

## VOICES OF OUR SISTERS

First read on [Sextrade101.com](http://Sextrade101.com)

Written By: Denise

### ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

As I wipe the sleep from my eyes, a new day begins. The thoughts of yesterday enter my mind and the plans for today are being determined.

“Good morning Dan” I say to my friend as he enters the door returning from work.

“Morning Denise, how did you sleep?” he replies.

“Pretty good, I really needed it!” I say.

I am staying with Dan because there is nowhere else to go. See I am an addict and I use drugs everyday. He uses too. We get along well. Today is Dan's payday and I am very much anticipating the first high which I know is coming any minute now.

“Hey Dan, can I have a toke?” I say.

“Sure, just let me use the washroom first.” He says.

When he returns to the room we both grab our pipes and load one on. AAH! Good Morning. Now I am finally awake. It usually goes like this. Being addicted, I needed my drugs to function.

We sit and watch television and continue the morning getting high.

“I think we need to get some weed.” I say.

“I already got some from a buddy at work,” he says, “Do you want to roll one?”

Sure pass it over,” I say.

We have a tray for rolling weed. He passes it over along with the weed and I roll us a joint. Weed works well for me to relax. My high goes up and down. Smoking crack to go up and weed to come down.

I live for drugs, it is my whole life. I will do anything to get more. I steal, rob people, lie, but mostly I prostitute myself. I call prostitution work, and I work full time and then some.

People come and go when you use crack. Everyone is out for themselves and yours too. There is never any giving. They smoke your dope, steal your dope, and hide their dope, anything that will ensure that they will

get high. It is all a backstabbing way of life. The theme being MORE, MORE, MORE!!!!

I don't feel much of anything except for when I run out of drugs, and then I feel anxious, irritated, and restless. Other than that I am numb.

"Hey Dan, can we get some beer?" I say.

"Sure, do you want to get it, I really don't feel like going" he says.

"I'll go, can I take the bike?" I ask.

"Sure, here's some money" he hands me twenty dollar bill. I bike up to the Beer Store and grab six cold ones, on my way back I run into Linda, one of the other working girls in my area.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

"Not much, just hanging out with Dan." I reply.

"Can I come over?" she asks.

"You know how Dan is; he doesn't like people coming over."

"Whatever Denise, you just want all the dope for yourself."

"Okay Linda, whatever you say."

I start biking away from her and I can hear her yelling vulgar words in my direction. Considering crack is a very greedy drug I deal with these kinds of people on a regular basis.

I walk back in the door and put all but two beers in the fridge, and I open one and hand it to Dan. "Here, Dan."

I sit down beside him and twist off the cap and gulp down a mouthful from my bottle.

"Here Denise" he hands me a big toke of crack.

I load the toke on the pipe. As I do the toke I look at the clock. Wow, it is already three o'clock, where did all the time go? I don't think you have any concept of time when you are using drugs.

"Hey, Dan, Do you want to have a game of dominoes?"

"Sure, but I am not letting you win this time!" he says. We both laugh.

I look over and I see that our supply of crack is diminishing quickly. We start our game of dominoes and I say, "Could we get some more dope?"

"Sorry girl, I don't really have the money, I have to pay rent," he says.

That is one thing about Dan that I admired-he always manages to take care of his responsibilities, he always has a roof over his head.

Me, I would never take care of that. I would crash out wherever I finished smoking my bag of dope, even then it was difficult. Most people would tell you to leave after your bag of dope was finished.

Dan didn't care, his girlfriend was in jail and he would allow me to stay whether or not I had dope. If you live the life I do, you appreciate people like Dan who actually care about you as a person.

We finished our game of dominoes and do a few more tokes.

"Hey, Dan, save me a toke for when I get out of the shower, I am going to get ready for work "I say.

"Okay" he says "But why don't you just take it easy tonight."

"Dan you know I want to get high, so why are you even going there?" I say.

"Okay Denise, I just thought you might want to take a break"

I feel the water washing away the filth of yesterday, the warm water beating against my face, it feels so refreshing. I start my preparation for work. The effect of the crack is wearing off and getting ready for work is a lot more than getting dressed.

I get myself pumped up by saying things like: "I am going to get rich tonight!", "Money, money, money!!", and "Watch out, here I come". These little affirmations I guess you could call them, get me by when I have no drugs.

I stay focused on the fact that I will be able to buy more drugs, and get high and that's all that matters.

I get out of the shower, get dressed, put on some makeup, fix my hair, and get ready to leave.

Dan gives me my last toke, he also rolls a joint. I do the toke and we smoke the joint and I stand up and put my coat on.

"Okay Dan"

"You off?" he asks.

"Yep, I will see you in a bit" as I grab my gloves and head out the door.

As I walk up the street, once again telling myself my little affirmations, I am ready to make my money. I am pumped full of adrenaline by the time I reach the stroll, as we call it. Little do I know, this is the night that I will remember, this night will change my life forever.

