with strangers (celebrity or regular person-just the same).

Even Janet, at the beginning of this-when she said she could get to me in "3 hours," was still a "stranger" to me. I do intimate spontaneous things with people I *know*-not strangers. Her "getting to know" process (unbeknownst to the ignorant), was not only illegal, but high-tech in such a way that not only does her celebrity catapult her into that kind of spontaneity and presumption, but the high-tech stuff she does as well (over and beyond her being a celebrity) takes how she is (as a person) to a whole other level (even beyond the typical

celebrity). So yes, when she took it there-in her chat room by showing up [as “QueenJanet”] and getting her flirt on, heavens yeah I flirted back with her. She is sexy, let’s keep it real. But I didn’t have any fantasies in my head, or hopes, or plans on taking it beyond that (or there-in her room). And sure as hell didn’t know that was how *she* got down.

So in considering all the chain of events that led to this point, heavens yeah-it does seem magical and kismet. But it’s not magical to perform magic on someone’s personal and private devices and life without their permission (or invite), then begin your pat-down by listening, watching, researching, and investigating without having first even uncovered whether what seemed kismet was what they too, wished to do: kiss and be met (by you).

Regardless whatever side and walk of life you are from: you have a right to, and cannot help who you like, love, and fall for. If you’re on the humble and modest side of the fence, you have no right to intrude upon and make a mess in the life of a person from your side of the fence any more than you do a person on the fortunate/opposite side of the fence (all for the sake of having or creating an opportunity for yourself). Likewise, if you’re on the fortunate side of the fence; *you* have no right to intrude upon and make a mess in the life of a person on the modest/humble side of the fence simply because you can, or because your life may be such that you feel you’re missing out on opportunity of a life of normalcy [but because you have the resources, power, influence and money to intrude upon someone else’s; dig in it, ridicule it, and take from it: everything, even down to what money can’t even buy back: their privacy]. That is where I drew the line with Janet (time and time again) and with countless tries of being ok with it-she *kept* taking it higher and more brutal, and she needed to be stopped at some point, even if it was in the middle of an “I love you too.” Because as if that wasn’t enough, even when I uncovered and discovered what was going on, I eventually put my guns down, cooperated, and surrendered to her-in *every way*, even in the ways *she* desired. It was amazing to me how she managed to fuck that up! And she had me *right* where she wanted me but kept taking it higher--to levels of torment and disrespect unbelievable and unheard-of-at the switch of her emotions.

If she was truly for all the right things, all these wrong things would not have happened and brought us to this very point. She has herself to blame. She, with the help of [let her mother tell of her own concerns]: “people she’s hanging out with” took it to drastic and evil levels that did not have to be-because I meant Janet *no* harm, and they all knew that. I extended my understanding to her well over my boundaries and until **she** broke my back and forced my hand. This is all the results and consequences of her doings and misdeeds-period. And she deserved it. She should be glad that this ordeal is happening with me-somebody who loved her (and still doesn’t mean her any harm)-just a lesson being taught, a literal poetic justice and special kind of ass-whipping being delivered to her ass. I really feel like this whole thing with me-was an interruption of something greater and far worse [down the line for her], because this Internet thing *was her “life.”* That Room of Hell *was her “life.”* (since ‘96/‘97-years before I even entered). And by way of that room being the vehicle that afforded her a way to be able to peep into other people’s lives and living; it became an obsession and habit of she and her buddies, and when she lost that room, she lost a very big part of herself and a habit that she developed that was too hard to break. I told her many-a-day in many-a-conversations and arguments, that what she was doing was unhealthy and sure to take over her life. I would explain to her that even if I had access to doing it, I would have no interest in monitoring hers or anyone else’s life in those ways because it’s never-ending, and one in which the one to lose will eventually lose themselves-because there’s no way to stop a habit like that-with that kind of access. That’s a habit that I wouldn’t even want to begin, and one that had already been a

habit of hers even before she and I began. I knew that to be a hard core fact when, while I was preparing to go see the judge. From various random computers in the city, I dug and researched my ass off and by the grace and hands of God, I found a legal site where some else had been trying to get their situation looked into who was being harassed, yet, the person thought it was some random person from Janet's room doing it to her (having no idea it was Janet and her buddies).

When I remembered who she was, I played her like I was answering her question from a legal standpoint and had her send to me; every single link, email, webpage and piece of proof she could get a hold of to serve as proof to back up her claims. It was the same girl that Lissa loved to harass and fuck with and who liked Rob so much: Sweetiepie. I knew their kind of harassment like the back of my hand. I couldn't let the girl know who I was, or offer her anything I knew for sure that would help her because I remembered she was way too much a Janet-fanatic to even begin to understand, so I took her information and told her that I would get back with her if I found anything out. As for me, for me-I printed it all out. And when I stood before that judge, I was strong-strong unlike the way I was just an hour before when I walked into the courthouse, filled out the paperwork and sat on that bench. As I sat there, I was so overwhelmed (but more hurt) that it had gotten down to this. It hurt me to the bone. It just did. My heart was burning up through my nose. I threw my head back, and with my mouth open trying to hold back my tears; I must've looked like that one kid who had just gotten that painful ass-whipping from his mom while trying to scream out that last ditch effort of an apology or plea [that I wanted to run home and try with her, but I knew that she too, knew she had gone too far into crazy for either one of us to turn back and trust the other]. I knew that she had to be bucked down and subdued like the captured rabid dog she had been behaving like for far too long. I had to show this bitch that I was not playing with her. I needed to bite her: Hard (where and how she least expected). My patience, love, cooperation, conversation, and trying was no longer effective. Her tyranny for half of 2003, all of 2004 and the top of 2005 was proof enough that something drastic had to happen to send a jolt to her to make that change.

I was about tenth in line, watching the judge get annoyed listening to people tell crazy stories about needing protection orders for being stalked-stories that made my bizarre story seem unusual, but sane (in comparison)-unusual only because "Janet Jackson" was who I needed protection from. The judge practically threw out every order ahead of mine and was annoyed with (what seemed like) people having come down wasting his time. The ambiance and mood of the room + his mood-worried me; especially my knowing I would be the only one in that room stepping up to the bench to talk about a celebrity—*doing* the stalking and harassing. I did not care. I was diesel at this moment and refused to be broken down, embarrassed, intimidated, ashamed, or frightened any longer. I did not care about the crowd of people who sat in the benches behind me while I stood in front of the judge. I relied on the prayer that the guy sitting next to me out on the bench shared with me, after watching my hurt and pain roll down my face while in the waiting room. I relied on faith, my book in my hand, and my one-page raw summary of details-less any emotion or discussion of the taboo parts in any of this. I watched that judge's brow frown up, but I held my shoulders erect, looked him in straight in his face and assured him that I was not crazy while I handed over my materials and spoke my truth, summarized in five minutes and flowed like I was speaking in tongue: perfectly, unrehearsed, and precise as he put on his glasses and read my one page. He approved my temporary protection order and gave me a court date for the end March 2005 to return with counsel, proof, and materials to get this case poppin.' I took

a deep breath and dropped those last few tears then thanked him-he kindly returned the gesture. I walked to the window to my left and picked up my paperwork on the protection order, stamped with the date and time of the court date to return. As I walked down the steps, I felt a little bit stronger but knew this thing could really be blown out the waters of my life if Rene were subpoenaed and forced to tell what he knew that would shed more light on this darkness. I stopped at the desk to ask the clerk how I could get someone out of state, subpoenaed. He gave me the instructions on how to get it done: someone from the same state would have to serve it. By the grace of God, I had a bestie there-in the state of California: Kimmie. Knowing that it would be a long-shot (getting removed from his mouth) an \$11 million dollar price tag; I took my chances and had Kimmie follow my directions to summon him to the address of that very same home (now owned by him) and attached to that \$11 million dollar taped to his mouth. I was not playing any games.

Knowing that she was no longer living there, I had no address for my defendant but she damn sure had a job: at Virgin Records-so I sent the protection order and court date there-she got this work at her work. I was *not* playing.

PROGRESS. By 12 p.m., part one of my biggest fear and ordeal was over: getting this poppin'-letting her know that I was not afraid of being ashamed and embarrassed, and hoping that if anything, it would make she and her people's world shake like they had done mine many-a-day. I held my head up as I walked out of that courthouse feeling like something was nearing being accomplished-some move made out of this was going to get me the results I had been seeking for a long while now, even if only silence and fleeing-I was willing to take that even if it enabled me to live with the delusion that she really had it in her to completely go away for good.

My homeboy had a little mini apartment in the basement of his mom's house. When I left court, I chilled out over there on his sofa while he lay in the bed watching television. Over in my peaceful little corner, I lay there dozing off and thinking of nothing but hoping the subpoena sent to Rene would be my ticket to ride this thing right on out of my life.

Considering everything that I had gone through with Janet, her being "Janet" was the *last* thing on my mind. Nobody warned me that this would hit the news before sundown, nor had I entertained the thought that it would. I just basically took care of business in an effort to try and get away from "Jan." Well, the world didn't see it that way, they heard sirens and "JANET!" Before I could snore and slobber good, he yelled out: "*Well Angie, it aint "All for You" now... it's all on you now my friend!*" he laughed. "*They got your name and Janet's name on the television talking about a court case or something-wake up!*" By the time I could raise up off his couch good, my cell phone was ringing and texts began to pop like popcorn kernels on a stove-even from people I hadn't heard from in who knows when. I texted my cousin back. She offered to treat me to go and try our luck at a couple casinos a couple states over, to get away from the noise and drama brewing. I turned my telephone off, drove home and waited for her to come get me. We took the long drive over, both got lucky, and returned to the city in the middle of the night.

The next morning I woke up and turned my cell phone on, texts were still coming through. I returned my dad's calls because he said that some entertainment newspapers and editors were calling his house from Splash News and countless other newspapers-wanting an interview with me. During that same week, I sat there one evening watching [I believe it was] Mark McGrath from ExtraTV reporting the story and displaying screenshots of my website all across the television screen. Producers from my city's local stations with morning shows were trying to book me as early as the next morning. My dad was a business owner so with his

business being listed, all these people from television, television stations and newspapers called him. He knew how private I was and knew not to give out my phone number, but he knew nothing outside of the fact that I simply “wrote a book,” and was a writer with a publishing company; so this Armageddon all caught him by surprise. Oh lord, poor thing. He thought that overnight-I was finally becoming the success that all my years of hard work earned me. He had no idea that this was the direct result of all my years of literal blood, sweat, and tears over something I did not ask for and shall not want-and that after being lead into temptation, the table before me in the presence of my enemies was now being prepared-for my head; an anointing, as my cup runneth over (prayerfully going forward) with goodness and mercy to follow me all the days of my life! He had no idea. But neither did the people calling him-they hadn't a clue outside of caring that “Janet Jackson” was involved.

It blew me away how all these people (for the Tuesday through Friday of this whole week) latched on to this story simply because it was Janet-having *no* idea what I had been going through, the seriousness of it and what that whore took me through. It annoyed me shitless that I had to play her game by “beating her ass in her own neighborhood” in order to be listened to (yet, I still wasn't *heard* yet). I was sure no one had read any details on my website to know enough to even be able to begin interviewing me about the seriousness of the story-only the sensation of it: Janet Jackson having an order of protection filed against her. Whether true or no (they never cared to look into the details). Meanwhile back at the ranch, her people were on their “one big lie can distort the truth” spin control efforts to deflect, diffuse, redirect, and cause confusion, by leaking out to the media their own story about some dude having stalked *Janet*. It was wild that week.

My concern was waiting on word as to whether or not my far-fetched subpoena and only hope in this upcoming court date was going to appear despite his mouth being taped. For my own personal backup and return address information testing, I had dropped a post card and note to the same address that the subpoena was being sent to, and when it came back with the yellow postal sticker; I threw my thumbs down but made myself content with the fact that I had made a big move that was obviously getting shit crackin' over at Jackson's camp-letting them know I was *not* playing games with the bullshit. I needed to let them know how far I would go. She was becoming way too complacent and content with the fact that I would not step over into the uncharted territory by which she made a living. But I showed her ass. I know when her record company got that subpoena, they said: “What the hell?” I didn't care. Alls I knew and cared about was that I made a move that for far too long, I too, was becoming too complacent-and it was only hurting and sinking me-but giving them more power and too much comfort.

Still, without Rene though, I had no plans on showing up to the actual court date with only a one-paged summary of details, and a book. I needed Rene to talk about what he knows, so that I would not be railroaded and disrespected because of the presence of her people and “big name” name echoing across the court room, causing a bad case of star-struckedness. No way. I refused to be put through that. Rene was big enough key player for me to feel confident in representing myself. Without him, for me, it was a literal no-go.

Knowing that my not showing up would get the temporary protection order dropped, in the early morning hours of the day of court, I logged on, she was there-quiet. Neither one of us said one word-for a while. I spoke first, only saying:

“At home, in my pajamas... where I'll probably be all day.”

She replied: “Ok...” We didn't say anything else, I logged out.

Later into the morning, my dad and his friend had been scoping out the area and

said it was populated around the vicinity. I knew that people would be waiting on a show, in order to show some kind of footage to add to what was being reported all week, and as far as I was (un)concerned; watch me get railroaded from looking stupid as hell down there with no subpoenaed key player in sight. With what I knew that Rene knew, no matter how bizarre and circumstantial the story seemed; I definitely could prove the bizarre details beyond a reasonable doubt (with Rene's segue help and knowledge of what went on). He may not have known the details of what happened between myself, Janet, and "those people that she hangs out with," but he *sure as hell* knows what Janet and those people do behind the scenes of that room, as well as the intelligence that [someone/s who obviously worked for a government agency in the past] has access to and sells for Janet's use. I know if I knew it, he *sure as hell* does-even more. She was lucky he had that taped price tag across with a home attached, because he had the foundation by which I would've stood in that court room and built upon [it] such that regardless how much her counsel was fancy and paid; they would have had a tough time huffing and puffing and blowing down what I had to say, show, and prove beyond a reasonable doubt [based off what I know Rene knows and too-experienced-like I did]. As well, he had over 13 years of public connection and credibility to her that (at that time) my 7 years [private-trying to defend myself without him] was merely futile would have only been entertainment for television, the judge and publicity for Janet. I was not having that.

In the middle of this fiasco, I had been in the process of packing and moving to a new place myself-so I was pretty busy that week. But a short time after the court date, I stopped to take the time out to go online only to see the blogs and message boards misreporting the story without even taking the time to view all the details that were public and *still online at the time*. Amazing! All I could do was shake my head at how they only reported what their star-struckness wanted to believe and run off with: that "some girl was claiming Janet was stalking her and having the windows of her car busted and when she filed stalking charges on Janet, the judge threw it out"-just *totally* omitted and neglected to report the truth *right in their faces*: My personal website with a summary of details from its beginning + a link to the *actual* court documents stating that my temporary protection order was indeed granted with a court date to follow two and a half weeks later, for which I did not show up to-*therefore/ because of/ as a result of* my "no show"...it (my *granted* temporary protection order) was forfeited ("thrown out")...as simple, and true as those facts-period. No one cared to report those facts. They felt it more sensational to speculate and talk about me and what I was probably like, what I probably looked like, and how I probably lived yet, *none of them* knew anything about me: my person, my personality or even *how* I looked and lived. They didn't know that I was loved, multi-talented, creative, a patent owner of several utility patents, intelligent, a great person, owned a publishing company, had some class about myself, a damned good writer (and was writer already-years before this situation). As it would probably mattered to their small minded thinking, it would have blown them out the water to know that even Oprah Winfrey knew *my* name (and not theirs), *years* before this ordeal. They didn't know I was a mother, a friend, an auntie, a sister, a daughter, educated, book smart, street smart, none of that. They talked about me like they knew and had a rapport with me and was damned near kin to Janet yet, didn't know that woman in any way but from a television screen and a stage (just like you). I know her better than you do, and I knew her *then* better than they never did (or will). If they had *anysense*, especially having put "Janet" as high on a pedestal as they had, why not take the time to consider (*any*percentage of the way) that if Janet was alleged to have done all these things to the girl, she must have been exceptional and maybe something

just went wrong. If it's "Janet" it damned sure wouldn't be just "anybody." So perhaps research the details-she must be something special to her. There's always two sides to every story and *definitely* two ways needed to balance out whether something could be fact or fiction by which they knew nothing about *either side*-mine *or* hers. Seeing that woman on television or in concert didn't make them know her any more than they didn't know me. All I could do was shake my head. The ignorance and stupidity of people is amazing, especially when they otherwise, probably considered themselves smart or intelligent. I merely laughed at them all for being completely packaged idiots because little did they know; she couldn't get enough of me-in every way. So: "Ha!" I laughed and kept it moving. I had nothing to prove (to them anyway). Needless to say I did prove yet, another point to Janet and her buddies. And although it humbled them a great deal, the fact still remained, they didn't go away-she was still *right* there. She did not go away and leave me with the delusion and denial that she actually had it in her to "poof!" and disappear like she never came. At this point especially, everybody pretty much had a stake in this. We were all playing a nice slow game of chess and took this shin-dig offline and to our cell phones almost immediately. She then had her people remove all traces of the court's public records offline and anywhere else. I still had them up on my website, but it would be nothing for my website's server to go down for hours at a time on any given day, many-a-days. They were on it like hawks.

Tired, but a little bit more rested, I was still on my grind. On July 26, 2005 via Fed Ex, I shipped the book (detailing everything from 1998-2000) and the 965-paged chronicle [+ the 365-paged condensed version of that chronicle which detailed everything from 2000-2003] to 110 N. Carpenter Chicago, Illinois 60607 to one of the biggest television moguls in history. The 965-paged one arrived complete with audio tapes of the chronicle in case she felt it was too much to read. I was on it. At this point, my opinion about the rich and famous (especially at her level) was that they were interested in nothing that didn't contribute to increasing their popularity and income, or fit their agenda. So when I sent the materials, I sent an agenda (that fit hers). If she wanted a show idea, I even told her in the letter how she could shed light on a situation like this, complete with the "how to" *for* that show idea. Fair exchange is no robbery. I needed an involuntary witness-to put the truth and intricate details in their lap even if they weren't there to witness the goings on and all that had happened. I was going to get the raw truth to 'em, no matter how crazy it made me look, it was **PROGRESS** to me nonetheless.

I got my receipt: A basic letter and only the 965-paged one (with the audio tapes) returned back to me. I was thankful—she kept the book and the 365-paged condensed version, so that was fine by me. I knew she could do nothing about it-but read it. And that's what I wanted: An inquiring mind of a journalist with a love for reading who, no matter how long it took; would eventually do just that. I did this work, and somebody else was about to get this work [laid in their lap-and "tag"-she was it.

The riddle and rumors are true: "Reading is fundamental." And in this thing, my ability to write was instrumental. In fact, it was essential. And if you can't read or write in this world, you had better have some money-plenty of it. It became my only defense. Everything I had done up to this point, no matter how it: hurt me, *affected* me, and *infected* me in the process; it was progress in the process. And through it, I learned a lot of things, and was overcome with a kind of clarity that most people in my world will never, ever get-through 'til the day they die. But it hurt like...removing a layer of my skin. I became that raw. I am that raw. My security as a human being, a tax-paying and law-biding citizen is ruined, forever. It's quite unnerving to know that you can go through an untypical situation in this world and you have all these laws to "protect" you, yet, it won't protect "*you*" one person/singular. That's

where you had better have some money to be able to pay somebody to fight your fight-that's the only way anybody will help you in any unfortunate (and especially bizarre and untypical situation like such). This situation opened my eyes such that I was able to see how to this world *really* "works." This world is a maze-with different levels and compartments in which if you are not in control of your own mind; your best bet is to keep your lane, because you sure as hell aren't ready for "The World." It's an eye opener that I promise you, you don't want to be faced with. It will change you. In this world (in the bigger scheme of things), you are only as valued as you can match your opponent-financially. If you are the average humble/modest living citizen, you really have no rights or "protection" without money, and the only branch of law in which you have any power to move anything is domestic. The funny thing is that-you're lucky if you can make it through life without ever being faced with learning the truth about "The World" and that being so. And it's something you will never know unless you are thrust over the threshold behind that closed-door worldly secret, and you happen to be the victim of the other side of the velvet rope and line. Without being able to financially match your opponent's money, power, resources, and influence, you will see how much you are *nothing* other than an ornament on the tall tree in this green world where only *real* green: (money), celebritydrom, and power (which affords resources and buys influence) matters. Contrary to your (knowing?), there *are* people in this world who have more money than the Janet Jacksons and you don't see or know them from television or stage. For example, if such person (let's call her "Joan Davis") would have done this *verysame* to me by which this book is the premise; I would have been at that Joan Davis' mercy *for life*-because **(a)** no one [who tells me that I am a citizen with laws that protect me] would have helped me and actually-they didn't-despite all my letter writing and talking to all the right people from Washington and back. Those laws only protect you if thousands upon millions had the same experience with that same person, place or entity. They just file your complaint, that's it).

I also would have been at "Joan Davis' "mercy because **(b)** despite my being able to write and tell the story, **you** (reading this) would not have been as interested in reading and circulating a story about somebody named Angela Sherice vs. Joan Davis. It would have just been another book out by some struggling writer sitting online working hard trying to convince you to buy my book: 24/7/365 (like everybody else is doing with their books)...

The world has a formula-there's a formula to this shit: sensation, sizzle, fuckery, cluckery, debauchery, and even *sensational* mediocrity leads to: money, power, worldly success (fame), and celebritydrom.

Opposite that, unless you're a product of "old money," you may as well make yourself comfortable with the fruits of your education and labor. You may as well make yourself comfortable in being content with your 9-5 and looking forward to retirement, and your 401k plan in your humble/modest life (it's still success nonetheless), but keep dreaming, grinding and striving-it gives us all life and something to wake up and look forward to...

Not ok with just that? Then tell me: Where are you in that list? What dream aspiration or goal are you working towards that is sensational, sizzles, offers fuckery, cluckery, debauchery for entertainment, and is mediocre (but sensational)? Because that's the name of the world's game, and ways to claim to fame (if fame or *worldly success* is what you're looking for). If you frowned at that reality, funny thing is, you are your own product of that whole reality being why it's real. This experience opened my eyes to what's real, and I'm sorry to blow your fantasy or lift the veil of disillusionment you may have had, but it is a reality. Don't just look at my experience to disagree *or* agree-that's just one source from which I concluded this [reality]. Just look around you, turn on your television, look at your Facebooks and Twitters,

watch the “news,” pay attention to *yourself* (and keep reading, because I’ll elaborate).

You reading this now, you don’t know me—you don’t really care about me. You’re only reading it because Janet Jackson’s name is the other party involved, that’s why you care, and that’s why you’re interested now. That is because celebritydrom, money, power and influence owns and controls your mind, rules the way you move, rearranges the way you think, what you want, how you feel, and what makes you empathize, care to empathize (or not). The world works such that I had better be *glad* it was a “Janet Jackson” and not a “Joan Davis,” because (how your mind is controlled about what interests you and grabs your attention) had Janet Jackson not been a *celebrity* (with power, money, influence), I would have **never been heard**.

Interestingly, on the flip side of this world we live in, and the strange and irrational dichotomy of the people in it; the fact that it *was* a “Janet Jackson” [versus a “Joan Davis”] caused me more problems than I ever could have anticipated because now, it wasn’t just between me, Janet, and her buddies—the world knew about it. I still had to work (for a living) but this situation ended up causing me to be rejected, ostracized, sneered at, gossiped about, ridiculed, and unable to work to support myself to make a living. Without even knowing me or having one conversation with me, the shallowness and vanity of the world gave me a very small percentage of literal consideration in this because I was instantly attractive at a glance—yet, that same percentage of the world and all their star-struckedness discounted my sanity, the double-takes and stares all began to have one look that saw me out of, and stopped at many a doors to make my money where I never had a problem before this ordeal. A couple of people even “felt sorry” for me and played charades with me on the bottom line of what was really going on and swore me to secrecy so they wouldn’t lose the jobs that I lost, couldn’t get into and forced out of “by design” (over this ordeal—now being public information).

My life became one big cyclical series of ups and downs that looked something like a spot traveling through the shape of a paper clip that never could seem to get to that end point of it—it kept going up and down and back again. The days of my being able to walk into a car dealership and get myself a new car with test-drive miles on it and the option of taking it back to switch colors were no more. Before all was said and done, my impeccable business credit was ruined. I had lost two of my most biggest accounts for my company, and I had paid off, but lost a 20k car to car pawn (for a mere few thousand to help me stay afloat and eventually lost two other trucks to repo, too). The sound of a diesel truck at one time practically scared me. By the time they came for the second truck, I was immune. I merely looked out the window, waved my hand, lay back down and went sound to sleep. I woke up the next morning, got my bus route together and continued on about my way and kept it moving until I could get another car [that I could pay cash for]. I walked, ran, and mass transited it to my destinations for miles. I wasn’t ashamed. I was getting used to this cyclical life of mine. Over the years, my eviction record began to look like a street nigga’s rap sheet. I was selling big ticket items in order to stay true to my current situation that read something like: *you may not be here too long so make sure you come with, and leave with what you can pack, pick up and carry by yourself*. From place to place I was a cock-strong lil’ something that needed no help hauling my shit between my trucks and eventually U-Hauls. If I ever needed help I only called my brothers because I was on a timer—trying to beat the bailiff from coming to sit my shit out, other than that, I did it all by myself. For a good stint of time into the years, I knew exactly what it was like to live like a crack head trying to stay afloat and not able to support yourself yet, I was wasn’t a crack head. I didn’t drink or smoke or do any recreational drugs whatsoever. I damned sure know how to know hustle, but I didn’t want anybody up in my mix with no fucked up emotional

expectations-getting in my way. I was holding on to tears of my own, I sure as hell didn't need any whining in my life and no drama. I suffered alone. And I suffered hard. My one bestie was on the east coast on her acting gigs, wanting more than having been on Law & Order and the like, while too; was trying to keep hope and her love life afloat. I left her to that-I didn't want to burden her-so I talked with her as if all was well in my sinking world. My other bestie was on the west coast having finally found the love she sought for life-I didn't want to burden her either, so I left her to that; carrying on with her too (as if all was well). What I really needed was someone close and within arms reach-a friend (not just knowing what I was going through) but there simply because they knew it was *literally* "me against the world"-not just some fly talking shit or a line out of a rap song.

My two besties on the two different coasts didn't literally "owe" me anything. The ones who "owed" me anything were right in arms reach of me but already cleaned the blood off their knives from my back long ago. At this time in my life they were of no use to me, despite the fact that they were the very same friends who over the years, I carried, chauffeured, housed, allowed to shit babies in my house amongst all other kind of domestic and case-related situations all up in my mix-living rent free, and came back a time or two or three. No fucking good to me when hard-times was my only friend. I lost so much-it was so up and down, and in the beginning of it all, lost my mother *and* my father to being put on their backs.

Even into being a full-grown adult, I *never* knew how spoiled I really was until they were on their back and mine was against the wall in this way, and at this time. I gained, lost, gained, lost, and went up and down-like the direction of that paper clip. The ups were long and so were the downs. I never could make it to that end point to free myself to live stably and breathe freely. The only solace I could find in this was the faith I had in the fact that I knew it would all be over soon-because *this part* was not my karma, my fight or my battle; it was an indirect and direct result of being forced to make a decision that put me in the public clutches of a big celebrity who the world sees as a God of sorts. And the circumstances in which I was connected to that big celebrity made *me* look like I was the crazy one in this thing (to the *world*-not even the courts). No, *she* was the "crazy" one (if *anybody* had to be "crazy" in this). That part angered me. And wrong or right, I found solace in the fact that she eventually couldn't sell a CD and pop record numbers, or sell a ticket to fill an arena if her life depended on it. She ran out of excuses and lies to fold her last tour until she couldn't run from 'em anymore. I had always wanted to know from what direction her karma was going to come from as a *direct result* of all this, and for me, that was it.

I suffered, but the fact is-I knew I could have made lots of money off this story back then (if I was willing to play the "strictly for publicity" game). For me, this was more than that. There is a story behind this story that nobody giving me publicity would have given two shits about uncovering and discussing had I not forced them to read it (like I am doing now-in 2013). *I* have a story behind this story, but through that game (publicizing it back then), the story would have gotten lost in fuckery, cluckery, sensation, and debauchery. I'm *far* from sensational mediocrity and desperation in search of the quick bullshit kind of fame that would have forever overshadowed my umph and sizzle. I'm *far* from sensational mediocrity and desperation in search of the quick bullshit kind of fame that would have overshadowed the dynamic person I am and the wonderful things I'm made of. I'm cut better than to settle for that.

My mother always taught me that you can never miss what you never had, and I swear by that. I live by that. How can you crave, settle for, sell yourself short for, or chase what you never even had in the first place (be it a person, place, or a thing). In settling for that, you

may eat good, travel, sleep on, wear, and own beautiful things from fuckery, cluckery, sensation, and debauchery; but once you accept it—that's all you'll ever be, first (in the eyes of the world) no matter how you fight it or try to change it. And that's the only kind of attention you will garner with true interest in you- is that of the same, because like that, that too is all they have to lend (therefore expect *from* you) and extend (audience *to* you).

In this world game, you have a choice to be respected or audienced for BEING great, for your fuckery, or your sensational mediocrity. Life and love (in that regard) is a full-circle thing. How you come out the gate and make a living-by way of it, is something that will follow you when getting more work, all the way down to finding love (especially women). And love is important to women. But it's hard to be taken seriously, respected, and truly loved when a man has full proof in his face-based upon what you did to *get* your living or love-something that was sensationally mediocre or some fuckery. Unless that is what he is made of too, he will always remember that foundation about you. And people getting you more work too, will remember that about you, and they'll stick you at that level (in love, and in life).

I'm a gutsy, racy, provocative writer and person. But despite my effrontery, and despite how sexual or entertaining I may be in my works; I can't let being "famous" or well-known overshadow the fact that I *too*- (as well) am informative, intelligent, and a great storyteller. Despite how sensational *all* my work is; I still fancy myself an intellectual, first. And with this book, considering the seriousness of it all (behind the sexual, untypical, and bizarre parts in it) the fact still remains it *infected* me, and eventually *affected* me—there's a story to tell, so I insist on any "fame" or "well-known-ness" to *supersede that* (which is one of the reason why I released the book in generous chapter excerpts before dropping the whole thing) because it's more than just a book about a star. I didn't want to run out on some fame-chasing publicity campaign for the sake of being known as "that writer that wrote that Janet Jackson book," because that kind of insta-fame garners the attention of other people who want insta-fame too. And that's where the fuckery, cluckery, and debauchery comes into play. And I don't coon and jump through hoops [or even want to be audienced by] people like that, and who have those kinds of expectations because they can't offer me the kind of thinking I felt was required in order for me to truly be heard on this.

As a person and a writer, I respect other intellectuals and too, fancy myself being one- so they *too*, need to recognize that I'm up in here-I'm out here too. And like I said, what you come out the gate with (especially nowadays) is how you will always be seen-no matter what kind of reinvention campaigns you try to do, that first set of "types of people" that gravitated to you will not let you free of that first "you." So you have to be careful about the foundation by which you jump to insta-fame because it remains. Like... it's ok to have people screaming at you for being [a pretty face or body or whatever superficial things may be of you], but if you *know* there is more to you than that (be it a talent, skill or whatever), and that's all they have to say to you, then somewhere, you set yourself up for the bigger part of you to be overshadowed. And when I say that I'm a damned good writer, I'm more than damned good writer of *one* hot sensational book about a star: **all** my books are hot. I am more than the sensation of this *one* book, and I insisted on having that respected and understood. No quick dollar amount was worth my message getting lost in that sauce. This book is a story. People with money, fame, and fortune got something to learn in this story. People who live modest/humble lives got something to learn in this story. Groupies, the ignorant, the star-struck, the wanna-be overnight successes got something to learn in this story. Aspiring writers got something to learn in this story.

Everybody's got something to learn in and about this story...

Fearlessness became how I survived-fearlessness with *all* things. I experienced enough hurt, pain, ridicule, suffering, agony, hopelessness, angst, backstabbing, embarrassment, humiliation, anguish, despair, desperation, aloneness, and loss-to be afraid, and anything less than brave. Tired of the uncertainty of the cyclical direction my life was going, I put my pride aside and put Oprah's email to use. I needed to know if she would put her money where her heart and her mouth was-so I asked her for help. I let her know that too, I would work for it. And she *did* reply-quickly (that same day I might add)...

At any rate, later on into this thing-by the grace of a much higher power; things started to mend and repair, and things began to move along miraculously. I couldn't catch a flat tire on the expressway and stop long enough to turn my ignition off before the expressway care van was pulling behind me to help.

In many small to greater areas, every little door slowly squealed open. From down in these years of what felt like a black hole abyss-looking 300 feet up into a light that couldn't hear my cry; little did I know, some college boys were out in the world making plans to connect the world in a way that too, would afford me a way to do things *my* way (in order to see to it that the story fully be read and respected for the story-not just because of it involving "Janet").

Onward, upward, and going into 2009 I had been busy, and pulling myself out of my cyclical phase. And when those college boys opened their invention to the world, my *first* inclination was to let these horses out the gate immediately. But by that time, I was too busy feeling inspired, happy again, dreaming again, and writing again-regardless of the fact that (like I always have to do since all this); I wake up and insist on my sunshine every morning of every day. But deep down inside, as vengeful as I felt even then, at that first opportunity [2009] to let these horses out the gate, my spirit would not shake hands with the vengeance I felt. So I kept doing "me": putting my energy into writing and doing my other works. I figured when my spirit was ready to shake hands with my *spirit* (rather than vengeance) you were gonna get this work that I knew not even *I* could escape (when this ghost from the past came right back to visit me via this same way of connecting the world by which this work got to you).

In my town and in my life (over the years), this ordeal was mere juicy gossip-an urban legend and a secret town taboo. It had been many so years that anybody ever had the guts to step to me and say or ask anything about the situation. One guy did though, and it caught me by surprise when he Facebook messaged me something like: "*Angie! Hi! Remember me? I went to school with you. I was following that Janet case closely! I even went downtown on the day of court because I wanted to see you and her! I was on it! Whatever happened with that?*" I ignored him and didn't reply back. I left him hanging in my friend request queue for almost a year, maybe.

When I finally let him in-he was bold as shit-he asked again. I ignored him (again), because it angered me (again). I have unexplainable bouts of PTSD over certain things that remind me or relate to certain things in this, and my PTSD was in full effect, I almost kirked out on his ass. But I took a deep breath, collected myself and four-cornered thought it through.

I was pissed off because I wasn't used to anybody being bold enough to ask me. I was too used to people like my (then) friends, [my coincidental circumstances at birth known as] family members, and other people in the town gossiping about it *and* me to other people-rather than being bold enough to ask me. Upon running into me while out, those same people and others would tell on one another and feeling embarrassed to look me in the face only to see with their own eyes that I was sane after all. Now, those same people spend time clocking me years later online, only to learn (for sure) that they never knew me anyways, after all.

They never knew me any more than those *same* strangers from the blogs and message boards years ago, but now they all *know* [rather than speculate whether they want to accept it or not]; what I'm like, what I'm looking like-my person, and all those things. Now they *all* know that I'm loved, multi-talented, creative, a patent owner of several utility patents, intelligent, sane, a great person, got some class about myself, still owner of a publishing company, and am a damn good writer, of books, essays, and blogs. Now they all know there's a synthesizer-like rhythm in my words, and my ways; and my presence commands more bass than the average.

Now they all know.

They all know that regardless the circumstances, still (if it means anything to them all) Oprah (personally) knows my name (and not theirs).

The strangers now *know* that I'm a mother, a friend, an auntie, a sister, a daughter, educated, book smart, street smart, sane, and intelligent. And whether they all want to accept it or not, it's real. And I'm as real as it gets-fearlessly.

I got more resilience, fortitude, savvy, tenacity, diligence and more guts than the average person could never *dream* of being. I am as transparent as I seem opaque. *I'm* what you would call a "bad bitch"-and not that traditional slang bird brain cluckery of the term specific to anything having to do with *just* my face, my body, materialisms, and other superficial illusions that I put forth to cover up and camouflage all else that lack or am not. I am more than that. And that's what I take pride in, *first*.

There are still people in the world that have brains, palettes and taste beyond cluckery.

So why *wouldn't* somebody (like "Janet") want me?

So why *wouldn't* somebody (like "Janet") want to hold onto me?

So let's find out.

We have to rewind before we reach: "stop," (well...before we reach: "pause").

Because this thing-me, her, this situation, it never "stopped"...these chess moves, power plays, tug of wars, and back and forth pulls between two people on opposite sides of *this* velvet rope was brought to life by Janet having merely imitated her art, her CD, the concept, and song in ways that not even she herself could have ever anticipated or predicted.

And the beat goes on, just like her "love" everlasting..

(Continuing from page 193):

...So although I'm sure she "overheard" me since I was last in the room on August 2, she had no idea how much (as far as I was concerned); "overhearing" me was about all she was gonna get for any "life" out of me. These five days away from her could have very well turned into five weeks, to five months, to five years, and neither would have been too soon for me.

From that August 2nd date that I last left her room [when she thought that coming down as "Dunk" would soften me]; little did she know, I would have continued to go on about my way and dealt with the fact that she could "overhear" me until I could somehow fool myself into denial that she could not. All that I went through and the money she paid to keep this thing going; little did she know, had she stayed away and allowed me to run off into denial, I would have done just that. But five days was not only a record thus far (for us not talking) it was obviously five days too long for her.

On Saturday, August 7th I was at home relaxing. My brother called me to ask me something. We talked for a minute and as soon as I got off the line, it rang twice-back to back (her typical-methodical):

First time: hang up as soon as I pick up.

Second time: let it ring half of that ring.

My typical methodical: Follow the cue and immediately go into the room.

I did.

I just sat there-she followed right after me.

Nobody said a word, she just wanted me there.

I was sighing (still annoyed).

She was smiling.

If our bodies were physically in the same room, she would have boldly walked over and copped a squad so close up on me that she would have pinched my thigh with her thigh.

She had a way-an aggressive way about her that if she didn't have so much craziness going on with her, it would have been cute and sexy (and it was...for a long time in this thing), but I had experienced so much of her crazy even into this thing with her that her cute ways were being depleted like pollution to the ozone layer.

She continued. She had zero fucks to five about imposing, and refused to give me room, a breather, and any time to shut her down again.

This time, she was "Laura the Poet." This character's role was supposed to remain as detached as possible, and she was coached not to talk in I.M with me-**at all**; strictly chat room conversations (so they were able to control everything, and manipulate everything too, if it came down to that).

She sent me an email under "Poetlaure..." and stopped there.

I guess she still had that night weighing heavily on her mind that I put the words of the poet "Lauryn Hill" through the speakers of her computer that one Saturday night that I played "Lost One" repeatedly, then headed out to the grocery store. This girl doesn't forget a thing. I knew this was her way of reminding me that she never forgot about what I did that day.

At the end of some of her emails, she would sign it: "Laura**a**" not: Laure**n**, (although she was "Poetlaure"), but definitely not: "Laur**yn**." No-it's not "over thinking," it's: Janet, trust me. She knew what she was doing (and knew that I knew why).

At any rate, she emailed me [to our same Netscape email set up for me that we had always used thus far]; but re-introduced her [new character] self. Consider the fact that she sent it to our usual email account, she already knew that I knew it was her:

Date: Sat, 07 Aug 22:17pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: (no subject)

I am Poet from Janet's room (if you didn't already figure that out). This is my e-mail addy, so use it to stay in touch...

Lots of love,
Laura Aka: Poet

I left the room because I was tired. She was so busy carrying on conversations; I figured she wouldn't notice anyways-sort of. I didn't announce my departure, I just wrote her back:

Date: Sat, 07 Aug 22:32pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Re: (no subject)

Going to bed...until then...I'll be up watching Mad TV crackin' up. Ttyl

When I woke up the morning of August 8th I had an email from her that she wrote at 6:07am PDT (which was 9:07am EST-my time). I laughed because she had already sent me one at 10:17pm PDT (1:17am EST-my time), which meant that this next one was sent only 8hrs later. The reason I laughed was because this Internet junkie was most probably still online the *entire* 8hrs, and went to sleep *after* she sent *this* one at 6:07am (like how she-"Brie"-would be online for 12-14 hours at a time).

Date: Sun, 08 Aug 06:07am PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: (Re: no subject)

Hello! What happened to you last night? I am sorry we didn't get to finish talking, maybe we can talk later...Well, I have to go and do some things. Bye, bye. Lots of love/mucho de amour...Laura...

I carried on with my Sunday the whole day-no time for her (and she didn't bother me either).

Monday, August 9, I was visiting Dana's house and while I was there, she had gotten a phone call from a friend of hers. The girl was trying to recall a particular girls' name that had lived in an area of town that I used to live in. They were going back and forth trying to remember the girls' name and all, and I interrupted: "*LEELEE, is her name. LEELEE is her name! Dana has company and needs to get off the phone, friend, sorry!*" Dana laughed, and got off the phone.

The two of us sat around talking about some things that she was going through and when we were about to wrap it up, I picked up her telephone to use it. When I got off, I stared at it to see if Janet was going to call. I hung around for about another half-hour awaiting her call to hang-up, but that didn't happen.

I tightened my lips and folded them downwards:
"She's doing well," I thought to myself.

I then hung out with Dana for a long time after.

When I got home and went into the room, Janet followed. We began to talk about nothing much. She wasn't in a bad mood or anything; she was just in there being her silly self all over again. Sure enough, she couldn't help herself.

She dropped down the nickname: "LEELEE."

I just shook my head thinking about her and all I could do was laugh, there was nothing else I could do anyways. I didn't even respond to it (like I would normally do). I just sat there with my mouth hanging open knowing *for sure* now, she had Dana's line tapped as well. That told me that between the day I was at my mom's house and this day at Dana's; she must have "overheard" my mom telling someone (over the phone) how I told her about how Janet (or her buddies) would always call and hang up to let me know that she knew where I was whenever I was not at home. From that, she switched her game up (and purposely didn't call Dana's phone after I got off the line). So my sitting at Dana's house for the half hour after I got off her phone awaiting Janet's (typical) ring and half-ring was only a waste of time. Dropping down Leelee's name for me to see was what she figured she'd do in exchange for her not calling Dana's [to hang up]. To her, that was a ringing reminder equivalent of letting me know that she was *still* in the know (and in control of things). She was so in a habit of wanting me to never forget that-that she couldn't resist not dropping down the "LEELEE" nickname just to let *me* know that she knew I was at Dana's (by posting something said over the phone).

Although there hadn't been many days in between my last being at my mom's house and this day at Dana's, for a *long* while after, she never did it again. She hadn't called my house. She hadn't called any of my friend's houses. She never called anyone else's house ever again-to hang up or send beeps. I was 100% sure then, that (over the telephone, talking to her friends) my big mouth mom had done *all* that I told her not to do (and most probably telling her friends I was going crazy, all the while crazy Janet and her crazy people sat back and laughed at their masterwork).

I finally replied back to her last email from a couple days prior but indirectly talking about her "LEELEE" nickname:

Date: Tue, 10 Aug 3:44am PDT:

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: (Re: no subject)

You know I couldn't do nothing but burst out laughing to myself at first...but then I thought about you and just shook my head and told myself how much you are so much...too much...but you're still my heart nonetheless.

With ALL my love

Later in the day, she replied. Here she goes with her crazy (character). She tried to act like she didn't know what I was (indirectly) talking about and switch it up (by *staying* in character):

Date: Tue, 10 Aug 15:06pm PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: hello love, your poet

What is it about me that has captivated you? Don't get me wrong, I am very flattered by all this, but I don't see what you think is so special about me. I was just being myself, and just being honest, was that it? Normally people are very turned off by me because I am too straight forward and I don't hold back. Obviously that's not the case with you. So what is it about me? I want to know...Well, I have to go for now, I will talk to you later.

Lots of love/much de amour...Laura "Poet"

“Honest” about what? We hadn’t even been in conversation (in the room or I.M as yet), nor had I been in the room since her starting this PoetLaure character enough to witness *anything* [“PoetLaure”] said in that constructed email. She was just “in character” I assure you. But she does know that I am: “honest/too straight-forward and don’t hold back” I shook my head again and wrote to this clever heffer:

Date: Wed, 11 Aug 00:23am PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Re: [hello love, your poet]
Cute...real cute...never mind

I was sitting in the room talking a big bunch of nothing to Lissa and some of her other buddies. Janet strolled in as “SassySHH” (for old times sake). She spoke to me. I spoke back. She said a few words to her buddies and then dropped me an I.M:

“What’s up sexy? I see you and Poet are getting along really well...She is a really cool person! Huh?”

I just looked at her-twisting my lips as if to say: “*You need to quit it.*” But instead, I didn’t say anything. I purposely ignored her and well, she purposely re-posted that question (about “Poet” being a really cool person). I knew she needed to get my [posted] reply back (for their records). So asked again: “*Isn’t she Cinamon?*”

“Yeah, yeah girl...” I replied. I didn’t say anything else.

We just stared tried to outstare one another to see who would win. I did...I logged out of I.M.

Her? She went back to her dressing room to turn back into the “Poet” again for next time.

Next time came (late that night).

We’re in the room.

Chris came down and called me by my real name (for some “by-design” reason)...

Perplexed, I ignored him.

He did it again.

I figured they must have gotten alarmed because of my past two emails to her (the real her); my being myself and totally disregarding this “character” and characterization.

Next.

“Dread” came down and asked me when was I going to come to see him or when could he come see me. (That was merely thrown out there for Janet).

I replied: “I told you that I was going to step outside the door so you could see me that one day but you weren’t there.”

(I said that because in the room sometimes, “Dread” would inquire about seeing me in person and I would simply respond: “*stepping outside the door...”)

“Cin, I see you’re trying to be funny, things just aint the same” he said.

I didn’t respond back. (He went backstage to join “ThePoet” and traded places with “Chris”).

“Cin, are you ever going to call me again?”

I responded:

“Yeah, maybe perhaps you need to ask MissThing PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND...” (I was talking about the time Chris and I talked on the phone while Janet kept whispering and playing around in the background, but wouldn’t actually get on it).

After I said that, she clicked me off line by rebooting my computer.

I had to log back on to the computer and then back into the room. I said:

“See Chris, see how she plays around?” she rebooted me again.

I logged back in-again.

This time when I came back into the room she dropped the nickname:

“BACKGROUND PLAYER”

I didn’t say anything, and this time Chris was gone...

“The Poet” switched places:

“Cin, do you want me to call you tonight?”

“Yes, I do,” I responded.

She dropped down the nickname: “Star50won” again (like last time when Chris sent me the email with his phone number in between the body of the words within the email).

“I’ll remove it...” I responded-again (just like I did last time-talking about removing the call-block).

“Ok. Cin, how about 11 your time?” said “ThePoet.”

“That’s fine, baby” I responded.

“Ok then...you’re dismissed,” she posted.

It was already around 9 p.m. (my time) so I assumed they might’ve needed me to release my line to do some kind of magic trick to make sure I wasn’t going to try anything suspicious. I logged out and waited on her call until around 1 in the morning-nothing. I felt *just* like her—from a line of her own (real) “poety”: “[*She*] stood me up a-gain...” I fell asleep wondering why the hell I even put up with this heffer like I did, when she’s done nothing for me lately either (but worried my everlasting nerves)...

I carried on with my day and didn’t show up in the room until the next evening.

When I did, she was already in-holding a conversation with one of her buddies who quickly switched it and started teasing her about acting shy: “All right Ms. ‘Shy over her!’ they laughed, as Janet sat there giggling and blushing like a kid.

“Silly girl,” I wrote.

She kept hiding from me (logging in and out of the room), being silly-she wouldn’t talk. I just laughed.

I laughed because when I thought about it, I kept asking myself: “All things considered and having happened, what in the hell *do* we have to talk about (over the telephone) anyways?” The things I want to say to her and the questions I need to ask her are *far* too many and the kind she would *never* trust me to ask her over the telephone. Considering all that I have to say to her, it’s probably a blessing in disguise that she didn’t call, because truthfully, I really didn’t know what we would talk about before I got my who, what, when, where, why and how’s answered. Then maybe after *that*, she and I could just “shoot the breeze,” hook up in “3hrs” or whatever else.

She wrote me (saying what she really meant, but hiding behind her “character”):

Date: Wed, 11 Aug 20:06pm PDT
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: (Re: [hello love, your poet])

I am certain that eventually I will be comfortable enough with you to tell you all, but that just hasn't happened yet. It takes my heart a while before it will let someone else in. (It has to *screen* them first! LOL) Gotta go...Laura

...she meant that "screen them first" part, and she knew that I knew what she meant. I replied:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 03:48am PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Re: (Re: [hello love, your poet])

See! See! I woke up this morning thinking about u, then I come in to u telling me u have to "screen" me...yeah...dammit! I'm just gonna let that one roll down my back for now LOL

The evening of this August 12th day when I was in the room, she was already there. I could hardly tell what kind of mood she was in, but she didn't want me there-*at all*, I knew *that* much. The talk of the room was about some legal troubles she was going through with her chef (who, much later-when it finally hit the public); I found out was suing both she *and* Rene. Gauging from watching their conversation, Rene had *definitely* called her. It seemed like she was happy that he called her (but you could tell that he didn't give her too much rhythm). You could tell she was not too happy that he didn't call her to reminisce or talk about old times (while talking about the sole reason why he called). It was like...you could tell that he played her "strictly business" like: "*I'm only calling you because we both have a vested interest in this, so let's sort this out, gather a plan and keep it movin'.*"

In hindsight, I *totally* know how that went (it wouldn't be until years later, that I would *totally* understand). You won't feel this way until (years later) that you've had the pleasure, (and the displeasure) of knowing, having loved, and being the recipient of Janet's love and countless pleasure principles. She's the type of girl that no matter how fun, sexy, lovable, sweet, attentive, adoring, and ravishing in you she can be; once you get away from her-you will run...far-far away. And if you ever have to meet up with or run into her again (for *whatever* reason) you have to *consciously* keep a shield up to get through the business (not pleasure) at hand with her (in order to keep from getting caught back up into her clinches). Trust me, at this particular moment in time, it hadn't been quite a year that I had been involved with her and wanted to run "far-far away" *many* times, so I know that *he* knew her moves and how to maneuver around her-considering the fact that it had thirteen for him.

It's a shame that you have to do her like that because she *is* awesome to know and to love. And you know how to feel good with her (if she really wants you)-she's a master at encompassing that. But despite her fun, sexiness, being lovable, her sweetness, her attentiveness, her adoration of you, and her being so ravishingly into you AND TOO, despite her money, her fame, her beauty or her good lovin'; her "bad" is ~~twice as bad~~, no...three times as bad (like no one I ever knew). Her brand of "crazy" is not worth the roll in the hay or getting tangled up in a relationship with her. Tangles are all she really has to offer and she is her very own velvet rope. No matter how transparent or unraveled you are for her, she will tangle that, encompass her own tangled ways on top of it, and constantly tangle you. She has no healthy, balanced or safe medium in which her "good" would bring you back to her, because her "bad" was tilted like the end results of the Titanic-that's how strong her "bad" is...

That's the *only* thing that will make you run "far-far away" from her and I say that even more so now (on this very 2013 date). She's the type of girl that can do a number on you so badly that hearing her name could put you in a trance-like a hypnotic slumber where your chin falls to your chest and you're knocked out having fallen asleep on queue. You're tired out in the few seconds and four syllables it took to sound out her first + last name. Her "way" can be like fingers snapping, and she wants to be there with her fingers on the controls; being able to predict your every thought, action, reaction-at all times (by which too, she *will* be control of provoking-unnaturally). Every good and bad thing while dealing with her is controlled by her.

That's impossible-to have a need to do-yet, expect any normalcy (she does *not* understand that). But she has done it so long that there's no way she *cannot* do what she does-because of how she is. That's how *she* "loves." It's a part of her now just as sure as all ten of her fingers are a part of her hands. She has one **literal hell** of a unique personality like no one you've ever met. Her bad is the motherfucking Anti-Christ-like the devil's seed, the apple in the Garden of Eden + the snake.

Yet her other face, the delicate one that she puts on for the public (the one that's she's painted for sooooo long) can be compared to the "good" her. When you know Janet and are loved by Janet, on the outside looking in (to her other dealings with people) whether it's a guy or girl who *acts on* that torch [that you will *always* have for her]...you (*knowing*her), you automatically know that she did not like that guy or girl very much (in that deep, intense, intimate way). Because if she does (or did) like them in that way; with that same torch, you know they would run "far-far *away*" from her to keep from getting caught back up into her clinches, because she's hurtful and she can damage you, *she's* damaged goods herself-eternally.

Her "good" is a smooth sailing ride, and her fire for you can burn like forever while she shares and shares her good with you. BUT, when she's "bad," her fire can burn you alive and that smooth ride turns heavy, it tilts, and it will sink you like the Titanic. When you know her and she's "loved" you (that oh-so damaging way which too, is the only way she knows), you really don't give a *damn* who she's with or loves after you, you're just happy it's not you anymore.

At the beginning of this whole situation-those infamous "first 13 pages," (when Rene and Janet were still together and Janet was flirting and getting at me, but then spazzed out on me after learning that I met and talked to him), I was so naïve and green in understanding her, this, and it all. Then next thing you know, it hit the news that he was history in her life. Later, the real true proof of that being so came to me from Janet herself (and buddies). At first I said: "*Please I know that little chance meeting of mine with him did not cause a thirteen-year relationship to breakup. My dealings with him weren't even enough to be a straw in breaking a camel's back.*" But it wouldn't be until years later of dealing with her myself, that Janet is so "too much" that all you need is that one out-way from her ass and you will gladly leave, you would gladly hit the door running "far-far" away from her. That's what happened. It didn't have anything to do with me (per se) but everything to do with her-how she'll make you run "far-far away" from her. Any prop or convenience can serve as a catalyst or straw breaking a camel's back, all you want to do is ride out on the back of that bitch; far-far away from her. And that's what the hell he did. He sat back and watched all that shit we were doing and mapped his plan of escape, and just threw me in the bag (then under the bus).

One of the (typical) things about two people in a *normal functioning* relationship (no matter how bad the breakup was), is that one or both persons get that luxury of their ex being jealous about who steps up to bat in their life next.

Janet's "bad" is so abnormally bad that regardless of her money, her fame, her beauty, her good lovin', her fun, her sexiness, her being lovable, her sweetness, her attentiveness, her adoration of you, and her being so ravishingly into her new love after you-you won't even care.

From knowing her, you already know that no matter how much love, attention, cooperation, lovin', and adoration that person gives to her or what that new person's attributes and qualities are, after a while; she won't even *recognize* any of it. She's a life-absorber. She will suck your life, your joy, your happiness, your love for her, your cooperation, and all your tries--right through a straw, ride you like a camel and break *your* back. All good things about you that made her love you, she (if she "loves" you) she will eventually overpower it, crush it, and ruin it *and* you with the strength of her bad to the point that you won't give two shits who she's with after you-as long as it aint you. I know her-how she is and how she moves. And I can only *imagine* that Rene (having known and been with her much longer) knows these same things about her tenfold. If I can conclude this never even so much as lived with her, not only could he second these emotions, I know the shit he could add to what I've experienced and concluded is probably minor (in comparison). She's a hum fucking dinger.

Because of how she is, Janet did, and will continue to miss out on a lot in life, and a lot of things about love and being loved [well over the price she has to pay for being loved by a bunch of strangers for only being famous]. She will miss out on real love because of her fame and "good face." Stranger love from merely seeing you on television and the stage is different; they don't know you-so it's not real love. As well, she will always miss out on real love in her personal life (during and post-love) because of how she is.

During love: You want to run "far-far away" from her. Her singing: "*Run Away With Me My Love, Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah,*" for you, becomes more like: "Running away from you my love." Her singing: "Let me take you on an escapade, let's go!" will *not* be that joyful and whimsical. The only thing you'll see in the word "Escapade" is "escape."

Post-love: You consciously make an effort and block her "good face," to avoid her smile and her sweetness (to avoid getting caught back up with her).

Janet didn't with him-Rene, and won't (with anyone else), ever get that luxury of that old flame bumping into her and those feelings popping up (whether acted on or merely talked about in friendly and sweet conversation). Her being a woman, that feeling and bricks built on a girl's self-esteem in knowing that we can have our exes back with one phone call, or at bare minimum-make them smile and be happy for the day from just seeing or hearing from us is something she will never experience. And it's all because of how *she* is. How she is will never change-she can't be cured of herself, and Rene showed her proof of that when he called...

"Guess who called?" she asked. "...I'll tell you later" she finished (before her buddy that she was talking to could ask: "who?"). She knew she had never *not* wanted me there, but this time she *did not* [want me there]. She wanted me gone but couldn't figure out a way to say what she wanted to say to them really quick without my catching on (because she knew I would of course). And by the same token (considering how I was with her at *this* particular moment in time), she knew that asking me to leave would probably make me start playing passive-aggressive games with her during all the other times that she *did* want me there. In her mind, she knew that [this first and only time] making me leave would probably start making me purposely excuse myself mid-conversation with her (just to piss her off). We played tug of war power games like that and we knew just what to do to piss one another off. Just like we had the perfect formulas to arouse one another, as well; we knew just what to do and brew to piss one another off. We could be like two evil or good twins who had the same Wonder-Twin-like

powers and could use them against one another at any time. I knew how she was and she knew how I was-simple and contrary as that.

She tried to talk around it as much as she could, but when it came to Rene, no matter how much she called herself loving me; she didn't see me as that girl that she loved-she saw me as that bitch that met, talked to, and whatever else, with her man. She's irrational like that and could give two shits that I knew or felt that from her (when it came to that damned Rene).

