

My Detroit Captors

It was fun working downtown Detroit until one beautiful day while walking back to my job after my lunch break; as a mild, warm breeze blew through my long, auburn hair.

As I swept by a large Walmart type of store with the scent of roses and coffee tickling my nose when in the middle of the block, I saw four boys smoking cigarettes in front of a blue Chevy convertible. So, I decided to bum a cigarette.

I tried to quit, but on this day, I craved a cigarette for the sense of independence it gave me. I stopped and asked, "Can I bum a cigarette?" One of the boys responded, "Sure, my friend has cigarettes in the car, hop in and grab one." I smiled a rebellious smirk, quirked back, "Thank you" and with one knee on the backseat of their Chevy and my other leg firmly positioned on the street, leaning in to ask the young, muscular man, "your friend said I could have a cigarette."

He laughed and teased, "You can have one," reaching out his hand just enough to force me to have to lean into the car to grab it. ...and suddenly, I was pushed abruptly into their car from behind by one of the other boys. All of the boys then entered the car behind me and locked the doors. I screamed, "let me out." Two men had pinned me between them as the car started. Terror shook my soul.

Suddenly, we were driving through the bad neighborhoods of Detroit. Screaming again, I commanded, "Let me go! Where are we going." No one responded.

We drove through the dilapidated neighborhoods with houses boarded up and stray dogs roaming through the dirty streets while my fear of dogs gripped me.

As a young girl, I was deathly afraid of dogs. Later, when my son was little, we owned two labradors and that fear vanished.



My labs had such strong jaws, carrying large sticks along our redwood and beach sidewalks that I am convinced they could have taken on any Doberman.

Me and my captors then stopped in front of a partially torn down, brown, one-story house and two of the boys forced me inside. Once inside, three of the boys went into the kitchen, while the other man took me into a musty and smelly, small bedroom. The smell of the house sickened me. I couldn't identify the smell and started to choke as my soul again shook in terror.

One boy could be heard in the distance talking on the phone. His voice was deep and menacing, ringing in my ears. I can still hear his voice today. He bragged, "Hey man, I have a white girl. Come on over."

The boy in the bedroom with me yelled sternly, "Take off your clothes and hang them up." "What," I responded as I hung up my clothes, thinking, "OK, he is going to rape me, yet he wants me to hang up my clothes. Weird!" He yelled again, "Hurry," instructing me to "Get on the bed" while he took his own clothes off and placed them on a chair before slapping me hard in the face.

He undressed himself under the window with the sun piercing through, which sparkled against his wet, muscular, black skin, dripping with sweat. Following his instructions after sustaining another powerful punch, I climbed onto the bed so he wouldn't hit me again, shrinking into the bed post. With extreme force, he jerked me down on my back. I cried, "Leave me alone! Help - Help Me." But no one responded.

Buy my book to learn more.