I reach the stroll at about 5:10 pm, it is already dark, and right away a blue van pulls in and a young driver signals me to his van. I am totally excited because where I work it is rare that you find a date so fast.

I approach the van and say, "What's up?"

"What are you doing?" he replies.

"I am working."

He looks me up and down and says, "What is a pretty girl like you doing working, you should come with me and have some real fun, I know that I could make you feel real good!"

I rolled my eyes at him and walked away, continuing up the stroll, when I reach the next street I look down and there is this same blue van parked waving me to come to his van. I shake my head in disbelief and keep walking. As I am approaching the next street I see him again, he is standing on the corner looking in my direction.

When I reach where he is standing he tells me that he was only joking with me and that he has a hundred dollars for my services. One hundred dollars, I think, now that's enough crack to last awhile.

I decide to go with him. We drive to an industrial area where I take a lot of my customers. We park in a lot where there are loading docks and some scattered trailers, I have been here before like I said, there is never any action on this lot. He backs the van up in between two trailers and we are hidden completely so anyone that would possibly be passing by could not see us.

"So, why are you doing this?" he asks.

"I have my reasons." I reply.

"You are such a pretty girl and you know that you shouldn't be doing this."

"Well I do what I have to do to survive."

"But you shouldn't do this."

I look at him with a look that would portray that he really doesn't care and say "Oh well."

"You need a good man like me to take care of you." He says.

"Trust me, you don't want me, I have a bad addiction to drugs, and I am definitely not ready for a man."

"So what's your name?"

"Denise, what's yours?"

"Roger"

"So Roger, you are so young what brings you out here looking for prostitutes?"

"It is sometimes cheaper than having a steady girlfriend and I am single right now. When I saw you I thought you were beautiful and I never imagined that you were working the street."

"How old are you?" I ask.

"Twenty-two, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-seven"

"So how long have you been doing this?" He asks.

"On and off for 5-6 years." I reply.

We continue talking back and forth. We have a lot in common. We are both from the East Coast, both musical and we both listen to the same kind of music. We seem to get along remarkably, considering the circumstances in which we just met. The conversation continues to flow and I am not minding it one bit, because I know that I am going to get paid one hundred dollars.

We continue to talk and I look out the windshield, I am thinking about how cold the days here in Ontario are and how different it is in the East Coast. As I start to remember some of the excellent memories that I have of the East Coast I am met with Roger's fist bashing me in my face.

I look towards him and all I see is his body in motion moving towards the back seat. My eyes follow him and all of a sudden I feel his arm wrapping around my head. He achieves a firm hold around my throat and begins to strangle me. My heart starts to race uncontrollably as I am terror stricken. I begin to think that I am being murdered and immediately I start to fight, kicking, thrashing, anything to get away, I also attempt to scream but nothing comes out.

At times I am successful in fighting him off. I manage to get out of the van, but he is right behind me, he wraps his arm around my head again and starts to strangle me some more. I think to myself that I do not want to die like this.

I start to lose consciousness as everything around me turns black, I manage to kick out and the blackness clears, but he is not letting up. His grip around my neck tightens even more and I am becoming aware that my surroundings are vanishing away. I am exhausted and can't fight anymore. The world becomes pitch black.

My eyes open, he is still there, he is on top of me. I feel the coldness on my buttocks. Oh my God where are my pants? What is he doing to me? What is going on?

With determination and intimidation written all over his face he looks down at me and I start to cry.

He grabs me by my hair and smashes my head off the pavement that is freshly wet from the fallen snow. "Do what I say and I will let you go!!!" he scowls.

"Don't kill me, please don't kill me!!!" I reply with tears streaming down my face.

"Do what I say and I told you that I will let you go" this time he is yelling at me.

He grabs me by my hair and forces me back in the van. He forces himself on me and he starts to have sex with me.

"Kiss me," he says, as he forces his lips to mine.

"No, not that way" he says as he forces his tongue into my mouth.

He attempts to wrap his arms around me seeking some sort of affection. "Hug me, and tell me that you love me." I resist and as I do so I get a punch in the face.

He forces his lips to mine and makes me kiss him again. He moans a little as he orgasms and he gets up.

As he starts to put his clothes on he screams at me to get out of the van. I scramble for my clothes and he yells, "Get out now!!!"

He gathers the remainder of my clothes and throws them on the ground, then grabs me and throws me out as well.

He immediately drives away and I look at his plate number and try to file it to memory.

I put on my clothes and start to walk up the road. I don't make it very far before I drop to my knees and start to cry uncontrollably. I am so scared, but yet so grateful to be alive. I am shocked, as I realize what has just happened to me and I am craving the drugs to take it all away. I rest a little bit and then I continue to walk up the road. I look up the road and see a well lit factory and I observe someone walking in the door. I am wondering what I should do and the thing that is on my mind the most is that I NEED to get high. I reach the factory door and open it, immediately to the left of me is a telephone on a stand. I pick up the phone and

in desperation I dial my dealer's number.

"Hello," as he answers the phone.