They were also subliminally talking about something legal that had to do with her sister-in-law whom she mentioned using initials "DRJ" or "DHJ" or something like that. While she kept trying to talk to them in codes, it was like she would stop and look at me with that one side-eye look you would give to somebody who should automatically excuse themselves from your presence. She was in some mood I couldn't quite explain, but she wasn't feeling me right now, I could certainly tell *that* much. But I wanted to *make* her say it.

She and her buddy tried to talk around me as best as they could, then she finally turned to me, rolled her eyes and said: "Alright Cinamon you're dismissed," making it clear that *this time* she really *was* dismissing me. She wanted me out of the room-stat! Never in the history of this thing had she ever told me to leave-*ever*, so I knew this was something serious (pertaining to her). "Ok then, TTYL." I replied.

I walked out of the room looking pretty stupid while one of their silly asses posted the nickname: "UNINVITED." They were so on-cue (and funny sometimes), I had to laugh at that one myself-the stupid look on my face was priceless.

When I came back in late that evening, someone came down under the nickname: "Landlord" and said: "Doesn't somebody in here owe me money?" I took a deep sigh and rolled my eyes in my head-knowing all too well that a fight was about to start, because for me, that was a cheap (but true-to-life) *real* shot: True to *my life* at that very moment in time. That same day, they "overhead" *my* landlord put in a call to me "wondering when he was going to get his money" (that was now invested in a laptop computer that I had to buy so that when I began to delve into writing, hopefully, do it in some peace from them). I sat there fighting hard with myself-trying to figure out if I should just keep my mouth shut or if I should get it crackin' and set it off up in there. You see...stuff like that would make me happy that she eventually got a chance to get a taste of what "overhearing" (things that wasn't any of her business) was like.



So...in fast-forwarding to September 2000 for a second (the 18th of September to be exact) this time, the tables were turned on her-embarrassing and personal information was being fed to *me* about *her* from a reliable source who too, was one of my (then) besties in the industry: Anaya-a theatre brat, singer/actor/dancer, and Broadway dancer who lived in L.A and New York City. (She was 1/3 of *my* "Three Amigos" between myself and Denise). Anaya called me one evening after coming off tour. We were sitting on the phone chopping it up-all the juicy details about her excursions, experiences, and industry gossip. She was talking a mile a minute-I could hardly get in a word edgewise. We hadn't talked in quite a few months-almost a year-so she had countless cities, countries, states, and hookups to catch me up on. That's been my homegirl since first grade, so obviously when we dish-we dish. But I had to interrupt her, I had to, it was getting to deep. And if the shoe was other the foot I could only hope she'd do the same for me. When we got to the part where I told her my phone was tapped and by whom, she (without a doubt) never questioned it, nor did she act all that surprised. She was already "Janet-briefed" and "Janet ready"-nothing thus far in the conversation seemed surprising to her. We began to laugh about how Janet being at me was seemingly "fitting," and how as well, so said Denise (who too, was a mutual friend of mine and Anaya's).

Denise and Anaya had the *nerve* to wait until we got good and grown to have a high-school girl like fallout; they were both still my homies-but they *hated* each other after Denise moved to New York and they became roomies. I hated that. They both have very strong personalities and hearing both versions of the story would leave me speechless. Although all the three of us were besties and keepers of countless secrets between us, their personalities were such that not even *I* could say anything to either of them in an effort to mediate. They were the type of personalities that if either had any conversing to do they would do it themselves-which by my listening and weighing the situation and versions; was next to never. So I left it alone. My loyalty to both was always such that both knew they could trust me, so for years, we all remained friends-separately.

Anaya switched gears: some tough-talk now. Janet sure as hell was in for a big surprise: "overhearing" the G's on her*self*-something she never in a million years would have thought would come through the lines of my telephone-totally unplanned, unrehearsed, and unexpected. Anaya proceeded to compliment Janet with words of endearment such as all kinds of "fierceness" and "Miss Thing's" but at the same time dissed her about feeling the need to monitor my conversations. She then began to lay into the phone horn; private details about Janet that I dare not repeat. They were strictly and specifically about her and had nothing to do with any anyone else or any details having to do with our story however, they weren't the most flattering of details.

As if that wasn't enough, Anaya had more to tell me-and she couldn't *wait* to tell it to me too. I listened to her slurp words, trying to refrain from telling me over the phone some things that she had no doubt in her mind was indeed being listened to by Janet, but felt I should know. But that's what Janet got for dipping. This was our usual. Little did Janet know, Anaya wasn't a big-mouthed girl, we often talked and got caught up on the G's of her industry and theater life about details that she knew would travel no further than me and my phone, regardless. Janet did *not* enjoy hearing what she too, heard through the phone-knowing that Anaya had quite a few other things she was itching to tell me (about her). Getting home couldn't get here soon enough for Anaya (and of course, me either). Times like this would be almost like that Total Request Live incident with Carson where that "Angela" girl's name caught Janet by surprise by making her react (which made me laugh). Because it was like some good

omen was looking out for me by sending Janet a jolt that I *needed* in this situation, making me feel like I scored-like I gained some ground in this thing where in the bigger scheme of things, I had no control at all (until much later). It reminded me of the movie “Ghost” were no matter what bullshit the friend was doing, or how much he stood to gain from his evil deeds, still, he had jolts and nudges from Patrick Swayze’s ghost always there to haunt and remind him that the reality of all that was going on in this situation may not been by other people (in our case: *my* friends, *my* family and the *public*); but the fact of the matter was...it... (“it” being: me-on the shorter/receiving end of the stick of all the tricks that Janet’s money’s resources were affording) “it” lived... (“lived” being: me getting life breathed into me because of her getting those bad omen nudges and me getting good omen nudges letting me know that some power bigger than hers *and* mine was guiding and working with *me* and on *my* powerless side).

Anaya was gigging hard for a *good* stretch of time. She had been overseas, to California to New York to California and back to New York—gigging. If this was 2000, I probably hadn’t heard from Anaya (by telephone) since ‘96 when she last came home. We stayed current via post card and letters, she didn’t come home (to our town as much)-her “home” was in New York. Anaya’s calling me and coming home (to our town) this time around was some “by-design” rare irony-like a ghost chance of a happening. And it was these “Ghost”-like times (like that TRL/Carson/ “Angela” incident that sent that jolt to Janet), that would happen to further remind me that I wasn’t crazy and that I had an unseen ally in this thing-wanting me to just hold on...be patient, because I had a lot of lessons to learn in this (about my friends, my family, and the world/public) that this higher force of power needed me to know but refused to just lay it in my lap so easily. It’s like throughout this, I was being spiritually groomed to go through a hard and hurtful kind of fire that eventually, *she*-Janet was going to have to stand in—and in the end/at climax (well...the conclusion), I would be standing there witnessing and watching while she got her lesson too: to teach other people like her (with money, “worldly power,” fame, and resources) that when the smoke clears—at the end of the years; your money, fame, influence, and “worldly power” aint *shit*, when bigger hands are overseeing *all* that was being “overheard,” overseeing all other evil deeds that made me feel so oppressed and stressed-for years and was indeed going to assist me in getting it dealt with-one way or another. It just wanted me to be patient-keep my heart and eyes open, mind clear-and I did.

When I got off the phone with Anaya my rule that I adhered to all this time: (never discuss what Janet “overheard” even if it concerned her on my behalf) had to go out the window for this moment right here. This time, I was more than willing to talk to Janet about what she had just heard (because it was about *her*). Janet did *not* appreciate having things being told to me from a source closer to *her* world than anyone in *my* world could never deliver, and she knew every word was true. She was sitting in I.M boiling mad. Obviously she didn’t care to explain to me what she overheard, nor did she make it comfortable for me to ask her to elaborate either. Just to be sure I wouldn’t get the nerve to ask her, she took our talk to a third-person conversation where we were going back and forth like a game of tennis-nothing much, small talk and my listening to her telling me “your girl is pissed right about now,” (talking about herself). The back and forth small-talk ended with her stating (clearly and in first person): “*I should be hearing back from you on some things after the weekend shouldn’t I?*” (“After the weekend” was when Anaya would be home). Throughout this whole conversation, that was the only first-person thing she said, and I merely replied: “*Yes.*” But I wasn’t going to tell her shit that Anaya had to tell me. My plans were to play Janet just like Anaya ended up (really) playing me

when she got home. September 23rd/24th when Anaya got home, she was mum like she had never said a word to me about Janet. Her lips were sealed-tight! She was so mum that she turned very uninviting and dry to me-as if she was working hard to make me feel uncomfortable to ask her to tell me [what she was *dying* to tell me over the telephone]. The visit was odd and definitely unusual. Anaya was a loud wild-child and in all my years of knowing her, I couldn't even *think* of the last time she had been this subdued and quiet. The desire to tell me what she had to tell me had totally gone away. She damned near treated me like I was at her mom's house wearing a wire. She got here and shut completely *down*.

When I got home, Janet was already waiting for me in I.M. She already knew when I left to go visit Anaya and knowing her, she patiently sat her butt right there awaiting my return. As soon as I logged on, she bomb-rushed me with one question: "So now what?"

I replied: "Nothing, nothing at *all* as a matter of fact..." I expressed-just like that.

She got quiet for a second then she replied back with two words: "popular whore..."

I knew then, that Janet must've gone dumpster diving on Anaya and in addition to that, must've somehow gotten word to some other dancers that got to Anaya.

It wouldn't be until mid-October, around the time I had just started a job at the bank for the Christmas season where from, I called Anaya. She was deathly afraid to talk to me and kept asking me if I was at home or no. I assured her that I was at work. She began questioning the odd telephone number that came across her Caller I.d. I kept assuring her that I was at the job. She couldn't call back to the phone number I was using because I didn't even have it-and the one that came across her Caller I.d was the main frontline. All that did nothing but made her suspicious. She went right in about her dancer friends giving her a different version of mine and Janet's lil' love story where it was relayed to her that *I* was the one who did Janet wrong, and as a punishment, began writing a book. What the hell!? I almost kirked out on Anaya on that telephone. The hell I had gone through with Janet and her buddies was such that a book or anything as a result of it will *never* in life change, undue, or make better-how dare she? I told Anaya that her lil' dancer friends could kiss my ass.

I looked at this thing like this. Anyone on the outside looking in had no idea about *anything*. Anaya's friends skipped a whole sleuth of hurt, violations, and upset that I couldn't even sit there and explain to her over the telephone if I tried to, *that's* why it was chronicled and written: it's all too much for *anybody* to sit and try to listen to and understand. If I tried to tell a story like this in a conversation, it would go in one ear, out the other, and over-head. But when I put the details in a book, it will get *in* head; that's the only fair chance I get in the nature of explaining and understanding, not to mention-a hard core much needed lesson about boundaries that Janet's rich boundary kicking down door ass needs to learn. How, or if it is accepted after my work is done, that is none of my care or business. I only care about the big truth, not about trying to make anybody "believe" me. There are so many elements about what happened that everybody's going to "believe" could have, or should have gone one way or another. My "book" is merely a chronology turned story about what happened-left up to whoever reads it to be the judge of what relatively true from their own point of view. I just wrote the truth about a story. The fact of the matter is, there didn't have to *be* a book. Without all the craziness, I would have kept this thing another one of Janet's well-kept secrets; sealed about as tight as the "alleged" fact that she birthed a child in the early 80's.

I told Anaya that it was Janet and her buddies in control of pushing *any* buttons as to whether *that* outline and chronicle would even become a published book. And they pushed the buttons-every single one. It cost me more money, time, energy, headache and heartache to write it than *any* results of it that I could I ever reap any benefits from. My plans as a writer

(having being one years before I even met Janet) was never to be “that kind of public”-her kind her kind of public, I’m not about her kinda life. Furthermore, there’s a *major happening* and going on that I purposely omitted from the book that because of, no end result of having written it will *ever* be able to give back to me, she would have to be dead or in jail for that comfort to be given back to me. “You have no fucking idea!” I snapped.

I can’t say that mine and Anaya’s conversation turned into an argument, but it was a defense-offensive kind of conversation that almost felt like Anaya was purposely talking to me defensively in the event I was lying and Janet was overhearing. It just wasn’t natural. We’ve been friends too long and never in the history of us being friends had she ever put guards up with me like this-not even with the fight she was having with own mutual friend.

Anaya seemed to be afraid-a stark raving difference in how unafraid she was when she first sat on that phone and talked about Janet the first time [*and having known that day-that Janet was indeed listening*]. But little did she know, in the one week’s time (from that point of our initial conversation ‘til the time she got home), whatever happened-whatever was said; whomever those same friends were that definitely misinformed her about my part in this, they were probably the same ones who offered Janet some information that lead her to have for me; two choice words about *Anaya* [that because of the tone of the conversation and her defensiveness towards me], my loyalty ended up lying with Janet in that I sealed my lips and charged what Janet had to say about *her* to the game. Besides, being referred to by Janet as a “popular whore,” had *nothing* on listening to my “friend” of many years shoot loads of instant disloyalty through to my ears and heart over that telephone without even *once* having sat down and had one conversation with her friend to hear *any* details about everything.

Ohhh shame on me, Janet was soooo innocent in this and as far as she and her industry friends were concerned; had done *nothing* to deserve being dragged through the mud by having a book written about her transgressions, indiscretions, and more importantly (and the sole reason for *writing* the book): the upset that she put myself and other innocent people in my path through-just from *knowing* me. Ohhh she’s sooo innocent in this monstrosity. Hmm. The illegal shit she had the power to do (and get away with). Oh she’s *such* a victim. Hmm. The emotional, mental, and financial destruction she caused me to suffer. Oh she *totally* got taken advantage of. Hmm. The eventual ridicule, humiliation and *further* financial destruction and inability to fucking make a living I suffered as a result of her crazy ass. Oh, poor Janet. Hmm. The fact that I too, had to relinquish a level of privacy that I value-such that well over being a writer-I will *never* get back again (as result of being forced to write the damned book) yet, through it all, every turn, every moment; I still cooperated and tried hard with her.

“*Bitch please. You can get your ass off the other end of my phone and out of my life with that bullshit,*” was all my head could hold for her after that conversation where on that day, she may as well had forgotten we ever were friends-ever. I had even remained friends with Anaya even after fucking one of my exes before. We were teens. Who cares? I didn’t want him anymore. He did it out of spite and hurt, and told me all about it-every detail. I threw it out the window and still remained friends with her after her confessing. So how can you not be a loyal friend by default to someone who remained friends with you on your foul, technicality, and infraction? This time, Anaya was non-existent to me, and that “popular whore” didn’t know the half of what I had gone through with Janet-where the bad overpowered *anything* she could have *ever* heard was “good,” between us, because the good was private (never public-we we’re closet dikes, dammit!). So if the bad made such a “bad” thing happen, be rested and assured, it was earned and well-deserved. I was never rested. I spent way too much time fighting to keep not just myself, but other people out of cross fires (that should have ever been).

...So

...Ohh the irony of my bestie [whom I wouldn't know until a year *after* Janet and her buddies' "Landlord" joke [and countless other things they had no business knowing but ridiculed] would defend Janet and accuse *me* of erroneously writing a book to hurt poor little helpless Janet who was in love with me but I took it upon myself to shit on her (for no reason). Shame on me. Let's talk about the "victims" and who really got shit on:

Ok so, when "Landlord," came in the room "wondering when he was going to get his rent," keeping calm, rather than setting it off in the room, ruled (at least for a moment). I didn't say anything back to whoever said it. I just sat there and continued to watch. As if my purposely not responding to that wasn't enough; in the form of other nicknames (the usual game) I sat there and watched them drop down specific nicknames of things that had to do with me, and other situations *I* had been going through, as well as that of *my* poor friends [who had *zero* to do with any of this but merely caught in the crossfire of knowing me and because of, gave Janet and her buddies much to do, ridicule, and live vicariously through on Janet's time, resources, and dime].

I sat there and watched in awe of their deliberate cruelty. It was so methodical that I slowly started to see this shit a being a talent of sorts. It was amazing. As busy as I was in my own life, I couldn't see having the time, curiosity (or interest) in tapping into the lives of people for the sake of making skits, monologues, and have dialogue [that obviously took a lot of time and note-taking] in order to be able to do. As a sane-minded individual, I could not fathom doing that, let alone see the fun in it. If it were legal, they could have won Oscars for talent and acting, and a Nobel Peace Prizes for the invention of doing it and being able to display it front of your eyes. It was actually magical-just illegal. You've never seen anything like it (Janet lead the pack in the skills-don't sleep).

Interestingly, by way of this whole thing (even the bad), little did she know, I gave her an *exceptional* amount of credit for being smarter than I ever could have given her credit for. I learned through this, that Janet was very savvy. And that was a turn-on for me because from the outside and having been a mere fan of hers, I used to think she was an airhead, dense, slightly corny, superficial, but: pretty, talented, had a pretty smile, and could entertain. Other than that, that's all I thought of her-besides her having abs of steel, being sexy with a great body-that's all I thought she was made of. But the shit that they did took skill, and talent. On the inside looking in [from being a victim of], I learned that this gave Janet (and her buddies) *life*. I learned that Janet really *was* a "life absorber," -more than how she could suck your life from you for "loving" you.

This thing (for *all* of them) was a game-like playing with little army men or like playing with dolls--that thing that kids do and could where they can sit for hours having monologue or dialogue; naming their toys yet, could carry on with a different scenario everyday that they brought them out and played with them. This was *that* kind of thing for them (Janet included), yet, there were no army men. There were no Ken and Barbie Dolls. The people they played with were real people with real lives, real dilemmas and real personal situations. *That's* the part I couldn't accept. These people of their "bored" games were real-life people living lives that Janet was fortunate enough to never have to live yet, she (and her buddies) found it to be cute and funny. She liked that she could still get a piece of a kind of life that she would never live without their (and my) permission and knowing. It gave her life and something substantial to sink her teeth into. It's a part of her sensuality-it was broad in range: from sexual to deviate, to illegal.

So when the bigger part of this game happened-how it escalated, all I could do was sit back and rest my guns but pop my pen; purposely neglecting to leave out [the bigger part] because a regular naïve world could never understand or entertain the thought of it, nobody but me: her little victim slash girlfriend (who *did* keep her bigger secrets I might mention)...of which the contents of the book is actually candy in comparison. So in considering that, my thinking always had been (and always will be): “*Bitch[es] please,*” to **whoever** had a problem with it. Furthermore, if there’s a “victim” here, I’m the victim of the biggest part untold. If I can sit on it, Anaya and whomever else can shut on it. *I’m* left with the fight for not only myself, but a few disloyal “bitches” (and a star-struck world of people). Knowing that, this was like some power game to all of them, but it was far from being a game to me.

Each name and joke they posted made me more upset because Janet and her buddies treated me (and anyone I associated with) like we were lab rats. Her kind of cruelty was something that I never experienced in life. It was psychological torture. I sat there and watched them joke and jive about our personal lives, financial and emotional lives and such, as if we weren’t even human beings. I was stunned; thinking about how bad I already felt that she knew so much already about each and every one of them without my even having to tell her, and there was nothing I could do about it.

This particular day [that the jokes escalated from their lil’ “Landlord” joke] was one of the few days they had done it and in rare form in this way. It got brutal. For her to be able to sit there and put voices to them, and listen to their trials and tribulations only for her to make fun of them, upset me to hi-hell. All I could think about was how she and her team listened to the many hardships and struggles of single these parents with no daddies for their babies. Half of them were on the welfare and or receiving Social Security, some of us went to school, worked part-time and lived off of school loans and work-study. The rest of us were working penny-anny ass jobs trying to make ends meet. Some were professional boosters, some former thieves, friends of, hoes and whores-you name it. Some were college educated, some not. Some were high school graduates, some not. Some worked two and three jobs. Others were budding entrepreneurs who felt inspired about a new hustle once a month-*trying*

Some were street chemists and product inventors where prototypes and potions were sold from tables on street corners. Some worked disrespectful and degrading jobs that could easily send them home crying at the end of the night. Some spoke proper English, others: broken English. Some spent most of our time on the phone calling agencies trying to get assistance with our rent and utility bills. Other robbed Peter to pay Paul to meet the gas man at the door-emptying pockets down to the penny to avoid sitting in the damned dark and washing asses in cold water and using candles for light at dark time. Others were having affairs, some sold drugs, or smoked weed or had moms and dads were on drugs. Some were promiscuous, others weren’t. A few wouldn’t even give a man the time of day unless he was paying bills-one way or another. The rest were on the telephone calling to make payment arrangements on our bills and taking advantage of all *kinds* of other date-buying options available. I was the tunnel and vehicle for some *awesome* entertainment to help Janet and her buddies’ need for getting life breathed into them for their “bored games.”

Everybody had some kind of hustle, struggle or triumph going on with themselves, their friends and other people they knew. It was just life. Period. So it was like: “*Welcome to hood-life (rich bitch) a place where somebody like you can’t afford and aint got the Mott’s to live one day in-where we earn or insist on our joy, not steal it (like you do) in order to get some sick sense of normalcy in your fucked up rich life. We work with what we got, and with the cards we have been dealt. We work and hustle to multiply. Welcome to the motherfucking hood, where as you see, motherfuckers don’t only just lay*

around and do nothing-they move, they hustle, and they try goddammit. Welcome to the motherfucking hood, where you're "UNINVITED" 'round these parts."

You name it, it was done, you name it, it was lived. And all this very rich woman and her buddies could do with their time was sit around and make jokes, rhymes, riddles and carry on skits about them and me included if Janet was mad at me for any reason (like this day in particular). They didn't give a fuck. Nothing over what I was in for on the very that day Janet kicked down the doors of *my* life, could have prepared me for what I was about to walk into on *this* particular day. But I was blind-sighted by her in every way-on any given day. She eventually became that dark cloud over my head that I could not control, could not stop, or could not do anything about-(especially trying to explain anything about). But still, every day, I was fighting as hard as I could, sometimes with my mouth, other times—with my mind.

Regardless whoever had whatever to say about it, I knew the win was going to have to be with my pen.

So, in fast-forwarding a year later (when Anaya came home), you think I was gonna have someone who was supposed to be a friend of mine come at me like *Janet* was the victim? Please.

Just like I had to develop psychological strategies to make love and war with Janet, I learned to make peace with erasing twenty years of friendship and kept it movin,' no love lost at all for Anaya (and a few other ones like her, who I stopped fighting for-that fought me). As I was making it through the fire, I got clear. I realized I had nothing to miss in our friendships anyways but trivial things, shared time and shoulders; trying to fix what was clear evidently broken and chasing love eluded love. My counsel and shoulder for those issues were all we *really* had in common for years, so I wasn't missing much. Love's been chasing me for a while now (not just crazy love, the sane kind too).

I stopped speaking that babble and gave up narcotics like that long ago (but it didn't stop me from being a friend either).

Needless to say, my (then) friend and I had not spoken since [2000], over something like that...a bad omen like Janet. She spread like a poison-automatic destruction in her path-no matter how innocent, righteous, right, cooperative, and delicate your wind was, she turned everything into debris yet, on the other hand-there was one fact that I could not ignore. In no way was Janet right, but in some way, she brought to life-a trying situation that otherwise, my friendships and who was true blue (friends *and* family) would never have been tested.

Everybody is your true blue friend and talks a good game when the waters are tranquil, the ship comes in, or the table is spread. In life, you need major catastrophes (like this) to happen—when the tranquil waters turn into hurricanes, or when the legs of the table are broken. You need that in order to be able to see who should really be sitting there eating with you when the ship *does* come in.

This situation with Janet only brought to surface in some-solidarity that was always there, and in a few never was. Those few weren't shit to me anyways and even beyond this thing with Janet, I had other things by which to reference that-this just brought it to surface. It's just that as a result of this, I experienced the true meaning of what it was like to need a *real* friend and what didn't match that-eventually left my head and care.

Throughout the years via other mutual friends of ours, it was being told to me that in Anaya's personal life, her twin sons, husband and domestic situations were taking a toll on her. In her professional life, her reputation for being hard to work with was preceding her and

she had gone from gigging hard to gigging soft, to nothing at all-to a point where she couldn't afford the Big Apple anymore and had been down to asking around for money. I'm not big balling, the struggle is real in my personal field too. I didn't have much, but I had something significant to help her with (at that time). That was my friend (at one time), and I felt bad hearing that, so I reached out to her-not to be her friend again-because that could never be. But I don't hold grudges and begrudge her a well-wish in life, if nothing else. I'm not that brand of bitter.

Having said that, I don't have a reason to have my guard up-it is what it is with me, and it aint what it aint with me. So after hearing about it all, I dropped her a line. She replied back: guarded, fake, and superficial as hell. Save the theatrics. It annoyed me. So I just left her ass hanging no different than I kept it moving from the other few.

I decided to stop being a sounding board for [the other few]'s weak-minded ass boy problems that were curable as a spill of a Bounty Towel quicker picker-upper. From this situation, I learned that loyalty and friendship is not a bond built on heartbreak and minor things, it's the bigger things-that's the test of who your true friends are and where their loyalties lay (if at all). No matter how catastrophic, why should I be there for typical redundant, recycled, heartbreak spills and anything else going forward if they couldn't show loyalty and assist on one big and major spill in my life enough to *even* fool Janet and her buddies into thinking *any* solidarity was on my side. In this psychological game, they needed to know that I had *somebody* in my corner when the shit hit the fan and my fight with the world (against a big celebrity at that) would soon begin. Knowing that I did not have anyone within reach, afforded them wiggle room and many field days of having the kind of fun of knowing that one singular person in this game could not win-and they loved being a witness to that.

There's strength in numbers-even if only imagined or seen at a glance. In my fight, I was still going to be doing all the real work anyways. All they had to do was be a solid friend. One by one, she got what she wanted-them: gone. And she and her buddies were there to see it (and listen to it).

Until I could get this dealt with, I had to keep a daily mental strategy.

I learned to chill and become content with giving audience to all that they did.

To keep from cracking, I had to find ways to cope. In this thing (with Janet), when it was love it was love. When it was war, it was war. Either way, for me-both were as real as this whole thing had to be survived (until)...



The room's "Landlord" jokes and [real-life based] skits and dialogue began to die down when they saw that I was keeping calm (rather than setting it off in there like I'd usually do when they would carry on this way). It's mental. It's psychological. But I guess they got bored and decided to turn it up to a level that was sure to get a rise out of me by merely posting a name (in the form of a nickname) of one of the people that was listed in my computers phone book. It annoyed me because people who were listed in my computers phone book were people who I rarely talked to-if at all. It wasn't just that they dropped the girl's name down (Krystina), it was that they followed it by dropping down her daughter's name: Karen, and then her sister's name: Keisha which confirmed for me that they could tap phone's from merely just having the number rather than it being necessary for that person to have called me, because not once had I ever talked to Krystina over the telephone throughout the entire year that I had been dealing with Janet. I only saw Krystina at school (because we had a class together). That's it.

Janet and her buddies didn't have much to say in the form of a monologue or skit, they just wanted to drop down a name that would jog my recollection. And by dropping down two other names behind it that were in close association *to* it, that was just their way of letting me know that they must've gotten bored and listened in on Krystina's phone calls [for however long] in order for them to find out that she had a daughter named Karen and a sister named Keisha. When I saw that they spelled Krystina's name with a K *and* correctly (as I had it typed/spelled in my phone book versus the regular spelling: "Christina"), I knew for sure that's where they got Krystina's name from-then headed for her phone. She was the only one of the few names listed as a "friend," others were business or some other association. Had they mentioned Krystina's name only, I probably would have continued to ignore them and not allow them to get a rise out of me.

Understand the fact that they were so methodical in that way (only to jog my recollection and to annoy me). It *did* annoy me because I *hated* that they could get away with this shit and because of, it could go on forever (and they knew *that* annoyed me too)—so as another method of their deliberate cruelty; they wanted to get specific (even without any ridicule, skits, or monologues) but to annoy me because they knew I hated that they *were* getting away with this shit. Get it? That's the part I'm talking about that took skill and talent—(and total boredom in order to be *that* methodical). They deliberated different ways (like that) to flaunt what they could get away with, but in various ways to let me know that they were doing it for reasons or no reason at all (like this particular time-by pulling out "Krystina").

When they could not take my ignoring them after the "Landlord" jokes, and then turned it up by tossing in practically any and everybody's business they could while I continued to watch; they calmed down for a second-from behaving like a room full of monkeys then they pulled out the "Krystina" game only to communicate to me: "*Yeah, we've been all up in your computer's phone book and tapped her phone. And just to prove it to you, how would we know that she has a daughter named Karen and a sister named Keisha?*"

As stupid as that sounds-that's how they were. They pulled out all the stops in order to get it started and poppin' enough for me to set off in there (to give them something to do-some excitement). It was a sick game-but a *real* "game" for them, but that is what they got paid to do for a living-from Janet. This was their [and Janet's way] to get "life" away from a life that she could not have. This is how she lived life away from being seen by her public (at the expense of other unsuspecting people).

All that "Krystina" game detail was either one or two things to you:
Intricate in detail, or Over explaining.

If all that was merely “*intricate detail*” to you (and you understood it-how their “game” went), then chances are, depending on your strategy and coping technique, (like me)-you would have not only been on to them, but too, you would have survived their “game” and more importantly (like me) you really do trust yourself and trust your intuition more than the average person *claims* to. Chances are, all that happened at the very beginning of this book (January through March-detailing how I was lured into this game), would have intrigued you too, because you thoroughly understood how everything went-therefore (like me) this too, could have very well been you (if Janet wanted you for her personal reasons).

On the flip side, if all that “Krystina” game detail seemed like “*over-detail*” to you, then you would have been another sad case of “Sweetiepie” (who Janet did *not* want for her personal reasons), however, her buddies had a field day fucking her life over and making her think she was crazy by watching and listening to her chase her tail to the point where she resorted to trying to get legal advice for being harassed online.

“Sweetiepie.”

Jennifer (from South Carolina) who, thank goodness I have a picture of in my files) was a girl that used to hang out in Janet’s chat room that Lissa (one of Janet’s buddies) used to harass all the time. Janet’s buddies and Lissa (behind random nicknames-not their “authorized” names) would toss Sweetiepie around and have her in tears in that damned chat room. She was their big fun and mental project who they drove crazy. I watched it, even before they re-routed me over to a different side of the chat room (because of Janet and me doing our thing), which is where myself, Janet and her buddies *all* did our thing eventually-away from her regular chat room fans and visitors.

I was never able to print Janet’s chat room’s scripts of our conversations in there, but interestingly (the day I found out that I couldn’t) that’s when I went to the HTML Source Code to try and view and print a script from that source. The script portion of the HTML Source Code was un-viewable (invisible), but the HTML Source Code (showing where I was rerouted from “oldchat” to “newchat” *was indeed* viewable), so I printed it... That’s how and when I knew I was re-routed from a regular Janet chat room to a private room, which was how Janet and her friends were able to be so brazen in ways that in the regular/normal chat room (with her fans), a lot of what we did and said would not have been possible *at all*.

Years later in this ordeal (2005) I decided all bets were off because Janet and her buddies thought they were going to keep toying around in my life without getting dealt with. While I was getting my case files together, I went dumpster diving onto various legal messages boards in search of people posting who may have had questions similar to mine that about what I was going through.

Sometimes on these boards, those questions get answered by the random paralegals and attorneys that frequent (the reputable) legal message boards. Low and behold, I hadn’t seen old Sweetiepie since Janet’s chat room back in ‘99/early 2000, and guess who I ran into—having posted on the message board? Olldddddd “Sweetiepie...”

“Oh how great thou art!” I yelled out to myself.

My lone hand was guided this entire ordeal man, I tell you.

These “Ghost”-like times (like that TRL/Carson/“Angela” incident that sent that jolt to Janet + Janet being forced to “overhear” Anaya talk about *her* via the *same* telephone line that she herself was tapping); *kept* showing up in my life. These things *kept* reminding me that although most everybody gossiped about me and fell by the wayside, I had an unseen ally in this-wanting me to just hold on and be patient because there was a bigger hand overseeing *all*

that was being “overheard” while overseeing all the evil deeds that at one time, made me feel so powerless and alone in this. It was showing up and showing out in my life, proving to me that I didn’t need anybody after all but me and *it*.

My running into Sweetiepie on a random legal message board was nothing short of a miracle. Her original post (for which I have screen prints) was on 10/4/2001. It read (verbatim): “*hello. There are some people in a chat room that harass and threaten me, I have copies of many different things they said, they also have put up a negative website about me and used my pics without my permission the pics were taken at a meeting of chat room members the address to that negative website is <http://bounce.to/beachhousexxxxxx> click on the dedicated to sweetiepie page they also have called my house and hung up and prank calling my house I would like to know what my rights are and what I can do to make them stop if possible I would like to press charges against them is this possible email me at nastysweetiepie@xxxxxx.com and let me know what I can do thanks*”

Sweetiepie’s nightmare with them was so sad, but what was even sadder was that she could never entertain the thought that Janet (too) was behind all this. Let me rephrase that, because I can’t truly say Janet was in on this thing Sweetiepie-but she sure as hell knew. These were her buddies, and this was their kind of fun. I didn’t want Sweetiepie clinging to me so tightly because she was too much of a Janet fanatic. What I needed from her was all web pages, emails, and anything she could send to me-so I could print everything and include it in my case files. I would get at her when time came, because she sure was essential to my fight. Her part of my growing chronology [that ended up being 965 pages] takes up about 65 of those pages. In some of her screen prints that I have, she even went so far as to do an online petition involving Janet’s chat room. They were so into having fun harassing Sweetiepie that (after Janet’s chat room closed) they moved over to another online group site (for which I printed screen prints of their terrorizing her there, too). I was floored. All this was so déjà vu, but even more creepy because I was still dealing with Janet and her buddies. I knew everything that was going on and could easily tell Sweetie who was behind what-doing and saying what (on her phone *and* online).

As I began to comb through and print Sweetiepie’s insulting web pages (in addition to my saving all the I.P address from which the pages were built), while viewing the web pages, I was shaking my head because I knew all too well-Janet and her buddies’ handy work. It brought back soooo many memories of how they would do all this for fun. They would build countless pages for the Internet (to promote Janet). Other times, they would build personal web pages to insult and crap on one another. And then some of the web pages would merely be personal pics of Jan (like earlier when I mentioned I had seen that femme-dom pic of Shawn and Janet where I said you could tell they fucked that day)—these were those same web pages her buddies would build, which too, is what they were doing to poor Sweetiepie: building hurtful pages about herself and her true to life living situation with rhetoric and pics that would surely jog her memory and recollection about seeing her own life in front of her very own eyes without a clue as to how this was all being done (outside of thinking it was by way of some fellow Janet chat room members who had it in for her).

Poor thing, she didn’t have a clue.

I also remembered how Janet and Shawn had began harassing another girl (who, thank goodness I still have the personal picture of she, Janet and Shawn)—she went by the name of “Wytasha” *but*, she was more than Jan’s fan who hung out in her room, she was a personal friend of Shawn’s.

Something (I never knew what) had gone bad between she and Shawn; so Janet, Shawn, and Janet's buddies began terrorizing her (like they were harassing Sweetiepie too). You already know with Janet and *me* going through our issues, what it was like for *me*—so this all should give you a clearer picture of how things worked with them and what was most probably going on in Wytasha's life too.

I had Wytasha's email addy, and tried emailing her some time ago, but I guessed she stopped using that particular email address because it too, was the same email address that Janet, Shawn, and her buddies had access to as well. I definitely knew they had access to it when she gave it to me in the middle of the chat room. I can only *imagine* the hell that Janet, Shawn and her buddies were putting her through...

Long [Sweetiepie] story short (and "Sweetiepie" cliffhanger):

During this time that I was corresponding with her, on November 1st 2001, she set up a time and asked me to get on I.M with her so that she could patch me in to her private I.M where these "harassers" would bother her.

(Poor thing, she was a *major* Janet fan, her I.M handle was "PoeticJ19xxxxx").

I was already in I.M with Janet (who of course could already see mine and "Sweetiepie's" I.M conversation in our window, while she and I were already in our own window). Janet patched over and let her buddies know that she was online with me but that I was about to be patched through with Sweetiepie (but on a mute-watch) as Sweetiepie's "counsel." Already knowing what Sweetiepie *hadn't* said yet (that she had her "lawyer" on the line); they laughed her ass to high hell on that I.M until she almost broke down in mind. It was so surreal; and such a terrible scene that it gave me the strangest case of vertigo—just to know that I was sitting here on the left side having small-talking with Janet already, while sitting on the right side in another I.M box with someone else who Janet and her buddies had *too* (like me—for years) been their "entertainment." Here I was (me, a different kind of victim—who Janet happened to want) + another victim who Janet did not want (Sweetiepie) yet, we were being faced with both of our enemies: Janet and her team—who we both could not win against. She was out, I was in—and "loved" by Janet's sick brand of love, and still...look what was happening to me...

Unbelievable.

I'll never forget that night-ever. I didn't know *what* to feel.

I was pretty shaken by that moment.

Sweetiepie was so helpful to me—all her information.

Considering her pursuit of this thing, it was obvious that she knew she was being stalked and harassed, but she wasn't let in like I was (because of me and Janet), so she had no idea that the people doing this to her [was the person who she was a fan of] + her buddies. In one of the screen prints where Lissa was harassing the poor girl, [Lissa] mentioned two times that she did not feel sorry for Sweetiepie's threats to kill herself. Well, I came back looking for Sweetiepie about a year and a half later (via all her email, I.M and other personal online contact information) she was nowhere to be found. I searched for her for almost a month to no avail. I seriously wondered if she made good on her threat because after my bumping into her on the legal website, in addition to what *she* readily gave me to get in touch with her; I did my own homework on her and she was easily found—everywhere. But in the year and a half (since this time), there were no traces of her through to this very date. I can believe [and would be willing to bet that] Sweetiepie probably killed herself, because I know the emotional stress, mental strain, and psychological torture that Janet and (as her own worried mother put it):

“these people she was hanging out with lately” can put you through.

This game of theirs was like the “Saw” horror movies but it was psychological torture rather than physical death with no end in sight because who could you tell? So they had wiggle room, space, and opportunity at their disposal, these: *“people that Janet had been hanging out with lately who Janet herself on that July 16th night-came crying hysterically to me telling me that she was about to kill herself because the people that she ‘interacts with can take her down in one minute flat’ and she herself couldn’t take it anymore.”*

(You do the math)...

I never told her, but in my heart-I kept secret promises for her. I promised myself that I would remember the night that her friend Halimah I talked her out of killing herself. I also kept in my head-the statement she made on that July 10th day [when she was talking in third person about somebody being in a cult but didn’t know what to do]. I kept another promise that when the smoke clears and the ink is dry, if she appeared to me having getting dropped off by a UFO, freezing cold with icicles hanging from her lashes and little green people beaming back up to Scottie; I would keep her in my good graces. But if she didn’t appear to me in that form, she was going to have hell to pay when this smoke did clear.

If you weren’t in-tune with their frequencies, and attentive detail, but more importantly, attentive their exclusive and specific details pulled from *your* own life (in order to play their evil little game); you would have lost the game and most probably your mind (from seeing what was right in front of you but being afraid to trust yourself and your own intuition)...but since what was being presented in front of you did not spell it out and *tell* you what was going on, you would have chosen to believe this was merely countless “coincidences” and “real-time coincidences” going on in your life and on your telephone that for the *millionth* time, your non self-trusting tail would have just kept tossing (*all* that presented in your face) to the winds of coincidence—all those personal details about your *own* life and what was happening in front of you—being just your imagination...(and they would have been giggling and laughing their asses off at you). Because (if you understood it), the “game” was their information gathered from people’s *real*/life in which they spent a lot of time taking on these real lives as role play-to entertain themselves-like it was their very own personal hi-tech board game where there was no board, just: improvisation, skits, monologues, and dialogue amongst one another (or for, and in front of you): people and situations significant to your own life, while they watched and listened to you react (or not-because you didn’t trust yourself to believe what would be brazenly on display for you). And they would be pretty brazen with it, because it was no fun if you didn’t know or catch the clues. So they put it right out there-especially knowing that you could do nothing about it. It was pretty wicked.

Throughout this thing, Wytasha was somebody I always wondered about. She disappeared very early into this-never to be heard from again (in Janet’s room). I would love to know her story-because if she was personal to Shawn as I was to Janet, and she was going through issues with Shawn (as I do-with Janet); her story can’t be that much different than mine...but you had to have a mental strategy (especially after coming to terms with the fact that the shit going on right in front of you was no coincidence-but real). I never knew the extent to which Wytasha was close to Shawn-whether they were lovers or friends who had a falling out. Alls I knew is that they did. And of course I knew what Shawn, Janet, and her buddies were into *doing*. So I often wondered about Wytasha...

Her digerati (knowing they were unable to be caught, therefore untraceable) compounded by the fact that a major superstar too, was involved; totally made them all feel invincible and untouchable. Knowing that, surviving was a daily strategy of mine. While I was surviving, I became a combination of:

Chill-(to try and keep my cool, sanity, and peace. When I'd "chill" I would just watch them carry on)

Cooperate-(amongst one another, play the game too, as long as the role-playing involved harmless banter about the goings on and lives of myself, Janet, and themselves-*not* other innocent unknowing people. If that would come into play, I moved down to "fighting").

Submit-(to Janet. It kept peace between us. Giving her what she wanted from the start and throughout, is something I hoped would be the thing to end to all this mess that I was going through with she and her buddies. When she would act like she had some sense-so would I. But when she would get emotional, jealous, paranoid or kirk out; it moved to "fighting"--which is how this coping mechanism often turned out).

Fight-(to stand my ground despite knowing my screams were like being buried thirty feet underground where no one cared to hear my cries yet, my words could break Janet down-that was my leg-up.

Those four "techniques" were my only coping mechanisms and each one felt like being in a gerbil in a cage. I felt like a rat in a maze-where not even *one* of those coping mechanisms seemed to work for any consistent length of time, so the end of the maze was never near—and this crazy situation going on in my life had *no* expiration date. Why would it? To convenience who? When they could completely get away with, were paid to do it, and a celebrity spearheaded it, why would they? Who so ever dared try and get it dealt with could not win-and they knew that.

It was torture-the worse kind of torture where no matter how much you screamed; nobody could or would take the time to hear you (and especially because of a celebrity's name) no one believed you, and Janet took full advantage of that.

Believe it or not, every single one of those coping mechanisms were real-equally.

And for the majority of time all these years, when *at any time* Janet stopped the madness, I would submit to that, I would give in to trust the try (which you'll see shortly, *yet again*, when she switches nicknames to "Savvy" and "Femmehound" and sets it up for us to meet up-*yet again*).

By any means available and accepted, I desperately wanted this madness to stop and go away, (and like you'll see how it plays out)...time and time again; that's *how* the "Submitting to Janet" portion of my coping mechanism would *always* seem to play out, that is—until I gave up and *eventually* eliminated that "Submitting to Janet" coping mechanism and made the decision to survive on the other three. At that point (which took years), I decided to play my own game-because theirs wasn't working out too well for me.

I figured since they were presumptuous enough to feel they were untouchable and untraceable, and considering the torture I had been going through; I figured I would play my own little game with them (sort of like the movie "Untraceable"--you can kind of compare it to that)-where the victims' death would be contingent upon how many people logged online to see their live torturous murders. The more people logged on, the more the victims would be physically moved closer to whatever method they were being tortured and murdered by.

My game was little simpler and sensible (not to mention): fair.
The only “unfair” part about my game is that I kept it to myself while I:
Chilled.
Cooperated.
Submitted.

The noose by which to hang themselves was controlled by them.
In my game, it started it out on a gauge-kind of like a gas gauge: on full.

They had three chances by which to keep the gauge closer to full than empty (Chill, or Cooperate, or allow me to keep peace with Janet by my Submitting to her).

Janet and her team were so sure that they were that untouchable that (unbeknownst to them) they managed to run out of gas-driving me to utilize the one option that caused them to hang themselves: Fight.

Amazing.

They didn't keep the gauge on full for too long a time-so eventually that sent me to overdrive on them...

I had run out of fantasies of seeing them get caught and all hauled off to jail in patty wagons. And with them having put their petals to the metal and running over my Chill, Cooperate, and Submitting coping mechanisms; all I was left with was to fight: argue, and humiliate Janet via email and in the room (every time she earned and deserved it).



So in rewinding back to that “Landlord,” escalating monkey business (the same day they erroneously brought “Krystina” into this game) I felt they had gone much too far because in addition to my personal and sensitive information, it was the very first time they threw a sleuth of other people’s information in my face like it was gumbo soup. I didn’t find that to be funny. The game was turned up in a different way this particular day like never before. I just didn’t understand. But it wouldn’t be until shortly after I brutally went at Janet extremely hard, that I would find out just who all was behind this, and who was *not* involved this time- (surprisingly)...

If there was any “good” about this terrible game, it’s that through my being onto it, (therefore inside and then involved with Janet), this freed up her chat room to be conducted in a *normal* way for her fans and whoever else came in and hung out in there. Since me, they were pretty much were free of becoming an unknowing victim to Janet’s digerati buddies’ “human life game” because they were too busy with me and mine (and whomever was associated closely, or indirectly) with me.

This particular day however, I had gotten so fed up with the thought of it all that I couldn’t contain my calm anymore, and I knew that the longer I sat there, the more they would turn this thing up octaves higher this day, because for some strange reason; they were in rare form.

Yesssssss, I know I could have logged out (like many other days), but still-even if I logged off today, tomorrow or forever; just the thought that I had this thing going on in my life (even at logoff) was something that *kept* gnawing at me, it kept me angry and tending to it. Unless it happened to you, you wouldn’t understand how unnerving it is to have something like this show up in your life and (because of you) it spreads to other people’s lives, and there’s *nothing* you can do about it. That (compounded with the fact that a celebrity spearheaded it), is something that will further make you look crazy-should you try to fight it (like I eventually went through-years later after trying to survive it-unsuccessfully). Then I was left with no other options-because “surviving” it was taking a literal toll on my life.

I fought like hell with them this day. Pissed off, I wrote Janet:

Date: 12 Aug 16:33:21 PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
CC: angieisme@hotmail.com
Subject: look TRAMP

Bitch you and your friends need some fucking business and need to get up out of me and the people I associate (and don’t associate with)’s business! By the way, Krys’ name is Krystina, nosey tramp, you are in my business in the worse way and all up in my address book on my computer cause I don’t even talk to her. You **MUST** be bored, you and your friends. How dare you sit up and listen to the everyday trials and tribulations of EVERYday ordinary women (and men) who in no way shape or form is even thinking about YOU. How dare you and your bored as friends even find the gall to even carry on skits and drop things down about shit that’s not yall’s business!...

To even be bold enough to put it right in my face is like a slap in the face. How do you know my friend even wanted me to know she had bacterial vaginosis that day!?

How would you like it if I opened up a whole other can of worms and paid Kris a visit to have her mother (the police commissioner) bust open this whole phone tap scheme you’ve got going then that way I wouldn’t have to file a police report claiming that some stupid star gets off on listening to the lives of people who don’t give a flying fuck about her?

Well, I told you tired shit for brains ass, every other day it is always something with you. Please don’t confuse what you know I truly do feel about (the potential you) for what you are showing me is the for real brainless, shallow, premeditated, dense, gullible, unaware,

unstable, unreasonable, spineless, muddleheaded you.

You are clearly barking up the wrong tree and I'm about tired of your shit. I'm going to let you have it like never b4...your day is on its way...and you know it....

Fuck you and everything you stand for (and want to stand for).

I hope that you get every negative thing that's coming your way because you fucking DESERVE it! No...you EARNED it!

Hiding behind that sweet smile like you are all innocent and sweet and shit. You are nothing but a facade full of shit and an obvious freak of nature who's rich, bored, lonely, miserable, unhappy and *definitely*...unpretty. You need to get a life TRAMP.

...I cursed her out with all I could. She got my email cursing her out and she wrote back:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 16:41PM PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: look TRAMP

Excuse me? I have absolutely no clue as to what you are talking about? YOU make absolutely no sense to me!! Accusing me of doing some shit to some people I don't even know...What the Fuck?

She must have re-read my email and had flashbacks about the damage my insults and name-calling had done to her a many-a-day. This time, she wasn't having it. I didn't respond fast enough, so she wrote again:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 16:48PM PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: look TRAMP

Listen, you should come correct with the shit you are talking about okay? I don't know any of the people you are talking about. As to saying that I need to get a life? Oh no, YOU do. You know what? I am glad that I didn't fully open up to you!!!

And if you want to see the real me (as when I am really pissed) you aint seen nothin' yet... Don't tell me I DESERVE anything. You need to check yourself and realize who you are talking to, before something bad happens to you...

...To hell with the nickname game, her *real*/Janet self came to light through that one. She responded that way because I had told her in my email that she "deserved everything that was coming to her" because around this time, she and Rene were going through some legal issues where she bit that hand that *literally* fed her: the cook-the one who at one time kept her slim and trim. He was suing both she and Rene for some shit she was *pissed* about having being public record around this time. She didn't appreciate my saying she "deserved" everything that was coming to her (considering what she was already going through with Rene and now the chef-her *newest* legal issue). After she lost her temper, her buddies must've told her that her threat was too much like "her" (Janet), and not "Laura" her new character persona and nickname. So she jumped back into the "Laura" character sixteen minutes later:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 17:04PM PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: ...

I don't know what the fuck that email entitled "look Tramp" was all about. What the hell was that all shit? Now, see first I was all happy and emailing you back and then I got that like "What the fuck?!" Was that supposed to get to me? If it was, I have no fucking clue as to what you are talking about. Like I have said before, if you are going to accuse me of something, come correct with your shit. I don't know ANYONE by either of those names, I do have a friend named Kris, but I know you don't know her because she doesn't get online.

...and she does have a friend named Kris. Remember back in her Sassy/Kajira days (back in May), "Kris" was the friend who owned the nightclub where they were having Janet's birthday party that "Kajira" invited me to (where Janet was at when she took the picture with the New York Yankees cap in her hand with and her head turned to the wall—joking and laughing about her taking that picture for me with her face turned from the camera, to the wall). Well, *her* friend "Kris" is the girl from her "Go Deep" interlude on the Velvet Rope CD. I wrote back in response to her threat about something bad happening to me:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 17:45PM PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Cc: angieisme@hotmail.com
Subject: bitch I aint scared of you

Don't be sending me no bullshit like that-threatening me! Yeah who the fuck AM I talking to? Which mu'fuckin personality?...I'm tired of being nice and patient with your tired ass. Stay the fuck away from me and out of my life! And get one of your own because you obviously don't have one. TRAMP!...Again! I HATE YOU! Leave me ALONE!

She responded:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 17:50PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: bitch I aint scared of you

I don't know why you are pulling this shit out on me, but if you want me out of your life, STOP EMAILING ME!!!

She hated when I was would call her crazy and talk about anything remotely close to her being a crazy person. Obviously it had just dawned on her that I made a comment about her many "personalities," so eleven minutes later she yelled:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 17:61PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: bitch I aint scared of you

I HAVE NO OTHER PERSONALITIES. AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT OR WHO YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. IF YOU ARE TIRED OF BEING PATIENT WITH ME THEN LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

I took a breather and wrote:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 18:15PM PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: NO PROBLEM

The next time I look in my box from here and forever, I do not wish to see anything from you...you have my word...I won't email you (that's for damned sure) so please don't email ME...goodbye, please...

She wrote:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 18:21PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: NO PROBLEM

I do want one more email from you. I want you to tell me why. What is all of this about? I SWEAR I am clueless. I don't know any of the people you are talking about, I only jumped down your throat because I was being defensive. Come to the room & explain this shit, please..

When I got that email, I felt her truth (this one time). I knew she wasn't lying she was desperate. She *never* defended herself this hard.

I couldn't stop obsessing about the things I said to her in my nasty email [as if she had never done any foul things to me in this ordeal that ever hurt me]. I just felt so bad because I was *so* brutal and in my email to her, it killed me—because I knew she was not lying to me. I had to be true to myself and remember that I *did* remember saying to myself how clueless I was as to why they were in this rare form on this particular day—clowning like monkeys. But turns out, that was because Janet wasn't in the room from wherever in the world she was. She was not around.

After carefully reading all her emails since my nasty email, I knew for sure that this was the **one** and only time that she really wasn't involved. She *really* felt wrongly accused for the first time of all other times and she *refused* to be accused on this one. I let her off that *one* time, but regardless—the bottom line was two things: 1) although this she wasn't in on this—this one time, she's still the ringleader of this whole operation by way of her orchestration and instruct 2) they shouldn't have been tapping mine or anyone else's phone and poking fun in the first place. It was already bad enough they could tap us and there was nothing we could do about it, but don't poke fun and make light of our issues, problems and situations—adding insult to injuries. That's what ended up bringing us to all the rough terrain in this thing.

When I entered the room, she was in there and had mentioned to me how she was cracking the whip on everybody. She and I didn't really get to say too much to each other because she was in I.M's and talking back and forth with them all—finding out who let loose this (**one**) time without her instruct and participation. I just sat back and waited. She then said to me: “*Wait a minute Cin, I'm trying straighten out this big mess that you done got started.*” Naturally I ignored that statement because from the beginning up until this moment; I hadn't started shit—I was merely chilling, cooperating, submitting, and fighting.

During this thing (rightfully so), I could so brutally verbally abusive to her and she *hated* it. I knew just how to hurt her. But then when I found out that this **one** time she wasn't involved—it tore me apart, especially knowing that she had so much belief in every word I uttered or wrote—so back to submitting...

I kept apologizing to her because I really *did* feel bad for the things I said to her.

While she tended to them, I left the room and emailed:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 19:28PM PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Is you is, or is you aint?
...my baby?

She wrote back, in her real self and then her “character” self (in parenthesis):

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 19:31PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: Is you is, or is you aint?

I am, but it's going to take a while before I can give you all. That really hurt me today. Here I was getting ready to share with you something deep (*my poetry—that's a big part of me, giving you a poem is like giving you a piece of me*) and then I got that mail...

I wrote:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 19:33PM PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: Re: [Re: Is you is, or is you aint?]

Please, please don't say that to me because you make my heart ache because whenever I get mad and blow up at u, I hate because I feel like I'm back to square one again and I cant take that.

She wrote back (in her real self):

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 19:40PM PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: [Re: Is U is, or is you aint]

You hurt me, too! You think when I read that email my heart didn't just plunge out of my chest and fall to the floor!? You are not back to square one...Just square 4 (lol), if you want to stay moving forward...don't do that to me ever again, I get very defensive.

I returned:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 19:42PM PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: I don't know

I get so mad that I want to think of ANYTHING I can to hurt u when I get mad and u and I hate it. I hate to get that way with you. I really don't know what to say. I mean I do...but I just don't know...you just make my heart burn (literally) when u make me mad, and when I do and say things to hurt u...I have to go in for the kill, but u know that I love you right? Don't you?

I couldn't stop obsessing over it, I sent another email:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 99 19:48PM PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: "stupid"

I dunno. I'm feelin' and soundin' so stupid...*sigh

Again:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 99 19:53PM PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: the world

I mean...it's nothing in the world that I wouldn't do to be able to erase anything that I have EVER said or done to u that ever hurt...im feeling so terrible because the hurt never really goes away. I mean, the things I've said and the impact u felt when I've said 'em never goes away...even before the incident today...they just kinda get placed "somewhere" to only be brought back out for the next time we fight which ends up hurt on top of hurt. I can't erase all those things out of you that I have ever done or said to hurt you...that does make it 'easy' for me to walk away... just to do away with it all...

I was flipping back and forth from the room to Hell Mail. I couldn't understand what was taking her so long to respond:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 99 20:11PM PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: on this again

Oh okay I see we are back on this shit again...never mind...actually we need to part ways because it's too much, much too much...lets just part ways on decent terms okay? I'm down...and ready.

When I went back over to the room and the nickname:

"SilentLegacy" rolled down while I had been waiting on Janet to return or to return a response. "SilentLegacy" was "Melissa," the "girlfriend" (Shawn) that "Poet" (Janet) would speak of in her emails:

She (Shawn "Melissa/"Silent Legacy") was sitting there with Janet in her big home, lying on the best bedspread she'd ever lay her lil' ghetto eyes on; eating candy, chewing and staring at me with Janet's laptop in her hands. She then said to me:

"Cinamon *who* you waiting on?"

"Um I'm sure you know who I'm waiting on," I returned.

She and I debated back and forth while "Poet" (Janet) laughed and reached for her laptop so that she could respond. I sat there. "SilentLegacy/Melissa" (Shawn a.k.a "Drama")'s troublemaking ass was ready to start drama again...

I remember one day me, "Melissa the Silent Legacy," and "The Poet" were in the room. Janet and I were sending lyrics back and forth to one another. "Melissa the SilentLegacy" was looking on. So I gave "Melissa the SilentLegacy" a taste of the real Melissa-complete with lyrics to match what was on my heart and head, written by the real Melissa: "*Go on and hold her 'til the screaming is gone. Go on believe her when she tells you nothing wrong. And I'm the only one who'll walk across a fire for you. And I'm the only one who'll drown in my desire for you. It's only fear that makes you run, the demons that you're hiding from, when all your promises are gone, I'm the only one.*"

I laughed to myself. (I'm so on-time and perfect for this game-all this).

After my Melissa Etheridge serenade, "The Poet" then relayed to me a message from "Melissa/SilentLegacy":

Melissa said: "but who's here with her and who's not!?"

I laughed and asked the "Poet":

"Yeah but where is it that you *really* want to be though huh!?"

We LOL'd.

"SilentLegacy/Melissa" (Shawn) silently looked on.

I can remember that very night that at the concert when all our eyes first met (Mine and Janet, Tina, and Shawn's), how obvious it was that something had been talked about behind stage-just looking at them and our silly little interacting we had going. Shawn gave off a different kind of energy (than Tina). Our interaction that concert night was flirty and cute, and all in fun, but Shawn was piercing in-hard. I know (now) that it was because of what she and Janet does on the side yet, Janet was flirting with me. But (to my friend Posh) Shawn gave off so much nosey energy that we could tell she would have made it awkward had I stayed and met Janet. Even Posh said: "The black girl that dances for her [Janet] was nosey and all in!"

