

Eve

I was twenty-six years old when my mother, Toni, died of a drug overdose, just as I was going legit and getting my life on track. I was now on my own for the first time in my entire life, so I went back to the only lifestyle I knew, which was drug dealing and prostitution.

Less than two weeks after my mother's death, I was arrested for solicitation and possession of an illegal substance with intent to sell. I was sentenced to five years in prison.

During my stint in the cage, I really got to know myself.

I didn't quite know what I was fully capable of, until one day when I was working in the kitchen doing dishes. For the most part, I had been trying to keep my head down and my nose clean. I'd been there for about five months and during that time, I had been able to avoid trouble.

But on that day when I was working in the kitchen, trouble found me.

Some woman who was much bigger and probably much stronger than me had decided that she wanted me to be her bitch.

When I refused, she attacked me, throwing me up against the wall so hard I almost blacked out. My head was split open and I could barely see straight.

That's when the adrenaline kicked in.

I reached into the dishpan I'd been using and pulled out a knife. I said to her, "Is that all you got, Bitch? It's gonna take a lot more than that to take me down!"

She laughed. “Oh, little girl thinks she tough, huh?” She then shook her head, still laughing. “Well, I guess I’m a have to teach you a lesson on how things work in here.”

Just then, two more girls walked into the kitchen and stood by the door, both of their arms folded across their chests.

I looked over at them, and then back at the woman, who was apparently the leader. My eyes locked onto hers as I leaned forward a bit, my arms also folded across my chest, concealing the knife.

“I don’t know or care why these other women are afraid of you and do what you want them to do, but guess what? I’m not, and as far as I’m concerned, you can rot in hell!”

I could see the rage in her eyes. I had disrespected her in front of her own people. In that moment, she looked like she wanted to kill me.

She charged at me again, only this time, I was ready. I was fast, but because my head was spinning, I wasn’t as fast as usual. I took a blow to my left jaw, which only made my head hurt more.

That’s when I went into survival mode. I wasn’t gonna let her kill me, even if I had to kill her first.

When she lunged at me, I stepped to the side to avoid the blow, while at the same time, stabbing her in the stomach. She cried out as I stared down at her.

She was looking back up at me, her eyes wide with fear. “I’m sorry for attacking you.” She spoke as if she was struggling to get the words out.

My eyes narrowed. “You tried to kill me. Why? I’ve never done anything to you!”

She took a deep breath in while applying pressure to her own wound. "I wanted you to be part of my gang." Her voice was getting weaker. "You have to prove what you're made of and you passed the test."

I let out a deep sigh and shook my head, finally dropping to my knees and applying more pressure to her wound. "Was your stupid test worth dying for?"

I looked up at the two women who were still standing by the door, both wide-eyed, as if they didn't know what to do. "Hey you," I said, pointing at one of the women. "Get me a wet towel, now!"

The woman nodded her head and then scurried over to the sink, where she grabbed a towel, rinsed it and then handed it to me.

I pressed the towel up against her wound to help stop the bleeding. Then I looked up at the other woman and shouted, "Go to the infirmary and get a doctor or nurse, now!" The second woman ran off.

I sighed deeply as my eyes met my attacker's once again. "The blood ain't real dark or nothing, so I doubt I hit any major organs. You'll live."

The woman asked me, "What's your name?"

"Eve."

The woman replied, "I'm Marta. So, Eve, you in?"

Before I could answer, a nurse came in and ran over to Marta. Then she looked at me, saw the blood on my head and asked, "What happened?"

Again, I didn't get a chance to answer. Marta jumped right in. "I attacked her. She defended herself."

The nurse looked back at me. “Is that true, Miss...?”

“Eve. And yeah, that’s what happened.”

A few minutes after that, Marta was put on a stretcher. As they were about to haul her off to the infirmary, she said to me, “Eve, if you ever need anything, we got your back.”

I gave her a small smile. “You too, Marta.”

They carried her out of the kitchen. A few moments later, two officers came into the room. They asked what had happened, and I told them.

They took me to the infirmary, where I got fifteen stitches put into my head, and I was checked to make sure I didn’t have a concussion.

After that, they put me in solitary confinement and said I’d be there for two weeks.

When I got out, Marta kept her word and looked out for me.

Who would’ve thought that some burly woman who’d come to attack me would end up being my friend?