Crying out I say, "T its Denise, you have to come get me!"

"What's wrong girl, talk to me"

"Just come and get me please"

"What's wrong, what happened?"

"I was attacked by this guy, I am full of blood, and I'm scared, please come and get me!"

He asked me where I was and I told him. He asked me to call him back in 2 minutes. As hang up the phone and hear the door opening, and startled by the sound I turn around and there is this man. He looks at me and he says, "Oh my God, are you okay? I tell him that I am and ask him if there is a washroom that I can use. He opens a second door and leads me into this hallway and on the left I notice that there is this large room with several employees standing around. As I led by the room one of the men step out and asked the man that I was with if I was okay.

I get into the washroom and I look in the mirror. Again I start to cry, I am in horrible shape. Two black eyes, cuts and scrapes, and my lips are swollen and cut as well. I grab some paper towel and wet it and quickly wipe the blood away, I splash some water through my hair as well and fix it a bit.

I walk back out in the hallway and walk past the room with all the men back out to where the phone is and I call T back.

He tells me to walk out to the main street and he will be no more than 2 minutes. I hang up the phone and as I am opening the door to leave one of the employees came out and said, "Miss, are you okay?" I tell him that I will be fine and I walk out.

I walk as fast as I can, I am hearing sirens, which is no out of the ordinary for the area and I look up and there is a police car flying down the road towards me. I keep walking and then another cruiser comes around the corner from the side street. The cruisers slow down beside me and the window is rolled down and there is Constable Miller, a cop that has arrested me several times and that I have gotten to know over the years of my addiction. "Hey Denise, what happened to you?" he says.

"Just leave me alone," as I say as I keep walking past. The cruiser starts backing up to talk to me and I see 2 more cruisers coming down the road. Now I am basically surrounded by them. Constable Miller gets out of the car and he starts walking beside me telling me that the guy who did this to me has also done it to another girl a short time ago. He is asking me to talk to him and help them to catch the guy before he does it to someone else.

I am still thinking about the dope and I am certain that T has seen all the cars and he has opted out on meeting me.

I turn to Constable Miller and I feel the tears rolling down my face and I tell him that I just want to get high. I tell him that I want to get dropped off and that I don't want to talk right now. He asks me if I think that I will want to talk later. Inside in my mind I don't know what I want to do and I express that to him. He tells me to come back to the car and he will drive me where I want to go. He opens the door and I get in. He turns toward me and kneels down. "You know that what happened to you was wrong and I am really sorry that this happened to you." He says.

I look up to him and I start to cry and say, "I just want it to all go away."

"Denise, please call us later." He says as he hands me his card.

I put the card in my pocket and he closes the door.

I get dropped off and immediately I go to the payphone and call T and tell him where I am. He tells me to wait outside and walk down the road in about 5 minutes.

I start walking down the road when I am supposed to and I see his car driving towards me, when he reaches my I open the door and sit down. He puts the car in park and looks over at me, "Holy shit girl, are you okay?"

"Do I look like I'm okay?" as I start to cry.

"Easy girl, easy, do you want to talk?"

"Not really, I just want to get high."

"No problem, but make sure to call me and let me know if your alright." says and he hands me a nice piece of crack. He drives up the road and he drops me by the payphone. I walk in to the phone booth and I call my friend Jimmy and ask him to come get me. After about five minutes I am in Jimmy's car and we are driving to his place.

We walk in the door at his house and he looks over to me and says, "What the hell happened to you?" I look at him and said, "This is what a trick did to me." I load up a toke on my pipe and I smoke it. I am much calmer afterwards, and Jimmy sits down beside me and we start to talk. I keep smoking my stuff, after about 15 minutes Jimmy asks me if I would like a change of clothes and a towel to have a shower. "Yes, I really would like that," I say. He went and grabbed me the change of clothes and handed them to me. I get ready to have a shower.

As the water slashes against my body I scrub and scrub and I feel that no matter how hard I scrub at my body that the dirt is still there. I feel awful, dirty and violated. I wish that there was a way to make this feeling go away. I get out of the shower and get dressed. After I am dressed I get a bag and put the clothes that I was wearing in the bag because I know that the police will want them for evidence. I walk back into room and tell Jimmy that I am going to walk up to the payphone and call the police.

I sit down and do my last couple tokes and grab my jacket. I put my jacket on and say to Jimmy, "Wish me luck, I am going to leave now." He comes over to me and gives me a hug and says, "Call me when you know what is going on and if you want to come back here later and get some sleep you can." I told him that I will call him back when I was done with the police, and I headed out the door.

I walked up the road, the snow was falling and when I reached the gas station I picked up the payphone, deposited a quarter and dialed the number to the local division of the police.

"Twenty-two Division, Operator MacDonald," she said.

"Could I speak to Constable Miller please," I said.

"One moment please,"

"Twenty-two division Constable Miller here," he said.

"Hello, this is Denise, I am ready to talk."

**Sextrade**  **0**.com

Public Awareness and Education Website