Of course, we didn't know the two of them were lovers. Now that I was "in" (with Janet) now, I understood Shawn being "all-in" that night.

But even then, (like now-knowing her throughout this thing) I knew she was trouble.

At any rate, I sat there thinking about how long it took Janet to get her computer back from Shawn, and just how much control over her very *own* personal life she did not have yet, she had the nerve to be trying to control mine. I could remember how certain times I would be talking to her and know for sure Shawn wasn't around, and other times I would be talking to her and know (for sure) that she was. The majority of the time however, Shawn was not around, but I could certainly tell when she was.

It annoyed me how Shawn would try and act like part of her was that friend to Janet that felt the need to "protect" her as a friend would. Aquarius' are big on friendship of things, so I gave her that—I guessed that was the Aquarius part of her Capricorn (she was born on the cusp, therefore a Capriquarian).

Capricorn—the sign of the goat: that leather-foot sure-footed animal that could be found stubbornly climbing and trying to get to the top [of that mountain] are big on status and money. So in my eyes, she was looking after that, *too*.

So when I learned that this "black girl that danced for Janet" was a goat, combined with what she had already shown me thus far, I knew I would be in for some trouble. I can bet that Janet's whole camp (Janet included) would be so quick to say how "protective" this goat is of her, when it's not that: she just doesn't want to lose her place at the table. That's how Capricorn, I mean—a *goat* operates...

Too bad Janet didn't know this from the beginning, but I can't let her off the hook for that reason so easily, because the bottom line is, when someone walks *into* your life on your payroll, they should *never* be with you on your life stroll—bad business decision. She'll never be able to get rid of that goat unless *she* is ready to rid herself of Janet. And thus far, although only a few times I can count on one hand; she had been a thorn in my side—a pebble in my shoe where Janet is concerned (especially after she discovered Janet and me were emotionally attached versus my being one of Janet's one-nighters). Shawn didn't like that.

Hmm... Calling herself "SilentLegacy." I bet she thought of '**legacy**' as being some kind of powerful hero riding in on a horse slaying all those in her way, or because she was **silently** waiting in the wings on her way out to start some "Drama" as she typed that part of the nickname. I bet you she didn't even know that the other definition of "legacy" is a gift of property or personal property—as money, by will or bequest...

For being part Capricorn, I'd give her credit for knowing *that* was the meaning of a 'legacy' when she trotted in as the "Silent Legacy," but as a troublemaker who just so happens to be a goat; I would say she thought of herself as that superhero silently waiting in the wings that came to the room only to start drama...

She finally gave Janet her computer back. Janet then responded to my last email:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 20:43PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: on this again

Why are you wanting to part ways? I am not mad at you. Was Melissa/Silent Legacy starting shit? She's good at that. I am sorry. I do not want to part ways...

Over in the room, knowing that goat was looking, I asked Janet: "Do you still love me baby?"

She wouldn't answer me back in the room, instead, she [sneaked and] responded by email:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 20:48PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: re: on this again

Yes I do. Now shut up and kiss me!! Sorry, I felt the need to say that.

In the room (in front of her friends, so they could see as well), I kept apologizing to her about the meanness in my email (that I know her buddies had read too). I wanted to shit on her buddies' ability to use what I said in the email to manipulate Janet into flipping the script on me. Despite all the deliberate, crazy shit she and they would do, it did hurt me to hurt her (especially this *one* time)-I had never gotten *this* ugly. I was always very verbally abusive to Janet but that's all I could fight with. Outside of the hookup she had going on, I could handle her, for she was no match for me when I would spit venom at her-it seemed to hurt her body.

Because our issues were on different levels and my lil' private life is different than her big public life, in arguments; my blows to her were much harder than hers to me. I knew her insecurities and I knew where to hit her so I really felt bad especially when I mentioned the "unpretty" part because knowing her, she probably thought I meant on the outside, but I was talking about her unpretentiousness on the inside.

Still, she would not post back to me in the room while Shawn was still there, so she sneaked (again) and emailed me (again):

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 20:54PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: re: on this again

You didn't kiss me...

I (still) posted in the room: *"*Laughing to myself... * You just make me fly off the handle at times... Anyways, you know I love you."* I must've been getting too mushy by responding my natural way to the (detached) "Poet," character. She emailed:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 21:29PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: (no subject)

Yes, but don't tell Kris that. She is like, majorly in love with me.

I just shook my head. She couldn't even keep up with her characters and alter ego personalities. She *just* told me a few emails back that her friend Kris doesn't even get online (and *her* friend-Janet's friend Kris, doesn't).

Annoyed, I wrote:

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 23:32PM PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaxxxx@aol.com
Subject:..."Don't let yesterday use up too much of today..."

...that is a quote by Will Rodgers.

Well, the ball is in your court. I'm really not up for games and all because it only keeps us fighting and me sending horror via email ...it's not good for you or for me at the heart and mind. I'm really not on it...I love you but I'm not participating anymore...I have a life...a *real* life.

PS- if u write back some ole shit character shit, I'm gonna hit da roof and clock.

She responded:

Date: Fri, 13 Aug 00:38am PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: "Don't let yesterday use too much of today"

That was a different Kris, her name is actually Kristie, she goes by Kris sometimes.

Whatever. The ball is not in my court. I am in the room if you want to talk.

I simply responded to this nut:

Date: Fri, 13 Aug 05:51am PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: (((((((((((((((((YOU))))))))))))))))))

...need a mu'fuckin' hug.

I took a deep breath and headed for the room. *This time*, I flipped the script.

I made it my business to humiliate her in front of her buddies because she made me so very mad all over again, because she got her instant gratification in my being so apologetic and then jumped back into her silly little character all over again.

I was pissed. Pissed because I was always transparent, and she always takes, takes, takes, (always did since the beginning).

She takes everything, and spits out rations in return yet, *hated* for me to think or breathe without letting her know the who, what, when, where, why and how's.

I hoped I could stay on and finish her up before they would block me out from typing because I came to let her have it.

When I entered, she was sitting in the room-probably looking at me and breathing hard and looking crazy as ever; wondering what the hell I was about to do and say.

"So what's up, POET?" I asked confrontationally-sounding as if I was busting through the door.

"Nothing Cin, don't start," she replied, knowing me all too well.

She knew what was up...

"I'm not starting anything, I think that's you with all the tricks up your sleeves," I responded.

She went on to talk about my disrespecting one of her "character" friends (in her head) and talking all her crazy talk. I just shook my head and watched her.

She didn't care either.

She just kept rambling on with that crazy talk, then had to nerve to conclude with: "...And besides, I'm always so busy with the Vet thing, and I just don't have time to argue and fight with you Cinamon." (remember "Poet" was supposed to be a veterinarian).

To that I said:

"Yeah, you are a *vet!* The TOP DOG of all this bullshit you done got started. Crazy girl, you are fuckin' sick and you don't even know it. You need to be seeing a professional, for real-like...really for real." I drilled in.

She responded:

"Go ahead and say what you want to say about me Cinamon, your words can't hurt me, they can't hurt me! They can't hurt me!" she kept trying to assure herself.

I responded:

"Oh how poetic. By the way, do a favor for me and spell out the word 'Vet' will you?"

It took her a few minutes.

(She probably went to grab a dictionary or looked it up online):
“V.E.T.E.R.A.N.A.R.I.A.N,” she spelled.

I replied: “Oh yeah, and while you’re at it, why don’t you look up the word “Zigadeeboo” and tell me whose face is next to it, will you?” I drilled.

“All right Cin...” she warned.

I then asked: “No I’m serious, is your face pictured there, huh? I’m sure it is. You’re so sick, it’s sad.”

She kept talking and sticking to her “Poet” character all the while I kept drilling in the insults about her (*current*) mental state (because she had others too).

I kept talking about considering how sick she was, how shocked I was that none of her buddies were normal either, and if so, they were enabling her to get sicker by the day. I told her how much a shame it was that they would even *allow* her to carry on this way knowing she really needed some help. I could tell that Janet *really* needed some help.

The sad part about that is she has such control issues, and on top of that-has money; so she will never go and seek help. And the illegal part about what she does that (feeds her sickness) happens to be something that:

a) she can afford (time, resources and money)

b) she can be fed “life” from without her victims’ knowledge

...so she can do this for years at a time-a lifetime (and she *has* been doing it for many years—even before she came into my picture)

I stopped lessoning my blows by referring to her as being eccentric, anymore.

Janet is very sick, like...multi-sick, *really* (not a joke). It comes out at certain times. And the way she found a way to deal with it and keep it fed happens to be illegal (and habitual)-her buddies know it, too. She copes with her sickness just like I have coping strategies to deal with being the recipient of her sickness-because I have no way out and away from it. And for fourteen years I haven’t, so I cope and I hope...

Her buddies on the other end, they know...they’re just eating from it so they aide and abet her in doing it no different than somebody who claims to be your friend but will keep you supplied with hard drugs (if you’re on hard drugs and you have the money to keep affording them).

Unless you’re unlucky enough to be caught in the clinches of being involved with her personally (away from the “Janet” that the public knows) you wouldn’t detect it. This thing for her was mental like a seemingly normal man at work with a good suit and tie on-who’s able to function and do his job. To his co-workers, he seems perfectly normal yet, after five, he had a compulsion for coming home and dressing up in a wig, full make-up, skirt, and high heels every day and into the night.

She has all the classic symptoms of something mental going on with her-I’ve seen them too many times to count. It’s some kind of extreme Dissociative Personality Disorder.

I empathized with her-totally. Because I could tell it was real. But still, sitting *right* next to that-her “sane” self was never too far, and I was more interested in honing in on that, than to spend too much time aiding her in disassociating herself from reality.

Her sane self was so clinically manipulative that if I let her know that I empathized with her too much; she would play on that with an undetectable and overwhelming kind of gentleness and kindness (to get into my good graces in case she ever needs it).

The confusing part about that is that beyond manipulation, in just normal conversation-her normal “way”--she is a sweet girl: naturally open, raw, and revealing (if she loves you

with her strange brand of “love”).

Janet knows how to work on you. And she gets me every time.

The thing I noticed about her is that she could come in and out of both sides of herself like someone with Multiple Personality Disorders can come in and out of their different personalities, then eventually back to their [her] “self.” But her “self” has elements of being kind and gentle (but mostly for the purpose of manipulation and getting what she wants from you whether it’s affection, sex, empathy, some kind of favored reaction from you, or just---You).

The bigger part of her “self” is *very* manipulative, *very* cunning and *very* slick.

In dealing with her, I learned that even if I started to put forth [this thing I assessed about what I think about her—her being sick in this way], she will play on that to derive pity and empathy from me because she’s auto-manipulative and has a way of literally sickening everyone around her with *something* that becomes of, and changes *them* as a result of dealing with *her* for so long. I know, because I’m that person. She will damage you. She, it, this, and they already have.

Inevitably, dealing with her for a long period of time; you are going to come out with something wrong with *you* as a result of her:

- 1) extreme manipulation
- 2) dissociative illness or
- 3) illegal voyeurism

...And I do not care to elaborate on what that is-I just cope and hope...

She’s a danger to herself and because of what she does [to feed her sicknesses] it makes her a danger to other people as well, especially because they won’t know it, and she gets fatter (sicker) from feeding off that. As long as her co-conspirators keep the secret along with her, she can do this thing indefinitely-until the day she dies. She has the money, time, resources and anonymity to be able to feed this need and keep it going on forever-undetected. Because keep in mind that as I write this (on this 2013 date), this thing (with me) began in 1999. And all these years she’s been as much a part of my life as I have been hers-so I can speak for knowing that how she is and what she does, goes on and on and on.

Rene knows-he got lucky and got away, and then got 11 million dollars and a beach-house home in Malibu taped to his mouth. The irony of that is, he got away from her arms reach-but what he knows (like I know) is that as long as she is free and living out in the world-and still associating with the same people that she “interact” ’s with; he’s just walking around with a Malibu home and 11 million dollars, but he’s still not free from Janet-he and I *both* know this.

Play with that for a second...

For me, it had been a struggle over the years of fighting (and caring) to redirect her, but I’m nothing and nobody compared to an unnatural habit that’s fed her for years even before my walking into her mess. I’m nothing and nobody compared to the people that assist her, aide, abet, and enable her (and too) are right within arms reach of her.

That being said, I turned it on *them* (her buddies): “Come on, somebody, anybody. I know it’s got to be at least **one** normal motherfucker working for you!” I yelled, waiting for one of her buddies to read what I wrote so they could respond. Her craziness continued:Janet (“Poet”) logged off and came back as the “Forgotten One” (a nickname made from a line out of one of her songs called “God’s Stepchild”).

Whenever we would argue in the room while she was the “Poet,” she would always leave the room and come back as the “Forgotten one,” and then she’d come down under “LuckyOne” when we would be getting along. If there was any normalcy about her crazy; that was about one of the most normal nicknames she could have come down under actually, because she *should* have considered herself the “LuckyOne” to have had somebody like me in her life putting up with her crazy ass.

I posted:

“Oh now you are the ForgottenOne again. Girl you just don’t know how much I’d love to forget you. If you didn’t have these taps and tags on my *life* and I was 100% positive that I could get you *out* of my life, I would drop your ass like it’s hot...I SWEAR!” I wouldn’t stop. I kept flooring her with the insults. It got worse.

By this time she was yelling: “NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!” over and over, like a crazy person covering their ears.

In my virtual world, I stared at her (the screen) with my face twisted and tilted to the side; watching her carry on like a kid having a tantrum, swinging her arms and yelling at me.

All I could do was shake my head and keep looking at her yell: “NO!” over and over in chat. It was crazy. She was losing it. When I got a breather in, I posted:

“Man, I’m gonna quit fucking with your crazy ass real soon girl I swear. I don’t know what you are going to do when I stop caring about my life being tapped. Your ass is gonna be bored then.”

“Alright Cin” she warned, again-in her normal/Janet self (that was sitting right beside her crazy self).

“Alright my ass, look at your crazy lil’ self. Just *look* at you!” I replied.

Next, the nickname “**Janetbabe**” came down (in bold).

Finally-someone normal, a *normal* buddy of hers was trying to get her to calm down from making a fool of herself. I *had* to respond:

“Finally somebody with some sense! I *knew* there was somebody on her team who had *some* kind of sense. Will you control this damn girl? Y’all *got* to know she is sick. Y’all *got* to know,” I said (but I guess I got too carried away), so “**Janetbabe**” said to me:

“Um I’d watch what I say, even if I were talking to Janet...”

I raised my brow. I guess that was my warning, and they were most probably telling her how much a fool of herself she was making.

Although “**Janetbabe**” came down to tap her on the shoulder to tell her to calm down, he/she also felt the need to tell me I had better as well. But then “BuGABOO” came down after I got quiet.

“So Good” and “Bugaboo” by Destiny’s Child were songs that were getting heavy rotation in my computer’s CD Rom, so they knew the nickname would give me a jolt. I knew they were crapping on Janet for behaving like a bugaboo, so I started singing the chorus to “Bugaboo.”

“Oh you’re trying to be funny Cin?” said Janet (the Forgotten One).

I responded: “No, I was just singing a song called “Bugaboo” by Destiny’s Child, oh Forgotten One, that’s all.” I then posted the chorus to “So Good.”

“Ok Cin. Alright...” she said.

I replied: “No, that’s just another song of theirs that I really like too,” I laughed to myself-fucking with her head.

She knew me so well and knew I was trying to be funny.

She just stared.

“BuGABOO” came back down repeating the words to the song “Bugaboo” too, but posted: *“break my knees so I can move ‘cause you’re a bugaboo, a bugaboo...”*

I laughed and said:

“Hey “BuGABOO,” don’t you think it would be a lot easier if you broke your *lease* so you could move—like the song says? I would think breaking your knees would make it kinda hard for you to move, ya think?”

“Yeah Cin, LoL. It would...” he/she laughed (and ended) with ellipsis.’

I figured that “**Janetbabe**” and “BuGABOO” was the same person. I guess he/she had to “warn” me or (subliminally threaten) me after humiliating Janet the way that I did. So maybe it *was* my knees they were talking about breaking.

Although I knew in the back of my mind, I was really far from victorious in this whole ordeal; any little bit counted for me. I felt like *any* little win during any coping strategy used (whether I chilled, cooperated, or submitted—and especially when I would win during a fight) gave me pieces of my mental and emotional self back—even if it was just a smidgen, it helped while in the interim; helped her, by turning a mirror to her face and forcing her see herself, because I could tell that her buddies would never dream of doing it. I don’t think her buddies were necessarily “yes men,” as a matter of fact; it seemed to me that they had more on *her* that could ruin *her* than she could ruin them without she + all of them going down as one. (I say that because of that third-person statement she made to me that July 10th day about “someone being in a cult” and as well, that July 16th panic-attack where she bluntly stated to me “the people that I interact with can take me down in one minute flat”). So her buddies wouldn’t be afraid to turn a mirror to her face like the regular “yes men” in people’s lives [who are famous, have money and because they’re scared or intimidated] no—her buddies were definitely not. And too, they wouldn’t care to redirect her, help her see herself or care to hide the truth from her because they cared—and didn’t want to hurt her or shatter her “world” either. What they were doing was enabling her to do and live in a way that was no different than keeping an addicted person high. If Janet “gets well” all that she is doing (illegal, unhealthy, and otherwise), there will be no need (and no work) for them. There’s nothing else to do if they don’t assist her in escaping reality by stealing real realities and creating lives and another kind of reality for her.

At any rate, she must have seen herself in that mirror I turned to her. She came to the room again to explain *herself*: “*I’m not crazy Cinamon, it’s just that I need an outlet sometimes. All my life I have been performing on stage and this enables me to kick back and have some downtime and this relaxes my mind.*”

She rambled on about it over and over, I guess until she got her tap on the shoulder from her “coach” telling her that she sounded too much like Janet (her real self). She then switched her story and said: “*I meant, how I need an outlet from acting-performing poetry on stage...*”

I just shook my head and told her that I understood, but that it only wasted such precious time and I didn’t like it. She knew what I meant, just like I knew what she meant...

We sat there and stared at one another without saying a word. I didn’t know if she was still mad at me, and she didn’t know if I was mad at her, so I just tried to blow it all off for her emotional sake—still-knowing deep down inside that in a war of words with facts and truth; I could remove any sheep’s clothing and too, could handle her better than she could manipulate, threat, control, or anger me. So I eased out of the room while she was talking to someone else there.

In all this time-that was a milestone for me-her admitting what I felt was true: that the other part of this was some kind of escape from her worldly reality-affording her to be, and live several realities in order to feel like a real person from beyond the glitter, glam, and illusion that she's lived since birth. With having her say that from her mouth (rather than my setting the stage for her to manipulate me from the kind of understanding, care and empathy I'd usually give her); the fact that it came straight from her mouth as a reply-to me, meant that she was aware, and not in denial about everything I felt about her mind state. Because if she was in denial, then to me, she would definitely be beyond repair (all things considered, convenient and accessible to her)...

Although there were parts of the makings of creating realities for her that I'd never agree with, throughout all my anger and humiliating her; I couldn't ignore other elements about this, it, and her that a side of me would rather ignore altogether, and instead-totally shit on her and mind-fuck her even more. No, I was never going to be "ok" with it all, but the fact of the matter was: I was no freer of her than a man with 11 million dollars and a Malibu home was[n't] free of her. So, I went back to the drawing board of my coping strategies: chill, cooperate, and submit...

The next day, I wrote her so as to let her know I wanted do away with the whole issue from the previous exhausting day. I was kind. She was receptive (and needed that from me):

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: Not today...I just don't want to start

Don't start today. I was just writing you to tell you to have a nice day...(((squeezing you real tight)))))) hopin' u aint pullin' away while I'm huggin' you...take care

She responded:

Date: Fri, 13 Aug 13:11am PDT

From: Poetlaxxxx@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: Not today...I don't wanna start

I haven't started anything...yet (((((((((allowing you to hug me)))))))))) are you happy?

I laughed and shook my head-loving her, still...(chilling, submitting and cooperating):

Date: Fri, 13 Aug 15:00pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: see...

LoL. Look at your lil mean self! *shakin my head I know you are probably still mad at my ass from last night but you've been heavily on my mind all day, ok? I'm just wanna say that I was playing in the back of my mind, all the things I've said and done to hurt you when you'd upset me-how you'd still be there to pick up where we left off (sort of...) lol...and I love that about you...the fact that you never hold a grudge against me for all the hurtful things I do to you...I do want to say that I just want all this madness to stop so that I can love u and treat u like u need to (and deserve) to be treated because I just don't want to take my love away from you because I know that you want (and need) it...I do care. Have you ever thought about what it would really be like for u to be without me?...I have... Despite what we go through, underneath it all, I love you first, and being without you is a hard habit to break...for both of us. I just want the madness to stop. Perhaps we just need a break from each other? Maybe we do...

The next day I heard from her, I got this email where she'd sent me a poem (that I guess she liked) called: "I'LL BE THERE," which had been forwarded to several people:

Date: Sat, 14 Aug 12:20pm PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net, Akk1xxx@aol.com HMDxxxx@aol.com, Poimxxxx@aol.com, halimahy@hotmail.com

Subject: Fwd: Fw: Re: Fwd: I'll be there

Attached Message

>From: "Jennifer Pxxxxxxx" socxxxxxxx@hotmail.com To: baxxxx@norwich.net,

>afoxxxxxx@hotmail.com, oneinxxxx@hotmail.com kmxxxxxxxxx@citilink.net

>Lindsxxxxxxx@hotmail.com, avxxxxx@ascent.net s x x xx@hotmail.com

>Subject:Re: Fw: Re:Fwd: I'll be there

>Date: Mon, 09 Aug 15:17:21 PDT

>>>From: "Betsy xxx" baxxxx@norwich.net

>>To: "Jennifer Pxxxxxxx" socxxxxxxx@hotmail.com

>>Subject: Fw: Re: Fwd: I'LL BE THERE

>>Date: Thu, 5 Aug 21:10:25 -0400

>>>>-----Original message-----

>>From: Maren Mxxxxxxx xxxgxl59@hotmail.com

>>To: bixxxxx@ibm.net, cxxxxxx87@hotmail.com

>>dancin_bbbbbb@hotmail.com lindsay_n_xxxx@hotmail.com, Maxx@goplay.com,

>>bxxxxcatskill.net, >>mxxxx35@hotmail.com, megxxxx_chexxxxx25@hotmail.com,

>>baxxxx@norwich.net

>>Date: Wednesday, August 04, 11:17am

>>Subject: Fwd: Re: Fwd: I'LL BE THERE"

After the poem, she wrote:

"Send this to all friends that u have. All the friends that uve lost, and to all the friends uve lost touch with just to let them know that ull be there. This is not a chain letter just a letter from the heart of one friend to another. (Send this back to the person who sent it to u if u consider them a friend as well)..."

...I didn't send it back because I was just barely warm to her. And half the time, I didn't know who, or what the hell I was dealing with so...

Soon thereafter, me and my ["4:10 p.m."] friend were on the telephone one day laughing and talking about our childhood lies we told each other when we were kids.

Our friend Nikki had a sleepy eye and she told us all that her eyeball rolled down the hill and was found, so they took her to the hospital to put it back in and as a result, she had a lazy eye.

My ["4:10 p.m."] friend's childhood lie that she stuck to was that she got hit by a Camaro-a car... (don't ask why, but in third grade-a Camaro was a nice sports car).

My childhood lie was that my mom said I was born with a pencil in my hand (because everybody wondered why I had nice handwriting), so I would say: "I don't know. My mom said I was born with a pencil in my hand."

Janet already knew that I was a writer. And she also "hunted and gathered" (by reading a book I was writing at the time, called "Innocence") that as a child, the main character was wise beyond her years.

When I got this next email I just didn't know what to think. I do know however, that her talent for characterization and incorporating real life was *unbelievable*.

After this next email, I knew then (for sure) that some part of people she knew personally was within each of the characters that she would take on as her alter ego.

(Now I knew why she would get so defensive when I would call this characterization thing "stupid." It was some truth to all of them whether or not she stole the personality from my real life or whomever else's).

In this email, she was doing well--being *her* very own true to life self (at first).

That whole beginning was true to (her) real life. Then when she started talking about writing--she stole that from me (my life). From there, it went bonkers (stolen from some else's life). Read this shit:

Date: Sat, 14 Aug 12:45pm PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: see...

You're right, I don't hold grudges, It's not in my nature. I have found that holding grudges doesn't do anything to the other person, but it does tear you up inside. The only thing that I have against you is the fact that when I poured my heart out to you (even though I was very angry when I did), you laughed at it. I can't respect that, not with the shit that has happened to me in my life... It's not easy being me, and someday you will see that...I have found it very hard to open up to those I trust because it's some hard stuff to deal with. That's why I write, to escape the pain. Writing is my passion, my mother told me I was born with a pen in my hand. I know that I started writing when I was 7 and by age 13 all my friends called me Poet. I grew up way to fast. I was an only child and grew up with 3 women in the house, no kids. You respond and develop into your environment, so I acted like these women. They made school really hard, I was much older in the mind than my fellow classmates were. I graduated high school two years early, and was immediately in college. That's why im so young and doing this job, the vet thing. I know it's hard to believe, but u can believe whatever u want.

(I have to mention this--don't get angry) when Deanna died, I was a sophomore (I never spelled that word right for some reason) in college. Like I said, she was my world. I would have done anything for her. Deanna was behind me no matter what I did, she was, at times, like my silent pillar, always there to catch me before I was falling. That's why her death is still a very hard thing for me to deal with. I was in the car, when it happened, I was doing some things I shouldn't have been doing. I was the last one who technically saw her alive. What hurts me the most is that I never really knew how much she loved me until she woke up out of her coma. She woke up just to tell me she loved me, that's love. I guess, maybe, that's what I am searching for, someone who cares enough to come out of a coma to say it...

I couldn't stop reading that damned email--just thinking about how deliberate and crazy this whore was. I couldn't *believe* she wrote that madness. I so badly wondered if she was laughing when she wrote it, or had she *really* (subconsciously) taken all that in (from the lives of myself and other people's lives she was intruding upon) and made it a part of this "Poet" character. Shanuntay and I were cracking up laughing when we read this email together. I'll never forget the day we sat in BW3's together--having wings and blue cheese--while Shaunaty read it aloud. While doing so, she put on this really weird enthusiastic voice. We laughed so hard that we spit chicken remnants everywhere. I mean, we laughed until we almost pissed out pants! This shit was baZOOkas--a part I did NOT sign on for, OR expect. Shaunaty however, loved this "Poet" episodic shit. When I would come over to her house, she would be like: "What's the 'Poet' doing today? Now that's my *girl* right there!" ...and we would fall to the floor laughing.

Understand, at this very moment in time, I did not have a *full*-grasp of the *extent* of just how sick she *really* was. At *this* particular moment in time, I merely thought she was going through extreme, deliberate, and methodical measures to un-be "Janet." And when she confessed that she needed an outlet, it softened me. In 2013 as I write this--I wouldn't laugh (not so much). Because I know full well (now) the extent of how sick she *really* was.

Everything she said while in these characters and alter egos was true to *somebody's real* life. She knew how to melt [into the character and of her choosing] snippets from other people's real lives and take them on as her own (through these characters and nicknames etc.)

I didn't realize it myself (how great the extent) until things started adding up-how like (years well after this moment in time); I remember specifically debating with her about sounding like one of the chicks she used to mess around with. When her "All For You" CD came out, although I had it since the first day it came out; it took a while for me to listen to it (the whole way through) because as far as Janet (the person) was, I would go through so much up and down craziness with her that sometimes, I couldn't bare to hear her name, her voice, or the sight of her (off and on-at times).

When we were on, I coped.

When we were fighting hard-I couldn't deal with anything having to do with her-at all.

Many months later, I was finally able to get through the CD and while listening, on some interludes (where she was talking); she *totally* wasn't herself-like she took on this voice that sounded *just* like [the chick]—dead on her. It was like she was mimicking the voice of the girl. It caught me by surprise-I instantly picked up on it. But then I remembered how it would irk me when I would hear her "Speakerphone" Interlude on the "Velvet Rope" CD (when she was talking with Shawn) where she said: "mmmmmm maybe when can hook up." I didn't even *know* Janet (personally) before that CD came out, but I remembered [when I heard that "Speakerphone" interlude] saying to myself: "who's she trying to sound and act like?" So, especially after *knowing* the "real Janet;" I knew for sure that she had taken on [trying to sound or act] like somebody else [when she said that line on "Speakerphone" interlude].

So when I heard her speaking on her "All For You" interludes (and those beginning parts of a few of the songs), I was not clueless, I had long been caught up into Janet's clinches and knew her all too well therefore, I picked right up on it-so much so that I mentioned it to her; how weird it was that she took on [that chick's] voice and speaking style. It was so obvious (and mastered) that even if I didn't know that Janet and the chick had messed around before, I *still* would have known that she was "acting" like someone else. It was that obvious (but only if you truly know Janet). If you don't know Janet, it would certainly blow right past you.

Mimicry is like a methodical talent for her. It's like something she does (automatically) that seems very deliberate but if you notice it for long enough, it really is an escape for her but little does she even know (or probably wouldn't care to admit if she did), it's also an escape from her self. And when she morphs herself into these characters, she goes all the way-and that's where her sensuality comes into play. Janet's five senses are heightened to the point where she has to experience hearing, touching, tasting, smelling and seeing-much deeper-by way of certain experiences when she is "in character," and she kind of takes it on as a substitute of herself. That's the best way I can explain it.

Like that "All For You" cover art/towel between the leg incident (where way back in '99 we were talking, and I told her how I liked to leave the towel between my legs after I got done bathing-she thought that was odd but cute). So after that discussion about it, we never talked about it again yet, two years later; she's laying there on the cover of her CD with a [fur] towel between her legs-like nothing. At the time, I thought it was cute and merely another one of her deliberate and methodical ways she did so many things-her intense attention to detail and hanging on to everything I said and did; but later on, in getting to really see beneath it all, it was at that moment, I found that it too, was a part of her personality.

The other aspect of her personality in feeding off of life and energy was such (that then) I found it cute that she knew I was obsessed over Pink's first CD, a major "Pink" fan and would pay to see her in concert, but for me-that's it. I don't want to call her, hang out and

hob-knob with her. Janet however, wanted a piece of my love for Pink [and something she could sink her teeth into] so much so that she made it her business to go see Pink-complete with pink fur around her jacket collar. She wanted all aspects of your thoughts, life, and anything. She's an automatic life-absorber but doesn't even realize it. It can be cute (and flattering) but it can be bad (when she's "bad.")

Her "bad" is because she doesn't know "what's real" and that fine line of what she takes on as real, and what is-is hard for her to differentiate. Like when she told me 'it doesn't seem real,' but knowing and giving of herself to great and risky extents that she wouldn't even do unless she knew it was real. But her divide (of what's really real) is like an invisible line-and she walks that line-dangerously. That's the point of where many of our fights would happen-because I could *see* where she could easily step into "being real" (her "real" self) but then morph into some other form of "real" (that wasn't hers-or *our* "real"). But if she can't see the divide, my fighting her was like trying to fight a blind man into being able to see.

She was like that-and so in the habit of taking on the style, personality, or certain life events of other people's real life and person that she didn't even realize it. It was a disassociation of sorts. I loved her enough and got past being a fan of hers enough to care to look past her façade and public image. She wasn't paying me-I didn't work, or dance for her, she loved me and I loved her (even over the taboo things we had going). I was very into observing her as a person-a human being. And day by day, month by month, year by year; I could see what all this was [and what it meant for her emotional and mental survival actually]. It was coping mechanism (from the "life" she's always had and been forced to "put on" for the world). And aside from that, she has personal issues that haven't been dealt with-so she escapes—at any moment in time.

Sensually, when she loves you-she wants apart of your experiences and thoughts. Additionally, and even if she doesn't know you or love you; she can automatically (and has a need to), take on "life" your reality-because all her life-she hasn't had one (a reality). So she's in search of one—many of them, as many as she can absorb, take, and take on. Like "Angela" (the girl from TRL with Carson that day) it wasn't enough just that the girl [in the crowd hanging outside the studio]'s name was "Angela," Janet took it one step further and asked if she could invite "Angela" upstairs (which absolutely, positively, and complete threw Carson off so much so that he kept saying it-jokingly). But little did *he* know, Janet was off over into this dark-side life of hers *with* a girl named "Angela" (too), and she wanted to sink her teeth into *an* "Angela" anyway she could (no matter how odd it seemed to Carson). It was an experience for her-even to how she touched the girl's face and treated her gently. It was a sensual experience for her (not in a sexual-sensual sense, but it was a reality in her hands and right there in her face, like another reality going on in her private life-me-back home, somebody named: Angela--that she loved).

But understand something. Understanding her in this way wasn't overnight, it took many years of hard love, long conversations, good conversations, bizarre and addictive emotions we had for one another (healthy and unhealthy), as well as a lot of vicious fighting before I could piece it together and understand that it was very much apart of her reality and person, before I could officially understand (and accept it as such).

So in the meantime, there were plenty of ups and downs, like such. Back to the drawing board:

...Back to her crazy ass email-in response to it, I simply replied:

Date: Sun, 15 Aug 9 17:12pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaxxxx@aol.com

Subject: got em...

This is just to let you know: I got your email...

Her response:

Date: Sun, 15 Aug 22:49pm PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: got em...

What did you think of my e-mail?

I wondered if she laughed while she wrote that crazy email but after reading that she wanted my *opinion* about the email-wanting to know what I thought about it-it was like she wanted an applause from me on her "gift" [of stolen improvisations and ability to mix it all like a beat-making producer of music can steal samples from a classic and mix and make-in to his own creation-a beat brought to life].

I wrote back:

Date: Tue, 17 Aug 09:23am PDT

From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: Poetlaure@aol.com

Subject: what I like

I like the "I'LL BE THERE" poem and if it was true and from the heart then I love it...as far as *this* email...you were touching me until you got to the part where u stated "*my mother said I was born with a pen in my hand*" (and throughout the rest of it)...it doesn't matter though...it don't hurt no more...so...

It was neither thing that I thought: her wondering what I thought of her ability to improvise, nor did she laugh when she wrote it (knowing that the email contained mixture of my life and other people's lives).

Turns out, she and her character-personality really *did* take on that "life" (correction)...*thoselives* (mine included). She didn't even joke or laugh about the part where she interjected the "pen in my hand" line and even had the *nerve* to get offended at my annoyance. She really wasn't joking-at all. She's such a life-absorber so much so that she "overheard" me talking to my friend about my childhood lie being that my mom said I was born with a pencil in my hand, and made it into a character-personality of her own (magnetically).

I seriously don't think she recalled that she stole "born with a pencil in my hand" but instead; took it on-just like when she was going through that phase where she was literally talking (voice and diction) like one of her former lovers.

She selects then projects. And when she rebutted it, as if I had nerve--shitting on her [made up "life"], I knew then, that it was mental (and serious for her-no joke).

She replied back to my email:

Date: Tue, 17 Aug 15:04pm PDT

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Re: what I like

What do you mean that hurt you? This is my life, and if it hurts you, I am sorry. This is who I am, love me or leave me.

I wrote back:

Date: Tue, 17 Aug 17:07pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: misunderstanding

I didn't say THAT hurt me. I said YOU can't hurt me anymore with your shit. In other words...I am like so numb to your kind of pain. That's what I meant. Anyways...I hope u are having a nice day.

...I'll say it again.

Again, understand at this very moment in time, I did not have a *full*-grasp of the *extent* of just how sick she really was--how this life absorbing for the sake of characterization thing was serious business for her (and the "outlet" she needed).

She got pissed:

Date: Tue, 17 Aug 09:23am PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: misunderstanding

So, let me see if I understand you correctly now, my life is shit? Whatever. By telling you the truth about my life, I am hurting you? That is some shit right there. There was no hurt intended in that e-mail, I opened up to you... Just like you to make fun of me, when I open up to you...

I logged out and went to do something in my virtual world, but I was blocked out from the room when I tried to return. I knew that it was for a reason, I just didn't know what reason (other than the fact that I logged out and didn't reply back to this last email of hers). I knew they were up to *something*. I was too tired to care though. I went to bed and wrote the next morning:

Date: Wed, 18 Aug 08:18am PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: at school...

Nall, well, I mentioned that I was about to leave out of the room last night and I tried to get in and couldn't...I'm not poking fun at you at all anymore because I do understand...lets just have a good time and call it a day everyday cause I don't want to upset you like I don't want you upsetting me (and that's for real) I'm not gonna worry about the other "stuff" anymore girl cause I'm really over it...I'll talk to you later. Have a good day.

Speaking of taking on the lives of other people.

Remember her JigglineJanine/EsCaPaDeJ character (the life she took on of my friend Janine)? Well she showed up in I.M later that day-at 2:11 p.m. my time.

I logged on to I.M. "(((((((((((Cinny))))))))))".

That wild thing EsCaPaDeJ returned.

She was talking about a bunch of nothing, then out of nowhere, she goes on to mention (in third person-to tell me what was really true and going on, right now):

"I bet Janet Jackson and her dancer Shawnette are probably in the sauna and at a day spa getting ready for the Source Awards tonight, I can't wait to see them. I love them!"

I listened on.

Then she says: "Hey Cinny guess what, I got a pic of Shanice Wilson and Janet Jackson together. They look like they were being silly, you wanna see it?"

I responded: "Uh, no I don't think so, what makes you think I trust you enough to send me an attachment Hun?"

"Why not?" she asked. "Send it, I'll check it out," I responded.

Playtime was over I guess. Right then and there, I knew something was up.

She sent the poison right out to me:

Date: Wed, 18 Aug 11:11am PDT

From: EsCaPxxxxxx@aol.com

To: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Janet and Shanice

They are soooo goofy you know they were giggling together about something.

Love, JigglinJanine

Janet'sha.bmp (65K)

I knew it was a trap but I was one step ahead of her. I went up to the poor lil' café, and opened the email + attachment there. It really *was* a picture of her (Janet Jackson) with Shanice Wilson (and one that she knew would be made public soon I'm sure). And guess what? Just like I thought, two months after, I *did* end up seeing the same picture in the "Black Beat" magazine's November issue-interestingly. So from the same email that contained the poison, I forwarded this one:

Date: Wed, 18 Aug 12:48pm PDT

From: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

To: EsCaPxxxxxx@aol.com

Subject: Re: [Janet and Shanice]

I like the picture. I love it!...

>-----

>Attachment:Janet'sha.bmp

>MIME Type: application/octet-stream

>-----

When she sent the picture as an attachment by way of that MIME program-which would usually read: "MIME type: version 1.0"-I got alarmed, because *this* time, the MIME type read: "application/octet-stream." I knew the poison was something major-different than the usual ones, and I knew why: The Chronology.

All this time, I had been sitting on it-annoyed that I had to even write it; hoping that all this silliness would subside and things could be normal so that I would even *have* to. But after she sent that poison: it sent me into fight or flight mode-all over again. I really hoped during all this time, things between us would be as such that I wouldn't have to write a book, but she *kept* pressing buttons-it just didn't seem like my wish to not have to write a book about it all was ever going to come true. I dreaded having to do it too. Ooh man I hated it. I just did not have the time in my *life* for that shit. Urgh.

But with this poison she sent me, I knew they hadn't rested their guns. I knew I had to whip out the good book again, when little did she know; I hadn't even touched it much since that July 20th day-only saved [some] stuff, printed [some] things, and took lots of handwritten notes-daily.

With this happening, I knew their goal (from here on out) was to find pages 14-on, and of course she wasn't going to *ask* me for it, so she figured she'd do what she did best: **take it** (and watch it being done).

What did I do? I made sure that while she sat in the audience at the Source Awards that August 18th day, that I got everything I needed out of our Hell Mail. I flew up to my school computer lab and printed *everything* to add with my notes and other printed files.

It was so funny how my friend Shauntay would bitch at me about going to I.M. and the room and putting up with all her stuff, but this one time, had I not talked to her; I would have gotten busted making copies from our Hell Mail account, because television said the Source Awards was supposed to be *live* Friday, August 20th when *actually* (because I had talked to her) I found out that it was actually live: Wednesday, August 18th but going to be *televised* that Friday August 20th. If I hadn't checked in and talked to her, I would have been stuck like chuck up at the school on Friday, August 20th looking real stupid and busted. But because I talked to her and knew, I managed to get up there and in to our Hell Mail account before Janet or her buddies could catch it. It was only a matter of time, but I got it all. They were busy with Janet and feeling like I was off my game (and actually I was, and had been), but now, I was back on top of my game. Because at the end of the day, so I was learning, love don't love nobody or conquers *all* things.

That next day Thursday Aug 19th, the café' was a *mess*. Their phone systems and the whole corner of computers where I had opened up that email attachment was a wrap. The owner said that they were going to get a new server for their computers. He identified the email attachment that this wild thing sent me (of the "pic" of she and Shanice) the "MIME" program-as being something that enables someone to send to you by way of *it*-viruses, malicious (and good/shared programs too). According to what had been going on with my computer at home, he said it was a type of "PC Anywhere," or "Back Door" or "Trojan Horse" virus or program where somebody can retrieve files and work your computer from anywhere over the world without having to be physically around you/your computer (the way she does mine which, by my guesstimate came from that first "MIME" batch of poison that Lissa brought to me with her first email back on that March 8th day-the one with all the funny language, arrows and numbers that confused me so).

From home, I tried to send her a couple poems by unknown authors; one to explain the human being in me, and the other; an explanation of my opinion the two of us. She would not accept *my* attachment though. She probably thought I was trying to infect her computer as she had just [tried] to do me. The nerve of her. She watched me as I typed out the poems to send to her, but she just did not want to accept the email (because she had already read it, and knew it meant goodbye). It was returned back to me:

Date: Thu, 19 Aug 06:28am PDT

From: Mail Delivery Subsystem <MAILER-DAEMON@aol.com>

To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net

Subject: Mail Delivery Problem

Sorry xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net Your mail to Poetlaure@aol.com could not be delivered because Poetlaure@aol.com is not accepting mail with attachments

That was just her way of "acting" as if she knew nothing about the two poems.

I went to the room and she was in there talking.

I peeped in and said: "BRB."

While I was there, guess what nickname she dropped down: "DAEMON" down. "Daemon," is to email what "return to sender" is in post office snail mail.

In that returned email (where: "Poetlaure@aol.com could not be delivered because Poetlaure@aol.com is not accepting mail with attachments") "Daemon" is the "return to sender" email extension that's used when email is returned/bounced back to you.

Obviously (because she would never dream of talking *directly* to me about all that she could see me type on my computer) she could act like she didn't see me typing the goodbye poem if she wanted to, but I sure as hell was going to get it to her (to make sure she had no way out of acknowledging it). So I typed it directly onto the email (without attaching it to a word.doc) then I re-sent it.

When I came back to the room, she was still carrying on this conversation with someone nicknamed "Halimah." I knew Halimah was one of her friends that I didn't know, but indeed a friend of hers because Halimah's email was one of the email addy's included in that "I'll Be There" poem that Janet sent me. She was in there talking to Halimah about how she had been really depressed, and then she sent the nickname: "IGGIN" down-to let me know she was ignoring me and my having sent that [goodbye] poem in email. I looked at her, shook my head, then sent a quote down to her that read: "*Whatever you vividly imagine, ardently desire, sincerely believe and enthusiastically act upon, must inevitably come to pass.*"

I then went back to email and sent her this email:

Date: Thu, 19 Aug 17:16pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: my last

Well, I hope you aren't ignoring me because I sent you that poem. Anyways. When I said I was thinking about you I did mean it. But I hope you are ok...I won't check email for you because I'm sure you are not going to respond...however...I do want to tell you that I meant EVERY kind word I have ever said to you from the deepest depths of my heart. Take care and I DO mean take care because I do care...have a good one...

Classic Janet Manipulation Mode was in full-effect. Anytime I acknowledged her manipulation with *any* form of empathy (after her doing something wrong and deserving none)...she knew how to jump right on that-to wheel me back in.

When I went back into the room, she was really up-playing her depression crisis that she said she was going through. I mean she and this Halimah girl she was talking to went at it for about two hours while she continuously glanced at me to see if I was watching (and I was). I sat there for the *entire* two hours to let her know that I *was* watching..

She finally responded (in and out of "character"):

Date: Thu, 19 Aug 19:04pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: my last...

I was not ignoring you, Hun, really I wasn't. Halimah is a good friend of mine. She and I are a lot alike. She understands that whole poetic side of me that most people just don't see. Or even try to understand. I was also at work. You have to understand something about me when I work, my mind is set only on that. I can't talk about love, or anything parallel to it. That's just not how I function. When you came into the room, I was knee deep in a discussion. I have also been feeling very depressed, when that happens, my mind tends to wander off. I really was not ignoring you...

...I didn't pick up that email until the next day, because I went straight to bed after getting sleepy while watching her talk to "Halimah." I went to bed that night, feeling so stupid for even feeling bad for her. I knew she was only trying to manipulate me but I can't lie, I kept asking myself: "Oh my God, what if I wake up in the morning and hear about her taking the bottle of pills she had threatened to take that July 16 night? What if she really *is* depressed?" For that moment, I felt the exact way I did on that July 16th night. I tossed and turned all

night and really hoped she was ok. You never knew with Janet, she knew how to manipulate you into getting you where she needed you to be-and that happened a lot, especially when she knew I wanted out.

Later, the night of August 20th my friend Denise called me. I was nervous because I hadn't talked with her since January 21-during the beginning of all mess (the morning that Janet, Shawn, and Louisa let loose on me in the room), and after that happened, I had gone up to my college's computer lab and via email; briefed her on what had just happened that morning (between Jan, Shawn, and me). I was in such shock because Janet and I had been flirting for a few days and then all of a sudden-without rhyme, reason, or warning (and with her buddies in tow); she pulled a 360 on me and they all came down on me like a ton of bricks. I was clueless [and of course at the time] new to all their tricks and craziness (since I was only about a month broken-in to the room and the Operation altogether). So when Janet, Shawn, and Louisa let loose on me; I was shell-shocked, and my email to Denise went something like this: "GIRL GUESS WHO THE HELL IS FUCKIN' WITH ME? YOU'LL NEVER GUESS, SO I'LL TELL YOU: THAT DAMNED "JANET"!!! WHO KNEW (THAT THIS BITCH WAS THIS CRAZY!?)...UH...DON'TASK...AND DON'T WRITE BACK. IT'S A LONG, STORY BUT I MOST CERTAINLY WILL BRIEF YOU ON IT ASAP. DELETE THIS AS SOON AS YOU ARE DONE READING IT!"

Well...actually Denise had called me one other time (that same July 4th Sunday when my friend Kia called with her spiritual warning concerning me being in her dream), and just like I did to Kia; I rushed Denise off of the phone because I didn't know if Janet could listen in [on my calls that were then transferred to my newly purchased cell phone]. Now, here it was-August; seven + one month later since I talked to + sent that brief and cryptic email to Denise; and this time, she was not going to let me off again after all these months having gone by without my following up and filling her in on what the hell was going on. Little did she know-a whole *lot* of things had happened since I sent her that email. I had done a great job of keeping her at bay from all the confusion and upset that everybody within arms reach of me had gone through.

Janet was already a lot-a big presence and force in my life to deal with, but keeping my friends who lived out of town at bay would feel like that scene out of the original Superman movie where the world was earthquaking, tsunami'ing, hurricaning (and every other natural disaster). Superman was going around the world saving random people, then flying in reverse over the globe in an effort to seal all cracks and lift all cement. But this time Denise refused to be uprooted from that telephone. She was home from being on tour and wanted details: stat! I said I would call her back before the end of the day was up.

I didn't call her right back like I said I would, because I knew if Janet could somehow listen in to my transferred calls to my cell phone, I was more than sure Denise's line would have been tapped (because she was one of my close friends). So instead of calling her back, I wrote Denise a short letter; briefing her about the situation and assured her that I was ok, but that the situation I briefed her on [in that cryptic email back in January] had gone from that level to much better with some ups and downs, because still (just like I said in the January email) Janet *is* a lil' crazy. That part didn't change-it was what it was in that regard. But we were chums otherwise.

I hurriedly dropped that letter in snail mailbox by the end of that Sunday, July 4th day. So Denise tried her luck again that Friday, August 20th, because I never got back with her even after sending the letter. She felt like she could talk to me since Janet was scheduled to appear at the Source Awards. Interestingly, (in the email or the letter) I never mentioned

anything about my phone being tapped because I wasn't expecting to hear from her until she made it back home (to our city) when she got off tour, but instead, she decided to stay back at her home (in New York). So on August 20th when she called (just like I did on July 4th when she called) said to her (both times): "*I will call you back.*" But this time, I promised. I felt so stupid-like a weirdo at this point. I sure as hell didn't want my friend to think I had gone bonkers, having emailed her talking about being shitted on by "Janet Jackson" and now every time she called my house-like a weirdo-I was ducking, whispering, and sneaking to use my own phone like a scene out of movie and like the guy in "True Lies." I really wanted to talk to her so bad. She was off tour, and had been so upset that we hadn't been in touch and so was I.

Desperate for a telephone to use, I asked my next-door neighbor if I could use his cordless phone while out on the porch. I called her on my calling card and we talked for a while. She told me that she was so upset and knew that something funky was going on after reading the January email and her call to me on July 4th confirmed it. She said when she received the letter in snail mail, she desperately wanted to talk. "Now I call you *again*, and you tell me once *again*, that you are going to call me back and then you call me back from your next-door neighbors phone? What the hell is going on!?" she said-confused.

"What...What did you gather?" I stuttered.

"Well, it seems to me like y'all got some *shit* goin' on-like this heffer's got you under wraps or y'all got each other's noses open or *something*. I do know however, that I have *never* known you to be this way, so I knew she must have *some* kind of hold on you. After I just got off the phone with you and you said you would call me back, I thought she must be over your *house* or your phone must be tapped-one of the two. Then when I thought about how Lauryn Hill is scheduled to come up to this studio at eleven tonight-here in Jersey-that made me know that the Source Awards on television tonight must not be live like I thought it was. So that told me that either: your phone must be tapped, or you were talking to her, or she was near you. I thought I could get some conversation out of you thinking that she was at the awards but I see I was wrong!"

We laughed. Denise was refreshing. She couldn't *imagine* how grateful I was to have a *thinking* friend around me who could use their mind-listen to what I was saying (regardless how strange my tips and tidbits may have seemed; but still making sense of what seemed senseless for the sake of us as friends, (rather than arguing or getting upset over chaos that I had no control over). The irony of that is that (especially without her being in arms reach of me) and with no details to work with (like the few who *were* in arms reach had), Denise used her mind. Although 7 + 1 month had passed that while she was on tour; she *still* gave me time to get to her, while using their mind instead of running off and gossiping about me and my strange situation with this superstar.

In this thing, that's all I could have around me: people who used their heads, because all else caused way too much confusion. And what others didn't understand (or neglected to use their heads to try and understand) eventually made them go off and gossip and cause myself, and me with them-more problems (rather than to sit tight like Denise did). No running from with assumptions and cryptic tidbits that you could do nothing with-but gossip.

Denise did have one question (that in a million years, she could never understand):

"How is it that Janet is supposed to love you so much, but you gotta be talking to your friends from other people's phones and shit? What's with all this phone shit? She doesn't know you like she think she does because if she did, she would know how you are when you

care about somebody and how loyal you are as a friend or lover or *whatever*. What is her *problem*? Did you tell her your friend Denise does *not* get down like that!? Girl she *is* crazy!”

In twenty minutes time while sitting on the steps of my side of our two-family house with my forehead sitting in my lap, I finally got a chance to brief Denise about things (until my next-door neighbor stepped out on our porch to tell me he was about to leave out for the evening). I told her to just call me at my house and we would talk-fuck it.

She did. We talked *around* the situation. Denise said she was confused because my cryptic email I sent in January read, (by her summary) something like: “*Guess who I met and found out that the bitch was crazy!*” then my handwritten letter I sent in July read like: “*Oh it’s a bit crazy but I love her and she loves me. So much bad and good has happened since January, now it’s July-she still does some things I don’t like and agree with but other than that, everything’s perfect.*”

She said the letters made her think that Janet had my nose: wide open but eyes wide-shut. She was one of my besties for like-sixteen/seventeen years, so with her, I told her the truth about how I felt (outside of the other things I felt Janet did that were unnecessary) but I was trying to be patient and understanding only being considerate of who she was.

To that, Denise replied seriously: “Ok, so in hearing that, I just *have* to know how much of this has to do with the fact that she is ‘Janet Jackson’ you know, because of course you have always liked her “The Janet Jackson superstar/performer” so Angie, I’m just curious to know if what you are going through and *allowing* is because she *is* ‘Janet Jackson’ or do you *really really* like *her* like she likes *you*-period. Because all these provisions and excuses you are making for her-the way she is rearranging your life and other relationships with people and shit...it’s really a trip. I’ve just never known you to give someone an All-Access pass to you like that-ever. So what is it?”

I replied: “No Denise, the excitement of the “Janet” part was done and over with way back after January girl. Trust me on that. It’s just about me and her-the *real* her. We’ve had so much stuff going on outside of the fact that she is ‘Janet Jackson the superstar/performer’ that my mind has like...totally drawn a blank on *that* ‘Janet Jackson.’ Her private personality is *way* thicker than I ever imagined, and the antithesis of what I thought about ‘Janet Jackson the superstar/performer.’ Trust me on that one.

“So you’re past being intimidated by her?” asked Denise.

“Well, not fully. I can admit that-simply because she has a lot of facets to her personality. Believe it or not, it flip-flops. Sometimes she is intimidated about some things about me and my personality, but then I still am about some things about her personality as well. So it kind of balances it out. I’ve talked to her badly. She’s talked to me badly. We have unheard of-vicious fights, and when we call ourselves in love, we cuddle just as hard and take up each other’s time all damned day and night that she’s able to. It’s weird. Sometimes we’re like best friends who’ve known each other for years. Other times we’re like sisters who love each other. Then we’re like sisters who hate each other. Then we’re like two people who crazily love each other. Then two people who hate each other that have vicious fights only to break up to make up. It’s really crazy-altogether. I dunno.” I explained.

“But the craziness though, why? Like...how long is that gonna go on? That shouldn’t be,” Denise said.

“Despite the many things she’s taken me through, I care too much for her to let her go (she aint going nowhere anyways, we’ve been there-done that and it’s a long story regarding that). But although what she does isn’t right or “normal” to you and anybody else-for *her* it is. And I understand it, even what I hate about it-it doesn’t make me agree. I just understand. It’s kind of hard trying to make her undo all that she has had go her way for all these years and

sometimes it does go too far. That's when all hell breaks loose. Don't laugh, but that is the only way I can explain it to you" I said.

"I understand. It *does* seem weird. It's almost like destiny or something-like y'all were destined to meet at *some* point in this lifetime-for *whatever* reason. I mean the whole thing with meeting her boyfriend years ago, then how things happened with y'all at her concert last September, and now to this. It's weird. Something made this thing happen for a reason. It's been too magnetic and cryptic, positive-negative, push-pull, twist-turn," said Denise.

Until we began to doze off, we sat around and talked while Denise was watching the awards from New York, and I was watching from home. When she saw Janet she yelled:

"Omigod. Omigod. Omigod!" she caught herself, then paused-watching Janet smiling at the camera as if she was new to television-the both of us didn't say a word.

"Angie..." Denise said quickly-like she was about to ask a question but stopped there. I sat there staring at the same person on my screen as was Denise.

"Angie," Denise laughed and mentioned sneakily and coyly:

"Um, too bad she aint a man, y'all would make some *pra-eeetty* babies..."

I blushed. We giggled and then laughed out loud.

(Denise had to remember that she was being listened to, or recorded by Janet and her buddies. Either way, she would be heard now or later. She knew this)...

"Are you wearing your natural hair color or are you still dying it black?" asked Denise.

"No I'm wearing my natural color, why?" I inquired.

She got quiet. I already knew what she was thinking. She wanted to mention how much we looked alike that night (just like I was thinking). And we did. That was really my first time being able to see her "new hairstyle" that had been the talk of the room since back in July. The energy she gave off made Denise react (as did I-but I played it cool). I already knew how Janet was-Denise didn't. I didn't brief Denise on the part about Janet's methodical and deliberate mimicry because that was something *I* knew about Janet's person-her psychology-it wasn't information that Denise necessarily needed to know about "us" (Me and Janet).

While "overhearing" I could just *feel* Janet bring her ear closer to her headpiece to listen to us so I tried to drown Denise out as well, because I didn't want her to say what was on her mind and what I already knew [about Janet].

Considering all the questions in Denise's mind that she finally got answered, and now looking at her television screen at Janet; I knew her looking at Janet this day was in a much different light than she never looked at her. Because she's been my friend of seventeen years and now (knowing about myself and Janet); Janet's aura completely held her attention in a way that no one else in that audience or the millions watching, would ever understand-just Janet and her buddies, and me and my friend understood Janet that night...

While sitting there looking at Janet, I thought about how (during some days before the day of the Source Awards taping) the nickname: "EnBlaque" would come down in chat, mentioning how she had a new hairstyle and a "to-die-for" tan that was like "a honey chocolate color." EnBlaque would always say: "<*munch*>" to me when we would speak in the room.

I remember when EnBlaque made the comment about the to-die-for tan, I said:

"Well, EnBlaque, with a "honey chocolate tan" you sound like *you* are the one to munch on..."

“What did you say Cin?” she responded.

I repeated: “I said *you* sound like the one to munch on (with a “honey chocolate” tan) that’s all...” I answered.

While looking at the television at Janet’s new honey blonde hair color...her to-die-for honey chocolate colored tan...her new hairstyle-sitting right there in mine and Denise’s face from two different sides of the world, she was looking like a spitting image of me: my same hair color, the same way that I wear my hair up in a ponytail, and a tan that matched my skin color.

