

The Opening

While there were little girls with colorful ribbons in their hair that were treasured by all who saw them, these girls named Patrice, Kendra, and Marla, no doubt were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Each grew up with both parents in the home. There was a mother, a father, and a dog in their cookie-cutter landscaped homes. These girls, all popular in school, all graduated from Ivy League institutions; all lived faultless lives. Unfortunately, their ultimate road to success would lead them to a roadblock, a girl who had not lived such a blessed life. Did you know that one day a warped flower would fully bloom to be at the helm of these perfect three girl's lives? For beauty is only skin deep, survival for them all was real. Paying the bills is real. Where there was love, attention, and undying adoration for Patrice, Kendra, and Marla, the girl named Pamela Jean Metcalf lived a damn cold life. Pamela Jean was dangerous, inside out. With so many knives piercing her back, survival meant finding and securing control and never letting go. Two of these girls would betray her. One girl would go to jail. See who ends up dead, while another of these girls was going to genuinely love her one badass woman named Pamela Jean Metcalf. Let me see now. Here is the quiz. Was loving a woman with a cold heart an excellent choice for our dearly departed? Enough said. Let us go look at how it all began and how it all will end.

“My Name is Pamela Jean”

There was a time when Pam's mother Betty Justine Metcalf, protected her most disliked daughter the best she could, even when the poor mother learned her daughter was different. From her insane goals, her insidious, crazy, thoughts of wanting to be a pimp; there was some work to do on Pamela Jean. To adapt to a fictional pimp as a viable role model meant the issue was school bullying. Pamela did suffer from the kind of childhood abuse no child should ever suffer. While the abuse was not dealt with properly, Pamela Jean internalized the pain. Her lifelong goal was to create a plan that would be an ultimate payback to the childhood abuses she suffered. The hatred kids laid on Pamela began in pre-school. None of the name-calling or mayhem ended until her formative years were over. It was the kind of cruelty that weakened some. On the contrary, it made Pamela Jean believe she could change her life when one day she found an old book on her school bus. Even at eight she became fascinated with a pimp named Iceberg Slim. Of course, at first, Pamela did not know what prostitution meant. All she knew was it sounded like a remarkable thing to do to the bad little girls that tortured her daily. Subliminally, Slim's premise would become the impetus for Pamela Jean's successful Escort business.

To Pamela, Slim was a man in control. Were he alive today, the kids would not be messing with her. The book made her laugh, but it also made her believe control over bad kids was possible. So, whether her choices were conventional or not, little PJ knew early in life, it was not her fault her flaming red hair was nappy, her skin was too light, her eyes were too black, she was thin as a boy, and had a big butt. One day the world was going to pay for calling her names; then there would be a blue link to make them smile. One day there would be a man who loved her the way she was. One day, they would stop throwing rocks at her; they would stop making her life miserable. The time had come. Eight-year-old Pamela had enough. It was the only time she got off the gold school bus needing

answers from her mother. "Mama?" Pamela Jean hollered, as she raced through the front door of her Tudor home in Pomona, California.

"Yes, Pamela?" Betty asked as she received her only child at the front door.

"Why do I look like a white boy, Mama?" young Pamela asked her shocked mother.

"You're a girl. Come on Pamela. I have to go to work," Betty said to her daughter. They had never talked about race like this before.

"At school, they call me names, Mama. Why is my skin so light?" little Pamela asked her mother, as Betty snapped on her white nursing cap for work, Pamela's babysitter was on the way for her 3:00 pm shift. She was not going to tell her that her dad, very dark-skinned, asked her the same question about her coloring before he left. It was why none of his relatives ever came around.

"It's not important, honey. You are my beautiful angel," Betty answered back, meaning it. She told her daughter before, she had recessive genes, and this was true because Betty never messed around on her father. In fact, PJ, as she was sometimes called, looked like her great grandmother, Nettie, on her father's side. She had even pulled out the old family album to show Pamela Jean the photos. However true this was, facts were not doing Pamela any good at this moment. She was treated like hell at school. She wanted to know why!