To the people around her, she probably looked like her normal smiling self with a new look. In Janet’s virtual world (with her buddies) and in my real/virtual world, we all knew what was really going on.

We knew Janet. The world watching, and the world in the audience around her did not.

Janet is smart. And she will always be one step ahead of you because of her persona, and her smile will have you under a totally different impression (or spell). The funny thing about Janet is that if you never get a piece of her bad side in that you’ve never been the *recipient* of her bad side (personally/intimately); you will never get to know her, you will only get her persona and her smile-and you will *not* get past that.

To deal with Janet (if she lets you in) you have to be as detailed in your thinking as she is methodical (and deliberate). My knowing her inner person and her outer persona at this moment in time sent my mind through a time warp of sorts, because unlike back in May, when she attended the World Music Awards, this time (by this August 20th day), I had been the recipient of her “bad side” too; many-a-day.

Before May, she had only *done* “bad things” (like all their January through March shenanigans: aggressively commandeering my computer and my files to learn any and everything she could about me). I kind of excused that after a while. I had nothing to hide, and although I didn’t appreciate it (considering who she was) I accepted it and understood her barbaric technological approach-there was nothing I could do about it anyways. But when she came from behind her shenanigans, she was all-good to me March, April, and May. And I hadn’t seen her face in a while (since May).

Those months into May through June, she was head over heels in love with a lot about me: my friendship with her, my attentiveness to her, and my kindness with her. But most of all (and too, why I gave all those things to her) was that she was openly, unabashed, unashamed, and interested in knowing me just as much as she was head over heels in love with those things about me, and if not-more. So for that, she scored, *but*...she knew how to game-that was her bad side. She didn’t get on my actual bad side until she began tapping my phone and using what she (and her buddies) overheard as leverage to hurt or ridicule me with. Even if she would have merely revealed she tapped my phone but left it at that (with no drama, ridicule, reacting and getting angry, jealous, upset etc); no, I wouldn’t have been ok with it-I never was. But she would have never gotten on my bad side (which of course-brought her bad side out).

At any rate, off and on between the months of July and August, I lost track of how much of her bad side I had gotten, so seeing her this August day I could finally see her “two sides” in public that other people could not see (unless you were me). *They* only knew of one [side of her]. Watching her took my mind through somewhat a series of colorful tie-dyed psychedelic circles and hues, because this first moment in time I was able to see *her* many colors

while around other people (because back in May-The World Music Awards in Monaco-around the time of her first public appearance since she and I began our lil' thing) I hadn't gotten her bad side yet--because she hadn't brought out mine.

So while watching, I kept staring--and as the noise from the crowd continued; she smiled as if she was nothing like the person she would show me when she would get upset, evil, controlling, vicious and deliberately mean. I know her inner person and her outer persona--and it put me in a trance--being able to *finally* see both from the comfort of my own home.

She was standing there looking delicate and harmless as only a socially poised person (like her) can do. Her smile could never show you the mean or bad side of her. It was so weird, because looking at her in the way I was seeing her on television at that moment would have never given me a *clue* as to what she was capable of; or the extremes she would go to--get whatever she wanted.

As she was sitting around all those people painting her picture and showing the covered canvas (of her other self), I was painting too.

As I stared, I looked at what she wore--the color and style of her dress: the frame of the dress was black; reflecting the dark side of herself. The most visible part of the dress was gold with multi-colors in it. It shined brightly; sitting at a place where the good in one would be located: the chest area. *Was* she trying to show that gold was really what her heart was made of? I wondered.

I've seen both, and by this very August day, I had experienced both: her golden and multi-colorful self as well as her black self.

I knew she couldn't *wait* to get back home...

As I watched her, I started thinking about the other picture I saw of her (sometime between the months of January-March) in the center of Jet magazine wearing all black.

She was standing there with her hands behind her back like she was holding a secret in her hands. She also wore a tightly closed smile--trying not to let the world see what she had going on back home at this moment in time: her barbaric technological shenanigans, plots, and plans, a room filled with many fans, while her digerati was working the control room; commandeering my computer files and wreaking havoc in my life.

So as I watched her on this August day but thinking about that magazine picture; I imagined how [with her lips folded tightly and her hands behind her back] again--she couldn't *wait* to get back home (to her secret).

Two days later, I guess she felt it was time to remove her mask--she and all involved.

Sunday, August 22nd, I was lurking in the room but watching television in my own virtual world. All of a sudden the nickname "Bravo19" came in.

Bravo had asked me about a week before this particular day, if (he/she) could personally introduce (him/her self) to me each time (he/she) came into the room and I simply responded: "Yeah, sure, I don't mind," but didn't think anything of it. I guess they wanted me to merely remark and bookmark the nickname in my head [for this day].

After "Bravo19" came in, crazy "Brie" I.M'ed me, telling me that she was making one of her famous parfaits while she talked about school and Emeril Lagasse and such. (Of course Janet revealed herself from behind "Brie" ions ago which too, was the last time we talked under her "Brie" nickname) so I was trying to figure out what was going on--because I knew *something* was about to happen--some kind of new reveal, because she hadn't used "Brie" in like *forever*.

The next nicknames (one after the other) came in--like roll call:

Welcome New User{LittleBit}: authorized

I said aloud to myself: “Ok, that’s Shawn. I already know that.” Next to come down:

Welcome New User{Drama}: authorized

I said aloud to myself again: “Ok that’s Shawn’s other nickname, too. I already know that. And?”

Meanwhile, in I.M off to the side with me, “Brie” logged out without saying goodbye, then “Dunk” (Janet’s real/public nickname) traded places with “Brie” and came down in the room:

Welcome New User{Dunk}: authorized

...Ok, so there’s Janet-I knew for sure something was about to go down now. Next to come down:

Welcome New User{Rix}: authorized

I said aloud to myself: “Ok, that’s Rix-Janet’s digerati king. I already know that, now what?” Next to come down:

Welcome New User{LV}: authorized

I said aloud to myself, again: “Ok, that’s Louisa-Janet’s digerati queen. I already know that, and?” Next to come down:

Welcome New User{Lissa}: authorized

(If they could have, they would have dropped her “Poet”) nickname down but of course, it was currently in use-and we needed that...after they get done with whatever it was they were trying to do here...

I said aloud to myself, again: “Ok, that’s LissFOSD (a.k.a Miss: “ ‘FOSD’ *Not to be Confused with Falling Off Slippery Dicks I Manage To Stay on Those*”). I knew it! I *knew* she was in on this with Janet’s Team. But still...what the fucks going on?” I wondered.

For me, it only confirmed-for sure-that Lissa *was* a part of this setup just like I always thought because on that January 21st day that I left Janet’s room (right after she, Shawn, and Louisa dissed me); from the very moment I peeped back in to the room that first again on that early March day, Lissa hopped right on me like she was on a mission.

Mission accomplished the day she sent that email to me (with the virus attached) on that March 8th day.

Mission accomplished the day she hopped on I.M with me that March 10th day and set up Janet’s digerati’s “*Packet-Sniff Her Computer Files So I Can Find Out Everything I Need to Know About Her Before I Hook Up with Her*” poison).

Mission discovered July 21-the day after Janet’s digerati retrieved the first 13 pages of the chronology and Lissa (along with the rest of them) circled around me and came at me to (indirectly) let me know what they “found me doing.”

Mission discovered (again) on the day they sent her undercover to “clarify” something I said [within the contents of our I.M conversation] that because of; I ended up kirking out on Lissa (via email) for keeping drama up between Janet and I and she called my phone to leave a message-bitching me out-stating that no one “unnecessary” knew what was going on [between Janet and me].

Lissa was on my radar too because there had also been comments about her wearing Janet’s “Pleasure Principle” hairstyle (like Janet’s hairstyle in the video). Talk was about how she was Janet’s niece or some relative of hers and how much she looked like her and all. I had also gathered she was an Aries born on or around April 17. I had my eye on her while she was sent on “*Special Mission [Me-Angie]*.”

At any rate, I sat there and watched them all line up on the screen in cyber world looking as if they were 6 of the 12 constellations in alignment.

I started to post: “Clappppp!!! Ooook now I get it! ‘Bravo19’, is this why (a week ago) you asked if you could speak to me the next time you came in? Ok, bravo! Clap Clap-now what? Some kind of reveal is going on-but why. What’s up this time?”

I only thought to post that in my head because everybody just sat there quiet-still in alignment. Not one single word was posted behind their authorized nicknames. It was fucking weird. I was wondering if Rix was about to mess with my computer again. I was about to get mad at first, because I just didn’t know what to make of all of them coming down (in their official/real/public nicknames) from behind their countless other nicknames (that we would talk under).

I broke the ice and posted: “Oh my gosh, let me hold on to my computer!”

All of a sudden, the nickname: “DigiTEK” came down.

(I remembered *that* name floating around the room since my meeting “Bravo19” a short while back.)

DigiTEK responded: “So funny how one could admit that they got played...”

I just sat there, knowing DigiTEK’s comment *couldn’t* have been because they thought all this time I didn’t know that all six of those “**authorized**” people were the ones behind the many nicknames on any given day I was in the room with Janet. We all knew that, so I didn’t respond, I just let “DigiTEK” have that one. I kept quiet because I thought back to the night when I was in the room with them for a second (when Janet was gone to the Source Awards that night), “DigiTEK” had made his entrance claiming to be a hacker, sending down language that looked something like this:

εä;ëbð°zèDv,J:ì^µ8%ÃDisÒ9iB|•¥~Ö6ÃDcÔ -©ÂÊ?~“GmíÝ \$fi°/
>6÷T•0Pü6-FÆÇ'Ô•‡ig"%EÀ¼ß

That day, I knew now for sure that “DigiTEK” was a part of her hired help but was only there playing around trying to be funny (for whatever reason-I did not know). I just sat there with my brows up wondering what the hell was going on and what they were going to do next.

We sat there trying to outstare one another. They won, because I just logged out and went to bed. I wasn’t taking any chances. I was all too used to Rix remotely doing magic on my computer for Janet and this time, I wasn’t having it.

The next evening I came in. She wasted no time.

“SAVVY” came down and stared, licking her lips slowly and seductively. I knew this was the seductress herself: that damned Janet. I shook my head and laughed to myself. She loved to get sexy and play-and it had been a while since we did. We fought so damned much, and so badly that I thought we were pretty much beyond repair and rapport.

She took a seat and placed her elbows on top of her legs-resting her head in the palm of her hands. A conversation was going on about the Internet and computers so I dropped down a quote for old-times sake: “If you embrace technology but do it blindly, you may find less freedom, not more...”

The SAVVY one got up and walked over to me and spoke:

“Cinamon. Hello Cinamon. How are you?”

“Fine,” I said.

“I know,” she responded.

“LOL” I giggled. She didn’t laugh out loud, giggle, nor crack a smile. I knew then that she was *W and ready.
“I love how you so eloquently posted that quote,” she said.
“Gee thanks, it is so very true,” I returned.

(She didn’t respond. She posted something for me in French that ended with something like “je suis amour avec toi.” I laughed and posted):

“Alls I know is that “avec toi” means: ‘with you!’ meaning: “Me!” What now with me?”

(She still didn’t laugh, giggle, nor crack a smile). She replied:

“Cinamon. You are soooo very clever. You’ve played the game so well.”

“Clever eh?” I replied.

“Yes...very...I mean it...I love it...I’ve never in my life been sooo...sooo...romantic in here...” she said.

“Oh, in here? LoL” I responded, feeling like I had been the “lucky” (victim?).

She still wouldn’t laugh out loud, giggle, nor crack a smile.

“I.M me,” she said.

(I didn’t respond, because I assumed she wanted me to take my pick on which I.M nickname to use. But she was reaching in her bag o’tricks and pulled one out for me)

drum roll...*ta daaaaaa!!!!*:

“**FEMMEHOUND**...” she posted in caps and in bold letters.

My eyes stretched like a kid on Christmas morning:

“Dayyyyyuuuum,” I said (to myself).

“Do it NOW...” she demanded.

I could tell she wasn’t going to let me get away this time.

We went off to the side to whisper to each other in I.M.

“I want you Cinamon. I want all of you,” she said, immediately.

“When?” I asked.

She paused then responded: “Let’s see, right after Labor Day, because I’ll be totally free after then.”

“When is Labor Day?” I asked.

“September 6...any time after then, because I have to fly to Hawaii,” she said.

I just shook my head at this maniac and said:

“Oh okay that’s cool, because after the 29th of August I’m *real*/free until almost the end of September, but you know anytime is time for you...LoL”

She still didn’t laugh, giggle nor crack a smile.

“I **want** you,” she reiterated and posted in bold.

“You can have me...do whatever-I’m yours. I won’t fight this anymore,” I submitted.

“*Sticking my tongue ring out.” she said.

“Where do you live?” she asked.

“Ok, I’m about to go!” I responded, because she was trying to flip the game (she knew I hated that).

“No, no...okay...I understand. LoL” she said.

I didn't laugh (or crack a smile)...

“Ok I understand,” she reiterated.

“I'm telling you now...” I warned her-so as to let her know that I was going to log off if she couldn't trust me and if the game playing shit would begin.

“I know,” she said...with her shoulders up, trying hard not to piss me off again.

We had been through this time and time again despite the fact we all knew Janet and me were both on some “*Mr.-and-Mrs.-Smith-We-Love-One-Another-But-We're-On Assignment-and-On-Guard-to-Kill-One-Another-at-Any-Moment*” type shit. Me: With the chronology of which they were in possession of the first 13 pages while watching me complete. She and her digerati: Ready to detonate upon infiltration and come out leaving no traces of footsteps or stains.

She continued: “You wanna know what I look like?” she asked.

I didn't respond because I knew she only threw that out there to prepare to “un-describe” herself for this I.M conversation's record. It was crazy how she wanted to keep talking and get us together, but still playing everything like playing with fire. If you're in you're in, if you're out you're out. These were the kinds of things that *kept* me away from her and treating her badly. “If I'm transparent totally on record, you have to, too. I'm just as important as you bitch,” was my thinking (and expressing). I refused to leap to her on whispers, clues, footprints in the sand and connect-the-dot-to get to that cock. Shid. I was not budging. Whatever she wanted from me-on record, if she didn't do that same (for this printable record), she was not going to be hounding *this* femme.

She dropped the description:

“I got long ass hair, about 3/4th's Caucasian, but I look more black. I have light eyes and I'm very fit,” she said.

I replied by throwing this out there: “Oh. Like Janet in the “Everytime” video huh? (I dared her ass to reject that and switch up on me).

She didn't, but she was in no mood to play around either.

Together, we were like a sweet poison to one another-like some strange concoction developed in a lab by some mad scientist who hadn't completed the potion and because of, every time it was mixed, it would combust-that was us. It was crazy. We needed to get this fuck off our chest or we were going to explode-the both of us. I never experienced anything like this-this sexual angst, she hadn't either. Me: Making her take her time unlike (because of who she is) she wasn't used to being forced to do. Her: Going through the fire, to the limits through the wall, for the chance to be with me, would gladly risk it all.

It was very scary for the both of us, but we needed to get this thing up, and on.

She was ready to get this showdown locked in before yet another fight would start. It seemed inevitable, and we tried *hard* to avoid our fights because we *really* wanted one another *badly*. But it was like this strong shaking magnetic force bringing us together yet, this *other* force would keep wiggling us apart: My intimidation versus her paranoia. I could always handle her in our normal conversations-even when we were romantic and nonsexual. She seemed to be intimidated by me when we would talk about life and regular subjects-regular conversation. She was always afraid that she sounded stupid, and I would have to peel her apart gently-to relax.

We could meet in the middle when we would talk romantic and nonsexual, or when we would be silly together. But she had a way about her when she would get into another kind of sexual “her”—it was like a whole other person, she could be verrrryyyyy intimidating...like in this next conversation-*this* was one of those times. It was like reverse, where, she would have to peel *me* apart to get me to relax.

She continued:

“*Looking at U. So shall I fly down? Do you live in a house or apartment?” asked the Femmehound.

“*Deep sigh. Looking at u...” I replied, with my brow up-knowing that she already knew everything: where I lived, my dwelling, and all that. I was ready to start the fight and she knew my brow was raised.

“LOL!” she said.

“I’m just kidding. I’ll fly you out here. I have a big house in the hills of California...” she said-truthfully.

I responded: “I need complete privacy in order to work my special brand of magic...”

“I’m definitely going to give you that...” she promised.

“No one can see me?” I asked.

“No, not even the raccoons,” she assured me.

“No one can hear me?” I asked, coyly.

“No one, I promise,” she assured me. I knew she was getting aroused. She was such a sexual maniac.

“No one can smell...while you follow the trail...to wet tail...Femmehound?” I asked seductively with my one brow up.

“Oh Cinamon, you turn me on so...” she gasped seductively, yearning as if she had stomped her foot like a spoiled child.

“LoL” I giggled and smiled.

“I want your everything,” she demanded.

“I want to have you on the beach, in the park, in the car. I want strawberries, honey, whipped cream. I want it outside, anywhere anytime...anyplace...I want spontaneity. I want intimacy from you. I want *everything*” she demanded, with her brow up-SERIOUSLY.

“Greedy is an understatement,” I thought to myself about this self-confessed greedy, lusty, and selfish woman. If she were a line out of a song it would be: *I’ve been hurting for a long time. And you’ve been playing for a long time. You know it’s true. I’ve been holding for a long time. And you’ve been running for a long time. It’s time to do. Oh what we have to do / She says her love is much too deep for what her lover hasn’t heard. But what she doesn’t realize is that I’ve listened to every word. That’s why I’m gonna tell her that I love her. And I want her. And my mind and soul and body needs her. Tell her that I’d love to. And I want to. And I need to do all that I have to, to be in her love,*” because I thought about the contents of Denise’s and my conversation on the phone that Friday August 20th night again. We were talking about intimacy and oral-sex and I told her that kissing was more intimate to me than oral sex (something she never knew I felt). I told her that I could count on my hands how many people I had kissed in my life-kissing was special to me, especially passionate, deep, open-mouth kissing-that is for real love.

She (Janet-“overhearing”) had also been briefed on how I feel about spontaneity, and how it had to be *earned* with me. She felt like she had already earned it and wanted it all.

Janet knew just what to say in this cybersexion as if she pre-planned it with a checklist. I imagined her stating her list of things she was going to take from me while she looked at me as if I had better not buck (which is what I knew she meant when this lustful, selfish, and greedy woman said: “I want you. I want *everything*”).

I already knew that she is the type who would see to it that I not hold back on nothing that she had hunted and gathered, or read [or heard me say was off limits]; she knew she would be the exception to all my rules: mentally, emotionally *and* sexually. This moment had been too long a time coming, and she was double-checking, twice, her long list of all things she knew about me that made me naughty and nice. She's methodical and premeditated like that-in every way. She does *not* play. Janet is a mechanical human being about *everything*. She paid attention to everything. I thought about the time in the room we were talking sexual (in third person), and I said: "Me and my woman are gonna fuck so hard that the world is gonna feel it." I knew at this moment she was ready for me to put my body where my mouth was. So this maniac femmehound was going to see to it that I backed up everything I had ever said (in addition to *everything* she "overheard").

"I'm aggressive in the bedroom and I want passion, I want *all* your passion..." she gripped.

I then replied with lyrics from one of my favorite classics: "*Back and forth, raging scenes of lust I want you madly can't you tell? Can't you tell? Can't you tell? Oh, take me in your arms oh baby. If the crime was death I'd rather die, here in your, screams of passion...*"

"I know that you are hard to please, but I'm gon' work you..." she said confidently and slowly. I know she folded and bit her lips when she said that-I know her well. "No, it's just a front. Trust me. I'm easy to please. I'm relaxed and easily stimulated. You already know how to get me started...LoL." I replied.

"Oh my gosh, I'm getting so wet now thinking about it. I know you are wet right now aren't you?" she asked.

"Oh Yes," I replied.

"Touch it for me" she instructed.

"*Touching it...smelling it. It smells so good." I responded.

"I know it does, ooh you turn me on so," she said-yearning.

"Oooh *you* turn *me* onnn. You do everything that brings out the fire in me, like I fantasize about," I confessed.

"I'd taste it for you, in the heat of a moment as we kiss," I said.

"And then I'm gonna put my tongue down your throat" she said (knowing-from "overhearing" mine and Denise's conversation where I told Denise how I feel about kissing being more intimate than oral sex). This maniac wanted to make sure she had permission to take *everything* I felt was sacred. She did not want to be left out.

"In the moment-you can," I returned-to assure her.

"I'm gonna put my tongue down your throat and you're gonna sit on my face right?" she asked.

"Yes, in the heat of the moment," I gulped, she caught me by surprise.

"I got nine and a half inches of strap for you..." she bragged (again).

"You gon' work it?" I asked, softly and seductively.

"Hell yeah...we're gonna marothon fuck," she said-confidently.

"You know what that is?" she asked.

"Marathon fuck?" I responded.

She got intimidated:

"Thanks for correcting my spelling," she said, as if I was about to spoil the mood.

“No, no, no, no, I wasn’t trying to be funny. What is it though, is what I’m asking?” I replied-feeling way too aroused to have the mood spoiled.

“It’s non-stop fucking. It’s better than the best work out you could ever have,” she said.

“I think I can work with that. *opening my legs to let you watch insertion. Moaning slowly-every inch in. Do you want me to stretch my legs wide open or wrap them around you to grip you tight?” I asked.

“Ah grip me tight, grip me tight,” she breathed hard and said.

“I want you to see it and hear it talk to you...If you hit my spot...oooh...I bet you I wet you,” I whispered shyly.

“Oh I’m gonna find it,” she challenged-confidently.

Her sexual confidence was unmatched, I must say. It had been a quite a few weeks since we had a cybersexsion and I was noticing she had been brushing up on her already potent sexual skills so I was feeling a little intimidated at this point but I was hanging in there and ready for her aggressive ass:

“You like manual stimulation?” she asked.

“Yes, you gonna be doing it while you’re inside of me? It’s gon’ be slipping and sliding. You gon’ try to hold on to my clit while you play with it?” I asked.

“I’m gonna find your *spot*. I know I can...” she said with *extra* confidence.

She already knew my vaginal anatomy-every curve and cavity. So she was preparing her mission in her head-most probably remembering all too well; those nudies and close up vaginal shots she got from me by merely asking for them. I loved her. So I did it. And it made her so happy-and us closer. I could see the picture in her mind-I know her. She could see getting to my spot like x-ray vision through the phone, but until she got a hold of me, the pictures would have to do. In the middle of our moment, I didn’t tell her, but only one person could make that happen to me-and I thought he was *magic* for it too. I didn’t want her to feel too challenged in a “slim to none” kind of way. I wanted her just like she was: challenged in a “ready to go” kind of way. So I kept that secret. It added to my excitement, my anticipation-those butterflies in my stomach traveling down to my cooter knob making it throb had me going. I couldn’t *wait*. I *loved* her sexual arrogance. I knew if she was going to be any good at finding my spot; that would make her a motherfucking magician. And *we* were already magic. “So make my rabbit purrr dammit!” I yelled out to myself-while looking at the screen.

“Okay, when you do, you’ll know. It’ll skeet right out on you...” I replied.

“You promise?” she asked-seductively.

“I promise.” I responded.

“While you’re fucking me, I want to you hold me down by my waist and stomach so I can’t move, then I want you to fuck me harder and harder like you just don’t care. You know I like it hard, but grind it like you mean business.” Just hurt me ‘til it feels good,” I asked.

“Ooooh. I’m gonna do it too. I’m strong. Real strong and fit. Very fit...LoL,” she said (bragging).

“Oooh I’m *loving* you,” I confessed and stressed in bold-something I hadn’t told her in a long time.

“You had better not try to move cause I’m gonna get the cuffs out on you,” she said sadistically-planning and preparing me for some S&M.

“Promise?” I asked softly.

“PROMISE” she confirmed (in caps-meaning that shit). Now down to business. She *demand*ed to know ~~some concrete answers~~ no...she needed a (one) concrete answer: WHEN.

“Alright then, **when?**” she said, quickly-stressing “when” in bold letters.

She wasn’t having *no* games this time.

I replied:

“Well, with you...we will have to cross that bridge when we get to it around the 6th.”
...I said, knowing how crazy we could be fighting in like *hours* or a day after getting me comfortable. It was *insane* how that would happen, and mostly because of her buddies arousing too much unnecessary suspicion. If Mrs. Smith sat her gun down, I dropped mine. When she picked hers up-well, so did I. It was the name of the game. We could fight viciously like it was the end and we both could care less. Then the next day we could be on again and stuck like glue. Even at this particular moment in time, she knew that I had started the chronology and she was in possession of the first 13 pages, but still-she wanted this thing we had to happen. That made me happy, because then I wouldn’t have to be bothered with the nuisance of completing it, and more importantly, she and I could be together-happily (like we both wanted)-that was the plan from the start.

She continued:

“LoL... I’m serious. **Real serious.**” she stressed in bold.

“I need to know if you are you ready for this relationship?” she questioned-sealing the deal to end all bullshit (mine *and* hers).

“Yes, yes, I am-real ready,” I assured her-seriously. I was so happy.

“Ok” she confirmed with ellipsis and her brows up as if to say: “don’t *play* with me.”

“I’m soooo embarrassed. I aint never coming back to the room,” I said to her; thinking about how everybody was probably reading on, too.

“No, don’t do that-why silly?” she asked.

We just laughed...then she stopped laughing, took a deep breath, and paused as if to look me in the eyes (seriously) once again. She wanted to double-check:

“I don’t want my heart splattered all over the floor...” she warned-vulnerably.

I responded (seriously):

“**Never.....**

ever.....

ever...”

She then disconnected from me.

I went over to the room and sat for a few minutes. I didn’t say anything to anybody. Nobody said anything to me either.

It was very quiet and still-screen just rolling.

I waited on her to come into the room or back in I.M.

No sign of her, so I told her team (whoever was watching) that I was going to go to bed because I was *very* drowsy.

I then I left.

The next day (August 24th) I didn't come in until almost four in the afternoon. What the *hell* did I wait that long to talk to her for? My *goodness* that was a federal crime, especially after last night.

I had lots to do that next day, but I was both nervous to talk to her *and* rushing to start my day-running late. We seemed to be at a different level after last night. I was happy as hell, but nervous too. This was it. We were *finally* about to do it right and I just didn't know how to handle it. I wanted to get my important day out the way and come back home to process her (and this new level) all over again. I knew if I talked to her first (especially after last night) even if I logged onto I.M for five minutes, she would take over my mind for the whole day. I needed a clear head for what I had to do. And there was no guarantee I could log on for five minutes and that five minutes not turn into one hour, then two hours or three-and I end up missing what I had to do (that had happened many times before, too).

Back in the room later this afternoon, "SAVVY" got her chime telling her I was there. She came in right behind me.

I spoke to her and though she spoke back, she gave me a weird feeling.

"What happened to you last night *girl?*" she stressed and italicized-like a bully.

"Why did you leave? I had gotten disconnected, but I came back in looking for you. Where did you go?" she demanded to know. I could feel her tyranny coming on-I could just feel it.

"Well actually I thought that was your sign...(that you had to leave). I went over to the chat room to see if you were there. I made mention that I was sleepy and was going to go right to bed. *I was soooooo sleepy. It was almost 11:30, you know I don't mind talking dirty but I was soooooo sleepy. . .LoL.*" I sang my rendition of Gnuine's "So Anxious." She knew I loved that song and had been playing it a lot (on my computer's CD Rom). But she did not give a damn right now though, she was pissed. She didn't laugh with me, nor was she in any mood for **Wickedness* at least not *that* kind: "Yeah, LoL. Um Cin did I meet you in here Thursday or Friday of last week?" asked this savvy one-back to playing games again (knowing I would be getting pissed off in: 1-2-3...).

I knew some kind of shit was about to start. She only came down (in the room) as "SAVVY" to remind me of the previous day when she *first* came down as "SAVVY" (but then sent me to meet her over in I.M under her: "FEMMEHOUND" name-and we solidified everything). But instead, she was ready to fight under SAVVY (to hell with "FEMMEHOUND" today. I could feel her anger.

I knew yesterday, her goal was for us to seal the deal on this thing we had and needed to make sure I was for real this time. She knew all this time I really *was* ready and serious-but I could tell now, this time for different for her than all the times before. In all these months for most of all the seven days, yes, we talked at the start of *every day*-no matter what I had to do. She was *always* available (because she was mobile-I wasn't). There have been a *few* times-just a literal few-when I left the house in the mornings and carried on with my day, then got back with her in the afternoon and it wasn't a problem. But *this* time—noooo she wasn't having it.

When she had gotten disconnected last night (especially considering the very timely moment-after we sealed the deal and were coming to a close) I really *did* think she was told to purposely disconnect from me. She wasn't trying to hear that though. We were back to the drawing board yet again...ugh. She was wayyyy too paranoid. It was crazy-too much over caution where (understandably) our communication had to be on her turf where they could control things, versus mobile (on my end); but my life sometimes did not permit me to tend

to that (and a very few sometimes I might add). I typically cooperated and made time for her-always, and her under her terms and time zones-from wherever she would be in or out of the state or country, always. None of that mattered this day. Again, today was a different. She treated it like I pulled a complete disappearing act on purpose-like totally rejecting her + running off to show the world our Certificate of Relationship.

Next, the nickname "DAPEACOCK" came down and posted a hug to me: "(bigmoufgirl)." I knew it was Lissa because she always made up names like "alotavagina"- and stuff like that to post right after Janet and I would cyberfuck. This time, "Dapeacock" was a silly name for a description of the way I spoke about opening my legs to accommodate SAVVY the FEMMEHOUND when we cyberfucked the previous night. I also looked at what she posted within the hug: "(bigmoufgirl)." That's when I knew they thought I called the paparazzi and flew out the door with my Certificate of Relationship. I tried explaining to her how I simply went to sleep, I went *straight* to sleep-that's it. I then listed what I did throughout that next day to explain why I hadn't come back until four in the afternoon knowing that for her, the time between 11:30 p.m. (when we got disconnected) and 4 p.m. the next day (when I returned) was *far* too long for any good explanation I could give her. It just did not fly with her, so she continued on-trying to find a way out of her "SAVVY" "costume." This femme hound gave two shits about hounding the femme in me at this point. Mrs. Smith picked her gun back up:

"So are you going to tell me when was the very first time I said anything to you?"

Was it last Thursday or Friday?" she asked-needing to get this conversation on record (for some reason of theirs). I knew that regardless whatever day I picked, she was going say something stupid-for fear that I had been doing something sneaky like they obviously thought. When I mentioned Thursday, she said: "Oh yeah, well I had the wrong person. The person I met named Cinamon was on Friday and you aint her..."

I shook my head some more and sarcastically said:

"Yeah well it was me then, because we *did* chat on Friday *too* Hun."

"Well, I have the wrong person, bye..." she said. She rushed out.

I think when she got disconnected from me in I.M the previous night, it must have frozen everything on their end-even in the room. I guess "what had happened was": Rix was probably trying to do his thing and I was probably supposed to get kick out and disconnected too, but instead-my computer stayed on, Janet and all *theirs* got kicked out though. Call it that good omen miracle, or a strategic mole on her team having done it on purpose (to help me?), but I *definitely* wasn't supposed to get a hold of *that* I.M conversation we had last night. This particular time was one of the "Ghost"-like moments where like throughout this situation, things like that would occur and make me feel like I scored...like I gained some ground in this-happenings, and things placed right in front of my eyes-all orchestrated by that higher power nudging me to let me know that there *would* be an end and a light through this lonnggg dark tunnel, no matter how long it takes. Because I already knew we were about to go to war-all over again, like last night never happened. I knew that she was unstrapping that 9 1/2 inches from out that harness, and I had better be strapping up my boots, because (yet again), this was about to blow up.

Mission aborted.

I knew if she didn't infiltrate this moment for my coming in so late into the afternoon the next day, she definitely infiltrated because of our I.M conversation. Because when we got disconnected last night, I *did* find it odd that her buddies' (nicknames) were all there but not *one* single conversation was going on when I entered. No one said anything to me when I

came in. No one said anything to me when I told them I was going to go to bed. And no one said anything to me when I was leaving. So they already know they drill: that was well over enough time for me to save mine and Janet's "FEMMEHOUND" I.M conversation but what else was new? They knew I was going to save it if something weird happened. *Any* kink would make me clink and I would save it to the "bullshit" disc. Little did she and they know, had that sudden disconnect not have happened and we would have exited the conversation normally, I would not have saved the conversation. There have been *plenty* of conversations (and emails) that I would *not* save when she and I would be on good terms. I would *purposely* try and show her (and them) that I was letting my guard down-to show her that I was trying to make this thing go right. The "FEMMEHOUND" conversation too, would have been one of those same unsaved conversations had she not disconnected so timely and suddenly. I didn't know it was a mistake. By this time, I was programmed for their auto-fuckery. And kinks like that would send me right into action (just in case) so I saved it.

All things considered and having happened, they knew the "FEMMEHOUND" conversation was *too* obvious, and too "Janet and me." Because they knew I [most probably] saved that one, so they tried to get her to pull out of the whole Savvy/Femmehound name altogether-and they needed to get it on record (just in case).

I wasn't up for the bullshit to keep rolling to a point that I was all too used to. This girl and her team drove me *nuts*. I tried so hard with her. I *swear* I tried. Nobody could make my head hurt like she could. She could make me physically tired and sick. It was exhausting. They *never* even gave me credit for the countless conversations that I *didn't* save. They *knew* at any moment they decided to put all their guns down, I would gladly throw mine out the window. I too, just like her, wanted this thing to work out. I didn't want drama. But they *kept* creating it with over-paranoia. It caused more problems than it helped them, or me and Janet. *We* (me and Janet) never kept us apart. *Those* things did. Those things caused fights, and all kinds of craziness. Then the more I would show that I was running away, the more they would turn it up-because they felt I was running away with too much and as far as Janet was concerned.

The good was good, but the bad was painful. It fucked my head up. After this especially, it was like she got to a point where she screamed with veins popping out of her head: "I'm SICK of her! Do everything short of killing her!" ...slammed the door, then from there; the madness began-for a lonngggg time before they got humble (and we got happy again).

The irony is, at some point, they would have turned up no different whether there was any conversation saving, a chronicle of details turned book or not. I assure you. How can I say that and be so sure? I'll tell you why. Because it was eight months of craziness from them that made me get defensive and cautious, and in turn, forced me to start chronicling everything yet, even knowing that I was doing that, that never changed what Janet and I were doing-at *all*. So knowing that I was saving and chronicling (just in case), and it wasn't enough to make her leave me alone, then what reason would they have had to still not be so over cautious had I not started chronicling-any different than they were doing even before I decided to start chronicling? They had every opportunity in this to chill, and they knew I would chill too-but they chose not to. Had I not chronicled, it definitely would have been worse (for me), especially knowing that she and I would be at this all these years that we were. Janet had the determination, persistence, and the grip of a lion and a pit bull mixed.

Nobody in this world can convince me that there is another human being alive that can match her tenacity-nobody. With countless ups and downs to date, it's 2013 and I say that as I write that. So trust me. I know that I'm talking about when I say that.

I just took a deep breath, rolled my eyes, and walked out of the room without announcing my departure. Yessssss, I promised myself that was the very last time I was ever going to fool with her again. I was so deliriously desperate to convince myself that I would stay true to that, that I decided to take my keyboard over to Shauntay's house so she could keep it in order to ensure I couldn't use my computer.

I could only take happenings like this as those little pebbles hitting me upside the head to remind me that I had a course I had better stay on and I'd better put my laptop to use because these excuses I kept telling myself about some force of a mad scientist keeping us apart weren't working anymore.

Before heading over to Shauntay's I made sure I picked up that phone to tell her what happened without exactly telling her "*what happened*"—just enough to make sure savvy Janet knew that I kept my promise about our conversation from the previous night [that we sealed the deal, signed the prenupt and divorced in less than a day]. We were going to start over with the "trust" issue and I wanted to let her listening ears know that she was totally wrong in thinking I told Shauntay (or anybody), or did *anything* sneaky while I was away. I wanted Janet to feel totally stupid about her paranoia. I told Shauntay how I was *so* happy after our deal was sealed and how I was not going to tell anybody, anything-anymore. And rather than ranting and raving to my friends from this point on, if Janet and I were to have any problems, or go through anything else from here on out; I was going to see to it that I worked it out with her—no matter *what*. I told Shauntay how right when I was happy, ready, and trusting her all over again—right when I was fantasizing all day, in a good mood—prepared to pick up where we left off; I came to the room later that afternoon only to be knocked back to square one, again.

I hoped she felt stupid after "overhearing" and finding out just how wrong she was.

As I promised myself, I stayed away. I didn't even go up to the school to check Hell Mail in three whole days. (That is, until that Friday, August 27th when I got kind of weak after having a major sucker attack). If she had nothing waiting there for me—the plan was to proceed and keep moving as-was. When I got there and opened Hell Mail, this is what I found:

Date: Thu, 26 Aug 04:14am PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: Forgot

Hey! The reason I haven't e-mailed you lately, or been in chat is because I have been working a lot. When school starts up down here, I am a busy woman. Not only do I have to run my clinic, I also teach. Needless to say, I don't get a lot of free time. The past few days I have been working 16 hours straight. It's very hard for me to keep from falling on the KEYBOARD right now, and I have yet to work today. Ok, I am going to go, before I am late. Yes I am...

"*Yes I am...*" meant: "(Yes I am) sorry." And of course... we know what "KEYBOARD" meant—she knows what I did with it and too, heard *just* what I needed her to hear. I giggled, thinking about the contents of the email with her trying to explain herself through "The Poet," knowing that I would read between the lines as usual. She was just too slick for me. I knew her way too well. I wrote back:

Date: Fri, 27 Aug 21:15pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Yes, I am...

...Having a major sucker attack...but what does that mean?...maybe it's just the full moon tonight.

I contemplated hard about going up to Shauntay's to get my keyboard so that I could go home and get online, but I also wanted to try to stick to my guns as well. I thought long

and hard about logging into the room from school but I knew they would be alarmed that I wasn't at home-thinking I was trying to be sneaky-again, so I did away with the whole thing, went home, and went to bed. I knew she was going to be mad that I didn't come in, especially after learning that I received her email and wrote back. But I was *really* tired and winded with this entire situation despite the fact that I was missing her like crazy and was happy that she wrote me. Still, I wasn't up for it. I knew I had it in me to pull away despite my sucker attacks and moment of weaknesses. I only wanted to stick my pinky finger in-that's it.

Whenever she reacted or responded-whether mad, happy, or sorry; she always had a way of luring me back to her and I couldn't help myself, I would really get weak. But even when I got my keyboard back, I still promised myself this time that, regardless how weak I felt, I was going to stick to my guns. My feeling winded with the games, mistrust, and paranoia outweighed my need to go back in that room and start fucking with her again-not just yet. I wasn't feeling it, so I didn't log in.

The next morning-Saturday the 28th, my friend Kimmie called from California. We were talking about her kid and my kid-as usual. Kim's my Cancer friend who is like the old-fashioned typical maternal person that Cancer women (and men) can be. My conversations with her were always about love, or were family related and domestic based. We were just like that together.

We got on the subject of our own fathers and our kids' fathers as well.

I was telling her about how my father has a buried desire to find out if his mom is still living and if she was alive; where she might be living. He had some strange story about his past, and pretty much all he knows is that he was first adopted, and then re-adopted by a relative. The only thing he knew about his mom was that her last name was Murphy and that she was Tori Spelling's nanny for some years-when she was a kid. The only things he had to remind him of his mom were postcards, Playbills and letters that Tori would send her when she was a kid (we guessed after she left the Spelling compound).

Next, we began talking about our own "trifling, good-for-nothing-baby-daddy's," and the issue Kim wanted to touch on was how I refused to allow my kid to have a relationship with the father's side of the family because they hadn't really tried to reach out to my kid since the breakup of me and the dad, so over the years I learned to let it go. Kim felt that perhaps I should try to pursue the relationship again considering the fact that my own dad was this old and still longing for his mother. She felt that my kid would later have the same desire and may resent me. She didn't understand how much I didn't want his heart broken-he has been doing so fine as-is (for years). I knew my situation better than she did, and the only thing they could do was break his heart on my pushing him on them when they too, could have just as easily reached out to us. There never was any baby-mama drama standing in the way. There was nothing but space and opportunity that they never took.

On a lighter note, we also began to laugh and talk about how my kid and I ate almost entirely different foods. Together, Kim and I laughed about what a job it was to feed our live eating machines (her kid and my kid). I told her that sometimes I even take my kid to my mom's sometimes to eat whatever she's cooking on days when I didn't feel like cooking two different meals. During our conversation, I had been crying in spurts, but what I would do is tell Kim to hold on, then I would run to the top of my steps to blow my nose and wipe my tears. I was very sensitive about personal issues having to do with my kid and the deadbeat dad's side of the family because it wasn't typical-it was partially my fault as well (as to why he turned deadbeat and nearly gave up on life). He had his own unique issues but loved me in a weird way that hurt him too bad. So my kid (unknowingly) suffered.

I cried so hard off and on, and had to keep telling her to hold on, because it was *such* a private and delicate issue that without listening ears, Kim is the one friend who I didn't mind talking to about it. But it was extra hard that day because Kim (way in California) hadn't been briefed on what I had been going through with Janet and the phone situation, therefore she didn't know that my conversations were being listened to by Janet [and no telling how many other people]. That issue was private and between best friends-not up for play amongst Janet and her friends if I ever came back to that room.

Once again, I felt so violated and raped of my privacy to the point that I ran to the bottom of the steps and screamed to the top of my lungs in a sort of whisper; stomping my feet and swinging my arms in the air from knowing that people who had no right to a conversation between best friends-were learning something *else* new about me that I did not care to share. I felt like I was going crazy. *Those* were the kind of times that were reminders that she was not "invited" into my life and stole her way in. *Those* were the kind of times that reminded me that if I knew I was fully all into her, and this thing we were doing was all right; I wouldn't have felt the need to go through those great measures to keep all things involving my kid away from her stolen grasp of knowing.

I was so stressed out because she already knew so much about me and my life, and my friends' life that my kid was the *one* thing I wanted to always keep out of this entire mess I was going through with this woman. I went over and beyond to protect my child from that. I would even go to pay phones, or wait to use the phone at work and school to take care of any business having to do with my kid, because I was never sure what I would do if she **ever** brought my child into this mess. That, for me, would have been the last straw-I was very sure of that. Where my child was concerned, my dealings with her were no different than I felt about me and dating men. Whatever we had was between us-my child stays out of it. It's not necessary for somebody I wasn't committed to-to be up in the business of my child-about nothing other than the fact that I loved my kid immensely. I held the same standard for Janet-she too, was no different in that regard. If she so much as inquired about my child in a concerned or even a good way, I knew I would've probably spazzed out on her considering the time, energy, and the many mental and emotional ups and downs she and I would be going through that because of, I would be so overwhelmed and drained.

When it came down to my child and the routes I would have to take to keep that part out of Janet and her buddies' hands, the fact that I couldn't get her out of my life and off my phone and private business magnified to the tenth power. So putting my child anywhere near this mess was what would draw the line-all bets would be off and I would completely just throw in the towel with her...

Until I was able to release Kim off the phone, which didn't take too long thereafter, I did my best to hold myself up each time I would come back to the phone when it would be my turn to talk. I was self-conscious and felt exposed in a different kind of way.

After I cleaned up the house, I took a deep breath and went in, only because I needed to see if they would have the audacity to bring up anything they "overheard" or be courteous enough to leave well-enough alone. I entered feeling like I would always feel: like I had nothing else to lose since all that she wanted to know about me was in the palm of her hands and listening ears-hers just for the *taking*.

When I came in, I sat there, saying nothing. A couple people spoke to me, I then spoke back. "LaDivaEvil" and "SCREAM" (Janet) came down.

Usually when mad, she would be under "LaDiva.Scream" or "Screamer," but this time, I guess the Diva was feeling evil and wanted to scream but decided to call herself "LaDivaEvil"

and “SCREAM.”

She was *pissed* since I replied back to her “Yes I am” email on a late Friday evening and had the *audacity* to (still) not come into that room and put up with her shenanigans until now (Saturday evening). Little did she know, I had no interest, energy, or plans to come back anytime soon. The only thing that brought me in there this day was my feeling vulnerable and self-conscious about yet, another sensitive side about sensitive issues that they knew nothing about in all these months of studying, learning, and “overhearing.”

I was only there ear-hustling.

She stared, and I stared back. I didn’t have much to say, but I was sitting there feeling like a fucking kid myself-waiting to plead my case to her about me staying away from home for a couple of days. I turned on I.M and kept checking my email, but she didn’t use either one of them. She was stubborn and ready to start a fight.

Not dealing with her and being without her was a much better option than putting up with her shenanigans-regardless who she was, what she had, or what other perks there was to loving her and knowing her-it just wasn’t worth it. Her bad outweighed her good + perks-well over.

I wanted to try to talk to her about us just doing away with the whole thing in hopes that maybe I could say something this time that I didn’t get through to her all the other times so that we could have that amicable split I had only fantasized about being possible.

I often fantasized that she and I could come to a mutual understanding since it had been painfully [and I do mean painful in the literal sense of the word] obvious that this was just *not* going to work between us. I hoped that she would come to her senses and join me in feeling my plight on that-without incident.

I was going to do my best to try to appeal to her by giving it my best shot like never before, but she still wouldn’t say anything to me. I just sat there watching conversation going on between her buddies. She didn’t even talk to them-she just looked at me, looking at her. I went first and sent her an email:

Date: Sat, 28 August 12:08pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Re: [Re: Forgot]

Came in for a while to say something to you but I see u didn’t want to...well I just wanted to come to tell u that I really do miss u, but it doesn’t matter anymore. The other day I had been like at my wits end with one day you’re cool and the next day it’s always something crazy. When you got disconnected, I really did go right to sleep because when I came back in chat I DID sit there for a while waiting to see if you were coming back in and when u didn’t, I figured you had to get off...then the VERY next day, I come in to the names and all...and I had JUST told u about how embarrassed I was kinda feeling and then that happened, I just said “fuck it” cause I’m tired of that-one day then next day stuff...just fuck it...I’m not gonna go on and on...I really do miss u (and always will) take care.
Just forget it.

I went back to the room and waited as she read the email. She sat there and dropped down the nickname: “Ghetto Gadget” and started making jokes about having computer keyboards that don’t work. Obviously she thought that something was wrong with my keyboard as she listened to me on the phone telling Shauntay that I was going to bring it to her. She must not have heard me right, because the keyboard wasn’t broken-I was bringing it to her to do away with Janet and to ensure myself that I wouldn’t get back online no matter what she did anymore.

I called Shauntay at work to tell her that I needed the keyboard so that I could check on something in my hard drive, but she could stand there and get it right back from me when I got done—that was how I got it back. So with Janet having my mom's phone tapped too (which was where I made the call from), I guessed that was why she would have thought I was having problems with my keyboard.

Anyways, this time she posted: *"*Walking out of the room to "SHE'S OUT OF MY LIFE."* She then finished with the line from her brother's old song: *"She's out of my life. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I don't know whether to live or die. And it cuts like a knife. She's out of my life..."*

I went back to Hell Mail and wrote:

Date: Sat, 28 Aug 12:16pm PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: (none)

...and PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE...don't write back. PLEASE don't because my KEYBOARD is going back over to my friend's house anyways. I just don't feel like being bothered with this whole thing...I just thought I'd come in to tell you what was on my mind about the other day in case you didn't know, that's all...
PS-and yes...I was having a major sucka attack last night when I wrote but so what. I'm human. I'd rather do like I have been doing than to keep getting upset with you while I'm with you. I'll do that alone, goodbye.

I wanted to talk to my friend Denise, but I didn't want to call her from home, so my kid and me loaded ourselves in the car and drove up to a pay phone about three minutes away from where I lived. There, I could sit in the car and use it. I had to call her collect. She quickly told me to hang up so she could call me back direct. I had to drive back home to wait for her call. When she called, I told her that I still needed to go to the same spot and I asked her to answer it—she agreed, she knew something was up.

I went back up to the payphone and got her on and proceeded tell her about what had just happened. We had already talked a couple days prior, so she had been briefed on what happened that lead me to stay away from Janet for the past couple days.

I just wanted to talk to her about how I was feeling, because I couldn't stop crying.

I cried to Denise about my need to stay away from Janet and how bad I wished I could do away with the whole thing.

I told her about how bad I wanted my privacy and life back to the way it was before I met her.

I told her how bad I wanted Janet to release me and how I really wondered when or if she was ever going to throw in the towel and give up—because it seemed like never.

I cried like crazy to Denise as if somehow by the time I got done, I was going to find that this was all just a dream. She went on to tell me how she really thought it was best that I finished the book because that was the only way she saw me getting my life and privacy back from Janet.

"Angie, I know this has to be hell for you because I know how you are about your privacy. And it's a shame that when a mu'fucka don't have no money, about the only thing that have to hold on to is their privacy and you aint even got that. And she has the nerve to toss it and you around to—you don't know how many people—and then they make fun in your face. I know you are dying inside."

That made me cry even harder, I couldn't hold myself together at all.

She proceeded to talk about how soft I was for her and how this whole situation was making me weak. She said that she was so shocked that in all our years of being friends and sharing our stories of life and love-she had never seen me broken down so badly and it beginning to concern her.

It was ninety degrees in the hot sun, while my kid and I sat in the car at a payphone looking phoneless *and* homeless. I wrapped up the conversation and thanked her for listening to me cry and rant and rave for two hours and costing her unnecessary money. When I got back home, I cooked dinner and got right back on, hoping that Denise's phone wasn't tapped because I would just die if she heard my conversation with her.

She was so controlling and arrogant in her behavior, that she had no problem giving herself away whenever she "overheard" something-no matter where from-she always wanted me to know that she still had control of everything.

Again, my coming into the room was just another way to find out if she "overheard" anything while on the phone with Denise that I did not want her to hear. No matter *what*, because she knew she could get away with it and had been all this time; she never would hold anything in. This was the time I could find out if Denise's phone was tapped.

I went in...

"SAVVY" came in after me with Chris in tow.

They carried on a lil' skit about Janet (SAVVY) calling Chris.

The point to the whole skit was to let me know that they knew I called Denise collect.

Chris asked: "So boss, you think you can *afford* to call me?"

"Oh yeah, in Virginia, I think I can swing that..." she bragged.

That again, was unbelievably tacky of her. I wouldn't have ever thought somebody like her would stoop so low as to make fun of what someone could not afford, especially if (since like her) I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth. I couldn't stop shaking my head. I just sat there and watched while trying to get her attention as she kept telling me: "wait." All of a sudden, Chris and a few of her other buddies started referring to her as "The Mack," because of how she was "mackin'" me. Please. In a real world, I wouldn't put up with somebody like her for over five minutes. And in our [cyber]world, she already knew that at this point, the ties that bound us were connected to the phone lines and computer lines by which she pulled the strings.

Next the nickname "Softy" came down. I already knew what they meant by using "Softy" because of what Denise said in our conversation about me being too soft for her, so I just sat there watching this "Savvy Mack" and her buddies carry on with their show.

Intermittently, I was still calling out to her, and she kept telling me to "WAIT A MINUTE!" (in caps this time).

"I just want to know if we could come to a mutual understanding girl. I really need that from you," I said.

"Um no, Cinamon, I think we are going to go platonic. How about you be *my* lil' sis? Okay?" she said sarcastically.

At first I was confused because I didn't understand what she meant by that remark, but then I thought about mine and Denise's conversation over the past couple of days. She and I had been discussing a friend of hers that too, used to be my Big Sister back when I was in middle school. The girl was about four or five years older than me, and I had the biggest

crush on her back then. Denise and I were laughing about how a few years ago we were all in the presence of one another and I had to ask Denise to sit in between us because my heart was flip flopping like it used to back when she was my “Big Sister.” We were laughing because I joked about how pretty this girl was and hadn’t changed or aged a bit.

Since that conversation had taken place either that Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday (before I got Janet’s “**Yes I am...**” email), knowing her, she probably meant: “**Yes I am...** pissed at you and am going to let you have it when you get your ass back in the room!”

Now I know she only wrote the email so that I would get back in the room so that *she* could chastise me about what I joked about: a girl who I knew *years* before I even took up with Janet.

I should have gone on and stayed away anyways, because she had been pissed at me for several reasons actually. Trust me-she counted and sat on them all; waiting for me to get back in that damned room. Her being methodical and deliberate was full-circle. Know that.

I knew at this moment I didn’t have a damned thing coming with her obliging me in having some damned “mutual understanding” (by disconnecting from me and my life and going on with hers). In her mind, I had three strikes against me at this point: 1) what happened with the night she was “Femmehound” 2) my staying away for a couple of days 3) what I said about my Big Sister (from way back in middle school)-yeah, that.

That combination of strikes against me was much-too-much for me to get her to have an amicable *anything*. Before I logged out, I finally got an email response from her (noticing that for the first time since under her Poet/Laure nickname-she used my real name), so I thought I might be getting somewhere (despite her going back into “character” again):

Angela,

I am writing back to try and explain something to you. I cannot get online as much as I normally do, my homework schedule will not allow it. In the fall, I teach and work at the clinic. I work close to 16 hours a day, by the time I get home, I am beat. I just cant sit online for hours on end, like I used to, I am not griping, or in any way in a bad mood right now, I am just trying to explain to you what’s going on. I am actually quite happy. Part of the reason I was such a bitch over the summer was because of stress. I have to have all of my first semester lesson plan outlines in before August 15. I didn’t know I wanted to teach, or how I wanted to teach it yet! My boss, was all down my back, and I just couldn’t deal with BS from anyone else, no matter how small or jokingly it was. I am very sorry. Why am I happy? Because my best friend is a sign interpreter, and her student is in one of the classes that I teach, so I get to spend a lot of time with her. I found myself signing my lesson in that class one day. It was funny. Honestly, I am not angry with you. I just don’t have time to sit in the chat room. I do, however, check my e-mail about 3 times a day, so you can talk to me here, if you want.

This heffer was trying to be funny all over again and she knew like *hell* that email would get underneath my skin. I just logged out-unannounced.

Because she had such access to my private life against my wishes that by this time in this thing, well over the desire to deal with her, I became obsessed with going into the room mainly and firstly to see what new information they “overhead,” hoping that at least *one* day-*one full* day, they would at least fool me into thinking they no longer had my phone tapped. I was so *desperate* for that one day to happen that I set my brain up to receive and act upon some premeditated self-fulfilling prophecy in which I trained my mind into thinking that the day I got this full *one* day [of their not playing out skits, joking, or having conversation about anything related to what was said over my telephone], I would trick myself into believing that annoyance in my life was no longer. I would then use that little bit of denial to go on about my business.

But day by day, I was beginning to know they were so in tuned with me that they too, were in tune with the fact that--that was all I needed as well, and they would *not* give me that security and clearance.

Later that evening, while I was cleaning up the house, I had remembered some of the comments Janet and her buddies had made earlier when I was in the room and it had dawned on me that they made a comment that ended with: "*The cave man...and kid*" -one of their lil' inside jokes clearly having to do with my conversation I had with my friend Kim that same morning. I was l.i.v.i.d. This day, I had had it with her, I couldn't let ride because she had no cutoff-no limits of compassion and boundaries whatsoever. I couldn't believe with all that she heard on my phone, not one time did she hear my baby's father pick up the phone to check on us. She knew that I was a single parent working and trying to put myself through school without any help whatsoever and none of that even registered with her in the land of empathy or understanding, and couth enough to leave my child far away from all this. The only thing that mattered throughout this whole entire thing was her, her, and her; what she wanted, when she wanted it, and how she wanted it. If it went any other way than that, all bets were off with her and she didn't care *who* she hurt. Of *all* the things she had done to me, I felt confident that she would leave my child out of this mess (as she obviously saw I did, since the beginning). She didn't care about following that unspoken rule. She respected no boundaries.

When I sat down and thought about it, I knew it would happen one day soon. I couldn't expect her to respect my privacy where my child was concerned because she was not even personal and maternal with her own child, so how *could* I expect for the maternal side of her to have any respect for me and mine when her Leo/Virgo love child who, by this moment in time was of 15/16 years old, and being raised by her sister Rebbie-but running around calling her Auntie Janet as as result of having sold her soul to the world-no thanks to Papa-fulfilling *his* dreams of entertaining the world that because she ended up loving what she does; is now living *for* the world and not even herself. She could give two shits about my maternal instincts.

I was so ultra-annoyed with her that if I had access to her, we would have been tussling for real though. I sent an email going in at her full-force:

Date: Sat, 28 Aug 15:33 PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: Re: [Re: none]

You know what? Something just dawned on me...*sigh *mouth open...I KNOW when I was in chat earlier, I didn't pick up somebody saying (and I quote) "*cave man...and kid*" *shakin my head really fast...I KNOW I didn't see that right...I just know I didn't. Don't write me back with no BULLSHIT tramp, it just dawned on me and I know why it was said ESPECIALLY after LISTENING to my conversation this morning with Kim. BITCH I KNOW YOU DAMN SURE SHOULD KNOW BETTA THAN TO E.V.E.R do some shit like that...

This long u and your buddies have fucked with me, but my kid is a whole other story...u done made an enemy outta me...you really have...Rules have changed, all bets off...question: WHERE IS YOUR LOVE CHILD!!!!!!BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! CRAZY BITCH AT THAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!HENCE, WHY SHE'S PROBABLY JUST THAT-A "LOVE" CHILD OF SOMEONE ELSE'S!

I gotta make a run but you can best believe that I will be back....TRAMP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!that shit was fucked up, but like I told you once before, that when the smoke clears, ill will be standing right there...and that's a promise...mark my word, I am sick of you.

That alarmed them, and they had to come up with a master plan.

When I logged onto my computer at 6:50 EST (my time), a royal [blue screen of death] then popped up read: **“MDFAT inconsistencies in hard drive C.”**

I figured they were probably trying to get a hold of that email from out of my hard drive (like all the others-the last time they panicked like this). But while they were listening to me on the phone with “Boomshackalacka” who had asked me to run her somewhere, they didn’t know that I had run right over to my school’s computer lab and printed it straight from Hell Mail *before* going to take “Boomshackalacka” where she needed to go, so I beat them to it.

I then checked Hell Mail. There were two emails from her (that I copied as well):

Date: Sat, 28 Aug 21:01pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: [Re: (none)]

Whatever. I know absolutely nothing about what you are talking about. You are the one who’s always starting stuff. Go ahead, try and get me, you can’t. You see, I am God’s child, and God takes care of His children, so nothing you can do or say will hurt me as long as I am in prayer. So go ahead, give it your best shot. As long as God is with me, I have no enemies because He is the greatest warrior, He is the strongest army you could possibly have, and I have Him, so I guess that means I am pretty untouchable...

...and she meant that part too, the: *“Go ahead, try and get me, you can’t/so go ahead, give it your best shot/so I guess that means I am pretty untouchable.”* It was just like her to intertwine a little bit of her character self and a little bit of her crazy self within this craziness. This one however, was on a whole new level. I never thought that as devilish and evil as she was; she would be so bold as to be this blasphemous. But what the hell, the devil was once an angel too, so he knows what to do and what to say. As I flipped back over to the room after receiving this profanity; she then dropped down the nickname: “Can’tBeStopped.” She knew that I knew she hid behind that nickname just like the hidden track (“Can’t Be Stopped”) off her Velvet Rope CD. I just shook my head and posted: “You need a hug...” (because she really meant *that* too). She really did feel invincible and unstoppable in all this shit she was doing-and well, so far she had been [invincible and unstoppable].

Five minutes later I went back to Hell Mail again and this is what she wrote:

Date: Sat, 28 August 21:05pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: [Re: (none)]

Call me what you want, your words cannot hurt me...Your opinion doesn’t matter to me. You were just another form of entertainment...talking about being in love with me and you don’t even know me. As far as your child goes, I didn’t even know you had a kid. I don’t know anything about you. I think you are the one who’s crazy, one minute you tell me u love me and then next you are saying something I said and I didn’t. I wasn’t even in chat this morning. FYI, I was at a teachers meeting at the High School from 7-5pm. So, it wasn’t me. Whatever, like I said, as a fellow human, yeah I love you, I love everyone, including my enemies... As a person, I can’t stand you, I don’t think I’ve ever been able to...

...she meant that too, the: *“Call me what you want, your words cannot hurt me/Your opinion doesn’t matter to me. You were just another form of entertainment”* and the: *“As a person, I can’t stand you, I don’t think I’ve ever been able to.”* While intertwining her character + crazy, she meant those things. That last part came straight from that devil’s mouth. And at this point, she couldn’t hold it back and that reaaaally hurt me, it just did. I was so disappointed and she couldn’t imagine how she lost me at those words like somebody has someone else’s [love] at “hello.” I actually cried after reading that because In this moment, I felt like she removed a mask that she

had been wearing beneath *all* the others. Of all the fights we had and all the horrible things we had ever said to one another, I never entertained the thought that she would say to me-something that some vicious woman would say to another woman whose pussy she never ate or entertained the desire to. I didn't deserve to be treated like this by her.

How do you conjure up words like that about a person that just five days prior, you ached at the heart, mind, and bones for-yearning and lusting to get your hands on them and claiming to love them so. Then in a matter of days (regardless of whatever upset you) be able to form the words: "I can't stand you." Those words are a unique kind of hate-even over hate itself, or the words: "I hate you." "I hate you" are even a better choice of words when you feel what you felt for someone [like she did for me just five days prior and beyond]-because "I hate you" is usually love on upset, anger, or disappointment. "I can't stand you, and don't think I've ever been able to," is pretty serious. "I can't stand you" is that female brand of hate, envy, or coveting wrapped up in anger that someone says and feels when they really don't know you, but develop a disdain for you because they feel they are owed some kind of time, or attention (or whatever) that they themselves, have never even extended to you, so they live in their heads and walk around carrying a big knife with your name on it while tightly folding their lips together, cutting their eyes and grunting: "I can't stand [her]..."

Nothing I was doing other than what I had *not* done: (accommodated her spoiledness, paranoia and over-cautious demands) warranted any of this. Even what I was doing (to protect myself) could never *really* hurt her-not even a book could (in comparison to the shit she was doing to me and *my* life) could hurt her life. She was too selfish to control her hurt even with her knowing I had no upper hand or clean way out whatsoever in this whole thing. That *still* wasn't enough for her.

This moment made me feel like everything "good" or sweet that ever happened throughout this whole thing between us was all in vain, and the bad: twice over true. As much as I would have loved to toss *that* line into part of her "characterization" (where she role-plays), I couldn't even do it-I would be flat out lying to myself if I did. She meant that. Her dormant hatred for me was and still was something that was hard to fathom, and I chose to remain in denial about it. Because of the way I felt for her, I definitely didn't want her in my life that way-feeling like that about me. Besides, it's one thing for your next-door neighbor to say that they can't stand you, but it's another thing for somebody with millions of dollars to afford them to do something about saying: "*As a person, I can't stand you, I don't think I've ever been able to.*" I was sooo mad at her for this.

When I logged back on to my computer at again (after logging off after this moment) the royal blue screen of death popped up and the message read: "**Disk-write error. Unable to write to disc in Drive C. Data or files may be lost. Press any key to continue.**"

I emailed her:

Date: Sun, 29 Aug 11:26am PDT
From: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
Subject: HIPPOCRITE

You have the n.e.r.v.e of a fucking burglar. I get these blasphemous emails with u pawning God off like you are so righteous and innocent in all your evil deeds Hun. YOU, my sick dear, are just another form of entertainment for me. YOU are the sick one tapping my phone and my life for "entertainment" for you and your bored ass "friends" who you have to pay to BE your friends (as well as shuck and jive across the stage for you). How's THAT for miserable...I see why you would hate or dislike somebody like me anyways...look at and in me and look at and in you...sick bitch, quit sending me all this bullshit. I don't want to check my email and find another thing from you ok? As a matter of fact, since you are in control of the whole setup, why don't u disconnect me from it all...please! Let's not make

this any worse than it is going toget...You can't stand *me*? Shit who cares! I don't know you and don't *want* to know you. You've sickened me for all these months. I'm just a caring person, trying hard to put up with your mentally ill ass. Fuck u mean:"*As a person I can't you and don't think I have ever been able to.*" Check yourself and dig deep within you and you'll come up with the reason why....ANSWER: cause u AINT and can NEVER BE me tramp! My inner self and mentals cannot be bought or sold...too bad with as much money you got you cant buy what I already *am*... Furthermore, I'm sure you heard my conversation last night while you were tapping my *phone*...and yes I H>A>T>E you, not "can't stand" I HATE you for all this shit you have taken me through this entire year. I don't feel any remorse about anything either because not ONE time did I do ANYTHING to hurt you, so there's your proof that you are just a sick person to even fix yo muthafuckin lips to even say "you can't stand" me. You just can't BE me and that's YOUR problem!... PS-and that OTHER blasphemous email *hands on my head..COMPLETE BLASPHEMY! How could you stoop so low, you bring tears to my eyes-your shamefulness. I can't believe you wrote something like this w/all that you do and all that you are...girl. You need a hug. PSS-and don't be writing me back with these POET LAUREN VET SCHOOLTEACHER characters Hun, I've had enough of your many personalities for the year...get a REAL life...

My saying "*with all that you do and all that you are*" made her feel belittled, beneath me, and judged-but I didn't care about what she felt at this point. She deserved it. Anything I could use to score was going in the basket. She wrote back:

Date: Sun, 29 Aug 11: 35am PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: HIPPOCRITE

Like I said call me what you want. I have not tapped your phones. Can we say paranoid? I don't know you. I don't even know what state you live in. Pawning God? I was not pawning Him. He is not an object. Honestly, Angela, I have no idea about what you are talking about, the phone tapping and all of that. I haven't been home that much lately. I have been working. Come to Janet's chat so we can talk, I really don't know about this stuff. My reasoning for being a bitch in the one email was defensiveness; I don't enjoy it when people accuse me of things. "*With all that you do and all that you are*" What is that supposed to mean? You know, I am sick of you passing judgment on me, when you don't know me. I am the way I am because my shields are up to you.

When I came into the room, "the Poet" stated she was leaving. She just sat there and looked at me, but didn't say a word. We just sat there trying to outstare each other.

She won, because I went to my Hotmail account and sent her an email [that I cc'd back to my other Hotmail account so that I could make sure I had a copy, especially since I was aware that their technological damage control was in full-effect:

From: angieisme@hotmail.com
To: Poetlaure@aol.com
CC: xxxxxxxxangelas@hotmail.com
Date: Sun, 29 Aug 12:57:13 PDT

I came into chat and u know u saw me. I really do want to ask that you go on about your way and leave me alone. Can you please do that? I do not like you anymore. All this stuff keeps doing is having u and me go round and round which makes me dislike you even further and causes unnecessary hurt. Please do what I ask and don't write me anymore. I really *really* mean it...

They must've been working their magic on the Hell Mail's that were already in my inbox from the "Poet." It didn't matter though, because while she sat in the audience of the Source Awards that August 18th day, I was at the school lab taking care of my business copying all the stuff I needed.

I called Shauntay from home to tell her all that had just happened so that Janet's listening ears could hear. Shauntay's concern was that perhaps maybe she didn't have anything to do with the "cave man and kid" comment. I didn't care if she did or she didn't. As long as she is the head of this and financing it-in my eyes; she will always be guilty and first in line of them all. Take her money, and buy her self some immunity to get those rat bastards out of my life was about all she could get for consideration from me at this point.

I told Shauntay how fed up I was with trying to give her the benefit of the doubt because even when I've done that, she still had shown me that she had no sincere interest whatsoever in making all that was wrong-right, since day one. This type of shit was a guaranteed cycle-no matter what good times we've had. She had shown me better than she could tell me that the very same people employed by her were free to do and say whatever they wished, and whenever they wished to, too.

As far as I was concerned, she and I didn't have much of a future together anyways, because she associated with people I hated and she has shown me that she cannot control them. She could never look out for me like I demand to be protected-regardless if we were friends *or* lovers. She definitely couldn't be my lover because I'd never take up with any woman (or man) who wasn't the head of their own life. If somebody could control their money, time, person, or anything else in their life-I can't do anything with them, because whoever controls them-controls me.

I don't play that.

In my own virtual world friendships *and* relationships, my presence commands nothing less than respect, and I also expect that my friends see to it that *their* other friends respect me just that same. Just because she is who she is does not make her any exception to that rule, so fuck her too. I juggle friendships amongst people everyday that don't see eye to eye, but there's a way to see to it that neither party is hurt or disrespected. She has shown me that she cannot effectively protect me and my feelings, so in my mind's eye she *must* be either a part of it, or it's all orchestrated by her-take your pick, but she gets no immunity pass in my court. How is it that she is supposed to be the one with all the control and money power and she can't even control her personal life-paying all these people who she *can't* control, but trying to control *me* and reaping benefits *from me* and aint fuckin paying *me* for all the damned counseling and therapy she's gotten from me.

Fuck her.

I went back to the chat room to see if she picked up the email that I last sent, but I guess she didn't. She was in there cracking the whip (again-like the other time that she fought to defend her innocence that *one* time that I believed her). This time, I wasn't buying it (or giving a fuck). I just wanted her gone.

I asked her: "Hey Savvy, what's up?"

She responded: "Oh nothing Cinamon, I'm just at work managing my employees..." she replied-in character-but telling the truth about her cast and crew.

I didn't respond, because there was no way in *hell* I was about to let her manipulate me into thinking she was not involved in this segment of this mess like before. She had her *one* time excuse with me before and that was it-that was *then*. I meant what I said-she's never innocent in any of this, regardless.

Ready to come out and start some drama, next, that troublemaking goat came down under the nickname “Savvy’s Groove.” I just shook my head while thinking about posting the lyrics to *the groove* by “Brandy” that always drove her crazy called: “Angel in Disguise.”

Shawn always felt like that was her song for Janet in which *I* was the song’s subject. Normally in the room, I would start in playing into the role-play and lyric-posting but I was over Janet at this moment in time, I just wanted her gone. Any song title and lyrics meaning “goodbye” would do-even if The Chipmunks sang it. “Goodbye” was *all* I wanted to say and have reciprocated.

I had already milked the goat of enough already, so there was no need in posting my rendition of savvy’s groove: a.k.a Brandy’s “Angel in Disguise” in that chat room. It wasn’t worth it to me anymore. Instead, I ignored Shawn and instead, posted to the savvy one:

“Yeah um, SAVVY will you groove with *me* baby?”

She responded: “Um I gotta think about it, hold on Cin.”

She then continued talking to the goat and the rest of her “employees,” then she turned to me and said: “Hold on, I’m still thinking Cin.”

I responded: “Um no Savvy baby I think you are missing the point. I meant—I would like for you to groove with me by us having that lil’ mutual understanding. I’m talking about you going your way and leaving me to mine. I’m talking about us having an understanding about my phone, my life, and my computer.

“Wondering if the savvy one has checked her email...so far I see she hasn’t...” I then posted. I needed to know that she got my last email because I meant every word in it.

She rushed out of the room with her heart beating. She could feel the exhaustion in my mind, body, and my heart as she ran out of the room to read it.

They all got freaked out. I tried to go Hell Mail and this error message is what I got:

500 Internal Server Error

Internal Server Error

The server encountered an Internet error or misconfiguration and was unable to complete your request. Please contact the server administrator, <http://dialog.usa.net/>:

Locale=en&ProductId=netscape and inform them of the time the error occurred, and anything you might have done that may have caused the error. Additionally, a 500 Internal Server Error was encountered while trying to use an Error Document to handle the request.

I laughed some more. I checked my Hotmail account and she sent this email trying so hard to cover her ass. *This* “Poet” knew she had to give this email reply her best performance yet:

From: Poetlaure@aol.com

To: angieisme@hotmail.com

Date: Sun, 29 Aug 17:12:47 EDT

Subject: (none)

How did I see you when u came to chat? I didn’t. This is my last email to you.

If you write me I will not read it, so don’t. I left chat after I waited for you for over an hour.

If you see me in chat, don’t talk to me because I will not talk to you.

I want nothing to do with you. I never have. So leave me alone.

No one asked you to email me all this stuff.

I haven’t talked to you in a long time, and yet you email me.

I think you’re the one who’s obsessed and crazy.

I am very glad you are getting over your obsession with me because quite frankly, it made me sick...

That was the *real* “her” reading *my* mind (but flipping the script onto me). She is

nuts. When I got that email, my mouth hung open. I hurriedly sent her a response that I had *immediately* saved onto the “BULLSHIT” disc, but it was seized when I had gone back up the school to print it. When I tried to open the file, the screen was blank and only showed the logo for Netscape’s Webmail, which is where I had sent it from-our Hell Mail (that I was finally able to get into but they were disallowing everything to be saved after sending-by deleting after I pressed send). It was crazy-her digerati were CIA-level hi-tech. All the stuff that I saved onto the “BULLSHIT” disc from Aug 28 and August 29 warned:

“Warning!

The document you are opening contains macros or customizations. Some macros may contain viruses that could harm your computer. If you are sure this document is from a trusted source, click ‘Enable Macros.’ If you are not sure and want to prevent any macros from running, click ‘Disable Macros.’ Macros may contain viruses. It is always safe to disable macros, but if the macros are legitimate, you may lose functionality.

I guess they had some innocent-looking but malignant program slipped to me on all my files that would allow them to oversee any new files or changes made to other files. Of course I elected to disable it, but it still has a home on the disc. They prepared themselves for me this time around, by making sure they would attach poison to the emails for when they knew I would save them from here on out so that they could be auto-deleted like osmosis and into thin air. Her digerati were movie-like good: like thumbs pressing the red buttons of a video game controller. They were “fastest finger” motherfuckers-this was war.

At any rate, my email was a response to that last crazy email of hers [I sent but got deleted] said something like: *“I’m sure you know I have no problem obliging you but I have a question-how is it that you can flip the script like a game of reverse psychology on me when **you** are the **nut** who was obsessed and getting all this free counseling from me!”*...I then headed back to the room as if I busted into the door: “Hey where’s the Poet!” I yelled.

Nobody answered. They all just stared with their eyes open wide-wondering what the hell I was about to say next. Janet hid behind somebody; stretching her big crazy, sorry, regretful, teary eyes-glowing in the dark like some kind of evil deranged species. I could feel her heart was beating as I was scanning the dark room with my eyes watching all the evil eyes look at me-looking for her. One of her buddies tried to be funny by asking: “Hey, is twin emailin?”

(They only said that because they know they successfully seized the email I sent to that nut but impaired my ability to save it to the “BULLSHIT” disc. They loved their handy work).

I was still searching for “The Poet” but she would not come out. She was scared. She knew it was over. She wanted to put in a last ditch effort to show me she was #TeamMe (Angie), but no--I wouldn’t let her.

Next, “IamProU” dropped down. I ignored that sentiment. I got over her posting down as if she was being held hostage by those people on that UFO.

Next: “gtig” dropped down (“gtig” is “Got ‘Til It’s Gone”-the title of one of her songs from her Velvet Rope CD whose lyrics and meaning of, she knew she would be soon singing to herself). She knew it was officially over and there was no reckoning with me at this point. In these next last ditch efforts, she hoped flattery would work. Flattering nicknames like “Pretty” and other nicknames of adoration were dropping down like rain. All those nicknames were really new ones, seeing as though when we would argue, typically, she would send stuff down like: “IRRrstblBitch” or: “lovestruck,” or: “MissSweetness” or: “PYT” or:

“ALLTHAT.” She tried-hard, but this time I meant business. Her charm, depression claims, threatened suicide attempts or nothing was going to work for me, jack. And for the first time, I could tell she knew I meant business for sure. She could really tell that all of her efforts would be futile, but she was trying hard as the hell she could have just as soon went to (for all I cared at this point). She was desperate. The fact that she sent new nicknames down, let me know that she *knew* I meant business and the two of us were about to be a done deal this time. I *meant* that shit. I was unreachable in every way-like never before, and she could feel it.

She was trying hard and for something new-something to let me know that her heart was beating and she was scared + sorry in a different way. I did not *care* I turned so cold; unaffected, and uncaring by this time that there was *nothing* she could say or do to make me change my mind-nothing. I was so numb to her that nothing inside of me could feel sorry for her or care what her heart was going through.

I sat there emotionless and watched her perform for me. It all had no effect-she was going crazy with it too. I could feel her tapping her feet with that fucking laptop on her lap, nervously shaking. I wouldn't budge. I wouldn't say a word. I just watched. I watched her think of something quick. I imagined her standing in front of me, pounding at my chest and crying; the same way she joked about once while we were role-playing, when I had made a joke about leaving her, and she responded: “**pounding at your chest, crying and begging you to stay, please, please don't go!*” I laughed back then, and told her how sexy it was. But now, just like her favorite Broadway show turned real-life happening (“Miss Saigon”) ours too, is a case of life imitating art. Her sexy role play came true with one twist: I was emotionally unavailable for her at this point, nothing about her was sexy to me. My heart, my mind, my soul, and my body had turned to stone. For all I cared, she could try, cry, or bang her fist to my chest and heart until her hands bled and the skin from her hands hang from them-I wasn't letting her in.

So funny how at one time, I couldn't so much as entertain the *thought* of leaving her (for real). But that day seemed like so long ago, and a totally different person. At this point, right at *this* moment, she couldn't even write it in the sky or send a message in a bottle to get me to change my mind. Getting me to change my mind at this point was so impossible that to do so would have been the equivalent of my shockedness of my never in a million years having entertained the thought of her being capable of such cruelty, but since knowing her and experiencing it, I know otherwise.

All that time I could have *sworn* that Linda Goodman had *no idea whatsoever* what she was talking about when in one of her books on Taurus, she stated something about how a woman who's Taurus sun sign (naturally capable of emotional storms-a-plenty, and who's naturally unreasonable, unbendable, and unyielding) could never be capable of extreme cruelty unless she was Aries moon or rising. She sure as hell had Janet n.a.i.l.e.d to the wall because she *is* Taurus sun and Aries moon. But she was unique. Her extremes of undying love, to cruelty, to desperation and fear of being left-were on three different stratospheres but ironically-all in which one lead to the other and to the other; and she would be responsible for +in control of the reaction to all three. Play with that notion for a minute...it was crazy.

I was just about to log out of her cyberspace and she slid into I.M on me, she still wasn't done trying-*at all*. She refused to give up. The ghost of Linda Goodman returned again when she said: “Lady Taurus always finishes what she starts”...this next moment was an understatement of that having been stated.

Janet ran to the other side of her home in those “hills of California,” to make sure she could get far away from that goat Shawn-to avoid *any* interruption. She was fighting for her

love life, her life, and the breath of life I gave her for far too long that she knew she did *not* deserve. She knew nothing thus far was working. Her flattery didn't. Her charm didn't. Her depression claims didn't, her threats of suicide didn't-nothing did. She knew she was out of time with me and was looking to pull out another stop to stop me and make me change my mind.

She found the nearest dark closet, closed the door and quickly sent me an I.M.

In her last-ditch effort, since all else failed, she hoped that her sex would work-because at many-a-times, for so long; it never failed.

This nickname was a new one on me-she went straight for it:

Fck1tHrdr: hey ;-)

(looking sideways ;-) is a wink and a smile-how we would start all our I.M conversations. That sentiment, for old times sake, did not work either).

Cinamon 2u: what?

Fck1tHrdr: ummm...I said hey

(she tried to exert some control-as if I was going to be afraid again)

Cinamon2u: what's that shit s'posed to mean?

Fck1tHrdr: the name u mean?

(She needed to clarify if I was talking about her trying to exert control or the meaning of her new I.M nickname)

Cinamon2u: yeah that first... "FckOnetHarder" ?

Fck1tHrdr: well I think it's pretty self-explanatory...what else do u wanna know?

Cinamon2u: seriously I don't understand...I'm serious, tell me then we can move on.

Fck1tHrdr: no...it's: Fuck *it* harder...should I say please? The name says "*fuck it harder*"

Cinamon2u: oh!!!!!!! Silly me...im thinking it said fuck 1-t harder...(like: fuck the number 1 then t, goofy me)

Fck1tHrdr: what do u think? Lol...u like that huh?

(in her seductive voice that *used* to work for me. She knew that if she couldn't affect me any other way, no matter what, I could NEVER resist her when she was like this, but this sure as hell wasn't that time)

Cinamon2u: depends...lol

Fck1tHrdr: on?

Cinamon2u: I dunno, fuck *what* harder?...lol

(I'm still playing dumb...)

Fck1tHrdr: well...I'm female...does that give u any clues?

Fck1tHrdr: with a name like Cinamon...u must be female too...

(she came back with that to try and play some "stranger" who just dropped in on some random I.M name that he happened to have just typed in right)

Cinamon2u: lol...yeah...*smiles

Fck1tHrdr: I can only hope that u like women...*wink* ;p

(if you turn you look at the ;p sideways-in chat language that is a wink with the tongue stuck out of the mouth...that meant she was flagging that fucking tongue ring-she hoped I would warm up, she didn't stand the chance)...

Cinamon2u: with a name like Fck1tHrdr u also must be a magician...

Fck1tHrdr: how u figure that? *looking at u...

Cinamon2u: *looking at YOU...With my brow up (unaffected...)
(she knew she needed to be covering her ass, she jumped back into “stranger” mode):

Fck1tHrdr: how old are u?

Cinamon2u: don't play with me I aint on this shit...

Fck1tHrdr: ummm...ok

Fck1tHrdr: *looking at u again...wonderin' if u got a pic

Cinamon2u: either you know me or I know u, or your mu'fuckin' ass IS a magician
cause I sure as hell never gave nobody named Fck1tHrdr my I.M info!

Fck1tHrdr: well...then yeah, I'm a magician..
(she is so damned clever. That response really worked me in an annoying way because that was her “fight” to stay on-she wasn't going to rebut it because she knew to do so, would cause us to fight and I would log off).

Fck1tHrdr: well...I think we know mutual people...how's that?
(...clever of her to use of the word “mutual,” knowing that I would know for sure that it was her.
I respond with something to hurt her feelings):

Cinamon2u: well, I just play around with a few people in the room for kicks how's that?...

(look at her lusty self):

Fck1tHrdr: uumm, what room would that be? *looking around* u aint here wit me

Cinamon2u: NOT interested, sorry...
(her heart started pounding)

Fck1tHrdr: is that right? You don't even know what I got to offer... that's no fair.

Cinamon2u: I'm a fair person, too bad the world and other people aren't...
(she knows talk of getting my “thingy” always worked...at one time. Here she goes with that good ole “nine and a half inches” a.k.a “Mr. Happy”):

Fck1tHrdr: Well...I got nine and a half inches of strap on that never goes limp...sound good? Familiar?...

(I need not belabor the obvious as to why she interjected the word and question: “Familiar?”)

Cinamon2u: ...*I'm turned off by u
(her heart raced):

Fck1tHrdr: is that right? Too bad...i'll give it to someone else...

Cinamon2u: please do. I don't want it.

Fck1tHrdr: if the pussy aint gonna get wet...then im turned off by u too...

Cinamon2u: please, I never had that problem...I'm sure u done heard (I mean, know)...

Fck1tHrdr: um.no, I haven't heard...but it's good that u can stay wet, wet is good

Cinamon2u: yep, real good

Fck1tHrdr: too bad it aint getting wet now...I'd ask u to touch it...maybe
(I held the line for a while, amazed at what the hell I was dealing with-she was PERSISTENT---SERIOUSLY).

Fck1tHrdr: *buzzer sound, you took too long to answer...

Cinamon2u: I was just looking at you...

Fck1tHrdr: and how do I look? U like?

Cinamon2u: I *used* to...
(that alarmed her, she jumped back into “stranger” mode):

Fck1tHrdr: huh? Want my pic?

Cinamon2u: don't play with me...I aint playin' with you right now (and no more)....

(it just dawned on her what I had said):

Fck1tHrdr: and if u *used* to, why am I just now finding out now? Who's playing now?

(uh oh...she got out of "character")

Cinamon2u: anyways...anyways...

Fck1tHrdr: look, I'm looking to fuck, and u aint giving me that, so I'm going...see ya...

Cinamon2u: bye.

Fck1tHrdr: hit me up when u get horny

Cinamon2u: plaaaaaaaa eeeeeesse

Fck1tHrdr: what?

Cinamon2u: goodbye

Fck1tHrdr: who am I? You, you think u know me but u don't...

(She went back into "stranger mode" and dying for me to use her real name so she could have a perfect alibi out of this whole mess by claiming I *thought* I was talking to her: "Janet" the "Superstar" this whole time...)

Cinamon2u: I just came into chat to see if u had something to say or perhaps an apology even

Fck1tHrdr: why would I apologize to you?

(perfect-that was a "stranger mode" response from a "stranger" to naturally reply back with, so she used it. But too, knowing her-the "real" her: Janet-the Superstar, she really didn't feel like she owed me an apology)

Cinamon2u: I aint *thinkin'* about you. I aint on this shit.

Fck1tHrdr: you are really crazy.

Cinamon2u: u aint seen crazy yet...

(I said-seriously-while looking up my sleeve with my one brow up, because I had a trick for her, real soon)...

Too bad my CD Rom hadn't been working at this moment in time, because I would have put on: "Take a Bow" by Madonna, through my speakers and to the ears of this "Poet" who to all (including *me*) the world (on *and* off stage) really *is* a stage and two different kinds of unreal realities for her, where she has no clue with how to deal with a self that she's never even been introduced to until she met me.

Play with, and ponder that for a second...

I just sat there, thinking about Track 12/13, Janet's Internet love song called "Empty" off the Velvet Rope CD. At the *end* of that *very* song, she says: *Damn...disconnected.* "...as are we, how ironic? Because at this moment, after all this performing and online fascination she has with finding love and lust online; so are we...for real this time, though. This was it for me. And now that I think about it, I know for sure that this whole thing really *was* some fantasy of hers. Each and every song off of that CD; I played a part in-her private and perfect example of life imitating art. I never would have thought my mentioning to her (the day we were talking about "Miss Saigon") that ours too would end in real life as did the life of the real person who played Miss Saigon: dead-lifeless, and no more...

I guess you do have to be careful what you speak into the air-because words really *do* create environment. To some extent, you really can speak (or think) things into existence. In her case, and thanks to me (her leading lady): she *sang* them into existence.

I just laughed-at myself. Finally, I felt like I could.

Thinking about how in the beginning when I first entered that damned chat room; I called it-early on. When I came upon that red and black photo of her upon entrance to the room, I knew she was trouble when I walked in.

I remember when I would be up in that haven of hell like: “*Hey, does she ever come in here?*”

Hmm.

I summoned her devil ass like into my life like the wiggling of the mouse of a Ouiji board séance.

Thinking about the saying: “be careful what you ask for you just might get it” . . .

It’s not funny-because you just might, even if it’s not how you imagined it could ever be (like her) . . .I couldn’t have ever imagined she would be like this.

Interesting..

The moment she knew I would be school-free from August 29th until Sept 24th, the nickname: “Heavenly829” kept rolling down in the room for almost the whole month of August-as if the person hiding behind the nickname was jumping up and down-happily anticipating 8/29 to get here. . .

One time while I was in there, I remember asking “Heavenly829”:

“Hey, is Heavenly829 heavenly because it’s *Michael* Jackson’s birthday?”

(At the time, I wasn’t thinking about the fact that she felt it was “heavenly” that I would be totally free beginning 8/29).

The owner of the nickname never answered me back.

Ironically..

Because what happened today (8/29) turned out to be only heavenly for me.

But besides gloved one’s birthday (8/29), his lil’ sister has more than one reason to remember 8-2-9 than she probably could have ever imagined.

I laughed-*finally*.

And happy I could-for the first time considering all the times I *couldn’t* laugh-only cry and listen. I laughed for the first time without any anger, crying, or even feeling like crying. I was finally ok with being over her ass and getting on with my script and real-*real* life. Now it’s time to get down to handlin’ my “bidnezz.”

I made sure I put all of my proof, prints, and copies in my \$.29 folders and discs named: BULLSHIT #1 and BULLSHIT #2.

I even went back to Hell Mail, and much to my surprise, all “The Poet’s” were still sitting there. I guess they felt she did a great job with this particular character [who was never to I.M me and supposed to remain as detached as possible by staying within “her character” in all her emails to me]. *But*, I guess after careful review of “The Poets” emails, the coaches must’ve decided that seven of them sounded too much like the attached Janet rather than the *detached* “Poet.” And those seven emails in particular (sitting in my Hell Mail inbox) looked *exactly* like this:

Date: Sat, 07 Aug 22:17pm PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Tue, 10 Aug 15:06pm PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 99 16:48am PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 18:21PM PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Sat, 28 Aug 21:0pm PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Sat, 28 August 21:05pm PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

Date: Sun, 29 Aug 11: 35am PDT
From:
To:
Subject:
THIS MESSAGE IS TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE

...the "from," the "to," and the "subject" lines were missing, and the entire email messages in all seven were removed and [in place of the actual messages] read: "This message is temporarily unavailable." I printed them anyways (for my records and proof), and flipped back to *my* actual printed copies (that they didn't know I already had). I had been printing all month, and pretty much nonstop throughout this mess.

I had to see just why the messages were "TEMPORARILY UNAVAILABLE..."

I highlighted their "concerns" with those particular emails:

Date: Sat, 07 Aug 22:17pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: (no subject)

I am poet from Janet's, if you didn't already figure that out. This is my e-mail addy, so use it to stay in touch...
Lots of love,
Laura Aka: poet

Date: Tue, 10 Aug 15:06pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: hello love, your poet

What is it about me that has captivated you? Don't get me wrong, I am very flattered by all this, but I don't see what you think is so special about me. I was just being myself, and just being honest, was that it? Normally people are very turned off by me because I am too straight forward and I don't hold back. Obviously that's not the case with you. So what is it about me? I want to know...

Well, I have to go for now, I will talk to you later.

Lots of love/much de amour
Laura "poet"

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 16:48PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: look TRAMP

Listen, you should come correct with the shit you are talking about okay? I don't know any of the people you are talking about. As to saying that I need to get a life? Oh no, YOU do. You know what? I am glad that I didn't fully open up to you!!! **And if you want to see the real me (as when I am really pissed) you aint seen nothin' yet... Don't tell me I DESERVE anything. You need to check yourself and realize who you are talking to, before something bad happens to you...**

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 18:21PM PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: NO PROBLEM

I do want one more email from you. I want you to tell me why. What is all of this about?
I **SWEAR** I am clueless. I don't know any of the people you are talking about, I only jumped down your throat because I was being **defensive**. **Come to the room** and explain this shit, please...

Date: Sat, 28 Aug 21:0pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: [Re: (none)]

Whatever. I know absolutely nothing about what you are talking about. You are the one who's always starting stuff. Go ahead, try and get me, you can't. You see, I am God's child, and God takes care of His children, so nothing you can do or say will hurt me as long as I am in prayer. So go ahead, give it your best shot. As long as God is with me, I have no enemies because He is the greatest warrior, He is the strongest army you could possibly have, and I have Him, **so I guess that means I am pretty untouchable...**

Date: Sat, 28 August 21:05pm PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: [Re: (none)]

Call me what you want, your words cannot hurt me... Your opinion doesn't matter to me. You were just another form of entertainment... talking about being in love with me and you don't even know me. As far as your child goes, I didn't even know you had a kid. I don't know anything about you. I think you are the one who's crazy, one minute you tell me u love me and then next you are saying something I said and I didn't. I wasn't even in chat this morning. FYI, I was at a teachers meeting at the High School from 7-5pm. So, it wasn't me. Whatever, like I said, as a fellow human, yeah I love you, I love everyone, including my enemies... **As a person, I can't stand you, I don't think I've ever been able to...**

Date: Sun, 29 Aug 11: 35am PDT
From: Poetlaure@aol.com
To: xxxxxxxxmon@netscape.net
Subject: Re: HIPPOCRITE

Like I said call me what you want. I have not tapped your phones. Can we say paranoid? I don't know you. I don't even know what state you live in. Pawning God? I was not pawning Him. He is not an object. Honestly, Angela, I have no idea about what you are talking about, the phone tapping and all of that. I haven't been home that much lately. I have been working. **Come to Janet's chat so we can talk, I really don't know about this stuff. My reasoning for being a bitch in the one email was defensiveness; I don't enjoy it when people accuse me of things. "With all that you do and all that you are" What is that supposed to mean? You know, I am sick of you passing judgment on me, when you don't know me. I am the way I am because my shields are up to you.**

I laughed (at her this time)...

In all seven, she *did* actually get out of "character" (several times)-that, or the contents of those seven emails sounded entirely too much like Janet rather than the "Poet" and something only *I* could use in my chronology.

They must have been in the process of going through all of our emails-to get rid of them, since everything happened so fast (and unexpected).

I did them one better. After printing the blank lucky seven and double-checked that I had the *actual* email copies already printed; I deleted all of our emails for them-just to let *them* know that I had done that, and been [in]there...

When I got back to my apartment, I completely unplugged that desktop and placed the mouse and keyboard in a spot where that hellish computer (that I used to own) sat glaring at me sitting in my comfortable black Futon chair to talk to a woman who blew my mind in every way possible.

My corner [where everything and I once sat in that comfortable black Futon chair of mine] didn't have life anymore.

My computer didn't even look like it worked anymore—just like *we* (Janet and me) didn't work anymore.

And just like my heart didn't work anymore...

6

ENVY



n. a feeling of discontent and ill will because of another's advantages, possessions etc; resentful dislike of another who has something desirable.

“Envy is a strange thing. The typical envy need not be belabored. But there’s another kind of envy that I never heard tale of, or dreamed could be so: An envy of ignorance. (Ignorance by its literal definition: “to not know, or have knowledge of”). To be able to live life as you ~~knew~~ once knew it, and by some strange set of circumstances; be forced to look at that life from a different set of eyes at what once was (that because you didn’t plan for, or dream of-but instead-was thwarted and catapulted into); you will never be able to return to that life as-was, so you envy people who are still there (because they are ignorantly in a kind of matrix of the world that chances are, they will never experience through ‘til the day they die). You envy the fact that you can never return to that kind of ignorance yet, you pity them for not knowing the other side of that ignorance (that you were thwarted into and experienced on another side of a matrix that their minds could never conceive unless they experience it) which, chances are, will be never. So you both: envy and pity that, equally. That’s me.”

-Angie

I was racing at the mind and heart, and as well-racing against time.

Here I sit in my comfortable black Futon chair in front of a whole paid-for desktop computer that I *used* to own, with a laptop on my lap that I can't afford, and time that I simply do not have-to write a book to tell the story in order get my life [that I didn't invite her into] back to where it used to be before she entered it.

I was not going to rest and feel comfortable until the every detail was printed. As much as it annoyed me, the only way I knew I was going to be able to beat her at her own game and deliver her the lesson (that she most definitely needed to be taught) was by way of a *literal*/literary poetic justice and beating her ass in her own neighborhood: the public.

She and her digerati are in control of many things (technologically speaking), but only for so long. I am a human being, and she cannot control me. What happens after words (after my words) would remain to be seen. Love me or hate me; she would always have to respect me because they, and she, was going to get a lesson taught to her that [she never in a count of years to match her literal dollars] ever could have thought was going to happen.

I didn't have a *choice* to just "get on with my life" like everybody thought I could just do, or felt I should just "get over." After I had gotten so fed up with being looked at as if I had climbed aboard the Hale Bop Comet, I decided that since I couldn't beat her, and *had* to join her-and that's not even my style. In my little itty bitty life, you get one chance screw me over, disrespect me, or overstep your boundaries with me-then it's like you never came or never knew me: you're gone-that quickly. I don't tolerate that in relationship or friendship. And I didn't have that option to just cut her off and move on with my life comfortably knowing that she had zero access to mine and at any time-do something about it (when or if she wanted to). There was nothing I could do about it except waddle in my private little world of knowing what was going on (and expected by people that knew about it) that I should treat it like was a ghost-gone, or (behind my back) like it was a ghost or grandeur of the delusional kind.

The world from her view was so much bigger and different that she could never understand about the world from my view. It's so funny how the world will show you better than it can tell you how much you don't matter when you don't have big money. I always knew that was so, but I never *felt* it until my ordeal with her. The "big people" are free to step on the "little people" at any time and can walk away scot-free. All the little people can do is scratch their asses and get glad, and do their best to get on with their little itty bitty unimportant lives.

I lost all faith and felt so stripped of my inner spirit and all the things that brought me peace. And I lost my matrix: the comfort of feeling that the world worked such that even without big money, the truth, honesty, and integrity, was just as valuable. But in the bigger (literal) scheme of things-that's not so true-it's only the façade, front face, and formality of what's true.

This ordeal grew me up. I was very naïve about the world in that regard. I cannot express how content I was with my important little itty bitty life and cubbyhole space in the world, despite the fact I had little if no money in the bank, despite the fact that I couldn't afford to do some things, and go places at whim. I was one of the most happy and content women you would have ever known. I didn't stress myself over obtaining things above my means and worrying about keeping up with the Jones' at all, I was just making my way and working hard to get my lil' writing career off the ground, and working toward my society certificate as known as a college degree, and I would take life from there-one day at a time.

But this ordeal busted open my matrix and forced me to see a side of life that most people in my financial bracket will be fortunate enough to die without ever seeing and knowing. I couldn't shake it when I saw that side of life. I couldn't be comfortable back in the world as I knew it-in their matrix. From the back of my eyes looking out through the front of them, I could see things that even my friends would ever know (or see).

I remember going down to Dana's house and crying my heart out, telling her how much I hated our little itty bitty unimportant lives and the way we lived. I told her how we really ain't shit and don't matter because we ain't *got* shit, we just think that because we bust our asses daily and pay rent on a check to check lives-making us feel productive and busy, we're doing something, especially if we can hold onto a dollar more than last week. That aint shit.

I knew she couldn't feel my plight, but I was venting. I needed somebody to be able to see what I was talking about through my eyes. I needed somebody to be able to understand the seriousness of what I was saying. I felt like I was in a scene out of the movie called "They Live," where the man was running around trying to force putting on his friend-this pair of eyeglasses he had (that would enable you to see certain people in the town who, behind their regular looking selves) were actually creatures, but if you didn't have these glasses on, you couldn't see them-everything was just everything (normal).

I led Dana to the window of the very same ghetto where everybody out in it almost sickened me as if I were Leona Helmsley; looking down at and on them from her third floor Section-8 flat. I let off so much angry energy that it rubbed off on her and she even started sounding like me: complaining-just like me. She could see what she was looking at, but through her eyes and experience (unlike through mine), I knew she couldn't see what I could see. It was a complete separation of matrixes that she [or the ones that she was looking down *at*, and me-down *on*] would never understand unless you experienced that other side of real life and stepped over into it (like I did).

When I left from the one bedroom flat in the ghetto, I was like an Economic Supremacist. I almost rolled my eyes at every person that looked the way I was feeling, or looked as if their poor lil' ghetto life identified with what I was on my way home to that (before this) was once comfortable for me. I was ok with how I was living, and what I had. Whatever I didn't have, didn't concern me. I never had a reason to entertain the thought that I would be put into a situation that unless you could afford to pay for it, it owned you-no matter how wrong or illegal it was. It's no feeling in the world like experiencing that and you have to live with it, and know it every day that you wake through the time you fall asleep. It's constant. The thought of it was unraveling me because I knew better now, and these people (and Dana) did not (and probably would not ever). As I drove past them, my lips tightened and my body jerked and yelled from the words in my head: "*Look at these stupid people! What the hell are they smiling and laughing about? What in the hell do they **have** to smile about? You don't even **matter** in this world!*" I said, as I looked at each of them from behind the rolled up window of

my barely air-conditioned Honda Civic. I drove and cried until I couldn't cry any more. I just wanted a "fair" life, and if the truth about being unfairly handled couldn't get you your own life back then what the fuck do you have? Nothing-not a damned thing. Life as I knew it from my side of the world's matrix was wiped away-completely. It changed me.

But that invisible hand guiding me through this thing (in spurts, over time) had a hold of me. I just didn't know it.

Somehow (with no plans to) I ended up at this lil' library in the middle of the hood where (even before this ordeal with Janet) I would do most of my writing. Ironically, the same library where I used to write and express what a joy it was to have come from stages of childhood innocence, adolescent naiveté' to sophisticated womanhood; dealing with and accepting things that had occurred with each stage successfully that led me to become the seasoned and sophisticated woman that I am today-expressing what a joy it was to just be "me." I used to really feel that way while sitting and using that same library's computer-typing those words and sentiments and saving them to my little discs—then into my life came: this.

Hmm.

I sat in the very same seat where I would sit and think, jotting down notes and brainstorming on paper. All of a sudden, a little girl from the ghetto (about 5 or 6 years old) kept circling my table and staring at me with her big brown innocent eyes, she just appeared-like somebody sent her there. She kept staring at me as if she knew something was wrong, but she wanted to speak and make a new friend but was scared. My energy wasn't right and even I knew it (considering the thoughts that were storming in my mind after I left Dana's house).

I could not give off my angry energy to this poor child. I took a deep breath and I said, "Hi baby, how are you?" She stopped and stretched her eyes wider. She was so happy I spoke.

"Fine," she said, happily.

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Anssty...Ahhnnnsty," she could hardly say it.

Her mother walked nearby to look at a section of books and asked me if she was disturbing me. I told mom no and that she was ok.

"Honesty, do you like this one?" the mom said to the little ghetto girl with the big brown innocent eyes.

"What is her name?" I asked mom.

"Honesty, Honesty is her name," said the mom, who obviously living like I was: surviving and just getting by in our little itty bitty unimportant lives-but ok-and comfortable.

"*Honesty* is her name? Like honesty is the best policy?" I confirmed.

"Yes it is" said mom, who smiled and took Honesty's book and started to walk away.

"That's such a beautiful name," I said to mom.

"Thanks" she said, with Honesty in tow.

"Honesty, you make sure you live up to that name you hear me?" I said.

Honesty was shaking her head yes and no at the same time because of course she didn't understand what I was saying, but mom assured me that she would...

I jotted Honesty's name in my notes as I doodled and brainstormed.

"What's in a name?" I asked myself. Yeah, what's in a name?

I told Honesty to make sure that she lived up to her name and figured that with just a little bit more persistence with *my* honesty, I would be able to pull through this mess to regain my privacy, and get my dignity back by doing it my way-the best way I knew how:

expressing it in words. I knew that part of the frustration I was feeling was the time and energy it was going to take for me to move the outline from paper to finish pages 14-on, but no matter how much I knew it was tiring me out, it had to be done. I had no other options available to me.

Since meeting “Honesty” I felt like if I just did *that*-remain honest-the whole way through (even on parts that I played it in that I would rather omit), everything will just flow like water and I could get it done. Right after meeting “Honesty,” I felt like I had a remedy, and I rid myself of that energy that filled my mind, my body, my heart and my soul. Everything that was breaking my spirit went into reverse. I became thankful that Pat from the smut mag did not take the story, because although it would take much more time, blood, sweat and tears; I knew it would be better to do it the smart way rather than the smut way because the pen is mightier than the sword. And a smut mag is not mighty enough to tell my story.

After the day I met little “Honesty,” I developed a newfound faith in myself slowly but surely, and as I tapped each key, the paragraphs grew bigger and bigger. I felt that this way (the smart way-the slow way) the *full* story could be heard, and everybody can be healed (even Janet). Doing it the smart way, the best way (my way); is everything that I stand for and also affords me a wider and more respected forum to tell my story *honestly* and truthfully, with the same approach I did when I first entered Janet’s hell of a world that she calls life; giving her all of my full information and credentials only for her to decide that because she wanted a part of it and could afford it, that is was hers-just for the taking. So yes, she made off with my privacy, my work, my energy, my heart, my sense of normalcy in life as-was, and almost broke my spirit, but she didn’t succeed with that part for too long.

That invisible hand guiding me throughout this thing (in spurts, over time) had a hold of me-helping me to see things that served and soothed my spirit while still sending those jolts to Janet. It *kept* showing up.

On September 9th Lauryn did do her thing at those MTV Awards while Janet sat there next to drama and negativity (that goat-Shawn) being forced to look Lauryn in the face as she came *right* out; pointing and moving about-throwing her energy all around the room and singing the *very* same song that I put on for hours (on repeat) through my CD Rom that Janet was forced to ingest on that July day: “Lost One.” But this time, it was live and right in her face. I know she wanted to cry—sitting there confused and wondering if this was all a dream or some setup she knew nothing about. I watched as the camera caught her; she threw her posture together and broadened her smile to applaud for Lauryn with that stubborn defiance of hers-creating the *illusion* that she was “entertained” rather than “affected.”

I know it drove her crazy to see Lauryn to get right back up on that very stage and mention two words that I mentioned at the very beginning of this book’s [then manuscript]’s first 13 pages that she, at very that moment in time, had possession of: “*truthfully and honestly.*”

I know that when Janet heard Lauryn say those two words, that, along with all that was put in her face that night, she could have sworn this it was deliberately planned. It’s just that most everything happens for a reason and to teach a lesson (or remind of us the lessons we’d like to neglect and forget).

Everything works its way back to you, and me and Lauryn put it *to* her that night-it was way too surreal. I know Janet she *flew* straight home from the show, grabbed the first page of the 13 that they retrieved on that July 20th day, and looked right at those two words I wrote: *truthfully and honestly.*

I watched how she presented an award as she tried to hold her sad smile but she couldn't (at least not from me, I know her too well). This night, for her, was too much of a surreal experience bordering a kind of premeditation and deliberation that which, she wished she could blame it on. Yes, it was me who was watching, and she knew it-she knew I was watching. Just like she knew that it was from me that she could not hide what was on her mind (though she went for trying-defiantly-anyways). I'm already on to her entire psyche and everything else. So just like she knows me well, I know her well too; through all our smoke and screens-everything was clear.

Hopefully through the words that created our environment from behind our smokescreen-the ones now given out *to* the environment-enables her to get a full understanding of the damage she caused. Hurt people, hurt people.

Perhaps she will hide behind her depression and isolate herself once again for the next few years or until she can come up with her new gimmick for her next project, to fulfill her 80million-dollar contract. Or was *I* was her gimmick? You would think the way that she pushed me that this is what she wanted. Who knows?

She can't challenge the honest to God truth-I *dare* her to try. Is she going to fire everyone and claim they made her do it, and say that she was involved in that satanic cult-which was the reason for the red faced picture of her at the entrance of her chat room?

Will she continue to be up under the "blackmail" she expressed to me that July 16 night we almost lost her? She credits Rene' for helping her confront her *depression*, I wonder if she will now confront her *deception* and redeem herself, *to* herself, *for* herself.

But who cares?

How do I *feel*?

The *feeling* (emotional) me who uses my heart (the one who entered her room truthfully and honestly with my guard down) is the one who would have been ever so grateful to just say that Janet saw my face and that we got a chance to talk.

The feeling me is the one who allowed her to enter my life and take her place comfortably despite everything that she did.

The feeling me hurts, because of all that she hunted and gathered, listened to, and watched [my private life-something that I value more than anything] unfold before her very eyes and ears only to be tossed and disrespected in every way.

The feeling me is the "me" in every email and I.M (the good ones and bad ones).

The feeling me is every song that I listened to on my CD Rom that reminded me of her, "us," and our situation.

The feeling me is the one who hung in there with this woman simply because I loved her, and really cared for her with everything I had to give.

The feeling me seriously considered allowing her to have it her way: live with her, and disconnect myself from everybody.

Where I once sat in my comfortable black Futon chair, since last logoff, the feeling me would have still left my PC on so I could still watch her change things, disconnect me when I'm online; reboot me and send messages to me to let me know that she was missing me or simply wanted to talk.

The feeling me is the one who imagines the day that she would come running to me to tell me how she really *was* being held hostage by the creatures up in that UFO who forced her into that cult and made her do all those hellish things she did.

The feeling me was so afraid to get that one phone call from her with tears in her voice, telling me that she missed me so much and how sorry she was-how she was having another depression crisis and about to take those pills (doing and saying all the things she used to that would ensure her that I could not and would not turn her away).

Since last logoff yes, the feeling me still cries in spurts-every other day or so.

The feeling me wants to hold her so tight in my arms and rock her from side to side and squeeze her tightly, imagining that we could trade souls. Because I know that as long as I have the mind and the heart that I have, I could work on that soul of hers, and give it back to her when I feel her body and mind were ready for it.

The feeling me is not strong enough to turn her away-at all.

The feeling me grew to love her more than she ever really knew-more than words could ever say.

But how do I *think*?

The *thinking* (rational) me-who uses my mind-is the one who knew what was going on from the time I was forced to put my guard up, and after I knew that she was up to something sinister; had to have a backup plan.

The thinking me is the one able to (objectively) narrate the story while helplessly revealing the feeling me.

The thinking me is the one who after so long, knew that this whole charade was never going to end and if so, with me on the short end of the stick and for that reason, could no longer hang in there with somebody that wasn't in my corner. Therefore, although the feeling me loves and cares for her, the thinking me knows that I have to love and care for her from afar.

The thinking me doesn't take handouts or sell my soul to anything or anybody because they have status and money's power.

The thinking me cut off my PC computer and placed the mouse and keyboard in a position to where it looks like it doesn't even work. That comfortable black Futon chair is where I sit now (sometimes) with my laptop; glancing back and forth at the screen that I disconnected in order to get my life back to the way it was.

The thinking me knows for sure that there is no UFO hostage situation going on and no cult holding this woman captive, and that she masterminded, participated, orchestrated, allowed and permitted *every single act* of deliberate cruelty that happened throughout this whole ordeal. She's innocent nowhere in this whole thing-just equal in much to lose as her buddies.

The thinking me transferred all my calls to my answering service-until I completed and manuscript, so that if she ever made that phone call (that I knew she would), she would be forced to give her best brave or breathing performance she could to the ticking minutes of my answering service in the thirty seconds allotted before cutoff. But at receipt of; the thinking me would have taken off my thinking cap off and placed it on my feeling chest until my tears dried while listening to her cry and breathe, and then put it right back on-and kept moving with my original back up plan as-is; never to return to her as-was. It's a different ballgame now.

The thinking me already knows how deliberate she is, and that it was she who called to just sit and breathe on my newly transferred calls to my answering service on the morning of September 8th, two times: at 10:30 and 10:33 in the morning my time (7:30 and 7:33 her time)-probably thinking about what we both had been thinking: it was around Labor Day, and if things had gone right, we would have been *together* that very morning. I'm sure when she woke up, she reminisced on our July 4th shin ding that I never made it to as well, as she said to

herself: “[*you*] are supposed to be here,” yet, again.

The thinking me knows that leaving my calls transferred gives me the strength to continue to detach myself from her, because the thinking me knows that the feeling me isn’t strong enough to resist or detach myself from her, otherwise.

The thinking me would not call her back.

The thinking me doesn’t shed a tear, for my mind is too busy searching this memory of mine—doing my mental research on she, her buddies, and the entire situation altogether.

The thinking me would have and could have turned her away as if I never knew her, cared for her, or loved her; making her wonder if all this *was* just a fantasy. But I wasn’t thinking, then.

Thinking *about* her makes me feel sorry *for* her, because alongside the other negative energy she has around her, all she has left is a group of troublemaking people on her payroll that she is forced to call “friends.” While in the midst of all this mess that *she* created, masterminded, participated, orchestrated, allowed and permitted; she has lost the two people who meant her well and whose genuine friendship, trust, and love did not cost her a dime: Rene’ and myself. I guess it’s that easy for rich people-to barter, bend and trade human beings like such. It’s like she traded me for him, but now she’s left empty without either one of us. So it is *her* that I feel for. Outside of him, she never got this far emotionally and mentally, just physically. She only (always) got her way and extended herself physically, and now she’s being learned a lesson about the barter, the trade, and the bend-left alone with her troublemaking friends and a heart on the mend.

It’s so funny how you meet someone, and grow to like or love them and you feel like you can then say, “I *know* this person. But it turns out that I really didn’t *know* her at all. She just didn’t have a soul (of her own).

She could push my buttons, I picked up some terrible habits and never knew I could be so verbally abusive—I was brutal. She knew how to summon it. I remember when she used to upset me and hurt me with the things she did, I would quickly call her “a freak of nature” (just to hurt her) because she did remind me of some kind of unknown species with no voice, but all action; jumping and hopping around like some kind of something with gadgets and things in her possession, starting trouble and giggling with an almost alien-like giggle.

It’s not that she is alien and “complex” in any other way that we *all* are complex as individuals. Actually when I sat down to dissect her I discovered that she is really a living, breathing and open walking book. I feel sorry for her though-somewhat. We’re talking about a woman who was literally born with a silver spoon in her mouth (and we need not belabor the obvious about how she got into this business) but be rested and assured that during the struggle through her career, she has suffered and struggled through some personal issues and situations that she cannot effectively explain to herself, even-it’s something you observe from outside looking on and in. What makes her a freak of nature is how she could pull off such a public persona of a person such that it is the antithesis of who she is (privately), two different extremes.

Allow me to use “freak of nature” in a context that could be understood by using the movie “Species” as an example.

When the girl had first come into the world (as the adult), she was looking around at everybody and everything like she was a toddler; learning her surroundings, even down to how she treated things. We’re talking about a woman sort of like that, and she (Janet) looks normal too-as did the girl in “Species.” Janet is breathtakingly beautiful too (as was the girl in the movie). Like the girl in “Species” where she had her pick of men at her whim and choosing,

Janet is in a position and has been since she was brought on earth, where if she wanted something, all she had to do was do [as she would do in her world-on stage] stare and say: “*I want you!*” (pointing like a spoiled kid) and it was hers.

If you look at the expression of the girl’s face in “Species” as she hurt and killed people, you found there was none. All she knew is that if she could not use them for her purpose, then she did away with them and ironically that’s kind of how Janet is. It was me she hurt, and although I lived to tell about it, at times she became expressionless when and emotionless when she became angered at me because she was only used to seeing what she wanted then having it (in a hurry) and the fact that I wasn’t “having it” was foreign to her. She too, like the girl in the movie, is beyond and incapable of adapting to her environment in a “normal” way.

Thinking about her makes me feel sorry for her. Because she really didn’t think what she was doing was “not right” at all. She knew it was illegal, but not-“not right,” because all she’s known her entire life was that *all* things in life can be bought-including people, and if you have the money, then it and they are yours-but then she ran into me.

When she did all the deliberately rotten, cruel and crazy things to me, all she knew is that she wanted something and somebody by any means necessary. That (compounded with the fact that she was surrounded by all these people willing to assist her in all these hellish thoughts, deeds, and actions) did not make it any better. They all had sense enough to know that steering her in the right direction might cost them their jobs and her, lots of time and counseling in order for her to see and *understand* all the wrong she was into. She is already so filled with and around so much negativity that no one collecting a check from her was willing to take the time to *show* her the correct way to interact with people and adapt to her environment in a real world. That is such a terrible situation to be in when you are surrounded by people who will assist you in doing evil deeds that you yourself consider “normal” since all your life in your world (or planet, I should say), and everything went your way and *that* was normal-when in fact, it is *not*, and the people around you know that it is *not*, but won’t redirect her.

They too, were clouded by the fact that she has money’s power so much so that they weren’t even looking at the (possible) legal ramifications behind this whole thing that they did for her; stuff that they themselves could go to jail for. That amazes me to no end. I couldn’t have ever done something like this for *anybody*, for no dollar amount.