"No Mama," the sad child pleaded shaking her tiny head back, and forth, as she tugged on her mother's white uniform for answers. Pam continued, "At school they call me names," Pamela defended, looking up into her mother's dark, sad eyes. Betty stopped getting dressed to find out more.

"What kinds of names are they calling you, Pamela Jean?" Betty asked her sad daughter. What Betty heard next was nothing short of a nightmare. It was becoming clear she had a score to settle with the school's principal.

"They call me white girl. They call me lima beans and asked me why my skin was not done. They say I did not stay in the oven long enough for color. Where's my melanin Mama?" the sad child cried. After yelling from her gut, a mad PJ wanted answers. "I want to be like everybody else?" she groaned. With tears wetting her dress, to see her daughter holding her belly and screaming in such pain, hurt Betty.

Next, Betty hugged her baby.

"Get it all out honey," she said while she rocked little Pamela Jean in her lap. Later, Betty called her supervisor to tell her she would be late today. Betty was no genius. She was a simple woman who had been hurt by men. She ate too much and worked too hard. She lacked the vocabulary and spunk to defend her own daughter. Pamela's father never wanted the baby.

"Bitch," Pamela's father said to her one day, "that light-skinned baby with those big pink lips and nappy hair ain't none of my daughter," he claimed. Betty would not forget that day. Her heartfelt as if it had been cut out her chest!

"I ain't never fucked nobody but you, Alfred" the big woman pleaded, while Alfred was headed for the hills. They had been together ten years. She thought he would be happy to have this baby.

"I can't raise Pamela by myself!" Betty pleaded.

"Find that nigga you got pregnant by. Have his ass deal with that ugly ass white baby," the cruel Alfred demanded. It was the day, the moment, and hour that Betty gave up. It was his baby.

Only Alfred Metcalf had another woman he loved more than Betty. His two-year affair with a sixty-year-old woman was the real reason Pamela Jean's father left Betty.

That fact alone left Betty through for life. Later, in the principal's office, Betty wanted to know why her daughter suffered so at this school. The principal apologized profusely.

"It is not our policy to discriminate. Those who do so are suspended upon notice," he replied. Lies. To see Betty crying on the heels of Principal Thompson's lying explanation, at eight PJ knew from an early age, taking control was what would define her future. Betty, however sincere, was too weak to defend her only child's terror. They lived a comfortable middle-class life on Belinda Street in Pomona because Betty worked hard as a well-trained Registered Nurse. One day the double-shifts, the insurance policies, the disrespect, the prayers, would give little Pam a better life. Until then, one evening after her warm bath, little Pamela Jean listened to her mother's heartbreaking prayer.

"Dear God," Betty prayed, on her knees at the foot of her king-sized bed. "Pamela Jean is only eight; please make them leave my daughter alone, she ain't got nobody but me. I trust dear Lord, my heavenly Father, you will shield my baby, my fatherless angel, out of this misery," the concerned mother cried. Betty's bulky frame shook the bed, as her heart hurt over what her daughter was going through. Little Pamela Jean quietly eased past her mother's room, where Betty's grief over the bullying could not be denied. To Pamela, Betty was her hero. She never said it, never mentioned not having a father because Pamela felt safe that her mother loved her so much to give this sad day to God. Later, beneath a pristine clean, charming home setting, tucked safely in the confines of a pink canopy bed, with soft music easing out the house speakers; Pamela nestled her head into three white goose feather pillows. Next, she looked out her bedroom door now that Betty stopped crying. Her mother's light dimmed after her sincere prayer to God. She knew in a few minutes, Betty would be asleep. She always waited for Betty's light to go out before she dozed off to sleep. At this moment, Pamela Jean Metcalf took the reins. She decided at a tender age never to tell her mother about the school bullying again.