Thinking about her makes me feel sorry for her because the Internet *really is* her virtual world and connect to the outside world; enabling her to hide behind any name she wishes in order to behave like a “Species,” with a background of people waiting in the wings and assisting her in all her wrongs in order to keep food on their tables. This Internet thing is her virtual world, as my virtual world is mine and yours is yours. But the difference is that she *really* cannot interact and just go places like you and I can, so she sits and brings the world *to* her.

This invention is the next best thing to normalcy and virtuosity to her, and as she has told me herself: “*I wouldn’t have it any other way...*” I let it go through one ear and out the other when she said that, but I’ve come to know exactly what the hell she meant when she said it and just how serious a need it is for her.

I knew coming into this (even before knowing her privately), that I was dealing with a woman who because of the life she is living and had been brought up in, that she herself really didn’t feel all that “cultured” and connected to a life that was so celebrated, which is why it was important for her to have a starring role in her movie debut which featured her as a “cultured” black woman: “Poetic Justice.” That was the turning point of her “self;” her *black* and

cultured part of her self that world did not acknowledge her as. From there, she was into goddess braids and before then, was wearing foundation two and three shades lighter than her skin. Then just one day, we look up and she was *brown* with brown lipstick and earthy looking-her natural self-like she had shed her second skin. The braids that adorned her crown, symbolized the person that she so desired to show the world that she *too*, is just as much apart of as well. But that is not even a centimeter close to what it takes to be a “cultured” or “seasoned” person, if you will.

Being cultured is (usually) tritely recognized or defined as the person who has struggled, or who is in some “minority” group, or race of people who is “less fortunate” in some way or another. Society almost sees to it that the “cultured” individual(s) are those who fall into one or both of those categories, which may be so when we consider what we have gone through and are going through today as a “minority.” However, being cultured doesn’t *only* apply to *that* group of people, and just because one automatically falls into one or both of those categories doesn’t necessarily mean she is “seasoned” either. When one is seasoned, she has experienced certain things in life that she has learned from and dare not repeat if they were harmful.

One may be “seasoned” in that they learned something from experience(s) and can say that they took something from it, whether it was struggle *or* triumph, good or bad. It is something that just *shows* or is exuded through you. It doesn’t have a *look* or *name* or *title*. It just *is*. Being “cultured” doesn’t necessarily mean that one has to have been “*flippin’ in the ghetto on a dirty mattress*” either. A lot of people tend to think that is the only meaning of being “cultured” or “seasoned,” when it’s more to it than that. It has nothing to do with whether or not you wear braids or locks, relaxed hair or natural hair, weaves or fake nails or whatever. It’s not about any of that, but the person. She, like a lot of people, do not have a full understanding of that, which is why she has been chasing this soul of hers that is obviously entrapping her entire being-mentally, physically emotionally and spiritually.

I look at how she entered my life and the things that she said to me about how I changed her life and all, when no, it wasn’t me who “changed” her because she turned out to be no better a person (at the soul) than she was the day she made such a preposterous statement. I believe that since knowing me, she *is* aware of the good that is within her-but change and consistency is up to her and I don’t think that’s in her. I wanted to tell her that very same thing the entire time I dealt with her, but because she was surrounded by so much negativity, that, along with the negative aspects in her very own “*person*” was the buffer that separated the two of us and kept us from having real and true [reciprocal and normal] conversation because of her many “characters,” [or personalities]. I wanted to, and damn sure tried, teaching her patience and to slow down, telling her the *right* thing to do, the *right* way to adapt to her environment and other human beings. I tried to pull her away from all the negativity that she herself helped to create. It’s hard trying to undo all that has gone her way in all these years, but I was willing to try, because I did care for her. It’s hard trying to “teach” anybody with a whole lot of money and a whole lot of “yes men,” to slow down and do *anything* patiently. Money always talks, bullshit always walks, and patience, doesn’t fit in the same category with money-everything is instant, there’s no so such-a-thing as “hurry up and wait”-it’s: hurry up and hurry.

Just like the girl in Species was in terrible need of a healthy man to help her procreate, after talking to Janet for so long and reading between her many lines, I discovered that she was in terrible need to attach herself to something positive, seasoned and cultured, which is why she held on so tightly to me and did the things she did to me only to ensure that I wouldn’t

leave.

Yes, listening to my little itty bitty unimportant life unfold right before the very eyes and ears of a “Species” who does not know what it *is* like to be “flippin in the ghetto on a dirty mattress” *would* be culturally shocked-it *would* be quite an interesting experiment to watch and play with-as I see it was for her.

Thinking about her makes me feel sorry for her, because she was the *epitome* of insecurity, in the deepest way. Before getting to know her, from a public perspective, I thought that she was one of t.h.e.e most shallow, blah, and vain women you could ever lay eyes on. But after knowing her privately, I found that the only one thing she felt secure about was the fact that she was “fit,” “sensual,” and “sexual” ironically, three things that the *world* expects of her anyways, three things were all at the forefront of her package-her persona. In knowing her privately, she really didn’t take the time out to know of any other redeeming qualities or great attributes herself outside of those three things. And I noticed that all of them seemed to give her “life,” she indulged (and overindulged) in all subcategories *under* being “fit,” “sensual,” and “sexual.”

That seemed to be the sum of who she was to herself-period, nothing else. Over time, I discovered a list of things that I could find other than what I [perceived to be] her only three claims to fame.

To take some time and allow your mind to list anything outside of being fit, sensual and sexual, I’m sure you can come up with list larger than three (depending on your own physical, mental and spiritual self, and your profession, talents, skills, etc.). Well with her, if I asked her to give me a list outside of the three, there would be none. From knowing her privately and intimately, I happen to know those three things are what she feels her best attributes are (in a nutshell).

Shauntay found all that so very hard to believe, but it is true. I told Shauntay that I too, had the very same perception of her as this airhead but vain and self-centered woman who probably didn’t even listen to nobody else’s music but her own. In my eyes, as an entertainer-she was top of the line; fierce and untouchable. But (even when I had two very close opportunities to), I wasn’t interested in meeting her in person because I had *such* an “idea” about her *as* a person that when I got to know her privately, I found out that she only *seems* self-centered because of her insecurities. I only got into her, and into her world this intimately because I forced her out of what she was used to: the “hurry up and hurry,” as well as my not being one of her many notches under her subcategories that came with her being: “fit,” sensual,” and “sexual.” We went beyond that. But had I met her in that “3hrs,” I assure you, we wouldn’t have ever gotten this far. It wasn’t in her to allow anything past her sensual lure, summons, beckons, calls, and hurry ups and waits.

Since we didn’t have a normal/reciprocal relationship, what she got to know about me-she stole, so she mainly knew my reactions, and knew and could therefore push those buttons. But she gave up more than she ever did and never would have [after meeting up in “3hrs”], and it was by that same token that it all “front-fired” such that without her even being conscious of it and knowing; *she* was doing all the acting, reacting, as well as the show and tell-that’s how I got to know her privately alongside of knowing her intimately.

As far as her real true opinion of her outer beauty as well as the many great things about herself (her talent and her abilities) things that a *normal* person could confidently tally up; she wasn’t secure enough to name one, and before knowing her privately, I had the very same opinion as Shauntay. Janet is such a guarded mystery that *seems* self-centered because she *is* so very pretty and mysterious-hiding behind this infectious and contagious smile that hides a

whole hell of a lot--correction: a hole hell of a lot. I remember talking to her one day, and whatever we were talking about, I said something like: "Well...I know I'm a pretty girl, but..." She jumped to the screen so fast and asked: "What did you say? What did you say?" I then repeated it. Her question wasn't like: "uhhhh no you aren't!..." It was more like: "Oh my gosh, I wish I could, but I could never say anything like that because I'm not sure...I don't know if you feel the same way too and I would be embarrassed if your opinion of me was different than what I would like to say," it was more like that.

I couldn't believe her. She'd make me feel so corny and a *way* at times when I would try to tell her the great things about her that I loved so much. Other times, when I tried to tell her, she would immediately jump back into those character's personalities and would say: "Want me to send you a pic?" and I couldn't tell if she was embarrassed, didn't believe me, or simply didn't want to receive it. So after a while, I became too afraid to tell her all the things I felt about her, because of how she would jump into the "character" when God knows she had too many issues to be hiding behind a life that was not her own-as much soul searching she was in need of, and I hated that.

She was a constant case of show and tell to me--about me. From platonic to sexual, I knew *every* single reason why she "loved" me but I was never able to return or fully express the same sentiments about her from head to toe, inside and out, and it seemed like she preferred it be that way, because she wouldn't believe me anyways if I told her face-to-face *or* voice-to-voice.

Hiding behind the make-believe character's lives was pretty much up her alley. It was her reality.

When she would tell me things she loved about me-she would list stuff like: interesting, beautiful, intriguing and countless flattering adverbs, but she couldn't even give me a list for *herself*.

I told her that I thought she was *fine*, beautiful, pretty, talented, sexy, sensual, and mysterious and that she had a certain kind of modesty-an innocence about her that was really sweet and endearing. One day, she let me get that in about her but I felt her heart beating real fast, and not believing a thing I said but struggling hard in between the fact that she had so much faith and belief in anything I would say; so that forced her to also believe what I said *to* her *about* her but it was such a struggle for her to take it in. So guess what? She immediately jumped back into the crazy character she was under at the time I said it.

There were times I was kind of glad that she had my phone tapped so that I could tell her things-indirectly-how like back around the time TLC's "Unpretty" video came out, she had taken her braids out, and then right before that, she had taken her hair extensions out after I made the joke about how she couldn't play with us because "*her hair was longer than ourrrrs!*"—the day we were carrying on a skit like we were all at her New York apartment for our 4th of July shin dig (that I didn't make it to). She took everything I said to heart-even if it was a joke. I apologized to her off in I.M and she really acted like it didn't bother her, but the very next day she asked me: "*So Cin, help me out with a hairstyle, will you?*" I just imagined how frustrated she was with trying to get used to herself without the hair extensions down to her back. Talk of the room was that she had a new hairstyle and hair color. Although it showed her new hair color looking exactly like the one of me that I had up in the chatters page-with earrings on exactly like the ones I wore; it just reminded me of the kid in her. The fact that she dyed her hair the same color as mine and got a tan like me-stuff like that pulled at my heart's strings.

They put up the picture of her on one of their many web pages so that I could see it. But what I saw was actually the new hair *color* first-the cut second. Of all the things I had gone

through with her, I didn't quite know how to take it. I felt so stupid talking to her and not complimenting her on how pretty she looked, and how becoming it was of her complexion. I felt like she was waiting on me to say something to her about it, but I couldn't get it out for fear she would jump back into her character (and I didn't want to embarrass her) because I immediately thought of the movie "Single White Female" actually or like she was trying to be funny. But the other part of me knew that it was more to her mysterious puzzle, and I would just have to wait around to put together. I was kind of thinking like maybe she was saying to me: "*Ok, since you don't like how I'm wearing my hair, then I'll wear mine like yours and **then** tell me how you like it.*" The other part of me knows how sensitive she gets, and all I could play in my head was how I remembered her saying to me: "*I care a lot about what you think about me...*" In remembering all that and looking at this-the picture with her new hairstyle-that made me feel really shitty that I made the hair joke (although I totally meant nothing behind it-at all). The energy she gave off in the picture (as well as when I would talk to her since her new hair color) was so innocent and harmless. Harmless, because she was just like that best friend you had as a kid-the one who wanted to do everything like you. That's how the innocent part of her personality just *is*.

She's very *raw*, natural, and childlike with it-no shame. In her picture, she didn't look at the camera nor did she smile; it was kind of a stare from the side-view somewhat, making me think she was probably a little embarrassed but just like an innocent kid, she went for it anyways (just like she does everything else). She was shameless-and that's what I found to be cute and attractive about her. It made her very lovable and she always won me over with that. It was too sweet. That made want to hold her so bad that day because everyday I was learning something new about her that was the antithesis of what my perception was of her.

After the picture incident, I envisioned all the "normal" people working for her who was in on this whole shin dig probably frowning up at her but didn't say anything to her about it. They could never understand the real reason why she changed her hair color. Although they were onlookers, spectators, overseers and operators; they never could understand the "us" (the: Me and Her) regardless of how many emails, I.M's, phone conversations, or chat scripts they had access to. I know all too well how it goes. I imagined them telling their homeboy or home girl back home about Janet's obsession with some broad from the hood and they couldn't understand what the fascination about her was all about. But I didn't look at it that way. Little did she know, everyday, she was more revealing than she worked overtime at trying to conceal. As she was doing all the show and tell, I was learning more and more about her.

Thinking about her makes me feel sorry for her. Not pity her, but in wiping away her glitz, glamour and glitter-truly sorry for *her*. Although her issues aren't any different than the personal struggles that most women go through, I've learned that her issues were unique in that they were magnified to the tenth power like no one I have ever known because of who she is and what she does. Her brand of: wrath, greed, lust, gluttony, envy pride, meanness and admitted selfishness are all in the name of wanting complete control. In watching (and participating) in her constant show of show and tell, I can safely say that since she has not dealt with her issues in her battle for control, these brands of negativity will *always* be magnified, and quite frankly, I don't see change (in that regard) happening-ever. It's her personality-more than just a line out of a song. It's embedded in her inch-by-inch, day-by-day, and years-by-years. It's a part of her just as sure as the two eyes on her face and her ten fingers on her hands.

If close enough to her, as was I; when she locks in on her "object" of curiosity or

desire, and it shows her any other way but *her* way, she will always cause this kind of destruction to herself and the person she is involved with, in the name of her need for control.

I wasn't so impulsive and quick to jump to her like she's used to, so I got a chance to step back to watch her and study her. And for her, it became a conquest.

Even this whole "bisexual" thing is all about her need for control, because I can remember back in old interviews, she would express how when she worked on the show "Fame," she was exposed to homosexuality, and the way she described it was as if it was a "culture shock" to her. She even spoke of it, and her shockedness of things that she had been exposed to in a less than desirable light. This was of course many years before she had gone through her depression crisis and realization about certain things from her past, so it is not to suggest that it was not possible that this "bisexual" thing couldn't have been some sort of repressed or hidden desire that came about later in her life.

I do know however (since '95/'96), when she had taken on a different group of people like Shawn and her employees/computer buffs; Janet-searching for herself, her identity, and her place in this world (outside of being who she was as a moniker in lights)-obviously ran into the right ones who also assisted her in manifesting all that was embedded within her already-mostly negative, unhealthy and self-destructive.

Even down to her brand of sex with women and her admitted many one-night stands with them (in my opinion-almost having been a notch under her impulsive "in 3hrs" trap myself), I truly believe that many of those impulsive urges happened because she views the "object" of her desire in a kind of light that she subconsciously wishes to *conquer*. This kind of "conquering" is a form of control or power to her if she became interested in this object's: beauty, talents, physical beauty, or any other thing that she found attractive. In my opinion, it makes her feel as though she has conquered it (or them) by way of her brand of (sexual) control, in that she sets out to break them down in some kind of way. Either way, in her mind, once she's in, she feels as though she received a chip off of their block-knocked them off their square.

Here lately, these objects just happen to be found in women. It reminds me of something she is first conscious of, then she loses consciousness of it and "trans" consciously *acts* on it. And being in a business like she is in, surrounded (already) by a whole lot of negativity, illusion, dysfunction, and competition (combined with her unique issues-a-plenty); doesn't help the negative and destructive her, one bit. Her healing is only up to her, because I still, to this day, cannot entertain the thought of just *how to* have a "one-night-stand" with a woman. This hidden desire of lesbianism was perhaps one of her many forms of control-in the name of "lust" as was her self-proclaimed and admitted greed, selfishness and envy issues as well. So once she wins this battle for control, perhaps she may even find that she never was really bisexual at all. She might even find that it (like her other control issues) were just all in her head.

Outside of her natural redeeming qualities and the fact that she is inarguably beautiful, pretty, talented, sexy, sensual, and mysterious and she has that certain kind of modesty and innocence about her that's really sweet and endearing, the thing about her is that-if she lets you into her world (and you *really* care for her) you really never know what's real with her and in her (outside of those inarguable qualities). You don't know what's really real about her person, and you'll find that it's a day to day thing-something you'll never be able to put your hands on. Her soul seems missing, like she's *not* a person, but rather-a character (privately) and a persona (publicly-but a character nonetheless). She "plays on" to "live on" in order to have a life and to get "life." That's the best way I can explain it.

I look back on conversations we've had.

One day she mentioned something about a clitoral hard on, but the term she used was "southern uprising," (as if she owned the term). Ironically, no sooner than the end of that day, I was watching a segment from an old "Fresh Prince" episode where Will wanted to date a character played by Robin Givens. He explained his having a hard on as a "southern uprising." I just giggled thinking about her, because I knew how important it was for her to fit in, and joke, and have fun, and be funny too. I thought it was so cute. I didn't call her on it because I understood her.

I also thought about the time I abbreviated the nickname she hid behind: "JigglinJanine." For short, I broke it down to "Jiggs" for her. She liked it so much that she then sent down a nickname: "Tiggerr" so that she could abbreviate it: "Tiggs" (in a sentence staged by herself). I giggled because I know her so well. I just wanted to hug her and squeeze her so bad because she reminded me of that raw kid-a big baby that just wanted to matter too, or just see if she could do it too, whatever "it" may be.

Little times like that would help me look past her "bad" no matter how "bad" she was because I knew of her good and how she wanted to matter-so I tried very hard with her. Listening to her sometimes and the things she would do saddened me, even when she would do things to hurt or upset me, because I knew that deep down inside she really was worse off than me in areas outside of her having money-areas that matter most when all is said and spent.

I thought back to the time when she hid behind "Sassy" when I had asked her to interpret the quote about "love" and she freaked out. I imagined how bad she probably wished that she was the owner of the quote after she learned how impressed with it I was. She really didn't fully understand it-all she knew was that it was about love and when she found I was impressed with it, it had a brand new meaning for her still (despite the fact that-still-she couldn't interpret it). When I asked her to interpret it for me, she was just like a kid, a big baby, standing there with her finger in her mouth, I'll never forget. I thought that was so cute and innocent, and she didn't even know how much she stole my heart when she would do things like: be human [as human as she possibly could be].

Like the raw kid trying to learn what she admired, I watched how she needed to know things like, my favorite color(s), how she wanted to eat what I eat, read what I read, do what I do, say what I say, watch what I watch.

I remember how back in April or May sometime, how impressed I was with this made for television movie about Cleopatra (called "Cleopatra" aired). I was on the phone talking to "Boomshackalacka" telling her about it, and how I never knew the story went that way. I liked it because I learned something-and felt like I had missed out on even *more* insightful information that interests me about we as women (then) versus now-the state of many women's mindsets today (as compared to this Goddess back in her day). At certain times, I've always contemplated what happened to women today (with regard to their ability to command respect like such). I always felt like being able to do so was the key to being happy and healthy in relationships with men that until we are at that point with ourselves and can command that kind of willing servitude equal to their attention, adoration and lust for us-we should spend time honing in on relationships with ourselves, first (until we have mastered that ability to command it all). I told my friend how impressed I was with Cleopatra's self-esteem, her confidence, and all that it took about "her" (not just her beauty), that commanded

respect and loyalty of the men in her life. I told my friend how disappointed I was-looking at that and looking at where a lot of women are today with issues of confidence, self-esteem, and men, and that a lot of today's women don't command (or won't demand) what it takes to make the men in their lives give them the same respect that this Queen commanded and *demanded* (and blessed then damned sure got), but she was the epitome of a true QUEEN while she lived.

At any rate, a couple months later, Janet's buddies had been in the room posting up their designed web pages of Janet as...(*drumroll)... guess who? Cleopatra. The next thing I knew, I saw her posted high in the sky as an advertisement for September 9th's MTV's Awards special. It was the same picture I had been shown on that web page her buddies designed. I was shocked. I had to ask myself (just one more time) if this was pure coincidence. But by this time, I had pretty much done away with anything being a coincidence when it came to that damn Janet. Deliberation was her name and her game-by nature. It's a part of who she is. If she liked you, she wanted to occupy your every thought and interest.

Like the raw kid, she mimicked my choice of words, and after a while, she even talked like me *to* me. That was so cute to me and stole my heart as well. It made me feel flattered and let me know she really *was* listening, understanding and learning (rather than just "overhearing"). It flattered me that she wanted to know "me." That was the best feeling in the world. It was weird because it was through her that I found out all the things people who are around you everyday may feel or want to say, but never do. Instead (because they won't express themselves) they feel so competitive with you and they try to battle you in the most terrible and harmful ways through the energy they give off instead of expressing things they may admire in, or about you. Most people in your life never pay these kinds of respects or express this level of admiration for you until you're dead.

To have someone (who the *world* admires) be so raw and so natural with their mimicry and admiration was like-the total flip side of what I've been shown in some of my friendships and relationships. She wasn't like other people-she was so natural and raw and she didn't try to hide it. If she really likes you-you would know, in her unique kind of way. Maybe it was that she felt "safe" with me, because I *was* true with her from the start and she knew she could trust me with her heart. I never meant her any harm. It was only until she became so mean and ruthless, that all those things started to worry me because I never knew what she would do next, but I knew she was capable of terrible things when she got mad. But outside of that, her "good" was "good," almost child-like. Those were times we had fun playing around and we could insult one another without incident (her buddies included).

I was the kid from K-3rd grade who was notorious for good handwriting, and reading and writing skills-and out of impulse; would correct misspellings that would cross my glasses-wearing eyes. "Boomshackalacka" and I had an ongoing joke because one day when we were going grocery shopping for some items that she was making for a particular dish, and she had written the word "broccoli" spelled: "broccoli." So for a long time, the ongoing joke between the two of us (mid-conversation) would be my interjecting the word "broccoli" (but sounding it out the way she spelled it): bro-co-co-lee. Never to offend, but I just wouldn't be "me" if I didn't crack a joke about stuff like that. So whenever I would screw up a word, she loved to correct me and we would burst into laughter.

Well Janet, her buddies, and I would do the same thing (after a while of knowing me).

I didn't enter a room full of strangers looking at a screen full of misspelled words and start in on them (because they didn't know me-then). The chat room didn't know that side of me until much later. It was Janet who continuously stayed cautious about misspellings, because she was being a busy body; listening and reading everything-learning how I was a stickler about those things-so she made her *self/self*-conscious without my help.

Eventually, as we got to know one another well enough, my poking fun at them and correcting words and sentences in the chat script earned me the nickname: "Professor" (from Lissa). Her silly self would also call me "Mavis" (the character in the black schoolteacher software program "Mavis Beacon"). Janet was always so careful with the way she spelled and worded things when I was in the room, in I.M with her, or when she would email me. She would be so in the habit of announcing her misspellings that I would have to tell her: "*PLEASE stop it! It's getting annoying! It's breaking up the conversation and making me confused about what I'm responding to.*" It would be cute because (at first) because from behind all her "characters" she would be careful and embarrassed to make a mistake (until far down the line when we really got to know one another well). After that, she would either: rebel against me, agree (sometimes) or enter the room or I.M with a new word, a joke, or slang for the day (to impress me, put a smile on my face, or make me laugh). It was too cute.

I remember on that August 3rd day that I had gone back into the room (back when Janet came down as "Dunk," and the nickname: "Vertigo" had come down behind me after which I posted: "Cinamon feels about like the nickname that just rolled down." Someone *else* then posted: "About to rush to go and get a dictionary!" I thought about that wild woman and her dictionary that she kept handy, and I just fell on the floor laughing. She always wanted to be clear and in the know about everything I thought, felt (and of course): did—(and said).

I also remember how we were in the room one day and she couldn't wait to use the new word she learned. Although she used it in a sentence appropriately, I just wanted to poke fun at her like I would if we were face to face, (just to make her laugh-the way I do with "Boomshackalacka."). She didn't take to it that way when I did things like that, and sometimes I would have to assure her that I was just being my sassy, spicy smart alec self. I was just trying to get her comfortable with the "virtual me" because she always made me feel like she was walking towards me, checking her clothes for dirt, lacing her shoes tightly and fixing her hair-making sure everything was right.

The word in the sentence she used was "incessantly," (another word like "excessively," and in the context she used it in actually, either word would do). Laughing (to myself), I said to her: "excessively you mean?" She yelled: "No! Incessantly Cin Incessantly!" ...just like a kid ready to fight to prove her point. I mean, that woman knew for sure that she had done her homework on that word, used it appropriately and was ready to *fight* about it. I just laughed and thought it was so cute once again because she was hooked on watching music videos (of course) and I had imagined how she and that goat would be glued to the television, and Mariah Carey's video "Heartbreaker" came on and Janet like the word used in the chorus of the song: "*...and I just keep on coming back incessantly-ooohoooh I. Why'd you have to run your game on me? I should have known right from the start-you'd go and break my heart...*" I know her-well. And I could tell that she picked up that dictionary and prepared her line for the next I.M or chat conversation with me. I could just see the excitement in her face as she typed the sentence with her new word for the day.

In my mind, I hugged her and gave her a fat kiss. I was only picking with her because I already knew how premeditated she was, and knew that when she brought up such

a word-it was her “word of the day” (fully researched). She was wild.

One other thing in the room we would all joke about was who all was gay or simply bisexual. I brought up my “word of the day” (made up by me) and I said: “*Cinamon is hetlesexual...*” Everybody laughed and ask: “*Cin what's hetlesexual?*” I then said: “*100% heterosexual and 100% lesbian, depends on what's on the menu for the day! I never do anything 50% of the way! LoL*” we laughed.

Janet's turn.

So soon thereafter (another day) she started [the sexual preference] conversation again, just so she could introduce *her* knew one, and boy I fell to my knees laughing because it really *was* hilarious-but for me, more hilarious because she's a Taurus. This Taurus' new one was: “*I'm byesexual, if you BYE me something really nice, I'll get real sexual on you!*” I laughed out loud in my own virtual world while telling her how much I loved that one. My knowing her Taurus self (greedy + materialistic + sexual) for me, took the joke to another level of funny (and truth). But then I had to do it (remember-I wouldn't even be “me” if I didn't).

So I replied back like this: “*I loooove that one, oh my gosh! 'If you BUY me something nice, I'll get real sexual on you!' Man that is too much for me.*” I looked over at her with an almost class-clown/middle-school like mischievous smirk to see if she caught it. She did (because she didn't respond, she just got quiet). I assure you-she just rolled her eyes at me because she knew repeated it back to her only to correct her spelling “BYEsexual” (to my Mavis Beacon way-according to the jokes' context she used it but should have spelled it): BUYsexual. She wanted to slap the shit out of me. I just giggled. But in my mind, I gave her a big fat kiss and hug. This wild child was pissed at me and I tell you...if she was right next to me, she would have slapped my face really hard.

For the rest of the day, she would not talk to me-at *all*.

Her ways were something else. And I just loved them *all* (well, most of them all)...

Although she was wrong from the beginning, for a long time, I felt like she was so harmless, because of her natural raw childlike innocence, and the fact that she was so unaware of so many things (about herself). She was aggressively raw in ways that was well over the fact that she had money. More over that-it was a raw aggressiveness that she just wasn't aware of-like a kid and when I would recognize that in her (versus her deliberate, “bad” side), I would excuse her and forgive her each and every time. Her envious, jealous, possessive and selfish ways were so childlike and immature to the point where I would have to sit back sometimes and laugh. When she was envious, jealous and possessive, she turned completely unreasonable and childlike. I would just tease her about her permanent pout and under bite that I always loved. And we'd be ok-sometimes.

My friend Shauntay had an eleven month old, and one day she was watching my mouth move while I was chewing popcorn and talking. She kept staring at my mouth and wondering how I was chewing and talking at the same time, while looking at + talking to her as well. She began looking around for something to put in her mouth too, and grabbed a piece of newspaper that wasn't quite working for her, so she turned to me and started swinging at my mouth-trying to smack my lips because she was so jealous that I could talk and chew at the same time-*and* able to talk to her too. It drove her crazy. I laughed because she is just a child; natural and innocent, and very unaware of her lil' envy emotion and mimicry.

That incident always played in my mind when I thought about Janet's ways, because that is *exactly* how she is and why I would tease her about her under bite, because it pokes out like a pouting kid. That's the best way I can explain her brand of jealousy: natural, raw and innocent, like that of a child.

But just when I'd think she was that same childlike innocent person, the deliberately cruel person in her would sneak up from behind and hit me, if I did anything to that made her *too* jealous and she felt like something or someone else was more important or getting any kind of energy from me over the phone, in the chat room, or away from home too long [off my schedule that she always knew about daily]. If I was gone too long, on route home, I would imagine her pacing the floor of her home frowning and playing with all her gadgets while awaiting my arrival-pissed. Because when I would return, she would be stubbornly quiet and wouldn't talk to me off to the right in our I.M but instead, would be over in the room dropping down nicknames to jog my memory of things that pissed her off, or words to let me know that she was pissed off (acting like a baby swinging at me from a fucking high chair from way across the globe some damned where).

Even if I was running my mouth too much to anyone of her buddies in chat, she had no problem disconnecting my computer so that I would have to log back in all over again. I would just come back and say: "*Ok, my bad,*" and she'd simply say: "*That's okay.*" That would make me laugh (she didn't play that shit). She didn't even want me talking to *them* for too long a time.

I remember how I had run into a guy friend of mine named Brian. He worked with me at a job I had some years back. We had exchanged numbers and I had gotten his email info and promised I would e-mail him so that we could keep in touch. (This was earlier in the Hell Mail days. He was one of the ones I had sent an email to that never received it-she was intercepting all the ones I sent out so that there would be no communication flowing through that particular email account other than mine and hers).

Shortly after this interception, I remembered how I would see the nickname: "Brain2932." It didn't dawn on me that it could have been one of the many nicknames that Janet hid behind, although the "Brain" part of it had caught my attention (when I had learned that my friend *Brian* didn't get my email). It also caught my attention because people do mess up the name "Brian" and spell it "Brain" (and Janet most certainly would). But the thing that made me notice it really must have been Janet hiding behind: "Brain2932," was because of the four numbers behind [the misspelled nickname], they were: 29 (my age at the time) and 32 (her age at the time).

Ever since the nickname had been dangling around the room (around the time I had sent my friend *Brian* the email from my Hell Mail account, compounded with the fact that she will fuck up the spellings of things); I had no reason but to assume that it was one of her controlling ways of letting me know that she did indeed intercept it. But because she spelled the nickname "Brain2932" perhaps she *meant* to spell it that way, and (this time) *my* thinking it was a misspelling was incorrect. Because incessantly... whenever she and I would come to an agreement on something, I would say: "glad we're on the same wavelength/we're on the same wavelength."

My knowing how deliberate she was, I already knew what the "2932" meant (because at one other time, she also did the same thing to my Netscape Communicator icon on my desktop) and perhaps the "*Brañ*" part of the nickname meant that we were "on the same wavelength." Considering the time frame of my having sent the email to my friend Brian and "Brain2932" appearing and disappearing in the room, my knowing her methodical ways-knows it was her controlling way of letting me know what she did, as if to say: "*Hun, there's no Brian here in this email. It belongs to you and me: Brain2932! Yeah, that's what she meant. She was wild like that, and methodical, and deliberate, and possessive, and jealous, and (of course she had plans for use of that email for only she and I. And boy did we ever put some miles on it).*"

She had her jealous, possessive, ways (unapologetically).

I was in the room talking to Alina (the girl who was from my city) and she'd I.M'ed me while I was on another I.M with Janet. Janet rebooted my entire computer me quicker than I could blink my eyes. I just laughed and shook my head. When I got back in, I said my usual (when she'd do that): "*Oh, my bad baby,*" and she simply said her usual: "*Oh... That's ok,*" as if to say, "*Now where were we?*" In her world, it went like the slang goes: "don't start none-won't be none."

Once, we were in the room talking about LL Cool J (for whatever reason) and I mentioned: "*I talked to LL on the phone before like-four years ago when my friend Kim ran into him at Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles.*" Janet immediately responded: "Then why are you here?"

I laughed because she paid no attention to the fact that I said it was many years ago (way before she and I even thought about one another), nor did she pay attention to the fact that it was a chance happening that happened over the phone many miles away, that meant nothing other than a fan talked to a rapper for a few short minutes about nothing significant. In her possessive and jealous mind, the bottom line was that she chose me and I belonged to her as did any other "object" she could *buy* (or got real sexual with). Janet was just intense like that.

Anything that I gave energy too: Lauryn Hill, LL, my friend Kim, my friend Brian, anybody in *my* world, *her* world, a rock, a boy, a girl, a towel, a man, a woman, a piece of paper, a can of paint-anything, it's all one in the same. The point and fact of the matter is that if it didn't involve her first (and mainly) she just could not take it. That's just how she is, and I truly believe that is how she is with *anything anybody* and any situation she takes a deep and serious interest in. It's just her person-it's in her.

She was such something else-literally. At other times, she was *so* wild-almost manic.

She would come down under nicknames like: "IBeLickNPusE," and "CrazySexyCook."

She even had the nerve to come down under my *grandmother's* name (that same day): "Lula."

I didn't know if I should do my usual (get upset) or if I should hush and keep watching because she was in some kind of mood that I couldn't explain. Typically when she would dig into my life and do stuff like this, immediately and impulsively I would set that room off. But this day, she (and the room itself-her buddies) was whimsical and wild. It was like she was riding around on a tri-cycle and making "vroom" sounds while running into walls. That, compounded with the fact that out of nowhere, she elected to bring into this play and craziness, my grandmother's name baffled me. Because she had known enough about me at the time to know that I wasn't *that* close with my granny and she had never once heard me talk on the phone to or about her at all. But I had forgotten she had my mom's phone tapped and of course my mom talked to her all the time.

I posted in the room: "Oh my gosh, not the granny! Please. Don't tell me y'all are tappin' granny too!"

"Lula" wouldn't answer; she just kept talking to other people for a short while, then this wild thing turned around to me and said: "Hello Angie!"-still in her wild, crazy, and manic mood like she was in need of a shot of Ritalin, bad.

I was so shocked that it was impossible for me to spazz out on her this day. In my virtual world, I just fell back in my comfortable black Futon chair, laughing like *hell* and

thinking about how *crazy* this girl was. I mean, she did it all.

When she would be the “CrazySexyCook” it was because she would hear me on the phone complaining about how spoiled my kid was and I stayed cooking in the kitchen like a maid and serving wench-all the time, because we had different tastes in food.

“CrazySexyCook” was inspired by and was a spin-off of the nickname: “CrazySexyCool;” where she chose “CrazySexyCool” to refer to me as after one of our earlier conversations when she was sure that I would keep what we had private. Rather than spazz out on her, when she came down as “CrazySexyCook” (during her manic moment) all I could do was burst out laughing because she said: “*So Cinamon, can I fry your big fat fish?*”

I just turned to this wild child “Lula the CrazySexyCook” and said: “*Uh yeah, I got some Red Snapper for you ok?*”

Man it was so wild in the room that day. She was really wound up. After that, she just went around the room talking about frying people’s “big fat fish.” She was off the chain that day.

Sometimes she would be so manic, and she was such an Internet head that she could handle quite a few things at one time. She could work the shit out of I.M’s with me + all her buddies + chat, simultaneously (despite the fact that her buddies would carry on skits amongst each other stating how slow a typist Janet was to cover their asses in case something would go down around, and thinking I was probably having someone look in on them).

Around this time in particular, paranoia was the name of their game. They would even carry on skits pretending to be new chatters entering the room saying: “*Guys, does Janet really come in here?*” or, “*Guys has Janet been in lately?*” They really picked up on those two questions and the skits about how slow a typist Janet was so that in case they ever have to release the chat scripts if there ever this thing escalated, they could “prove” that Janet couldn’t have been talking to me in I.M while being in the chat room and carrying on in other I.M’s with other people (you know...because she was a slow typist and all). Man, I could imagine how stupid she would look in a courtroom demonstrating typing skills of about 10 wpm. She would look a fucking mess sitting there tit-tatting on a keyboard with her index fingers as if it was some foreign object. The thought of that sight and my yelling at this display, like a scene out of Al Pacino’s “Dog Day Afternoon”: “*YOU’RE OUT OF ORDER! THEY’RE OUT OF ORDER! THIS WHOLE COURTROOM’S OUT OF ORDER!*” I could just hear the judge yelling: “*Order in the court, order in the court!*”

There was no way I could watch her do something like that without looking at her and saying: “Janet. Now come on, you look a mess.”

Thinking I had someone looking on, they would even go so far as to have her come in under her **[authorized]** chat name: “Dunk” and they would carry on these skits with her as if they were new chatters complaining about how slow she typed, and she would even be responding: “I’m sorry guys, I’m not that fast a typist and it’s hard to type, read, and answer questions at the same time. Please excuse me.” I would burst into laughter and shaking my head at all the *lengths* they were going to-to cover their asses and preparing their alibi’s (when they would think I had an onlooker).

Sometimes my silence (or refusal to spazz out at predictable times) would alarm them. They would also inquire about why I would speak third person sometimes while in the room-thinking that I was up to something (and I was not). It’s just that whenever you posted something, your name would already be pre-posted from when you would sign in, like this:

{Cinamon}.

So I would mention what I was going to say, like this: **{Cinamon} is sitting in her comfortable black Futon chair** (and this was even before July 20th-the birth of the book-and my even *thinking* about chronicling or that I had to “protect” myself from any unforeseen harm).

They were so paranoid. Their questions and my responses could easily be compared to the wolf and Little Red Riding Hood’s exchange:

“Cinamon, why do you [such and such]” and I would constantly be like: “So that I could [such and such]”

For example, when I would sometimes put quotations (“ ”) around whatever I would post, they would always ask: “Cinamon why do you put quotations around the things you say?”

I would reply: “Because the chat screen looks like an actual script, so I want whatever I’m saying to actually look like it’s coming from **{Cinamon}**’s mouth-as quoted and said by me. No other particular reason.”

“Oh ok,” they’d respond.

To my occasionally posting: **{Cinamon}** is sitting in her comfortable black Futon chair...they would ask: “Cinamon why do you always mention that you are ‘sitting in your comfortable black Futon chair?’ ”

I would reply: “Sometimes that’s exactly what I’m doing when I’m just sitting here lurking and not talking.”

To my occasional posting: **{Cinamon}** is walking to the back of the room and puts her head on a desk...they would ask: “Cinamon why do you always mention that you are ‘walking to the back of the room and putting your head on a desk?’ ”

I would reply: “I say that when I’m in the room and don’t have much to say-but just announcing that I’m here, nothing major.”

They were wolves and I was the prey-at any time.

That goes to show you how when someone else is up to something, they always have their eyes on you, thinking that *you* are up to something-because they are. Little did they know, I wasn’t up to anything for a long while. I was merely feeling my way through a chat room while Janet was feeling her way up, around, and through me.

They had a myriad of whimsical ways laced with emotions, actions, and reactions that ranged from caution to over-caution, to Janet’s mania, to their paranoia, to their (and Janet’s) deliberate and cruel erratic and brazen behavior, to fun, and back again.

Their over-questioning, paranoia, and over caution is what made me connect it with their shenanigans in the beginning of all this (back in January through March). And their commandeering my computer made me know that I had better get on my p’s and q’s with these people while boo’ing up with Janet because it’s not all innocent and about her supposed love and interest in me-there was more that came with that and they were preparing for something that was not at all in my best interest (at some point of “whenever” or “if ever” in this thing).

For my “whenever” and “if ever,” in making the decision to look after myself to (when I began save any and everything I could while chronicling), I killed two wolves with one stone when I tried to save an actual conversation from her room’s chat script. It saved just like this (with all the HTML source code information *without* the conversations in the script):

```

<TITLE>Janet Chat</TITLE></HEAD>
<BODY BACKGROUND="/oldchat/velvetbg3.gif" TEXT=
"#FFFFFF" LINK="#FFFFFFCO"
ALINK="#FFFFFFCO" VLINK="#FFFFFFCO" onLoad=
"document.forms[0].message.focus()">
<FORM method="POST" action="message.fcgi">
<INPUT type="hidden" name="nickname" VALUE=
"Cinamon">
<b>Cinamon:<INPUT TYPE="hidden" name="passwd" value=
"june28">
size="80" type="text" name="message"
VALUE=""><BR>
Type your message above and press Enter to send it.
The screen will be updated every 15 seconds. Try all
colors!
</FORM></BODY></HTML>

```

...The HTML source code information is a kind of language that shows the words, symbols and workings *behind* the face of any web page (or chat script). When I came across this HTML page, and scrolled down to the line that read:

```

"<BODY BACKGROUND="/oldchat/velvetbg3.gif"
TEXT="#FFFFFF"

```

and the other line that read:

```

"Cinamon:<INPUT TYPE="hidden" name="passwd"
value="june28">"

```

...those two pieces of HTML information proved (after a while, what I always thought): where I hadn't been routed to the *real* chat room with *real* chatters probably since who knows when. "Cinamon" (me-whose password was indeed "june28"-without any changes being made to my log-on and password from "oldchat"), had obviously been re-routed to a new chat room *specifically* for Janet, me, her digerati and her buddies a lonngggg time ago.

Now that I look back on many of the conversations, and how everything would seem like we all were in the same close-knit club; I knew for sure that they never even had me routed to the "regular" chat room that I used to be in when I *first* entered the room (way back when Rene and Rob were there).

I could remember back when I would say mean and nasty things in the room to she and her buddies-without getting blocked from typing (like that January 21st morning they made sure they blocked me while Janet, Shawn and Louisa lit into me that morning in the middle of her chat room in front of her fans that were logged on too).

Since then (and into us all getting chummy) during arguments, I would say things that no "real chatter" had any business knowing or seeing in the chat room. I would be bitching about not appreciating having my phones and life tapped, and how crazy Janet was-all kinds of stuff. I would be cursing and talking about Janet from head to toe, inside and out-stuff that just would *not* fly in her normal/*real* chat room. In her normal chat room, they used to have a monitor nicknamed "Cleaner" who would kick you out of the room if you ever behaved [the way I would when we'd fight].

"Cleaner" had a partner nicknamed "Janetor" who guarded the room like two snipers on the roof guarding the president. After January 21st, I never saw the likes of "Janetor" and "Cleaner" ever again.

They knew what they were doing.

I know now that this whole situation could have gotten even uglier—considering she and her hired help had control of chat scripts, and access to mine and Janet’s I.M’s, and emails in which my first and last name was mentioned by she and buddies. I had nothing to hide—she and they did. But they had all the control, and could therefore control the outcome which is why they had already been preparing their “whenever” and “if ever” (since day one).

If the situation ever went legal, Janet could have had all the “characters” involved say that it was {*Them*}-some random chat room people hidden by character nicknames—and not {*Her*}. I assure you, on their end, they had the access to save and manipulate the HTML source code and chat script where on my end—I could not save, manipulate, (or even view the actual chat script via HTML). Because of that and sadly—my honesty, my having nothing to hide, and no ill-intent; I would have been run through the meat grinder of shame with a dunce cap. My offense vs. her (carefully designed) defense would have made me look really dumb in a court of law, and she would have easily come out smelling like a rose—bringing in her carefully manipulated “proof”, making me look like some crazy fool—posted across the news and labeled “crazy” for life stalking *her* when it was quite the opposite.

Everybody who knows me (including her), knows that I am one of t.h.e.e most, sane, and mentally sound individuals you will ever meet in *life*. I’m not hung up on people I don’t know (and especially celebrity). My vision is never jaded and never has been. I am a realist who is sometimes guided by her heart but when I see wrong and the odds are stacked against me, that same realist lets her head be her guide.

Janet [in all her beautiful, pretty, talented, sexy, sensual, mysterious, sweet, raw, childlike splendor] was a matter of my accepting her—not needing her, star-struck by her, or blindly awe-struck by her. I could give two shits who she was to the world and what other “type of person” in the world would typically stalk her (and people like her). She [in all her beautiful, pretty, talented, sexy, sensual, mysterious, sweet, raw, childlike splendor] was never worth my time or interest to stalk. I didn’t *have* to stalk her—she came for me. And quite frankly, had they not had so much access to me (retrieved illegally), she wouldn’t have ever had to worry about me stepping back into that room and her world after than January 21st morning that she, Shawn and Louisa clowned me (and I didn’t come back after then). If there was *any* “stalking” done in this, *she* stalked and worried *me* to death after I left that January 21st day and didn’t come back. *She* hid under fake character’s and played around in *my* I.M and computer until *she* couldn’t take it my ignoring *her* anymore and then shut *my* computer down to force *me* to come back in to *her* room—to see her (again). That’s how the whole story began: from January 21st through the March details.

They knew what they were doing, but so did I. And when I returned in March (applicable to all chat room visitors—so that Janet’s digerati could control and keep up with all the nicknames *they* were using—over in *our* new/private chat room away from the old/public chat room) the “new rule” was that chat room visitors could use only three nicknames maximum.

They were methodical about this covert operation. And because of *who* she is, and how much they had access to (to manipulate everything in their favor); without a chronology (turned book) I would have been looking like a nut and plum fool trying to tell the story in the form of a testament. It was much too much to tell (by mouth). It *had* to go down (all details) in print, on paper for *my* “whenever” and “if ever.”

They knew just what the hell to do to handle their functions in every way they possibly could—but then came me. I could just imagine the circles she ran around other people.

That girl meant business about getting what the hell she wanted. She really knows how to get the job, any job-*done*.

I'll never forget the time she said to me (when she and I first started in I.M with her as "Sassy"): "*Cinamon, you are so-easy...*"

At first I was thinking: "*Does she mean that like a guy would say a girl is easy or is she saying I'm 'easy' to get along with, easy to talk to, or what?*"

Now that I look back on it, by way of that covert operation of a hell-room, I know now she probably flirted back and forth with so many people (women especially), who she would get a chance to look at on her lil' freak staged chatter page bio setup-to see how far she could go, and if it turned out that they were worth the try she set up fake room Escapade Trips or private "hookup meetings" (promising she could be at them in 3 hours, as she did me) then surprise them like a jump out of a cake and get her swerve on. I can't put it past her, especially now that I know her and knowing how sexual she is-how important it is for her to be able to see, smell, touch, taste, and hear what she wants. She's obsessively sensual-in the literal sense of sensual's meaning. Besides, she *is* "Janet:" beautiful, sexy, sensual and *fine as hell* and I don't know of many men (or women) who would turn her away if she just showed up ready to get her swerve on, after your thinking she was just "{SomebodyYouMetInJanetsChat}"

Yeah, she's the type. How often is it that *she* could go out into the world and meet somebody new anyways, so this is what she does. Since she can't be *out* in the world, so she figures she will bring the world to her.

Knowing how she works this Internet world, and how she makes *it* work for *her* (to bring her "life"), just as sure as the last three letters of her *real* first name, I know with a name like "**Janet**" she *really* probably thinks that the Net world was made exclusively *for* her-like it was pre-destined.

Yeah...she did this before, I aint the first. I just played the game better and more strategically,, but gave it up quicker-that's why she said I was "easy."

She was more serious than nine miles of barbed wire fence...



You wanna talk about being more serious than nine miles of barbed wired fence?

Well, I managed to stay away from her longer than I *ever* have since the beginning of all this (I even shocked myself). I couldn't believe how good I was hanging in there and sticking to my guns since that fateful August 29th day-it had been almost a whole *month* now.

I got a lot of work done on the chronology, I was feeling stronger and in better spirits-just feeling whole and at peace altogether.

She too, was doing good herself. No phone calls (anywhere), no paging me, no nothing.

But then...

One day I was sitting at my sit and think library (where I met little Honesty).

At around 3 p.m. my pager went off and the numbers "21" were texted. I got a jolt, and that made my radar go up because my pager code was 2121. I freaked out for a second because I had to be on my toes with her. I couldn't put *anything* past her because she was the only thing that presented itself into my life in such a way that I *had* to always bring to mind, her-first (if ever anything strange happened).

The first thing I thought was that whoever it was, if they were trying to get in to my pager voicemail box; they must had forgotten (or didn't know) to press 0 first, which lets you into the paging box and *then* "2121" is what you would have to push in order to listen to my messages.

I thought about how deliberate she was and the fact that she *is* bold enough to put the code in (as a text-on purpose) just to show that she is still around and "in the know."

Fuck my thirty-day sabbatical, I (still) had no secrets from her, and she will *not* be ignored into oblivion. (I know her moves).

The only way she could have gotten my pager code was if she gets a *list* of outgoing calls from my phone number (because of course I checked some of my pages from home). I thought that when a phone is tapped, you only get the area code and seven-digit number, but my dad told me that when a phone is tapped, you get every single digit dialed, (someone else told me the first sixteen digits).

Fuck her.

To avoid carrying my mind any further, I went and got a new pager number and just didn't check my messages from home with this new pager I had. Back at end of July, I had done away with the cell phone I had gotten around 4th of July because it was pretty much useless trying to keep it (seeing as though I had no privacy on my home phone *or* it). The damned cell phone was so tapped that each time I would press in a phone number and press "send," the series of beeps that she was notorious for sending, would automatically beep in my ear until the party I was calling would pick up. By that time, I had been on my 3rd phone model change, and 4th phone number, but would still hear the beeps each time. I was done trying to figure out how somebody on a budget can find out how a 200 million-dollar millionaire had a way do doing and getting *anything*. It was useless. In her world, where there is a will and a bill, there is a way and someone to pay.

I remembered I was so pissed just thinking about how much control this woman had over my-everything, and how easy it was for her to tap my cell phone service even without me giving her the other 3 new numbers, I just did away with the whole cell phone thing and had them send me a final bill and cut my home phone's wireless answering service off as well. I only felt secure with my toll-free pager that I could be texted or voice-messaged to, I felt I could have *some* privacy by way of *it*.

But...

The morning that I had gone to my sit and think library; I had gotten a message from Janine (who I hadn't talked to since the end of July).

Janine's message stated that she wanted us to do lunch or dinner at this new fancy restaurant and how she wanted to get caught up on some things-spend the day together since we hadn't seen or talked to each other. But before we could even do it, that next late afternoon, she was on my doorbell (unexpected) ringing it like a mad-woman. I opened it and she was standing there breathing hard and staring into my eyes with the dog on her face and she said to me: "Angie I have to ask you a question. When was the last time you messed with Crazy Ass?" ...Janine's name for Janet (she lost the care, capacity, and respect to call her by name-any name).

"I actually haven't even talked to her since August 29th to be exact-which has been almost a month now," I said.

"Wait a minute, I thought the last time I talked to you was at the end of July and you weren't talking to her no more since *then!*" she stated.

"Yeah, but shit happened, a lot of things, but now—it's a wrap **for real!**-Something serious!" I replied.

“I do *not* fuck around with her,” I reiterated and assured Janine.

“We had a legendary 3-day fallout August 27, 28 and 29th like you wouldn’t *believe*-like never before. It’s beyond repair at this point. I’m done. She’s done.” I explained.

“Well I don’t think so,” said Janine. My brows frowned.

She stood there shaking her head with her eyes rolled up in her head. She then took a deep breath with her arm on my door hinges and said: “Ok well let me ask you this then, when I left that message on your pager yesterday morning. Where did you check it from, and what time?”

(Those were the kinds of details my sophisticated-thinking friends *had* to piece together when dealing with me since this thing of mine with Janet. Because you *had* to use your head and *think* to weed out any useless or incorrect possibilities in order to get at the truth about her and the things she would do. Janine was already a smart girl-technically and mechanically smart at that. And to be friends with me-up in my world-so closely, you *had* to be a thinker like Denise or mechanical and technical like Janine).

I replied: “I know Janine...” I nodded...like I was making a confession.

I continued: “I checked it from home, and something crazy had happened after that while I was at the library that *same* afternoon. Somebody (we both know who) texted the first two numbers of my pager’s voicemail code to me, so since then, I got a *new* number (and I won’t be checking my messages from home anymore). And you know from her intercepting ears, your invite sounded like an invitation for a lunch or dinner date rather than us as ‘friends and chums.’ I’ve given her the cold shoulder for almost a month now, and that’s a record for us. So you know her moves,” I said.

“And that explains it! You know the bitch can’t stand me. I woke up this morning about to go to school to a pair of flat tires! And you know I *just* moved there. The truck next to mine wasn’t bothered, I only live in a two family house and I aint got but three friends here including you-and *no* enemies!” yelled Janine.

“Angie, when they fucked up my big paper that I did on your computer and I went on about my way for two whole months: moving, school, taking care of business and *mind*ing my own business, my life was fine—no more crazy calls to my house and other silly shit her crazy ass and that silly ass girl were doing, it ceased-like turning water off. Here it is, I take a chance one night and call you two months later, only to wake up to flat tires! No drama and craziness in my life until I reach back out to youuuu!” she pointed at me

“Oh God! This is insane! I’m not faulting you, but you got to do something about this bitch. She’s out of control! She can’t get away with this Angie, she can’t!” she screamed.

I was looking so stupid and feeling a mess because that was the *second* major evil “incident” that happened with Janine delivered by Janet and her buddies not to mention the countless other evil deed that my other friends knew (and didn’t) know about. And well, mine topped ‘em all. No one was hurting, stressed, angered, and enduring more than me-no one.

Janine always gave me this third-eye feeling that she never believed I was clueless or didn’t have answers from Janet as to why she would do the things she would do to she and my friends-almost like she thought that I was so enamored with Janet so much so, that I was in on things with her and having some laughing good time when she’d do this crazy shit (that was far from true). But Janine, like all my friends; couldn’t believe that if she was supposed to be so enamored with me, why was it that I had no control over her doing crazy shit. Secretly, all of them pretty much felt the way Janine did: that I sat off boo’d up with Janet-laughing and

condoning her evil deeds and oh dear God, if they only knew the fights I fought with her crazy ass about all her evil deeds that she would do to send jolts to me and get my attention to patch back in to her. The idea that Janet could have had Janine's two front tires flattened was so far-fetched to me, but I had to once again lend an ear to it because of how she is and how she gets things done-I knew it all too well: In her world, where there is a will and a bill, there is a way and someone pay.

My mind was searching hard for any possibility that maybe this time-this wasn't yet another order put it by Janet but I knew it was no way out. Standing there looking at each other, we both knew all too well-Janet's moves.

I jogged my memory and told Janine how I remembered at 9:50 that same morning that she got her tires flattened; I got a phone call on my pager and the person didn't leave a message, instead, they played the screeching sound of an Internet dial-up connection, followed by a series of messages that had been left on my pager from days past; going all at once-several different voices-as if they had been saved, taped and played back to me in some kind of simultaneous sequence. It was weird. I kept replaying the message/s over and over, trying to make sure I heard what I *knew* I heard-and I heard right. No denying it. It was crazy.

"You're damned right it was her Angie because it had to have happened between 8 p.m. last night and 9 a.m. this morning. I pulled to my house at 8 last night and stayed in for the evening. I got up about 8 this morning, got dressed and walked out to two flat tires at 9 a.m.! Girl I *know* this was that crazy bitch, I know it! I know it Angie. If you had told me that you checked my message anywhere else but from your house, I would have to think it was a random act but I already know that bitch don't like me for what *ever* reason!" she yelled-accusingly.

"If she would delete a big major college paper of mine on that damned computer of yours, why the hell would she not do something this drastic-especially since y'all aren't talking..and then she aint heard you and me talking in like forever-so she probably thought I was out of the picture, until I said what I said on your pager **THAT YOU CHECKED FROM YOUR HOUSE, THAT HER CRAZY ASS INTERCEPTED AND HEARD!**" she took her voice up two octaves.

Furthermore, in addition to that, I was done making calls to get money and towing out of the way at exactly 9:40 this morning, so yes that was her sick ass calling your pager ten minutes later at 9:50 with that weird stuff going on; trying to be funny to let your ass know what she had done! Angie. I know it was her, I know it, I know it! The timing was too perfect *and deliberate!*"

We sat around talking about this craziness, and I caught her up on what had been going on. I knew that if this was Janet's doing, she knew for sure that this monstrosity would get me back online if nothing else. I simply refused to however, although I grew more and more nervous about what would happen next because she *hated* being ignored (that's for sure). Glenn Close in "Fatal Attraction" had *nothing* on her. This shit totally like...brought her joy or something-like some sort of sadistic orgasm.

Time for: "Operation Plant Footsteps to Elicit a Response."

So that during interception of my voicemails [that Janet would was listening to]; when we got over to Janine's house, I had her leave a voice message on my pager, briefly describing how pissed she was about the tires and all and how she didn't appreciate it, so that if, or whenever I decided to patch in to Janet (even if I waited another month to patch in) this

incident is going to be on their list of things to revisit (while I watch). If Janet did indeed put in for this job to be done, they would brag about it, joke about it, or flat out say it. What could I do about it anyways?

As I was leaving, we were walking to my car, and I saw her naked trash sitting in the garbage can right next to where I pulled up. The fact that her bank statements and other information was sitting right on top caught my attention, so I asked her why would she throw her personal information on top of naked trash in an open driveway.

She rushed over to the garbage can and started yelling like a crazy woman (again). She then pulled me into the house to where her kitchen garbage can sat with a black garbage bag in it and showed me the whole box of garbage bags-trying to prove to me that she doesn't throw naked trash out in the garbage can-especially considering how close to the curb the can was placed after being rummaged through-and it wasn't trash day for her. It was so bizarre that I gave *her* the third eye of disbelief this time. She was insistent on showing me that she doesn't throw naked trash in her cans in, and especially outside. She started digging through [the naked trash] in that outside garbage can...no garbage bag to be found. Someone had not only gone through her trash, but had taken the bag (obviously away from the premises), gone through it, came back, and disposed the [naked] trash back into the can (without the bag). I didn't know what the significance was of keeping the trash bag-I could only assume that whoever did the job wanted it to be known or didn't care that it was known they had rummaged through Janine's trash.

It was getting more Janet-kinda-bizarre by the minute. This one was throwing me.

By now, I was really confused trying to figure this one out; trying *hard* not to believe that Janet was involved-but it had been a record thirty days that I was gone from her crazy ass and she ~~was trying to turn~~ turned it up. She deliberately and methodically waited for the right friend, and right moment to have the dots of her handiwork all connect to make it known that she was still a presence and force to be reckoned with and at some point in this-she would *not* be ignored [Ang!]

We knew her moves, but this by far was paparazzi-type professional (and a new one on us).

This "incident" was one I was trying hard for the word "*oin*cidence" despite the fact that by this time, I had done away with that word since knowing Janet.

I peeked, so as to not arouse her any further, and saw that Janine's name was hidden on the inside of her mailbox rather than the outside and located very close to her window and deck right there on the first floor. With that, I lent the "searching through the trash" theory some credit because the tire-slasher probably needed to make sure they were at the right apartment, slashing the right car's tires. I then figured it most probably had been by Janet's instructions; considering the trash was brought back without the garbage bag after finding mail with Janine's name and address on it-therefore, the right person and the correct address.

Whoever did it was swift, nice and quiet, and was damn sure a professional. Because Janine's bedroom window was entirely too close to the small driveway where the garbage cans were-one empty, the other-hers: (naked and full).

I did away with any thought of "coincidence." I *had* to chop it up as another one of Janet's extremes, because I knew in the bottom of my heart that she always meant fucking business at all times and by any means necessary.

I told Janine that if I had any extra money over from my check that I would reimburse her for the tires.

She looked at me and shook her head in disbelief and astonishment-about everything. She looked so crazy and felt so violated as she stood there with her hands on her hips and her eyes bulging-looking around the area as if somebody was watching us and as if somehow she was going to lay eyes on that tire-slasher.

All I could do was shake my head as I drove off. It was a crazy feeling.

Janine, however, found a new place to park down the hill hidden in the back of her apartment where she would just have to walk up some steps to get to the back door-at least for a while. Me? All I could do was apologize (again)...

After twenty-too-many coincidences I had to give up being in denial about not giving Janet credit for her handiwork that all her money was paying for. She must've had her reasons. Because this same week I was driving down a street in my town called Vine Street and out of nowhere (in a white four-door compact vehicle), comes this guy pulling along the left side of my car as I was slowing down to come to the complete stop at the light at the five-way intersection. He busted the most dramatic U-turn to put himself in a position to be able directly across from me to photograph me at a distance [where he obviously was trying to go undetected] but that didn't work out for him, because his aggressive drive alongside me was so sudden and dramatic, that it caused me to be alarmed.

While I sat at the light, I watched him from across the street. He grabbed his camera and began taking pictures of me like a mad man. He was so excited to be able to get the pictures that he had this goofy "*I'm busted but I don't give a damn*" look on his face. It was bold. I stuck my hand out to try and block him from being able to see my face, but I *totally* saw his. He had a burned red face, bald head, and he looked just like "Mr. Clean." It all happened so fast and I was so taken aback, all I knew was that he definitely busted that U to get those pictures of me like his life depended on it. My first impulse was to yell and curse him out but I was too afraid to do it because I didn't know if he had a gun. I didn't get to catch the plate number, but he had out of town licenses plates that I'm almost positive were Maryland, Indiana, or Jersey plates-something with black, white and mostly yellow in them.

Considering what had just happened with Janine and the fact that I was MIA from Janet for thirty days now (not to mention her past commandeering antics and invasiveness), I knew that this, yet again, was another order put out by Janet-who stopped ceasing to amaze me ions ago.

That invisible hand guiding me throughout this thing-helping me out with clues that kept showing up for me by sending Janet jolts to remind her of her evil deeds, and sending me jolts to remind me that I had an omnipotent kind of help in this, showed up yet *again...* (some time much later).

One night, I fell asleep in my living room and woke up in the middle of the night to an "Extra!" entertainment news program segment. Right smack dead in my face, that same man appeared. He looked *just* like the "Mr. Clean" guy who I caught taking photographs of me that one day. I thought I was dreaming. I sat up and turned the volume up with the remote only to hear that this guy was a private investigator to the stars. Turns out, his name was Mitch Seflin and (at this particular time) he had been on the case for several stars regarding a Hollywood poser and swindler named Chris Rocancourt who had swindled thousands upon thousands of dollars out of celebrities by pretending to be some Rockefeller heir or some shit like that.

I did my research online and discovered that (amongst several big named celebrities) this swindler had befriended some of the Jackson family and was supposed to purchase a

Hummer for a “famous singer” for \$125,000.00 (and too was doing favors for him) but never returned the money (or the vehicle). It was obvious in the article that the “famous singer” was Michael Jackson, but even without that tidbit being mentioned; the fact that it *was* mentioned that this swindler had “befriended and conned some members of the Jackson family” who this Mr. Clean guy was hired by, let me know that this was the same man hired by Janet for little ole’ me. The \$64,000.00 question to that was: Why though?

Time for “Operation Plant Footsteps to Elicit a Response” for more reasons other than a pair of flat tires...



I look at it like this: my intentions with, and for her were always genuine and true. If I ever stabbed her anywhere, it was from the front-even when I’ve stabbed her in the heart.

I had to put on *my* thinking cap.

Flat tires and being followed by private investigators with watching lenses was only going to be the start of anything possibly sinister she could piece together to make things go her way. She got the world on her side-I don’t. And in her world, where there is a will and a bill, there is a way and someone to pay.

Do the math...

I’d do much better fighting her in her presence than fighting her in my absence.

I’d do better in her presence because that’s the part she wanted more (and cost her less-monetarily and emotionally yet cost me more-emotionally and mentally).

Do the math...

I contemplated hard-over and over; about surrendering. Especially knowing that she knew I knew so much-and with that, if for no other reason, it was never going to be the end of “us” even if she ever decided she didn’t want *me* anymore. I knew too much. I had too much. She and I had *done* too much. *They* had done too much-and left way too many track-able footprints to what they (at one time), thought was untraceable.

Do I love her? Yes, dearly. Do I trust her? I wouldn’t go that far.

Well...we too, had a story. A situation. A circumstance. A past.

And just like any other story, there is a truth in a mess. The fact of the matter is, what started off good had too much bad intertwined in it: Wrath, Greed, Lust, Sloth, Gluttony, Envy, and Pride, I must admit-I’m not stupid.

BUT.

Regardless any opinion about it, I would be remised if I didn’t mention that ours was not some freak story where we met over the net and from there-just started freakin.’

That’s not where we met...it’s where we officially got to know one another-first.

Ours was a story, not a tale, about two mature adults who (after an informal meeting), developed a friendship that developed into...something else. So sue us.

The norm for someone in a megastar’s shoes is to ignore all, or not to even put themselves in a position for such a thing to happen, whereas in this case, the megastar chose not to-simple as that. I understood her well: her ups and her downs, what made her angry, jealous, happy and sad. I changed her. She changed me. There were some good things, and as well; there were some bad things. We were lessons to each other, for sure.

The taboo factor was the fact that we both are female.

The other unusual factor is that she happens to be a megastar and me-just a normal person. That only made the two of us *human*.

What could have been a normal situation got out of hand due to the megastar's own *personal* issues that she had even before becoming acquainted with the normal person in this (me).

She has had limited access to a "normal" environment because she is *who* she is, therefore, her resources and money's power afforded her to do what she had done to me—something *she* felt was normal—for she is surrounded by people who have never questioned her authority or unreasonableness all her life.

No, I cannot deny that after getting to really know her beyond her glitter, I do admit that she and I were totally sexually compatible in a way like I've never been (could be the circumstances, the taboo, or the situation) but...it was what it was.

As a human being, there is always just that *one* person, who just lights our fire, and in all my years, I had never felt this kind of passion for anyone, and it just happened to be with a woman—this woman. And with the woman thing, I have never allowed myself to be so free, intense and open. But with all that she felt for me and how she just *was*—her "way;" she would not have it any other way anyways.

Now if I'm going to tell a (whole) story, I cannot tell a lie or omit part of the other truth (as-was). I had never in my life met anyone that could match me sexually: emotionally, mentally, and sensually, and the intensity and attraction between the two of us in so many ways; aroused me even more. I cannot tell a lie. She was the only one who could match and understand my sexual imagination. Her un-inhibitions overpowered mine (ten times over) and forced me to release and relinquish all that I had, and so I let her have her way with me...that was kind of exciting. I will not, and cannot deny that she is t.h.e.e most sensual woman I have ever met. She is irresistible in every sense of the word. I confess *and* plead the 5th...

Her brand of sensuality reminds you of...let's see...the video of hers called "Anytime, Anyplace," the one who makes you stop whatever it is you are doing and tend to *her* without her even having to even ask. That's "her"—that's *just* how she is: a calculating peeper who knows and watches your every move and will sit around to do it (and take you along with her, as she moves—so that she can)...

I cannot tell a lie, she *is* fine as hell; sexual and sensual, and has been very briefed on (by what she hunted, gathered and overheard), what it is I like and love, and knew what to do *with* and *to* a someone like me, whereas in a normal situation, it probably would have taken another person years to discover if, or never at all. She studied me. And she *did* choose and pursue me heavily, more than anybody ever has in my life.

Sure that too, could have much to do with the circumstances, the taboo, or the situation but...it was what it was.

Furthermore, if digging into my dike roots is what it would take to free me and give me my peace of mind back, then fuck...I'll take my cake and eat it too.

Let's not belabor the obvious—she *is* "Janet" and I don't know of a man (or woman) *alive* who wouldn't at least entertain the *thought* or desire to be in my shoes (excluding the mess).

Wouldn't you?

Shit. I *ain't* new to this, I'm true to this...

7

PRIDE



- n. 1) the showiness and exaggeration in one's behavior; haughtiness, arrogance 2) justifiable self-respect

“I’ll tell you what I learned, well...observe. People who do not have, or either not sure what their very own boundaries are (or whose boundaries will fluctuate from person to situation) typically are only aware of the one definition of “pride”: the showiness and exaggeration in one’s behavior; haughtiness, arrogance. But pride (for people who do have clear boundaries—that do not fluctuate) know that pride too, is simply: justifiable respect for oneself. In this thing, I had to make a decision considering how [because I am very clear about my boundaries being respected-and how prideful I am], I had to make a decision: ‘If you don’t make her respect your boundaries and teach her a lesson, the pride you claim to have really isn’t so. But since you do have boundaries, at what point will she know they can no longer be crossed? You need to make a decision-swiftly...’”

-Angie

I cram to understand why we have the hardest time understanding that if man (*human*) has the power to control or know our every move, struggle, triumph, success, failure, and purchase by way of a mere social security number; why is it that we have such a problem even *considering* the belief in pre destiny—that too, our every struggle, triumph, success, and failure could be predetermined by an even higher power than man...and our “free will” is that we are free to make choices without strings from above being attached to us. This freedom allows us to act on our pre destinies (or not) by which our life’s choices, circumstances, and situation either *thrusts us into* our pre-destiny and therefore, we become a success or become triumphant (or) in other cases our life’s choices, circumstances, and situations *pulls us away from* our higher power’s pre-destiny are we therefore fail or struggle as a result of not stepping into our predetermined greatest “us” (as predetermined by Greatness) and our choices (regardless what becomes of our free will) is what makes this world go ‘round in which we: audience, stage or sit on the sidelines of life. We all play our part regardless the success, triumphant, failure, or struggle; each happens so that something else happens, begins, or ends in order for some other thing to be able to begins...and so the cycle of life goes on and on that way—it makes its way around to everybody to get on and to get off until the end of time.

If there is a man-made/governed system on the earth, I refuse to believe there isn’t a Higher Power-made system in the heavens (that too, influence and governs us). All that we do on earth is influenced and associated with the heavens (by which we are earthly manifestations)—already pre-determined down to the month, date, day, hour, second and minute we were born on earth into and by way of the consistent celestial bodies of the heavens. We are fitting that “plan” of sorts, by which our free will and choices either thrusts us into this pre-plan or pulls us from it. Those are our lessons in life that cause us to either: struggle, fail, triumph, or succeed that at any time (thanks to the consistency of the forgiving, predictable, ever-turning heavens); we have to opportunity to triumph or succeed at any time after we may fail or struggle.

All of us terrestrial beings have a purpose in life to lead, organize, communicate (teach a lesson or to learn one). When we deviate from our pre-destiny/pre-plan, one of two things happen: we struggle or fail. And we keep living life (on free will) until somewhere within our individual experiences, situations and circumstances, we finally get it right (then we triumph or succeed).

Typically, we struggle or fail if we deviate from it because the universe (other terrestrial beings) didn’t get their lesson, which means we did not lead, organize, or communicate a lesson that they could benefit or learn from (or as pre-destined/pre-planned).

As well (typically) when we triumph or succeed; we somehow followed what was already predestined/pre-planned therefore; we’ve lead, organized or communicated a lesson that our fellow man has learned from and now he’s “it” (it’s his turn) and so on.

Get it?

I'm a spiritual person in that I believe in the ritual of spirit and *some* things happening and having purposes that neither human beings or science can't always explain and have concrete answers for. But just because we (or science) may not be able to explain something-it does not make that something not "be." As a spiritual human being-that's where I draw the line, where instead of throwing away and discarding what I, or science cannot explain, I won't disrespect and disregard it as being pseudo, unreal, or impossible. All things that can't be explained don't automatically go in the trash receptor of life. That's a job for the court of law-not universal law. There is a difference. Whatever it is I "don't believe in," I still won't totally discount. I'll just bow out-but out of respect in knowing that someone else who shares this universe with me believes in something that I may not but too, are very much apart of this world being able to go 'round. Everything and everybody is connected in some way-no matter how opposite or disconnected we (or it) may seem.

Get it?

Having said all that, I crum to understand why man ("us"-humans) would not consider that we could very well be earthly representations of the celestial bodies-earthly manifestations of heavenly constellations via the time, month and day we were born. The heavenly bodies are so consistent (as is life and death)-both are turning and happening all day, everyday. The only thing inconsistent is the in-between: Our being able to predict those inconsistencies and variables (which are all a matter of our free will in life, circumstances, situations, environment, and individual experiences). Whether we all want to believe it or not, I subscribe to the belief that some parts of our daily lives and atmospheres are influenced by the sun, moon and the nine planets. And to some degree (alongside our individual experiences, environment) the celestial bodies (the heavens) have some influence on terrestrial beings (us).

An example of that, to put it plain and simple so that you won't lend credit to the theory that I have just climbed aboard the Hale Bop Comet is this. Notice how in the movies, or (in real life) when we see or speak of the full moon, something "crazy" is about to happen? Well, the moon is associated with the constellation Cancer. It is a mysterious "something," in that it is not a star, or a planet. It is "spirit" and "intuition." It only comes out at night and is *always* full, but only allowed to show her full self, every 27½ days or so. When she is ½ and ¾, she is being overshadowed by the sun, giving us (here on earth-terrestrial beings) the illusion that she is only ½ and ¾. The moon is associated with the birth of things, which is why most animals hatch and give birth when the moon is full, plants thrive etc.

Astrologically speaking, the moon is retentive and associated with the subconscious self (emotions, moods and emotional disturbances just to name a few). That is why you've probably heard that people *really* act crazy when the full moon is in Scorpio. Well, the moon is already a "crazy mysterious thing," which is why it shows her full-self every 27½ days. We need a birthing and an emotional cool-down at some times in the months. When the moon is her full self while in the constellation Scorpio (who per Greek Mythology is associated with Hades-the God of the underworld and too, associated with the planet Pluto-located farthest from the sun and is therefore-the coldest planet) is associated with the beginnings and ends of life, resurrection, sex, death, and regeneration (just to name a few). The full moon through that Scorpio constellation is obviously an intense combination (as can be the earthly atmosphere and interactions between us terrestrial beings). The moon is feminine and hell hath no fury like her emotional, retentive, instinctive, psychic and seductive self. So when the Moon is Full in Scorpio-it can be and atmospheric emotional explosion (subtly or brazenly so) people act crazy or emotional or intense etc., and the beginnings and ends of things tend to occur.

So...I last talked to and left Janet on 8/29, the sun was in Virgo's constellation (which is during August 24-September 22). Virgo (and Gemini)'s planet is: Mercury. Mercury is a time when we are receiving, transmitting and giving information by way of writing, signals, talk, gestures, telephone etc. Mercury is also associated with intellect, the brain, and mental perception.

I would also enlighten you to fact that Mercury's strength and power is: mental and physical dexterity, objectivity, communication, rational thought, logic, reason, speech and language. Some of Virgo/Mercury's weaknesses are miscommunication, high-strung temperament, explosive outbursts, and uncontrolled nervous energy bringing about mental strain and stagnation and at last left, in every way that we communicated (especially into 8/29) our wires became crossed and miscommunication was the result. High strung temperaments caused explosive outbursts, and uncontrolled nervous energy brought about mental strain and stagnation-so I left after doing what Virgo/Mercury does best [and whose motto is]: *I analyze*.

If I were to go deeper, and consider my return to "Janet's planet" on any planetary/constellation/celestial bodied reason, it would be the fact that when I did return a month later (9/30); the sun was in the constellation Libra. Libra (and Taurus') planet is: Venus. Venus is a time when we are representing, picturing, speaking eloquently, or conveying a feeling or character. Venus is also associated with the power to love, the power of feelings, and in Libra: rules love, marriage, and reveals the capacity for beauty, harmony, love, and partnership.

I would also enlighten you on the fact that when I returned, I returned during sun in Libra, which is house of relationship of self to others, interested in bridging gaps, mending, and bringing about balance within all relationships. Libra's planet Venus' strength and power is: harmony, unison, personal magnetism, cohesion, aesthetics, melody, rhythm, balance, symmetry, elegance, tactfulness and refinement.

After being done analyzing my situation through and past September 22nd, I returned on the evening of September 30: to balance and bridge the gap between myself, and the person with which I separated—in order to bring about unison, harmony, love, partnership, symmetry; so I returned in hopes of doing what Libra/Venus does best [and whose motto is]: *I balance*.

Um Hmm-sure did. Yes-I-did.

I cut my PC back on and opened up a blank Word document (to see if Janet still had remote access to my PC) and if not, I was going stay away for real-I really was. I had been doing fine on my new laptop for a month now. I figured if she didn't have remote access anymore-that would mean she moved on too, which would have left me with being happy that what we had was good when it was good and the bad had no choice but to be forgotten.

Well, I got maybe to the third paragraph of free-writing, and my fonts began to change while I was typing-so I knew she still had her special brand of magic: remote access to me.

Abracadabba.

I logged in and went into the room.

When I got there, it was a skeleton crew. Maybe two of her people were there with me-one was there before I came in, and the other one that came in after me:

"*Lawd it's too hot in here, it's on **fire** in this room!*" said the one who came in after me Lissa of course. That was her kind of language (and instigating).

I sat and watched for about three minutes as my heart was beating a mile a minute

while her buddies were probably preparing Janet for her grand entrance. I know she was excited as hell to know I was there. If she was in an important meeting at this time, from wherever she was in the world, her getting a buzz from her buddies to tell her that I showed up was enough for her to bring that meeting to a close-pronto.

With literal baited breath, I waited, but it was taking a while. I was nervous. I was good and into seven minutes while I sat there haggling with myself about using this time waiting as my reason to stay gone. Haggling won. I logged out.

The next night (October 1), I re-opened the same free-writing Word document.

The font was back to normal.

She allowed me to complete the entire one page-down to the word I typed right before the next blank second page appeared. At that very moment, the screen froze. That was my cue that bulldozed any reason I would have time to give myself to stay gone (or leave). My tyrant of a Taurus was there (waiting patiently) wanting me to know that it was indeed her with (her methodically deliberate self) awaiting my return. She knows I know her moves. She may not have been immediately available the day before, but she wanted me to know that this time, she sure as hell was available (and ready).

I drove up to the school lab and logged on, and there-poetic injustice was...

They all were there this time.

When nicknames like: "G-String," "N'amour," "Your n'amour," and "JuicyStrawberry" rolled down, I knew she wasn't too far away.

"I missed you Cinamon. I wondered when you would come back," she said seductively (and presumptuously).

I noticed how she said "*when*" not "*if*," and told myself: "she hasn't changed a bit."

"Yeah, I missed you too," I said (truthfully). I did. And actually, I missed her.

"Did you *really*?" she asked, with her brows up (wondering if I really did).

"Yes, I did, *really*." I replied (assuredly).

"So how was the rest of your summer Cinamon?"

"It was ok I guess," I replied.

"Yeah?" she nodded and paused a moment.

She then looked through me:

"Cinamon, I know you *so well*..." she said braggingly (knowing that I only turned on my computer to see if she would do something to give me my cue to let me know that she was still around-waiting for me to come back, and too, knowing all too well that she knew *just* what to do with, and to me to get the response she wanted.

She was diabolical. She studied me like a class).

"Yes, I know, so be nice..." I replied.

She didn't reply back to that.

I could tell she really didn't want to play around. It was obvious that she was so emotionally guarded since my estrangement that she didn't want me to think it was ok for me to return back to her as if we were chums (so quickly). I know her *so well* too. We sat around staring at each other, just small talking and throwing words out to each other-questioning one another-trying to see where each of our heads (and hearts) were. She sat there and didn't crack a smile the whole time.

She spoke: "Cinamon. I want to start over fresh. I want to cultivate, not eradicate our relationship," she said.

"I'm scared," I told her. "Are you? That excites me," she said seductively.

We sat around talking back and forth at each other until she released me. I assured her I was going to come back to the room when I got back to my house.

She didn't pressure me.

She didn't nail down any times or specifics (her usual-like before).

She just released me as if she crossed her fingers and hoped for the best: that I would return.

She stubbornly refused drop her emotional guard. I could feel her sitting there with her fists balled up, lips tight, and frown in her brow.

When I got back home and logged on, we sat around the room throwing questions back and forth-both of us trying to see just how much one missed the other more. This kind of thing went on for a few days actually. We were so unsure how to handle one another-both walking on eggshells with each other. I didn't want to give her too much nor did I want to give her too little. She was careful. I was careful, but both of us knew we didn't want the other to leave again, so that was about how careful we were with the words we spoke. In an effort to "start over fresh" and "cultivate and not eradicate our relationship" she started up a completely different Hell Mail addy for us to use.

She (and her people) were on it like a watch dog.

October 7th at 7:34 a.m. I got a call from a guy (sounding like he got caught off guard when I picked up). He asked for someone named "Ray" (ironically the name of a friend of mine who had called me very early that same morning). I knew it wasn't a coincidence that the caller chose to use the name Ray, that was only done to send a jolt to me because I was up early and in our new email account so early in the morning-reading an email she had sent me (I was only about to write her back). I knew the guy on the phone was calling with her standing around (or on the phone listening) trying to figure out if it was me-at home, up that early checking our email account that we were using (because she knew I hadn't had any early morning classes at this very moment in time). That must have alarmed her-especially since she and I had been slow dancing around one another for seven whole days-and she was *not* playing this time. She didn't forget. She knew that during my month away, I was getting caught up to date on the chronology and she wasn't taking any chances, especially with my knowing she on set working on movie during this time and she wasn't able to work her gadgets the normal way (by rebooting me altogether). But she sure as hell had her digerati on guard.

To let me know she would be home from October 8-14, my friend Denise emailed me to my Yahoo account (that I set up during my 30-day split from Janet).

Denise's stay was terrible.

The first night she got home, we sat out in my car and talked for hours about what each other had been up to and I was able to get her caught up on all that I didn't get chance to email and talk to her about over the phone regarding the situation with Janet: her good, her bad, her moves, her tricks-everything. We talked until 5 in the morning. Denise listens *very* well. By the end of our conversation, something dawned on her so she asked me to drive back to her mom's house so that she could show me a weird email she had gotten from some psychic clairvoyant who said she was from France and had "stumbled across" her because she was trying to locate a friend in NYC.

The email was about three whole pages long, in which the goal (put forth as Denise's benefit) was find out Denise's rising, sun, and moon sign and in return, this psychic clairvoyant promised "good fortune" would be coming to Denise by indirectly relating this "good

fortune” being for her acting career and other things [that she knew would pique Denise’s interest].

Janet knew I was into astrology/sun/moon/rising sign’s and she knew how serious Denise was about her acting career, but what she didn’t know was that Denise only used that email address for her agent and her close personal friends and immediate family, and had never gotten spam-like email as such.

I was *livid*, I couldn’t believe my eyes. I know Janet and her buddies’ methodical handiwork and knew all too well that this was all them. I was upset because Janet already knew too much about everything and everybody. I was always able to keep Denise out of her way because she was busy touring, and living in NYC but would make it home to our city at least 3-4 times out of the year, but she knew that Denise, above anybody, was the one I was closest to and especially at this moment in time. I knew her moves. I knew that Denise was going to be Janet’s “tool” but for what? That was now my second \$64,000.00 question...

That next day Denise’s mom’s computer was fucked up. Knowing her moves, trickery and poison, Denise and I knew it was because she had selected that psychic clairvoyant email from her mom’s computer (to print for me). Where she originally opened it-she had no idea what, if anything had happened on that computer.

Janet and her buddies wasted no time inadvertently putting my association to Denise to work and had been on that even before Denise came home.

Something I had never gotten a chance to tell Denise (over the phone) was how back in at the end of July, a mysterious email had been sent to me from Denise’s *mothers* email account. It had Denise and me clueless as to how that even happened-because her mother never sent me an email. Her mother did not have my email address. We were clueless because of all the people listed on Denise’s email list, why was it her *mother’s* email account was the only one sending email to *my* email account (because her mother sure as hell wouldn’t be emailing me for any reason). The email had the “MIME version 1.0” attached to the email which alarmed me because by this time, I knew that *somehow*, viruses could be sent *by way of* the “MIME” thingy. But even in July (when I got the email), because of the “MIME” attachment, I knew it was the handiwork of Janet and her buddies, so it was no need for me to reply back to Denise’s mom. I just figured they did it because it was a close person, and close connect to one of my closest friends.

But why? (My third \$64,000.00 question)...

They had been planting landmines since after that July 20th day that I started the chronology turned manuscript.

I just didn’t know it (then).

On the third night of Denise’s stay while I was in the room with Janet, my toll-free pager had buzzed (because I had my calls from home transferred to it). It wasn’t anybody actually calling for me, it was only Janet and her buddies sending me a jolt to make sure my eyes were on them (in the room) because about a minute later, a situation in the form of a nickname was posted that had something very specific to do with a personal situation that Denise was going through. I called over to Denise’s mom’s landline told her what was right in my face. Come to find out, she had *just* gotten off the phone discussing this particular situation with the other person involved-that’s when it was confirmed for me that Janet also had Denise’s mom’s phone tapped as well (because that phone number too, was one of Denise’s landline numbers that I had listed in my computers address book whose header clearly read:

“Denise’s Mom’s Home” ...there for safe keeping and still, another phone number that I barely used because Denise was away in NYC more than she was home, and when home; we always pretty much used her cell phone). But shit, Janet didn’t discriminate-I should have known better. She felt like anybody I spoke about, talked, to, or listed anywhere were tools of some kind of use-later (or now)...

Denise was livid now.

Like Janine, Denise hated Janet so bad for her instruction and disrespect. Here it was Denise had *just* gotten involved in mid-August, and by October 15th, she had only death wishes for Janet. By her last day in town, she had been so fed up with Janet and all her stunts, gadgetry, and trickery that she demanded I give her a copy of all the emails, and phone numbers of Janet’s and *her friends* that I had access to (since my friends and association’s information was at her disposal). Rational-thinking Denise knew that in all her anger, there was nothing she could do about it-just like I knew she couldn’t. She was only a tool. And anything that could be done about anything was in a chronology now caught up the date, printed emails, and files by which the chronology was written. The rest was in my ears, my head, and my heart. That’s just how it went. Any numbers patched through to Janet of hers or her buddies that I could give to Denise were burn-outs, and not a damned thing she could do anything with.

Although I was upset, I knew that Janet had nothing to do with this incident because I knew for sure that she was right smack dead in the middle of filming at that very moment-I just didn’t tell that to Denise because just like I felt since the beginning-present or not-all of anything was being done by Janet’s instruct and orchestration, regardless.

But during filming, so that I wouldn’t fuck up Janet’s concentration about something that happened in the room I knew for sure was done without her participation; I didn’t say anything to Janet about them playing around in Denise’s private life.

I would know when she was really busy because she would have emails for me by the time I would get up for the day, I would then reply. In between time, we seemed to get along just fine when we would be bood up talking about love, sexing, and missing one another. She was always readily available and receptive to that from me, even if only an hour of time was all she had at this particular time.

Other times, later in the day some days; we *would* fight. At tense moments in times in conversation, our eggshells we were walking on caused more tension than at other typical tension-filled times (before I left for a month) we would otherwise get over it. Not this time. She was so ready for war it seemed like. I told her from the start (this time around): “I’m not up for you changing my mood like hydraulics! I’m just not. I’m not on it this time.”

But this time she was prepared and she informed me: “Well, I’m only giving you a taste of your own medicine! That’s how you do me!” and boy did she give it to me the day of our first fight.

Underneath it all, she seemed to have a gripe with me that she just couldn’t express, but she sure as hell wanted to. She was more afraid that I would leave again than she cared to express how she was feeling. But stuffing it inside changed her-she was fretful (uncomfortably so-like never before). She’s not used to being in such a subservient position emotionally and mentally. She could feel something about me this time was braver than before and that at any time, I could leave for good and never look back. I could tell she was hurt to a point that when we fought badly enough, this time around she wanted to make sure if I left, I left in fear. She even had the nerve to drop down a nickname called “Prone” and posted: “Hey accident prone how are you?...”

Right after that, a nickname called “Shades” dropped down and asked her:

“Should I be on the next flight out there?”

“Oh, is that a threat?” I demanded to know.

“What are you going to do, rig my car? Anything you do is going to point back to you Hun don’t forget that! My ducks are in a row and you know that,” I shot back.

Nobody responded.

“Prone” and “Shades” logged off.

Just like she was prepared for war when I returned I was too, but this time, I was much braver and prepared. She was more fretful and afraid. Not so much that [in knowing me so well she knew I wouldn’t have even returned until my chronology turned manuscript was current and up to date] but she knew with that *plus* the fact that since I had left for so long before; I could (and would) definitely leave again-indefinitely.

I hadn’t the monetary resources to fight her, but I possessed the skill to beat her ass in her own neighborhood that because of, I was rich with bravery, preparation (and answers). And all three of my \$64,000.00 questions were redeemed.

I guess before things got too brutal and they pissed me off bad enough to go M.I.A, they had a goal that needed to be met: To get pages 14-on of that manuscript. That was the whole point of boomeranging and connecting Denise’s mom’s email, and sending bogus email to Denise in hopes that by way of Denise emailing me, I would bite their poison from my handy dandy laptop that I was using while away from her for the whole month (writing). It was obvious that what I was doing was more serious for them than my intention of actually doing anything with it, was. Her people were taking my need to merely have something to fight back with, as something I really was going to hang her with; despite the fact that they knew I would do nothing with it, and their noose was being controlled only by themselves-not me. And from the looks of things, they wanted a hanging (considering how they clowned Denise). They couldn’t even let a month go by and be on their best behavior which only proved me right in knowing that every step I took, and everything I did in this was the right one and I was glad that I was caught up to date.

Since I wasn’t dealing with or talking to her during my entire month away, so that I could write it in peace without being on pins and needles; I never even made mention to anyone (over the phone or in person) that I still was writing. Every day, I feared that someone was going sneak up on me and hit me upside the head then take my book bag with my laptop in it. Where my comings and goings where concerned, I was a nervous wreck during my whole stay away from her while writing. There’s no telling how many times Mr. Clean sat in that public library from a distance somewhere behind some newspaper watching me type for hours on end. That was his only reason for following and photographing me-I know this now.

Janine’s mishap was merely another one of Janet’s hateful jealous rages by which she could still send an indirect message to me-to let me know that things could get worse—and what could I do about it...nothing.

I knew that getting the rest of the manuscript must had been their #1 goal whenever I returned-and no telling what would have happened had I not returned. I was prepared to give it up anyway, because I knew that from the first time I would be sent an attachment or asked to look at a web page; that would be my cue to give up the ghost. I had nothing to hide and had taken care of my business with the Library of Congress Copyright Office. I had a copy of it sent there and the certified postal receipt mailed back to me.

But only if their pushes turned shove-was she going to be about as popular as she was hot back from 86-99, but this time, no more same stories warmed over: “*I got the nickname: ‘Dunk’ from Michael because he used to say I had a donkey booty,*” and stories of her old “Penny” (from “*Good Times*”), “Cleo” (from “*Fame*”), and “Charlene (from “*Different Strokes*”) past with the dash of her secrecy marriages and ‘alleged’ child bore from the first marriage, etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.” Yawn...Ho hum. No. Fucking with me’s gonna get her re-invented with a whole other side of the truth about it all from beyond that cob-webbed bullshit and that barely there whisper.

I had my guns drawn too. I wasn't scared-I was fighting for my life back from her strong grip.

That day for me to give up the ghost came-and fast.

Sometime between October 17 and 18th, Janet and I were talking. She wanted to show me some illustrations that one of her employee-friends did of she, her dancers, and René. Just like the poison she sent me with the photo attached with she and Shanice (that open my opening, destroyed some computers up at the café); I knew that whatever she wanted to send and show me had already been seen by the public (or would soon be). Sure enough, some of the illustrations were the very same ones that I had seen on a couple of her VH-1 and MTV bios-nothing spectacular and rare. She (and I) knew she was sending me poison in order to get the ghost.

Next, she handed down more poison to open: An attached web card with a picture of herself. They were making sure that whatever kind packet-sniff of a poison they were sending me would definitely leave no file sent for-missed.

I took a deep breath and opened her poison, willingly. I had to let her get it. There were lots of things within the manuscript that she needed to know too. And even before allowing her to get the files, I had already assured her that we would talk about everything real soon, and she knew what that “everything” would be after she got the file.

I could hear the ghost of Denise screaming in the abyss begging me not to allow her to get the manuscript. I hadn't the strength or resources to fight them from getting what was obviously that important to her that she sent a high-powered private investigator out to follow me. I knew that she was never going to say: “I know for the entire thirty days you spent away from me, you were working diligently on that file. Where is pages 14-on, can I get that?” I knew she would do what she needed to do, just *take it* (like she does everything else). I wanted her to see it. I wanted her to see exactly what she and her buddies had done, how it affected me and what I was thinking-that’s the part she never knew about, but now, she was about to get an eye-opener that she *never* could have prepared for (I was sure of that).

The night of October 19th we talked for like two hours while she was in preparation for a very important telephone call she “couldn’t wait” to get. It was due to go down at 11:30 p.m. She told me that she would talk to me tomorrow as we got offline around 11:15 p.m. She said she wanted to prepare herself for this call. From what I could tell, it didn’t seem like she had the retrieved manuscript in her possession (as yet). The caller (most probably the one in receipt of it) was the one who read it and was about to put that call in to her at 11:30 p.m. to talk about it (and send it to her). She couldn’t *wait* to get this call. I mean, she was anxious and ready beyond explainable.

Well, “tomorrow” came. October 20th. That excited, anxious feeling she had yesterday

had gone away-completely. I could tell that (by now) she was in possession of 300 pages of joy, pain, sunshine, and rain: mine and hers.

We sat in I.M. She really didn't have much to say to me, but she didn't want me to leave. I could feel her energy-it was very sad-extremely. It made me sad.

I sat there holding small talk with her. We were simply throwing words back and forth at one another as if we were picking rose petals saying: "she loves me, she loves me not..." I could tell she was a cross between pissed and hurting, but didn't know whether to be mad at *me*-herself-or what. All she knew was that she loved me to death and I loved her to death but...we certainly had a "situation" bigger than what she must have thought our love for one another was bigger *than* and would therefore be the thick of the story *about* our situation. No. The love story, the cute, the fun, the endearing and the funny is in the between-woven all throughout the story. The bigger part of the story shouldn't have even *been*-and actually, had it not happened, there wouldn't have *been* a manuscript written. The love story, the cute, the fun, the endearing and the funny would have all just remained private and another one of Janet's many little "secrets" without incident-no problem.

As much as we shared, talked, got to know one another (and fought), she never got a chance to hear from me from behind my eyes, and from behind my heart; all that had been recorded, stopped, rewound, paused, and played there. And at retrieval of the files, for the first time; she got every detail of my observation, feelings (and facts) about *everything* in a way that her heart wasn't prepared for and her mind could have never conceived.

I knew that if she read the manuscript with her ego involved, she would be crushed.

If she read it objectively and understandingly (from my point of view and experience in experiencing the "her" behind the glitter and public); yes, she would hurt at first, but would thank me later.

Sitting online with me at this very moment, I could tell she was a combination of both: crushed and hurt, but thankful that she could see a side of herself as told by someone not on her payroll-but someone she loved and who she knew loved her, too. She needed that about as much as I didn't deserve the bad parts in all this that lead to a manuscript even having to be written.

In putting myself in her shoes, I understand totally—that crushing feeling of finding out something someone (who you let into your life) saying things to you (or about you) that you find out during an argument, from another person, or anywhere else besides the face-to-face conversation that should have been had, first. If you ever want to be forgotten and excused from my life forever and dismissed like you never came; let me find out something you thought, or felt that came out in an argument or from the mouth of another person and we've never talked about it first. It's a wrap. No cute, fun, endearing, funny, deep or lengthy history or tie we had is undoable, and will definitely be undone or cut. If I be placed at the table before thy enemies, at least let me know that's what we are before we sat down. Don't let me find out by surprise that you have enmity-like feelings about me, or that we were indeed enemies and I never knew it until through the grapevine, or at a heated moment to crush me. I need to know those things in advance before the table is prepared—that you shouldn't have had that place at it (or in my life) all that time that you had thoughts and feelings about me that I never knew about. So I understood what she must have been feeling.

Our situation was a little different, however. She didn't have to find out what was going on behind my eyes and heart through a manuscript that in the first place, should not have had to be written. But she did-and it being written was controlled by her, so she couldn't be any more mad at me than she was-herself.

Funny thing is-I was backed into a different kind of corner that I too, wasn't used to. When I'm done with someone, because they've wronged me and showed me that they can't be trusted; I don't believe in them having any access to me: my thoughts, my conversation, my energy, my presence-my entire existence. The best way I can forgive someone who I do not want in my life anymore is to teach them to know what it is like to *not* have me in their life anymore. Because I know I am genuine, I'm loyal, and I will tough-it-out with you. I'm one of a kind, and special enough for whomever I share a friendship or relationship with I know that I will be missed-tremendously. It's been tried and tested. My thing is, that longing will indeed teach you how to handle the *next* person [that you learned too late] added value to your life. I'm good at moving on without looking or feeling back, because I know my impact.

She didn't even give me that option to flee from her.

Her tyranny and resources nailed me down like Jesus Christ to the cross, and my sacrifice was everything. What I did that hurt her-had to be done, that was the only way I could see myself being resurrected. She knew that too...

To break our monk-like silence, I said to her: "I never want to hurt you baby, and I love you girl. I really hope you know that. I hope you know that I just tell the truth no matter how much it hurts."

She replied: "Phrew...don't I know. Don't I know...And by the way don't call me baby..." she defensively.

Pages 270-271 and chapter 6 of the manuscript (the "Envy" chapter), were humdinger chapters that I was more than sure brought theme music to her head, because (not to mention-the facts that nailed this whole operation), those pages were such a reflective and observant assessment of my thoughts and feelings that from her heart and eye-view; probably felt more like a professional psychological, philosophical, and accurate assessment of things she never in a million years thought that my: eyes, head, and heart recorded, paused, rewound, stopped, and now played for her eyes to see. It sent jolts of electricity to her heart and mind, I could tell...

In the original first draft in her possession, there were places in it where I said: "but my baby..." she had a hard time wondering how I could pump such an assessment of truths but refer to her as "baby" at the same time.

Well, it's kinda like: how could I know that she was so crazy about me yet, I had to write it—but I was her "baby," too?

We still didn't have much to say to each other. She told me she had another one of her "meetings" to attend to real soon and that she couldn't talk to me long. I knew it was one of her same meetings she had to attend after they retrieved the *first* 13 pages, but *this* time, at *this* meeting; she was now prepared to produce pages 14-on.

She didn't want me offline, although she couldn't talk long-she wanted me every breathing moment until it was time for her to go. We somehow managed to stay on for maybe an hour or so-just tapping our fingers, though. I could feel her looking at her screen trying to inhale all life from me, just like I was looking at my screen trying to feel life from her. It was such a sad moment-and one that I will never forget. I swear theme music was playing and we both dropped tears that fell to the rhythm of it. That was a very sad day and one I knew that after that moment, a lot of things about our love story, the cuteness, the fun stuff, the endearing and the funny times was all going to change. I just knew it.

Through the loud theme music in my head, we just sat there as she felt me and I felt her putting our ears to the screen as if we could hear the rhythm in each others heart, rubbing our noses across the screen trying to smell if we were both still there-still checking for any life

from one another. That was a very sad and odd day for the both of us—she was on her way to be in preparation to change everything from how we were to something altogether different over something that wasn't going to do any damage to her unless she and her troublemakers wanted it to be.

She spoke first: “*Staring at you.”

I was nervous and wanted so bad to have a “normal” conversation with her so that I could answer any questions she had, so I could put her mind at ease.

I responded: “Oh, so you just want to sit there and look at me?” I responded.

“Yes. I love to watch you,” she said.

I had a side-smirk on my face, thinking about Mr. Clean—but I didn't say anything.

Instead, I told her that she could.

I told her that one-day real soon, she and I would sit in a nice quiet dark room lit with candlelight. We would not say a word to each other—like this moment—and we would only stare into each other's eyes trying to pull out everything from each other's mind (like this moment). I told her that if we felt hurt, we could cry. If we felt happiness, we could smile. And any emotion we felt would be fair game. The only rule was that we could not make love but we could touch, and hold, and trace each other's faces with our fingers. We could kiss, but we could not converse. Everything in complete silence—we could try and read each other through sight, touch, and emotion only.

She kept telling me how much she was loving the thought of us doing that—so much. It moved her.

I was happy to hear a response from her, considering what we were going through and the spaceship she was on her way to beam up to that was going to change us from the “us” that we once knew.

It was almost time for her to go to her “meeting” and we had to wrap things up.

“Just know that I do love you,” I said, sincerely, honestly, and truthfully.

“I know. I know... And just know that I love *you*. I love you Angela,” she stressed.

“We must pick up where we left off,” she said—trying to make me know that we were going to pick up where our hearts last left no matter what—come what may [be about to go down in this big meeting about files in her hands].

I responded: “Sure, of course. So when should I check back with you because I know you need some time to think.”

“I just don't want to lose you,” she said, with tears in her eyes. She was so sad.

“You will *never* ever lose me, that is entirely up to you at this point...you know?” I said, with tears in my eyes. They fell.

“I know,” she said—she knew that I didn't want to hurt her, or for her to hurt.

I asked: “Well, what? Do you want me to give you um, a day, week, a month? What?”

“No, no, no, more than a week, I can't go no longer than a week—please,” she said anxiously, my one month estrangement must've hurt her pretty badly. The word “month” sent a jolt through her like electric.

I replied: “Right about now, I can't go no longer than one day—it hurts, but I have no choice I guess” I responded—hoping that she would tell me we could talk by the end of the night. But she didn't. I knew this meeting was going to be big and big plans were about to be being designed all around it—plans that were going to take longer than the end of the day to finish.

We small-talked until we could ease our way off the line. It was hard—for the both of us.

It felt like we were packing to go to distances in the world millions of miles apart. In this movie-like scene of a moment, Gladys Knight would be crooning the song lyrics: “Neither one of us wants to be the first to say goodbye,” it was so true to life right now.

I wanted to hug her so bad and pull her away-my way-so we could run away. I just didn’t want her to leave. I didn’t want her to leave and go to a room full of people filling her head up with things to break our bond and our closeness. Despite everything that had gone on (and was going on to a different level shortly), we still had the “us” from behind her big name and big people. I hated so badly that she was on her way to meet with them without being able to feel me, hear me, or see me. That drove me *crazy*. I felt they were going to sequester her and do a number on her insecurities, her public persona and her head, whereas, I was her security, her private person and had her heart. I wanted to tell her not to let them do that number on her, but I couldn’t say it-I couldn’t say anything, and I hated that too. Instead, I told her that I would check Hell Mail and not go in the room or get on I.M until I heard back from her. I told her that I would give her exactly one week + one day...

I hadn’t gone to the room, used my PC or opened up my laptop in five days (since she and I last talked on October 20th-not scheduled to talk again until 7 + 1 days after the 20th).

Late in the afternoon October 26th however, that old familiar thing happened on my laptop like it would on my PC many-a-day: they left their footprints and destruction (even after my graciously opening it up and accepting her poison to permit her digerati to commandeer it in order to retrieve the files they had been trying to get) my poor lil’ laptop was cross-eyed and retarded. All the icons on my desktop had disappeared into the abyss as if no programs had ever been installed onto the computer whatsoever. After rebooting my laptop several times, the icons appeared, but I could not access any a Word document at all.

I logged onto my PC, went in to the room and bitched her buddies out about it (then bitched her out in email about it). This was a complete nightmare to me because it was a tremendous a sacrifice for me to be able to squeeze buying the laptop into my budget, as it was for me to make the decision to allow her people to retrieve the files [I had hoped] without incident. I’d be (literally) damned if I had to move to computer number three. That laptop wasn’t purchased solely to work on the ghost files; it was also purchased so that I could work on my own books-in peace-away from my PC (that the already had control of since day one in all of this. My bitching totally fell on deaf ears. It was like I went in there and had a conniption fit straight into the abyss of a bunch of aliens who merely turned to look at me like *I* was the alien and speaking an unidentified foreign language. They must’ve been under strict instruct to not say one word to me if I came into the room-nor were they to carry on any conversation amongst each other when I did show up (because it got completely quiet-like a curator crescendo and I was the “Shtick”). The script rolled down every 15 seconds and it was if they all sat there and waited on the script to roll 15 seconds a few times-until that screen only showed all our nicknames and a blank script. I left out.

Shortly thereafter, my laptop was back up and running like nothing had ever happened.

Our moves were so predictable (mine, theirs, and mine with hers and she, with mine, too). It was as if after my last time talking to Janet, she told them we were scheduled to meet back up again in 7 + 1 days but until then, “fix my laptop so they could tell if it be messed with.” They knew me like a book-even more so now...

They knew I would come in and bitch about my laptop being screwed up, and in knowing that; they would then be on guard for being in the know about any letter of the alphabet I should dare type onto the laptop while she was away working on big things with her about any letter of the alphabet I should dare type onto the laptop while she was away working on big things with her “big people” regarding much’ado about something: Little ‘Ole Me.

That night, I talked to Denise about my giving up the ghost. Just like I knew she would be, she was not happy about it. She was very concerned about what kind of recourse, defense and fight I would have now that Janet and her people had the files in their possession- and that with; they were designing a plan of action around it as we speak.

As crazy as it may sound, although she had taken me through a lot, I felt sorry for her more than anything. She never had a lesson about crossing other people’s boundaries-the consequences of using her money, worldly power, and influence for the wrong reasons that damaged innocent people who otherwise could not contend with her. She never had someone tell her the truth about all the things she needed to know about herself (bad and good). I do care for her and for that reason, I didn’t want the book to surprise her and catch her off guard, I just wanted to be able to write it in peace. Despite the fact that she and her buddies were never really “fair” with me-and things always went Janet’s way, I wanted to be fair as possible (although she didn’t deserve it). I loved her outside of all her bad: the reasons for my even having to write it. I told Denise that the only thing she and her “big people” could do with the book was gather alibis for dates, and change, cancel or rearrange the email addresses, and web pages but there’s no alibi for the truth. And the truth would be told, shown and proven-dots connected-throughout the entire story, so they had their work cut out for them in all that 300-page glory written in 30 days; told straight as-was with no time for lies, fabrication and contemplation-just...raw unadulterated facts and truth about what happened. No additives within these preservatives...

I told Denise that because I had no ill intentions since the beginning, I was confident that what I did was the best thing for her and for me.

After all, although she did some terrible things, she wasn’t just some fling or one night stand; we had been through a lot together-good and bad. That being said, I couldn’t stomach having the world getting a glimpse *behind* the mask of her velvet rope without having her standing at the entrance to let them in. If she or they forced my hand and I had to press the print button on the manuscript and turn it into a book; I couldn’t stomach the sight of the media surprising her; having her stand there in shock that the one person who many-a-day said “I love you” would tell the world before telling her. I love her, so I gave it to her first. My heart wouldn’t let me drop a bomb on her-that wasn’t the plan any more than the plan was to make the story a book (unless they forced my hand). Even in the middle of our ups and downs and all my heated, angry rages-my heart would not have felt right if I didn’t allow her to see the manuscript, I just wasn’t going to communicate that to her but I sure as hell intended to give her access to it (once done). I knew her like I knew them. I knew they would soon be after me to spearhead my intent anyways. And that’s just what they did: met it head-on (and I intentionally allowed it).

When she and I last talked in I.M (October 20th) 7 + 1 day from then was our deadline date that she was supposed to have an email in there for me to let me know that she was ready for me (or never again). Considering all that was going on, I just assumed nothing

would be there, so I didn't even bother checking on the 28th. After getting a hold of the manuscript and not only reading it-but processing it all; I started to believe that the head job her big people were going to do on her would be much greater than my stranglehold on her could ever stand up against-especially once she was away from my grasp, and my presence. I felt hopeless after a couple of days and felt like she wasn't going to do much writing me anymore and probably regret like hell, the ones she sent from September 30 (the day I returned from our 30-day split) through the ones she sent to that very October 19th day I gave up the manuscript. Because now, they had in their possession; a blueprint of proof of all the routes I took to get copies of our emails that were now duplicated in print-verbatim: broken English, slang, and everything. I totally felt like once they got the rest of the manuscript; that would be the end of Janet and me by all means no longer necessary.

November 2, I checked our email account and found that she *did* write: on October 28th (as promised), not a day before, not a day after-just prompt, early that morning. My heart was beating so fast as October 28th was approaching that I was too scared to check it and find out there was none there. I don't think I was ready to deal with that. To avoid dealing with that, I even played around with the defensive thoughts swimming around in my head rather than even taking heed to how sometime between the October 28th deadline and the November 2nd day that I opened the email; Janet was holding a conversation in the room with her buddies when I entered and she interjected the word: "deadline," within her conversation a couple of times, but because she hadn't shown up in our private I.M, I was scared that she was just trying to be funny by making me feel rejected. I was twice as scared to check our email account only to find nothing there. It was confusing because the only thing I was picking up from her conversations with her buddies was how she was hurt and upset about something that had to do with me. I thought that "something" was the manuscript, not the fact that I hadn't opened the email where she had met our deadline *exactly* (down to the crack of dawn of the *day*).

She knew me well, but she didn't know [for the first time in this entire thing thus far] how deathly afraid I was, to lose her. I was too terrified to check the account for fear there would be nothing there. She knew I wasn't going to budge until she made me know that we were back on via our private I.M or at bare minimum; bring it up in the room. I wasn't up for any guessing or any games-period.

Early evening on November 3rd, she surprised me by logging into I.M under a name that (from "overhearing") she knew would grab my attention because it was a nickname of my friend's little boy who I loved to pieces: "DxNDxN."

She was feeling brave and impulsive, and decided she wanted to talk. She gave me two phone numbers: (xxx) 8x5-5xx3 and another new one for whenever, so I could be patched through to her: (xxx) 8x1-0xx4.

"Hurry up and call me! Hurry!" she said. I just sat there. That worried me because I didn't sense *any* fear. In my mind, that could only mean her "big people" had the master plan that a mere book couldn't turn a page to.

"Game's over-ghost given up already and fuck those phone numbers right now," I said to myself. I didn't want to be eased onto the phone with her, or patched through to her by way of any of her people at this moment. I was already on pins and needles because she was too confident-not sad, contemplative, or pensive like she last left me.

I guess I took too long to call her, so she did me one better. Without warning, she called *me*. The first number that she gave me appeared on my Caller I.D. The first time, I didn't pick up; I just let it ring. She hung up. It rang again. Caller I.D identified the second phone she gave me.

I then logged off the computer and went to bed (and it was still early).

Sitting there online with her and the exhausting things that I went through with her (no matter what-good or bad) sometimes while sitting there, I could get sleepy in an instant; as if I had some kind of hand of protection would snap their finger and put a sleepy spell on me-like it was there to keep me from something. It was *amazing* how that would happen. And at this moment, I was glad it happened because I *refused* to go through anything I had gone through before with Janet, her buddies, and this phone business. I just wasn't up for any silly games anymore. Too much had happened and I had given up too much for things to continue as-was.

We all knew each other's hand at this point and Poker faces were no more, at least mine wasn't-my hand was shown-completely. With the manuscript in their hands, they not only could put a face on to my responses, but they had a record of my emotional, mental and strategic methodology by which I did any and *everything*. With that, I couldn't stomach reverting back to the silliness and games anymore from this moment going forward. I was on edge and a bit nervous because I *totally* had nothing to fight with now, and I felt like if things went awry this time; they knew what to do in ways like they didn't before, and it would all be because *I* handed over the only and all the tools I had to work with and made it easy for them to fix and build whatever and however they wished (unlike before). I just wanted to know one thing and one thing only: Are things going to be better, transparent, and on the up-and-up, or are we still going to play silly games—because if we were going to go back to playing silly games, the joke would definitely be on me for sure, this time around. And if we reverted back to playing those silly games (especially since after getting the manuscript in their hands), that would let me know three of all three things:

- they built good enough alibi's by which attaching to her popularity would make it all seem like just another celebrity fluke of a story
- they weren't afraid, didn't mind, and left it up to the “bad publicity is good publicity” entertainment rule
- (in either case, considering they how now knew my moves; I would be at the mercy of them-and whether they wanted to play games or be on the up and up—now, I was out of options and without a fight) and so at this point in the game, if all wasn't on the transparent up-and-up; I would *forever* be at the mercy of them whether I published the book (or not)...

As that phone rang, I was dealing with a lot. And if I picked up and heard any other voice than Janet's-first; *cue the “Psycho” music*

My sleepiness ended up being a mere nap. I woke up at 11 p.m. that same evening and went back into the room. This time, “bigmou**TH**” entered (I guess “bigmouth” was “bigmou**F**'s” twin-from back in August that Janet and I made plans to get together after Labor Day when she got disconnected, I waited in the room for her, *got sleepy*, then came in the next evening).

This time (despite the fact that I came in a few hours later-that same night) regardless, she didn't want to talk at *all*. She was pissed (again).

No one said a single word, cracked jokes, said anything to me-nothing, so I didn't say anything to them, either. I just sat there. I guess they must have thought that I went and did something sneaky, when (again) all I did was go to bed. Fuck, I was drained with Janet ~~sometimes~~ by this time, *all* the time. I was sleepy as hell early that evening, but just happened to wake back up at 11 p.m. and got back online but they thought I brought company back with me. I didn't-just my eyes, and heart.

For them though, I think this time (unlike the other time) was different. Because with a manuscript in hand knowing that my heart, mind, and eyes recorded, stopped, paused, rewound, and played everything-my not answering that phone put *them* on guard in a different kind of way that although gave me a little "umph" to my feeling totally powerless now; also (and because of); put them on guard even worse than before. I think I fucked up this time, and Janet was really trying to be transparent and ready start anew, as if by end-meeting, her big people must've told her she could run along and play with her little girlfriend now. My not answering the call after her excitement made it look like I rejected this starting anew and therefore, ruined it.

What the hell? Considering all the mistrust and games that had gone on thus far (that lead to my even *having* to write it), what that hell was I supposed to think? I was on edge too. But now, stepping outside of the situation and looking in and at it (by my not picking up the email on October 28 + not picking up her call), it obviously looked to *them* as if I was more interested in going on with the book than I was interested in being with her...and oh for the love of all things right, righteous, and good was that ever farrrrrr from the truth-far from it. What I *really* wanted to say to Janet is what they would have freaked out if would have posted these words in I.M with her while my phone rang: "No more games and silliness for me. The ghost is given. The game is over. And so should the games be. That being said, Janet, when I pick up this phone...if it is not you on the line first-I am going to hang the fuck up and at *that* point...game over for real-I'm going to keep moving."

I had way too much riding on my (literally) having given up my fight. And to pick up that phone and it be anybody other than Janet-first, was going to be the nightmare of my *life*-just like I (now) know...this moment was for them (considering what they were on the other side of this thing thinking).

So here I go again, back to the drawing board, and there she goes again-back to her Board of "big people."

November 4th, I got back on my stroll at the library on my laptop; happy because I felt up to writing again (totally concentrating on my other books that had nothing to do with Janet and that damned book). I couldn't get into any of my Word documents-*again*; the cursor would not move at *all* this time. After packing up and heading to a couple of computer shops, I was told to reinstall Windows again and that that should work for me (which meant nothing to me since I didn't have the software or the money to get it). Luckily I ran into some other store clerk/wannabe computer buff who showed me how to get into the Word program a different way-and it worked.

I went back to the library and started to work again and after like-six hours of work, my laptop malfunctioned.

The screen froze the way it would on my PC at home whenever she wanted to get my attention. I was a nervous wreck and pissed because I had to unplug the power to my portable zip drive and the laptop, and pray all the work I had done would be saved.

When I got home, I went straight to the room.

They were all just sitting there, making inside jokes and talking on their I.M's.

They already knew the drill. They knew I was in there because of them fucking with my laptop-but still, I didn't say a word. I just sat and watched them act like the clowns that they were. I guess with us being back to the drawing board, they were strapping up-yet again. They wasted no time performing for me-starting off by carrying on creative skits and jokes.

"Pathfinda" was the first nickname that rolled down (their way of letting me know that they heard me over the phone with my friend ranting about what happened, and how I mentioned I found a new route to get into my Word files thanks to the guy at the store).

They got even more creative and began dropping down symbols as nicknames like: ™ (trademark), ® (registered trademark), © (copyright) ... (I guessed to let me know that because every one of their web page's verbiage, web pages, our transcripts etc. that I used in the book were "as was" and therefore copyrighted)-so was the story, so I didn't care. I figured anything they could search for throughout the manuscript that they could copyright or trademark; they were going to do if they could-hell, they needed *something* to fight with, because from the looks of things, if it got down to that point-this fight was mine. I wasn't worried because any trademarks, copyrights or changes she could fight with would have had to have been changed after October 19th. They really didn't have a legal fight-a true story certainly isn't slander. Nor did I try to defame her character, I just told the truth about her, (and *all* her "characters"). I don't have anything to hide. I don't have: an "image" to hide behind, "important people," and media coaches training me on what to and what not to say, respond to, or answer. Until the manuscript was made a book (which still was under their control as to whether it would or would not be by their forcing my hand), all they could do now was sit back twiddle her thumbs, and wait on my next move. Because to do anything else would be their admitting that she (and they) were guilty of everything. They were the conspirators and co-conspirators in this game, and this time-*I* had the winning hand.

The new word of the room was: "Evolving"-that was another inside joke of theirs because of my reference to the words "evolve" vs. "unevolved" (that I used throughout the manuscript in their possession).

Next, they carried on about how Janet was "bringing in the dollars" and how she had more than four homes and apartments from New York City to her new 5-bedroom home in Pasadena California.

I rolled my eyes in my head and waited to see what was next. They couldn't *wait* to get this in: making jokes about how (I) "The Reverend/Doctor/Pastor Cinamon" diagnosed Janet; claiming that my diagnosis for her sexuality should have been called: "Acute-Sexual-Orientedness" (I guess back where I stated that perhaps her being bisexual is more of a need for control, and all in her head than she really and truly is).

When they joked about that, she spoke up, and said to her own buddies: "Well they can only love me or hate me..." (I guess talking about her fans).

I sat there and watched she and Chris carry on a conversation about how they thought "imitation was the most sincere form of flattery" (I guess back where I mentioned how she colored her hair and got a tan like my complexion).

This all bothered me, seeing as though the goal of my letting her retrieve the files from my laptop was so that the lines of communication would be opened up unlike before-not so we could be right back to where we were then. Not so she could defend or explain herself in the middle of that dreaded chat room amongst the rest of her co-conspirators and troublemakers. That wasn't the purpose of my allowing her to get the manuscript-at all. Now,

here we are back to the drawing board and still, lacking all the necessary communication that we so badly needed to enable us both to put our guard down. This was terrible. It was spinning back in reverse and back out control again twice over-and from the looks of things, there was no turning back. We were throwing darts, knives, bullets, rocks, boulders, and shooting cannon bombs-you name it. It got brutal.

With all this, and their knowing my open hand; I knew I would be at their mercy forever and I refused to let that happen. There was no hope for normalcy with us-it just wasn't. I was exhausted with trying and walking eggshells.

Yesssssssss, I cursed her out probably no different than I did for almost a year now; the same cursing that by this time, she was so numb to, but I went for it anyways [by yet, again, getting on the telephone and telling my friend all that I wanted Janet and them to know-*again*] that in no way could I have posted in I.M to Janet, or the room without them all getting suspicious and paranoid. I wanted them to feel stupid for now knowing my reasons for not picking up the telephone when she called and how I took a nap and merely came back-and not with someone looking on-trying to hang them any farther than the noose I already had around their heads.

I then mentioned how this time, unlike before, I was going to do the very best I could to make this mess also a legal issue while seeing to it that the world knew just what the hell she was taking me through and what she was all about and capable of doing.

I told my friend how she and these assholes needed to be put in jail for all the things they had done to me, and that it was my goal to testify against them in the court of law-settling out would not even be an option, because they needed to pay (with their freedom and privacy) for all the damage they had done.

Anything that I could have said to hurt her, I did-because by this time, I had run out of any and everything to fight with in words that they could overhear, because it had all been said and done before.

In that heated moment I had to hurt her deeply-only because I knew it would. Despite all that she had taken me through, how she looked in my eyes-in every way: physically, mentally, intellectually, and personally were very important to her, and then for me to attack her in those ways just chipped at her spirit and broke her down every time. When I thought about that-I hated it. It would hurt *me* deep inside and it always made me take her back. But *this* time, I had to try hard to be strong and stay mean, because I was so aware of our circle of things and I couldn't take it anymore. Because she would hurt me mentally and emotionally; I would do it to her twice as hard. It hurt me so bad to talk about her as she listened on, but I had nothing else to fight with. I figured since we were back on "unpretty" issues, I had better hit her with all that I had, even to the point of saying how terrible and unsightly she looked to me by this point because she was *totally* not the same woman I had fallen in love with. I HATED her so badly (in this moment). I said and did what I could by saying how all her imperfections physically, mentally and emotionally were magnified ten-fold in my eyes. You name it; I said it. I said it until I could feel her screaming, hollering and crying on the inside begging me to stop while I steadily twisted the jagged-edge knife deeper into her heart. I tried so hard to hurt her as best as I **never did**. When it was all said and done, like that finger snap-again, I fell right asleep. That shit wore me out.

The next morning I came in, she followed right behind me so quickly that I doubt

her chime (letting her know that I arrived) finished sounding off. Just like the raw kid in her; revealing her innocence within-baring her soul no matter *what* you'd think, she said: "Um...I think I'm gonna get my hair cut all off," she said-out of the blue. I must have hurt her feelings with the things I said last night. I could tell she probably didn't sleep too well. She was so raw like that-like nobody I ever knew. And that part of her wasn't manipulation; it was just bare-souled. It could break your heart.

Janet was one of those women who you can go through so much with and you're almost better off leaving at the meanness, because somewhere in a matter of days, all that you build in a relationship and closeness with her is sure to come crumbling down in a matter of days-guaranteed. So you have to keep her weak and at bay with continued meanness because she doesn't know how to trust your good, your care, or your love for her for any length of time. It's exhausting. Been there-done that with her before. So I had to stay mean.

I was trying hard to finish where I left off the previous night-with my meanness-by replying with something else even meaner to hurt her more, when all I *really* wanted to say to her was: "*You know what, we are gonna both cut our hair off, and whenever we decide that we don't like it anymore, we'll both go out and get a head full of weave together. Because you love me and I love you and that is all that matters-not what the world thinks of us. When I yell and say things to hurt you, it's only because I'm hurting, and I know that when you hurt and say mean things to me, it's only because you are hurting too. So you know what? Let's sit in the dark with the candles lit, listen to some instrumental music and talk about it. I love you. And I'm sorry.*"

...but I couldn't give in to her. I had to keep up my meanness, you just have to with her, done that-been there.

Even when I kept up my meanness, it brought tears to my eyes, because no matter *what*; regardless whatever she would do or say to hurt me, I knew that I was stronger than she is and could suck up the insults she would hit me with. But she on the other hand, could not take it when I would do the same to her. It meant something totally different to her than no one but she and I could understand. I could hurt her more than a world and the public could. She knew that I knew her issues and pain were much wider and deeper than what any mass and magnitude of people could reach, unlike me. She has been doing things, and living for the whole world while still trying to find, learn, know, and love herself, and she knew that I knew (privately) of those things she sacrificed. Now here was stood-yet again where many-a-day I was trying my best to assist her in reclaiming *herself* back yet and still, I was doing and saying things to push her further and further into that hole all over again-a hole that on the other hand, on our good days; I assisted her in rising above.

It was too crazy for me-this redundant cycle of things.

I couldn't even apologize anymore. I refused to, because you can't get through *to* her for any length of time, so you just have to be through *with* her.

It amazed me how much *physical* energy she could take out of you, she literally made my *body* tired. I never ever in my life met anyone like her. She will not give up, she will *not* let up. You **CANNOT** win with her. You just canNOT. She knows just what to do and how to take you there-like nobody else you've ever known. Not just sexually, but mentally and emotionally-brutally-then you to her. The only way to win with her is to *really* leave her, there is no other way. Speaking of René, all I could think about was his master plan.

I know now, dealing with her for only one year at the time, I know he *had* to have had one in all his thirteen years; he had to-I'm convinced. I know he had to have had a bad case of carpal tunnel syndrome from outlining his master plan to free himself from her tight stranglehold that she probably had on his life the entire time.

I imagined him running on the very same track that I'm jogging on right now (in my mind). We're both running this circle: him-fast as hell. Me: just jogging. He is leading me by thirteen years. I'm new on the team. I imagine him passing me the torch: her fire...

I imagine someone telling him: "*Run Forrest run! Run fast as you can! Run for your life!*"

Meanwhile, I'm just-a-jogging along and wondering why I'm hearing that while he is running like fire is beneath his ass. As he passes me the torch, I'm watching him slow down until he is almost jogging to my pace in these same circles; sighing with relief and shaking his head at my ignorance to what I am about to go through with this sensuous and seductive woman who he knows all too well is hard to resist. He knows what I'm feeling-that part; he can understand, but he sighs with relief that he has surpassed that stage-her lure.

He's looking as if he is growing calmer mentally and physically. And the emotion on his face is starting to look more rested. His permanent frown is lifting. His heart is going back to its normal pace that it hadn't been in thirteen years. When he comes to a final stop and rests his hands on his knees, he looks as if he is saying a prayer-thanking God that he is free.

All of a sudden, I'm running faster and faster; as if there is fire beneath my ass-the way he was running when I first walked onto the track. This fire-this torch he passed to me is burning through me. My heart, mind, body and soul are on fire and my emotion grows more intense.

I can imagine him now; sitting down on the track, watching me run as fast as I can, in circles-like the kind she was running around me and had run around him as well.

As reality comes into view, I realize the difference between him and me is that he can *afford* to do something about regaining his life and privacy back. Me? I have to continue to run in circles-carrying through me-this woman's fire while she lights fire beneath my ass and I can do nothing about it. I put out the fire time and time again, and it still seems to burn. Man, why did he sick her on me? He put her in my life in the worse way-I *swear*...

My year is *nothing* compared to his thirteen, and boy, I can imagine what he probably went through with this woman who has a terrible need to feel special + in total control. I'll never forget how I was talking to her one day and she made mention of how her last relationship was over and done with and she hoped that her next "project" would last forever-me: her "project," her "object." I just don't understand this need for control she has. I seriously thought it was just another line out of another one of her songs but this woman wears it, breathes it, needs it, lives it, and has to have it-or else, and she means business.

She is relentless and can be ruthless in her pursuit to get the results that she wants and desires-at **all** costs: be it her reputation, career, sanity, peace of mind, her heart, her soul or her *life*-and nothing and nobody stands in her way. "*It's all about control.*" her M-O, but it goes deeper than that; she doesn't even understand the depths of her speaking a need as such into existence...

You see, for me, the purpose of astrology is to become aware of our natural innate tendencies.

Taurus (Janet's sun sign placement); is ruled by the house of **possessions, resources and money**.

Taurus motto ("M-O") is: "I have..." therefore I am...

The thing about astrology is that its vices must be understood in order to be mastered. And for Janet's sun sign to be placed in Taurus, whose "rulership" happens to be all things that she *does have* money, resources and possessions; she innately will feel like: "I have _____ therefore I am _____."

Every sign of the zodiac has a motto that they (unconsciously) live by and are, which could be vices or virtues.

Our celestial M-O is a major part of what rules us (innately, as per our birth charts—that we are born into).

In Gemini it's: "I think," therefore I am-ruled by the house of communication to self-environment

In Cancer it's: "I feel," therefore I am-ruled by the house of home, heritage, family and intuition

In Leo it's: "I will," therefore I am-ruled by the house of creativity, art, romance and children

In Virgo it's: "I analyze," therefore I am-ruled by the house of health and service

In Libra it's: "I balance," therefore I am-ruled by the house of relationship of self to others

In Scorpio it's: "I desire," therefore I am-ruled by the house of business and shared resources—other people's

In Sagittarius it's: "I see," therefore I am-ruled by the house of projection of self to new horizons/intellect/travel

In Capricorn it's: "I use," therefore I am-ruled by the house of status and career

In Aquarius it's: "I know," therefore I am-ruled by the house of relationship of self to group objectives

In Pisces it's: "I believe," therefore I am-ruled by the house of self-abnegation, service, escapism, confinement

In Aries, it's: "I am," therefore I am-ruled by the house of self

...and Janet/Taurus' motto is "I have."

So ruled by the house of resources, possessions and money, if Taurus hasn't mastered himself, and if he can afford to "*have*," then they feel like they are...above: the law, are above you, are above me, are above any and everything; any "object" that they wish to possess and call their own—and that's where the danger (vice) comes into play.

The worst thing you can do to Taurus is give him/her money and put him a position to "have," because if they have not mastered themselves then, basically (as I shrug my shoulders) the point behind our story—our situation is an example of what they are capable of, all in the name of her claim to fame that she sang in to life and her existence: "*Control*" ...



Saturday morning November 6, my laptop's Word files were still frozen. I at least thought once they got what they had been wanting, I wouldn't have any problems out of them fooling with my other work that had nothing to do with the manuscript. I was so pissed because I called myself being fair by opening up her poison so they could get the rest of the book, really not thinking that she would be so disrespectful as to control my laptop—seeing as though they got out of it what they had been wanting since July 20th. The manuscript was too big to fit on floppy discs so I bought a portable zip drive to install onto my laptop in order to save extra copies outside of the laptop onto another drive files. My goal was to install the zip drive onto my PC so that I could just save a copy of the manuscript in my Documents files on the PC (so they wouldn't have even had to bother my laptop). So before opening her poison, I was going to install the same software to use the portable zip drive onto my PC as well, but they had that computer so tightly under their control that I was not able to install any more software onto it at all, not because it didn't have enough memory; but it wouldn't let me install anything on to. Even my anti-virus had been disabled [for I don't know how long] and

I was disallowed from *enabling it*. When I would reboot my poor lil' PC (that had been under their control since day one) it would read:

The following file is missing or corrupted C:\REALMODE SSCDROM SYS

There is an error in your CONFIG SYS on Line 7

The following file is missing or corrupted C:\REALMODE SSCDROM SYS

There is an error in your CONFIG SYS on Line 13

I kept getting so many Word programs interruptions and found out that I had some kind of corruption in one of my DLL files. So when I entered "dll" in the "Find Files" section, there were *plenty* of "dll" files. I'm not an IT specialist but the one that caught my attention was the only *one* out of *thousands* that was in the form of a MS-DOS file that read:

DLLHOST C:\WINDOWS\SYSTEM 11KB Application 3/29/99 12:42pm

The "host" word caught my attention. I guessed that when this whole computer bugging thing began on my PC, that was when and where they laid their eggs (their poison) because the date of it was right around the time I had run my first Anti Virus check when I had sent the manuscript to Kensington Books. All those things [I figured] were my reasons for the error messages that I would get, as well as why and how they were able to manipulate the computer and was able to trigger, control and disable my Antivirus program which by this time would tell me:

POPProxy Norton Antivirus is unable to start email protection. Please ensure that TCP/IP is installed

Everything else read:

The C:\WINDOWS /SYSTEM/PNUI 3250DLL File appears to be corrupt. Reinstall and then try again.

and

The C:\WINDOWS /SYSTEM/PNUI 32DLL File appears to be corrupt. Reinstall and then try again.

and

The C:\PROGRAM FILES/NortonAntivirus\S32NAVN.DLL files appear to be corrupt. Reinstall and then try again.

and

Navapw32

This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. Quit all programs, and then restart your computer. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor.

and

Drives Space Error: Drive C: (H\DRVSPACE:000)

There are inconsistencies in the MDFAT on this drive. To fix the problems, run scandisk and perform a thorough test of drive C and its host drive H. Press any key to continue.

and

RUNDLL Error loading powrprof.dll

X An attempt was made

and

Microsoft Find Fast Files

Find Fast encountered an internal error and stopped. To restart Find Fast, double-click the Find-Fast icon in Windows Panel

and

Kernel 32

This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. Quit all programs, and then restart your computer. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor. Details: Kernel 32 caused a general protection fault in ModuleKRNL386.EXE

and

!Error starting program

The C://WINDOWS/SYSTEM/SHELL 32 DLL file appears to be corrupt. Reinstall then try again.

and

Rundll 32

X This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. Quit all programs, and then restart your computer. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor.

and

WINDOWS

An Exception 0E has occurred a 0028:C352F876 in VxD RMM (01) . This was called from 0028:C149458A in VxD VTDI (01) +0000000BA. It may be possible to continue normally. Press any key to continue. Press CTRL+ALT+DEL to restart your computer. You will lose any unsaved information on all applications. Press any key to continue.

...and while using my PC's Word program, if I tried to click onto "Tools" at the menu up top; it would *automatically* kick me out.

I later learned that it is there (in the "Tools" menu) where you can scroll down to "Macros" to record, send or setup viruses in someone's Word files. Within that "Tools" menu (via "Record Macros"), they could also keep track of any changes I would make to any Word Documents. But if I even so much as rolled my mouse's cursor *over* the "Tools" menu (without even clicking it) I would get kicked out of my Word document I would be using and it would read:

Winword

This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor.

CLOSE

DETAILS

...When I clicked to read the "DETAILS" it would read:

WINWORD caused an invalid page fault in module WINWORD.EXE at 017f:303e4fbd.

Registers:

EAX=00000034 CS=017f EIP=303e4fbd EFLGS=00010216

EBX=006f7e90 SS=0187 ESP=0062f3cc EBP=0062f3ec

ECX=006a3b98 DS=0187 ESI=0062f408 FS=2387

EDX=00000002 ES=0187 EDI=0062f424 GS=0000

Bytes at CS:EIP:

8b 08 83 79 14 00 0f 85 f2 ae e4 ff 6a 00 50 e8

Stack dump:

**0069046c 0062f408 00000002 0062f440 00000000 0062f460 303192ad 0062f408 0062f460
303192ee 0062f424 006f7e90 00000000 006f40c8 006f4040 30267290**

While on the PC with her at times when she would get upset or reboot me altogether, when she would kick me offline (rather than rebooting) it would read:

Iexplorer

This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down. If the problem persists, contact the program vendor.

The “DETAILS” of *it* would read:

IEXPLORE caused an invalid page fault in module FLYLIB.DLL at 017f:6133c669.

Registers:

**EAX=00000000 CS=017f EIP=6133c669 EFLGS=00010206
EBX=0058dab4 SS=0187 ESP=0058d980 EBP=0058d990
ECX=0177cc50 DS=0187 ESI=00008ad8 FS=3d47
EDX=0177cc50 ES=0187 EDI=0058da68 GS=0000**

Bytes at CS:EIP:

ff 50 08 8b e5 5d c3 55 8b ec 51 89 4d fc 8b 45

Stack dump:

**0177cc50 006ec460 006ec190 006ec610 0058d99c 6133ca9f 006ec460 0058d9dc 6133c2a7
00000001 89ba0004 006ec140 006b0ab0 006ec460 006ec460 006ec140**

or:

IEXPLORE caused an invalid page fault in module MSHTML.DLL at 017f:70f65e0e.

Registers:

**EAX=00000000 CS=017f EIP=70f65e0e EFLGS=00010206
EBX=00000000 SS=0187 ESP=00589d34 EBP=00589d50
ECX=0281aa70 DS=0187 ESI=00589d98 FS=2c57
EDX=01906230 ES=0187 EDI=00000000 GS=0000**

Bytes at CS:EIP:

8b 08 8d 55 f0 52 ff 75 fc 50 ff 51 40 8b f8 3b

Stack dump:

**00589d98 0281a850 70bd22db 70f66b25 01932230 00000000 01932230 00589d80 70f41e10
00589d88 00000000 0281a920 00000000 00433f08 00433f08 00000000**

My poor lil' PC was all theirs-I just borrowed it.

As far as my laptop was concerned, after I allowed them to commandeer the manuscript I saw:

C:\PROGRAMFILES\MICROSOFT\MS.097.DLL

and

C:\WINDOWS\TEMP\VBE\MSFORMS.EXE

...I knew they had also parked their poison in *it* as well. I found out that an “EXE” was a program that could execute open and run itself, a file commonly used if someone wants to send a virus to you so that you can open/extract (execute files). Just like I searched my PC’s hard drive files, I also searched my *laptops* hard drive files and found:

<u>EXTENSION</u>	<u>CONT. TYPE</u>	<u>OPENS WITH</u>
1 ST File	Mime	nastysex
CHK File	Mime	nastysex
HBG File	Mime	nastysex
LCK File	Mime	nastysex
OLD File	Mime	nastysex

and then found:

C:\NASTYSEX\nastysex.exe

...I knew then for *sure* they would be traveling with me wherever I would go with my laptop. And with a file named “nastysex,” looking for documents I would begin or oversee any changes I made would certainly not be too hard for them to find...

My laptop was working normal again.

I could get into my Word files like nothing ever happened (again).

I sent Denise an email to the email account that she and I was using. Just to keep my meanness up, in the email I told her that I was going to make good a joke we had laughed about over the telephone, (about how I should sleep with Janet’s ex). I made mention in the email that-that was going to be my mission in life. I wrote that in the email just too infuriate Janet because I knew she was either watching, or would soon get her copy of it too-which would let me know (for sure) if she had access to our Denise and my email account (like I pretty much knew she did). By my mentioning something like that, I knew she wouldn’t waste any time making her presence known and responding to it (the next time I came into the room).

That afternoon (even without my going into the room), I guess after she got a hold of the email because she blocked me from using my Word program (again).

Later that evening, I walked into the room and *immediately*, the nickname “Quest” rolled down (which served as confirmation that she “overheard” and read what I said in the email about “mission” in life). She didn’t say anything to me, nor did they make any other jokes or carry on any other conversation. Everybody was pretty much talking in their private I.M’s, trying to figure out what they were going to do next. So I just logged out.

She was so predictable, but then again, to her-so was I (but in a different way).

To my advantage; this cat and mouse game that she and I played made her reveal things that she had no business knowing (without having my phone, computers and email accounts bugged).

To her advantage, she knew that no matter how mean to her I was being; it was forced-because she knew that if she opened herself up wide enough and if she whined and cried enough; I would be caught right back up into her trap and all her trappings, like:

Sunday evening, November 7th I came into the room around 5 or 6. By 7 p.m., I had been so tired and nodding that I couldn’t even hold my head up or keep my eyes open.

Out of nowhere and thrown right into the script, the one who I've had my nastiest sex with slid down and said to [me] while purposely neglecting to call out my name: "*I would hate to lose my girlfriend. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I hope you aren't upset with me because I would hate it if you hated me or were upset with me...*"

"How clever of her to start in third person and conclude in first person" I thought to myself. Even still, she melted my heart. I felt like such a fool for how I couldn't help myself when she would be this way. I was just not strong enough to turn her away once I let her back in (and she knew that). I felt so bad for all the mean and rotten things I said over the phone about her-and how I had even gone so far as to say I wish she would just die: "Poof! And be gone" were my choice of words.

The thing I loved about her was that no matter what I did or said [to hurt her], she always had this way about her that could squash it in order to start anew. She was *very* forgiving of me and would put up with my ways in ways that I wished I could put up with hers. I'm not that brand of forgiving, because I feel that people need to have enough self-control (or tolerance) enough to feel what they feel without stepping directly over into your space and in your world with anything cryptic, or having expectations of anything more or less than a conversation being had (about whatever it is they are feeling). To me, that's a tell-tell sign that if they can't or won't do that, or wouldn't (because they don't know you well enough); that's a queue (and what should be an answer) for themselves: They have no right to feel what they feel anyways, which too, means they lack tolerance (of other human beings who too, make this world go 'round) and more importantly, have no self-control. And in my world, if you cryptically express actions beyond what communication [would definitely cure], then you deserve to be taught a hardcore unforgettable lesson about either your intolerance, or lack of self-control (simple as that). And until then; you can't have my time, my attention, my respect, my friendship, my kindness, my affection, or my love.

Her "ways" deserved to be taught lessons-badly.

My ways required better and less harsh reactions (to her ways)-but she didn't care, she just wanted what was beneath my harshness and anger. Because she knew that I loved her too, and she also knew that I was a good friend to her-no strings attached. She held on to like holding me by the collar as if I made her promises that she was going to *see to it* that I honor and keep.

She could anger me to lengths unimaginable, but could be sweet-twice over that. And when she would be this way, it would melt my heart probably because if the shoe were on the other foot, she would have never seen or heard from *me* again. I would have been so far out of the picture that she would wonder if I really ever came. I admired that about her, because it was another quality of hers that I lacked, yet in her-it was natural. For her to be as cruel and possessive as she could be, she was also raw and vulnerable. For me, (for whatever reason), if I was forced to be cruel to you, you could never get my vulnerability. That confused the *hell* out of me-those two totally opposite extremes [of how she was as a person]. And what I was in the middle of doing-to teach her the biggest lesson of her life (and quite possibly-her career), she seemed to care more about holding on to me and what we shared than she did that and those things.

I never knew anybody like that in my life. (And it could be very well because she *knew* she deserved everything I was doing to her). Either way, I'm not like that...that brand of forgiving is not my bag. Because even despite of who *she* is, what she has, and all this love for me she claimed to have; if I had no idea that she had all these ties to me (that I could not

undo), she would have lost me a long time ago. Knowing that (and considering the fact that she really didn't need me a long time ago—even before I found out this hookup she had to me), the simple fact of the matter was—after knowing me, she simply *wanted* me in her life. And considering all that (although I know “love” to be different than her brand of “love”); if that was the strength of what “love” is, then—I’ll accept her brand of “love,” because she loved the fuck out of me—I must admit that. As well, she was accepting of taking her lesson-like a fucking champ. I was witnessing that, too. It didn’t go unnoticed. That was as brave as her risking loving little ole me. Not even a non-famous average, regular, or broke motherfucker knew how to love me like that. She was rich and famous and *certainly* did not need me. But she was smart—she knew my worth therefore, she valued me like I already knew of my own worth. She appraised that. I appreciated that. And because she saw the diamond in the ruff in me—even through all our beautiful, good, bad, soft, hard, and rough terrains [from ‘99-2005]; by 2006 and into 2013, I chose to see past a lot of the things she did to me—and we got along so good and amicably. Because she learned her lesson—she had an even greater respect for me (and she knows I stab in the front). So in that regard, I learned to be forgiving in another kind of way after all.

She began serenading me a song off her very first album called “Love and My Best Friend.” That really made me smile (because she knew I loved that song so much). And I thought that was so sweet.

“We keep each other’s secrets hid. Go on to talk for hours. Never tired of closeness, only friends can share. We cross our hearts hoping to die. If fate, should separate us. What we have won’t ever change—nothing can compare to—Love. And my Best Friend. Nothing better can be found. To make the world go ‘round...”

...a song off her very first album called “Love and My Best Friend” was her first choice and that really made me smile (because she knew I loved that song so much).

Then she posted lyrics to something she wrote called “Crossroads” or “At the Crossroads of Love.” The lyrics said something about wanting to turn away right at a certain point but not wanting to cross/staying and finding it hard to leave (something to that effect). She said the lyrics reminded her of me-us.

We did this for hours—serenading one another. I was so sleepy and tried so hard to stay awake. She begged me to stay on because we were having so much fun.

We kept apologizing to each other through lyrics, rhymes and riddles. She started posting other people’s song lyrics that reminded her of me:

“Sweetest Taboo,” and “No Ordinary Love” by Sade and “Weak” by SWV. She then told me she was in a Brain McKnight kind of mood as she sent down the lyrics to “Back at One.” I smiled so hard, but laughed at myself, thinking about what a *sucker* I was for this girl, especially when she was like this. I felt like a kid on Christmas Day.

I sent down the lyrics to “Still” by Lionel Ritchie, “When U Cry” by SWV and “Crazy Love” by Brian McKnight.

We were back to talking dirty again, and back in love. I was wide-awake by this time and was happy as hell. I mean, I was singing my ass off: “*Have you ever had something... that you just couldn’t explain? Huh? It takes your mind. And twists it all around. And all you could think about. Is this one thing? Well this is her; and Beauty is her name...*” I was a Sisqo one-woman show. And I mean... I was shaking my head; closing my eyes, and typing like a lovesick puppy. I was so

happy again-boy was I ever happy. The next thing I know, the room slowly cleared out-one by one-while I was sitting there just a singing my ass off. She too just disappeared. It was only about two people in with me when I opened my eyes fully as they stretched wide open when I looked at what was now an empty room. I was sitting there looking like some romantic fool singing my heart out in my virtual world; typing and leaning my head back with my eyes halfway shut-opening them to nothingness-not a soul around. *This* kind of thing had *never* happened right in front of my face. They disappeared for almost an hour and I was sitting there baffled-looking like: “Hey, who turned out the lights?”

Janet came back first, angry and mean all over again:

“So Cinamon, what’s up with you and your girlfriend?”

I responded: “Uh, I don’t know, I can tell almost nothing from what I’m seeing all of a sudden. I think I’m about to go to sleep as I should have hours ago especially seeing as though my high is now blown.”

“Goodnight Cinamon...” she said, as if she didn’t even care.

When she said that, and put ellipsis behind it, I *knew* something was wrong. One by one, everybody came back talking around something that had *just* happened-I of course, was completely in the dark (literally).

Nicknames like: “MissPROJanet,” “TattleTale,” and “bigmouth” dropped down as they stood around and asked me: “How does it feel to be a welcome matt?”

They talked to each other about what a shame it was [about what they had just found out]. They talked about how pissed Janet was, as she had to stop what she was doing to catch the next flight to Chicago to “beat a court date.” Basically, they stood around talking about what a traitor I was and how could I be so “all about Janet,” and claim to love her and do what I had “just did.” I was so confused because they-Janet included-had the manuscript, and had known everything I had done thus far-none of which had anything to do with anything legal. So for the life of me, I couldn’t understand what else different could have happened, and I *definitely* couldn’t understand what could have happened to force her to get on a plane to Chicago to “beat a court date.” Alls I knew is that whatever it was, it was damned serious and immediate, because nothing like this had *ever* happened.

I just sat there and listened to her employees gang up on me-feeling victorious, because whatever had happened, was *just* what they felt they needed for the big, “I told you so” that I never wanted them to be able to rub in Janet’s face. I was devastated because she was too, like *never* before.

I was so hurt and shaken, as if this woman and these very same people had never done anything to *me*.

As if it wasn’t because of Janet and *them* that my sleep is broken 5 and six times a night.

As if it wasn’t because of *them* that when I doze off to sleep, my body jerks as if I am falling off of something high up-constantly awakening me.

As if it wasn’t because of *them* that I lost any patience to do any of the things I used to do.

As if it wasn’t because of *them* that by the time she got through with me, I was down to a 1.40 GPA in college from a 3.3, and as a result; on academic probation-having to write appeal letters in order to keep my financial aid rolling in-the only thing that helped pay the bills in my household that since because of *them* I had to quit my part time job in order to remain stress free and to have all my time to myself to write a book to free myself from all of *them*.

As if it wasn't because of *her*, my concentration is so terrible that I had to sit out of college (with only 26 more credit hours to complete) because I couldn't even study and think straight.

As if it wasn't because of *her* that my patience is short, I'm damned near ready to diagnose *myself* with some kind of anxiety disorder that I didn't even have before her. My life had a special kind of peace and contentment-moving at a pace that was progressively fine for me.

As if I'm not in a habit of thinking about any business I need to take care of that I may not want her to "overhear" that whenever I see a telephone at a restaurant or store, it feels like a fucking delicacy-like I'm some primitive life form excited to see some useful foreign object.

As if it wasn't because of *them* that I'm set 1 to 4 months behind on certain bills for trying to combat her million-dollar ass from being forced to tell the world my story about all that I had been through with her only-necessary to free myself *from* her.

As if I enjoy paying \$2.50 an hour to use computers over at the café [when I already got not one-but *two* computers of my very own] that I can't use in peace and private-because of *them*.

As if it wasn't because of *them* that I'm eating like a cow and sleeping like a bear all my days through like never before; and crying in spurts just out of the blue 'til I can hardly breathe or see.

As if the stress and tension headaches I've had every other fucking day weren't because of *her*; fucking up my spiritual, mental, personal, environmental, emotional, financial, spatial, educational, physical and eventually-my menstrual flow.

As if it wasn't because of all of *them*, I lost the #1 luxury that other writers have: creating fiction characters and surprising the world with stories that may or may not be true.

As if I hadn't always felt like her invading my privacy was such a shame considering how hard she and her family had always fought to save their very own. And how Michael was *just* in the news last week, trying to fight for his own privacy (once again) all the while, his baby sister was taking from mine at the same damn time. To hell with some stolen pictures, what he had stolen from him had *nothing* on what his baby sister was doing: stealing and taking from me...

Even with all that, I still couldn't help but feel bad because I couldn't *imagine* what could have just happened so late in the evening. All I could imagine was how she was already in the middle of working on her movie she was filming at the time and how I probably disrupted her flow, and they probably had to postpone her parts until she could return.

I felt so bad, that I was sitting there crying my heart out-imagining how she too, was crying hers out; hurt and upset that we were just serenading one another and proclaiming our love for each other and now this.

I felt so bad that I just sat there and let them throw darts at me and beat upside my head about how terrible it was that I hurt her that way. I was so desperate and wanted to know what happened that I didn't even fight back this time. I just sat there like I deserved it and watched until I couldn't listen any more.

I got off the phone to call Dana; she wasn't there.

I called Denise in New York; she wasn't there.

I called Shauntay-waking her up from lying next to her small child and husband.

As usual, she listened while I burst into tears because I couldn't control myself or pull myself together.

I tried to explain while she tried her best to listen through my mumbling and crying. She of course didn't care about anything Janet was going through. The only thing she cared about reiterating was that it was exactly the fault of Janet's, and whatever it was she was going through-she deserved it. Her other opinion was that they were probably trying to use reverse psychology on me, but whatever the problem was; she felt strong in her opinion that Janet deserved anything that was coming to her. I quickly got her off the phone when Denise clicked in and too, told her about what just happened. She mentioned (too) how much Janet deserved it, and how I had better not forget all that she had taken me through: "**No better for their asses!**" she yelled repeatedly, until I fell asleep in her ear.

The next morning, I checked my Hotmail account and she had an email in there that she must've written at the moment she was tapped on the shoulder during our serenading session. It simply read:

From: Sexyjanetxxxx@hotmail.com

To: angieisme@hotmail.com

Subject: WTF?!?

Date: Sun, 07 November 21:56:29 EST

WTF?!?!?!?!?!?!? >:(

... "WTF" in cyber world means "what the fuck," and the >:(if you turn your head to the left, is a cyber-emotion of a frown at the brows, eyes, and pouted lips. She wrote nothing more or nothing less, so I knew then that there were no reverse psychology games being played and that something really *did* happen. I felt even worse. I couldn't stop thinking about her and how many tears she was crying through the night. Although I was a day late, I replied to the email:

"I don't know. I really don't know-seriously. I gave all the abc's and 123's and I am clueless-I swear. I just don't know. I guess right about now, it is almost useless trying to talk to you. I just don't know. I really don't know..."

Monday, November 8th, I entered the room and someone said: "Hello Cinamon."

The nickname that the person hid behind was unfamiliar to me, but: "Hello Cinamon" was typically Janet-speak.

"Hello," I responded. A couple other people just said "hi."

"How are you?" asked [her?]. Then one of her other buddies reprimanded her by saying: "Stop it, you aint slick. Save it for OPRAH will you?" I guess that was Janet's [and the others who spoke to me]'s queue not to talk to me.

The first someone started to debate back and forth with the person that came in reprimanding.

I just sat there and watched. Everybody stared at me like I had a bad case of the plague. Nobody joked, nobody insulted me, and nobody joked with each other. They all just sat there wanting me out of the room but wouldn't say anything-so I walked out.

I figured that I shouldn't even go back again, because I didn't know what to do or what to say. I still did not know what happened. I couldn't help but feel bad because this was **one** time I knew something really big had happened that shook Janet up well past a jolt, and I still didn't know what that thing was.

By Tuesday November 9th, as bad as I wanted to, I made it through the whole day

I logged out of our I.M and proceeded to watch them all clown around in the room. One of them hid behind the nickname: "ShondaHill" and was talking to another one of her buddies. *That* friend of her who must've heard me just call my child's bus company (because it was 3 hours late) said to me: "Hey Cinamon, where is your kid?"

I didn't respond. So he/she asked again: "Where Cinamon?"

I then said: "Ok now, you are barking up the wrong tree. I've advised you *all* before, not to mention or bring my kid into *none* of this-for any reason..."

They knew that to interject *anything* involving my kid was a below-the-belt hit, even if to sincerely inquire about how he was doing. To me, because this thing was so many ways an unnecessary darkness in my life (and that I didn't even invite); they knew that my close relationship with my kid + my kid was *way* too pure to ever be tainted with this demonic shit they had going. They were reaching for something sacred, righteous, and pure in my life. So I knew they wanted trouble. Therefore, they reached for the last straw and hopped on the camel's back to be dusted: "ShondaHill" came back in and said to the other buddie [who, if I could have gotten my hands on-would have been short of breath from me ringing their neck]:

"Guess what? I'm coming out with a new album."

The other buddy asked ShondaHill: "What's the name of this album Shonda?"

ShondaHill then said: "TheLostSpecialTransportationEducationofShonda Hill...LoL"

"LoL!" replied the buddy.

I guessed that was their knock-off version of Lauryn Hill's CD: "The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill"...and supposed to be funny? I didn't find it to be funny-especially at this moment of my angst. I sighed. That did it. That was it for me. All bets were off.

Only death could become all of them at this moment. The room (in my *real* house) was spinning, and all I could see was red. I was **steaming** mad but I refused to get worked up, because there was *nothing* I could do. Not a damned thing. So I took a deep breath and left...

At this point, I was already on pins and needles waiting to hear back from the bus service. And to think of how much I was going through with them (and Janet); having that said to me only added paranoia to my fear and anticipation of waiting to hear back from the bus station about where the kids could have possibly been. I was a little soothed in knowing that because of the distance, and rush hour, sometimes the bus would be late (especially if there was a new driver), but considering all this craziness I was going through (with Janet) and now this joke, it made me paranoid-understandably so. I didn't know if there was an accident or what. Thoughts were going through my mind that Janet's money had something to do with this delay. It's not far from her handiwork and the extremes she had proven to me time and time again she was capable of. I do know I was ready to kill them all-Janet included.

Ironically, Denise and me were on the phone the day before this, talking about how if I never left a man for anything, one thing without a question and at the drop of a dime; he would definitely get left without a *trace* if he *ever* allowed his friends to disrespect me. That has always been first on my list even before infidelity. And here it is; I allowed Janet to allow her friends to toy with me from day one-all the way down 'til they had *nothing* else but to toy with an innocent child who had nothing to do with this. Unacceptable. Unforgivable.

At this moment, as far as I was concerned (and my knowing Janet's bad-her kind of evil when things didn't go her way or would go awry); one of those two people hiding behind those nicknames could have very well been Janet, even "ShondaHill." That's her evil style.

Regarding [and right after this incident and talking to Denise] she said to me on the telephone: "They are really going to reap what they have sown girlfriend I tell ya..." she sighed.

Aside from sucking my teeth, I didn't even have to reply because I already knew what to do and what would soon be going down in preparation for me to ease on down this road to no longer carrying this somethin' that had been a load. Each step of the way as I was observing, I could tell I had more power in this than I thought I did. I had heart whereas unlike before I felt as empty and helpless as a tin man crying. I was fighting to maintain the courage of a lion. My brain power against her worldly power felt about as nonexistent as the scarecrow, while I lost my hope and way home like Toto, but the reality was—they weren't the Wiz. And all along, I had courage, heart, and a brain to see this thing through...

The next day (November 10th) from the café, I was on my way to the room and was suddenly stopped by a big bogus notice they put up before you could enter. It read:
“VIRUS???”

We have received numerous emails from worried people about a so called virus on this site or connected to the chatroom. It is some sick joke that was played upon us, and is totally false (besides being technically impossible). There is no such virus on the Janet website and or chatroom.

Sincerely,

The JanetChat staff

I couldn't believe them. Although the hoops they would go through trying to cover up their tracks was no longer a surprise, still, it seemed to amaze me every time—the routes, extents, and many lengths they would go through to cover their asses from a big mess they created that didn't even have to be—[the same one they are going have to answer to when the smoke clears]...

I would have thought that having the manuscript, control of my laptop and PC, emails, my phones, and friends and families phones were all the tools they needed to prepare their alibis and rebuttals for when this mess went legal. While for me, my fight and proof of details was the manuscript (and now this bogus cover up piece that also made print and earned a spot on the BULLSHIT disc—when little did she and they know; if everything proved to be transparent and on the up and up; nothing—no emails, dialogue, or I.M was ever going to be documented and saved ever again). To make an actual book out of the ordeal, it cost me more time that I simply did not have, bigger headaches, and not to mention; a *major* interruption of my life (to have to re-do, edit, add to the manuscript, re-edit and proofread). The mental and emotional strength that I had to muster to do it was such that I *much* preferred we make right and nice in order for me to avoid having to. But here we go again—all complaining and exhaustion—like all bets—were off. There were no other options. If I had to give the book away for free I was going to do it. Whatever it took, I was going to do to get the story out—because the goal was to get the story *told* more so than *sold*—that was my number priority. From this point on, my sole purpose for dealing with her, or going to that room was for information so that I could make sure I had all my ducks in a row—I wasn't playing with them.

They were on “Operation Create an Alibi” something *serious*.

I laughed, thinking about how careful they had to comb through the manuscript in order to find any *real* nicknames they could (in order to stage a *second* bogus notice that ironically—they disabled from being printed or saved). They did that because after that first bogus notice (about the “technically impossible virus”), I guess they felt they needed to compose another bogus notice to explain how a particular chatter was banned for insulting Janet and misbehaving in the room. I noticed the name of the “insulter” was a name that they carefully scoured and hand picked out of my manuscript that I mentioned somewhere in the middle of it. Because of course in this game of ours—via the room I was rerouted to for us:

Janet, me, and her buddies-there *was* no such thing as “normal” or real nickname use. Outside of maybe one other regular/normal nickname; Chris and her other buddies co-conspirators all carefully designed nicknames to be used for a purpose: To me, at me, or for me—to insult me, to compliment me, or both (in order to tell a story, or make me recollect a happening all “in a name”) which was the reason for their “only three nicknames per chatter” rule that they eventually permitted regular chatters (so they could be free to be able to conjure up as many deliberately specially marked “designed nicknames” as possible, in order to communicate things they wanted me to see or know, like such):

When I finally got in the room, the nickname: “REAP” rolled down.

They sent that nickname down to let me know that they heard mine and Denise’s conversation over the phone where Denise stated they were going to “reap what they’ve sown.”

Next, they sent down the second of the two normal/real nicknames (that they pulled from my manuscript) so they could hold some kind of conversation with me under *it* (I guessed so they could have a copy of a chat script showing me conversing with a normal/real nickname-rather than all the carefully designed nicknames they normally used like: “REAP”).

Meanwhile, in the room, they were pretty much doing nothing but their usual: helping me with all evidence to tell my story while trying to entertain each other with their insults, blows, and inside jokes. Come to think about it, they never had too much of anything to talk about if they weren’t talking about me, friends, family, or other celebrities in a not so good light. And a few minutes later, they finally came up with something else.

Lissa was carrying on a conversation about her personal vendetta she had with the singer Brandy. She rambled on about how she lived near Brandy in some ritzy area in California and had some kind of issue with her. One of Janet’s buddies (or it could have very well been Janet hiding behind the nickname) was in defense of Brandy, but Lissa wouldn’t let up. She assured the defender that her issue with Brandy was way personal and not because she was “Brandy.”

I just watched on. They loved drama (and gossip)-especially Lissa.

By the week of Thanksgiving, I was only talking to Denise and Shauntay.

I sent Denise an email from my literally damned PC after begging Janet to quit rebooting and clicking me off at whim. All I had to do to keep avoiding her was pull up a Word document and type what I wanted to say onto it and she could see it. I reduced dealing with her down to that level rather than talking to her in her room or getting back on I.M. She was pissed too. When it came to her anger, jealousy, or possessiveness; she gave no consideration for how well I treated her. Not even the things I changed, gave up, or rearranged for her was ever considered. She made me pay for these days that I stayed away from her turf and made sure I wasn’t going to be able to use my PC in peace if she was around and had *anything* to do with it.

I found out later that from the looks of things, I had a boot virus on my computer where after so many forced reboots; the hard drive would be burned out completely. She gave two shits about my important documents (or books) that were stored there. She only cared about wiping any computer forensic evidence off of that PC of mine that they bugged so badly. They were on their shit and not taking any chances.

By this time, with the manuscript in their hands, they knew I documented everything. But unlike me (who had no intentions on pushing any “go” or “infiltrate” buttons unless they forced my hand) that motherfucking digerati team of hers handled me every step of the way as if I *was* preparing to push the button. They didn’t take *no* chances contemplating: “maybe she will,” “maybe she won’t,” “she loves her,” “she loves her not.” They treated me and this thing like I was *already* sitting in some Official’s office with my finger on the “infiltrate” button, but they already had the fastest fingers in this thing since the beginning-and had theirs on the detonate button called: “Interception Click. Click. Boom.”

I was sick of running back and forth from the café and the school’s lab begging Janet to “allow” me to use my malfunctioning (laptop and PC) computers. After I sent the email to Denise, I took call forwarding off my pager, turned my pager off, and as well; turned the ringers off on my home phone number and my new cell phone and number that I just bought (again).

I was annoyed with the fact that she could listen to my conversations + read my emails.

Eventually, I stayed away from the cafe, my PC, my laptop and my other so-called friends who were falling by the wayside. I didn’t want her to have *any* life from me whatsoever. For the couple friends that hung in there with me, there was no creative way to tell them how not to mention certain things on my telephone (when talking to me) that I didn’t want Janet and her buddies to know. I was tired of her knowing my: who, what, when, where, and how’s.

I was annoyed with the fact that I couldn’t check emails from my child’s teachers from the privacy of my own home without having to *ask* her to stop rebooting my computer. I got tired of paying the café \$2.50 a wop to utilize their computers [three of the only ones I used because each enabled me to use my portable drive from them] were eventually screwed up with some kind of Sub7 virus. Those people were so tired of me and this “thing” following me. I had to be honest with them in order to find out what was going on (ironically) with the computers I happened to be using and witnessing malfunction one by one. By this time, the owner’s wife had her way of reiterating to me that if she didn’t like me so much and understood what I was going through, she would ask me not to use their computer services completely. Denise thought that was so funny but fucked up at the same time-just like I did. I had been so fed up with looking like such a fool to so many people. Even without revealing her name, words cannot explain what a fool she had me looking like. I hated her so badly for being able to do all that she did; all the while, she hid behind this technological bullshit and still managed to get her way (*and* get away with it). My life just felt like each time I walked to the left, to the right, forwards and backwards; a whole other body was bumping into me: face-to-face, forehead-to-forehead, toe-to-toe.

Saturday December 4th, I went up to the café. When I selected my email account that she and I was last using, I had like over 15 carefully selected advertising emails with promises to make me thin, rich, or both. She had even gone so far as to send those same emails to the email account that Denise and I would use through Yahoo. She knew I would notice the duplicated emails because she knew how anal and close attention to detail I paid to everything. She wanted me to make no mistake about it that the emails were sent by Yours Truly. That was just her way of saying to me: *“Bitch you aint got no secret email account that I don’t know about. Quite frankly, you aint got no damn secrets that I don’t know about!”* She was a trip like that. It

seemed like no matter how long I ignored her; she always had some way to get around it, just to make sure her presence was known-to show that she was still in control somewhere in this. She didn't care how far she had to go to do it, she felt no shame. It was like she totally masturbated off her own methodology and madness. Those ongoing harassing emails gave her energy and life of some (crazy) kind—like a way of touching me, or punching me; to make *her* feel as though she was literally arguing and fighting me like we would do sometimes via email, her room and/or I.M. She was going to get her virtuosity one way or another, and by all methods necessary-she won't stop.

It was a habit by now-as was I: her fix. She set herself up for this kind of psychological torture while trying to psychologically torture me. I was *so* tired of Janet. She sucked the life, the will, and ways out of me. My body was tired, my mind was tired-and I was beat. The one and only way I could ever accept her apologies or even be *anything* to her after this ordeal, was if she somehow rolled off some fucking UFO covered in green slime, with ice cycles hanging from her lashes-shivering cold-telling me how she had been held captive by that satanic cult or some little green people that forced her to do all that she had done. If she didn't appear to me in that state, she could completely kiss my *entire* basketballbutt-forever and keep her apologies because I didn't want anything from her after this shit: her friendship, a relationship, a new CD, a ticket to a show, a magazine article, a television appearance or even to look at a jar of the spice cinnamon. I didn't want anything to do with or associate my whole existence with anything that had to do with her-at all. I wanted to ignore her so far away from me until she feel her head spin like her souls twin: Raygan from the "Exorcist," which was how I had eventually begun to see and think of her: like some demonic force of a spirit that was possessed, but underneath-somewhere else in her-was a normal sweet childlike person who had been taken over by something sinister.

I couldn't decide if it was irony, my thoughts about her having manifested, or a coincidence that at this very moment in time, but one of the strangest things I had *never* seen or heard tell of in my life, had happened. For a few days into the end of the year, there was an abnormal flock of crows that hung around my house screaming violently loud [and doing whatever it is they do]. They would start their show when the sun would go down by flying back and forth-doing out of sync calisthenics in the air in what looked like an effort to be synchronized while barking and squawking.

From where my house sat, across the street from it; there was a large tree on the left. And on the right side of my house, another large tree sat there (that one was closest to my front porch and my deck on the back side of my house).

On December 30th, the crows *really* went crazy-so much so that they were flying a little lower and shitting up and down the street like rain. It was like somebody gave the crows a laxative. For the few evenings they came; they shitted so much that everybody on the street had to run and duck for shelter to come in and out their houses. My brother had stopped by unexpectedly and had to run and duck too. It freaked him out because he too, like the rest of us, had never seen anything like it before-so many crows screeching and screaming in such large flocks all at once. "*You need to move! This aint normal*" was all my brother could say. It was an odd thing to see and experience.

At night time, they filled the bare trees like leaves. When you would look up at both trees; it looked like the trees had leaves but it wasn't-it was all crows! It was so many of them that it looked as if for about four days, every crow in the entire world had come to town to release to shit, participate in some synchronized flying, and live in the two trees outside of my house.

Into the middle of the night/early morning hours of December 31st, I peaked out the doorway and looked across the street at the left big tree, there were no crows-just branches.

I then looked to the right (at the tree closest to my house); and every single crow covered each branch with what looked like 50 crows to a branch. They filled that large tree so much so that you couldn't see one single wooden branch. My mouth dropped. They all just sat there quiet, it was a spooky sight to see and mad creepy.

At about 6:30 in the morning (still a little dark outside) I peeked out my window blind, they were still quietly sitting and covering the tree branches. I trotted down the steps, into the living room and walked over to my PC. I wiggled the mouse so that the monitor's light would come on. My hard drive came to life as if it yawned and had just woke up.

I took a seat.

I then logged onto the computer only to be disconnected a few seconds later by that possessed-spirited woman herself, as if she rolled right over, growled, hissed, and then disconnected me. That was usual. But what was really unusual was that at the very moment (that my computer rebooted), those crows started flying, screaming, and squawking like crazy-as if I woke them up too. It was like...they were her pets or something-awaiting her command before they could fly. They were so loud that I *had* to look out the door again because I couldn't believe I was hearing them awake and come to life *right* at this very moment-just in time. They went crazy!

The girl next door to me was leaving for work but ran back up on my side of the porch-screaming scared and complaining about how she too had been noticing the crows show up out of nowhere. "*They represent evil and that means the death of something, or bad luck or something! No way man! What the fucks UP with these things! It looks as if when I run to my car, they are all gonna fly down and attack me!*" she shouted.

We stood on the porch underneath our house's awning and conversed for a little while-until she got the guts to run to her car (that was parked facing the big rock wall underneath that big possessed tree on my right). Once she made it to and inside of her car, I went back into the house and slept.

At daylight I looked out and hell was gone. The crows disappeared and never came back. They did however, leave the street [from the bottom to top, every car, and the cement on the street itself] covered with those big giant golf-ball sized droplets of shit. *Everybody* needed a car wash, and it needed to rain or snow badly because the street looked diseased. It was a mess outside and the people on the street were talking *all* about it-we *all* were amazed.

I told myself that I must have Janet too far into my entire existence; so much so that I really think her energy was manifested into something that symbolized some kind of omen that hang right above my head-right outside of what once was my humble abode.

The thing about "omens" (by definition) is that there are good omens and there are bad omen. Considering what I was going through with that woman, I sure as hell didn't want bad ones in my life-she had already been a mixture of the two [definitions].

These birds had everybody talking and wondering what the hell this could have meant (the fact that they showed up for a few days, and then the day before the New Year—and then they flew out, up, and away as if the mess they left + the amazement they left us *in* was but a dream).

Since it was hours before the New Year was to set in, I started to combat this strange

happening with my yearly superstition and tradition: In order to have a good year, cook a pot of black-eyed peas and wash every stitch of dirty clothes in the house before the clock strikes 12.

This time, I didn't bother going out to buy a bag of black-eyed peas and wash clothes like I did for the previous New Year because even after doing all that; Janet poured herself, spin cycled, and drained me such that it dispelled my superstition any further. Let me tell it, I had stirred into my house (the energy of this woman that I was destined to meet) my own personal witches brew. So considering how my year had gone, I was insistent on putting that ritual in reverse: No washing clothes and black eyed peas for me this year-I'll go at it on faith alone.

I remembered all to well that last New Year (right into the year of Janet coming into my life), I had gone out in search of that bag of black-eyed peas. I guessed a lot of people adhered to this superstition because I had to go to four different grocery stores and couldn't even find *one* bag of these funny looking beans that always sat on the bottom of the shelf, hiding.

When I got to the fourth store, almost every dry bean was there *except* what I came for. I simply refused to take the drive out to another store in search of another bag, so I got down on that floor and stuck my hand as far back as I could while peeking into the dark empty shelf with one eye open. I must have looked like a life-sized frog on a white tiled lily pad-down there on my hands and knees in the middle of the grocery store isle reaching for a bag of beans. My little fingers must've been like a magnet all their own because I found a stack of neatly packed beans stuffed in the very the back of that shelf. I grabbed my bag and thought to myself, "*This is about to be a hell of a year for me and I'm ready!*" And it sure as hell was. Nothing could have prepared me for this thing with her.

I can't help but think now, about how stupid I must have looked on the floor of that grocery store peeping into a dark space of a shelf in hopes finding the bag of beans that I was in search of; that eventually made its presence known. The thought of that reminds me of how stupid as I must have looked yelling into her dark virtual world: "*DOES JANET EVER COME IN HERE?*" ...wishing that she would make her presence known. Yeah she came to me all right, and set some shit off.

Because of her, I learned to be careful what I ask for, because you just might get it. But now, I run from it and her.

I had to go. I had to leave her. I had to.

Sure, I wanted to wait around for the day that she would come running to me from that UFO, covered in that green slime with those icicles hanging from her lashes, telling me that great grand story about the green people who held her hostage and forced her to do to all the parts she played in this--that day never came, so I had to leave.

I had to make a serious decision as to whether or not I wanted to continue to make love and war with Janet, or if I wanted to peacefully co-exist in my world (the way it was before getting involved with her).

So I had to leave her.

I had been there-done *everything* with her and I knew all too well what happens after the bad is made good: The good goes bad (and back again)...



Valentines Day-February 14th.

I sit here on my basketball butt, in my comfortable black Futon chair in front of a fried PC (while working on my laptop) knowing that as of now, at this very moment in time, Janet is about as much in control as I am thin, rich or both.

I write this passage as I place a piece of chocolate to my “daffy duck lips” mimicking the line where Forrest says: “*Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what cha gonna gi...i...it,*” (laughing to myself). Man I’m on the floor LMAO (laughing **my** ass off now)...

I remember the night that Janet “the superstar/the woman/the artist” said to me in one of her many poetic moments on that May day in an email: “*You are to me like a book unopened, the story yet untold...*”

I never would have guessed at the time she said that to me, such a statement would manifest itself into both of our lives like such-ending up being a case of life imitating art and words having created an environment. Because also I remember the night that I told Janet and her buddies: “*When the smoke clears, I am going to be standing right there.*”

It was the same night that her homegirl of thirteen years said to me as she had me steaming mad and hemmed up on that telephone, taunting me with the words: ***Girl, please, you can’t TOUCH this staaamm!*** (I *almost* believed her).

Well. I touched her-in more ways than one...

This *is* the story. And everybody knows: “almost” doesn’t count.

friend request intercepted

a novel

by Angela Sherice

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Angela Sherice is a writer of: erotic, self-efficacious, introspective, reflective and metaphysical fiction and non-fiction books.

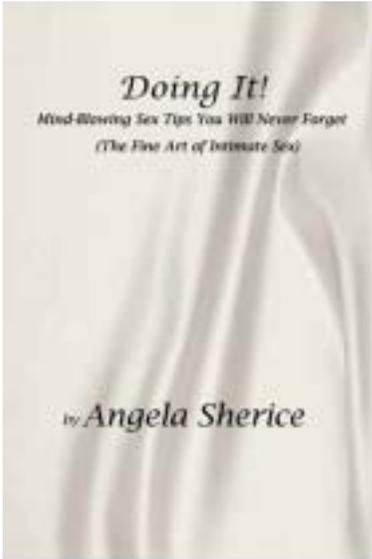
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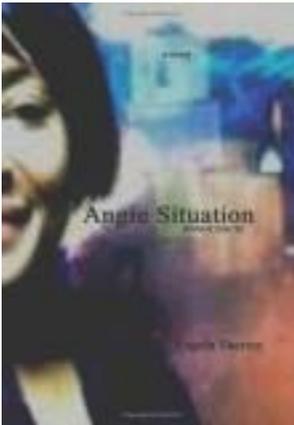
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