

THE HOTTEST SUMMER EVER
KNOWN
Part 1

“Action is the enemy of thought.”

PREDATORY WOMAN

SUMMER

Some might call me scandalous. Others might consider me a ho. ... Ask me do I care. My family claims my attitude is what's wrong with me. Hey, this is me, the one they love to hate.

I know I got it honest. ...Growing up in a violent, drug infested neighborhood, the crack-heads and thugs ruled. It was ruthless in Detroit's most dangerous area, the low-down dirty East Side, where living was day to day.

And my peeps were the most embarrassing. I couldn't go nowhere with them dope fiends, shooting up that shit, making *me* look bad.

Even under my own roof, it was all about survival. I can't remember when I didn't live in fear. ...fear from the terrifying life of drug addict parents. All breeds of bums stepping in and out of our space in the wee hours of the night led to a bad case of insomnia. It was all an ongoing nightmare.

Unfortunately, I wasn't the only one suffering in that hell-hole. ...There was my sister, Treasure.

The name Treasure speaks for itself, she was once all I had. ...my only hope in surviving the struggle, but things are different nowadays; she's become more like a thorn in my side. After Pops was brutally killed, and Moms followed close behind him, dying from AIDS, our relationship changed. She just doesn't exist in my eyes.

I mainly fault the next of kin for that. They spoiled her, treated her like she was the only one that existed. Even now they worship the ground she walks on, with her little piece of paper and fancy suits! Miss Big-shot attorney!

Hell, I graduated from high school! But that wasn't good enough for Grams. She couldn't understand that I wasn't feelin' the college thang. ...a waste of time and too much damn energy to be standing in the back of some unemployment line.

Aunt Kim schooled me a little on the game, but overall, I taught myself. I found other ways to make that paper. ... spend others! Damn working for it! I don't have time for no nigga ballin' backwards! These cats out here have to pay to play, and that's the bottom line.

I'll let them believe the front that Treasure puts up, talkin' about she's a virgin! Ho please! Her ass is open like 7-Eleven! So, while Treasure's pulling the wool over their eyes, I'm not hiding shit! They're so busy watching me, expecting me to fail, I just tell them, “Don't watch me, watch my move.” I'm gon' do the damn thang. ...Make it one of these days. I might not become an attorney or a neurosurgeon, but I bet whatever big fish I catch will be ballin' out of control.

TREASURE

When I chose to become a defense attorney, it was for all the wrong reasons.

Let me get straight to the point. I despise drug dealers! I consider them a threat to the population. They killed my parents, selling that poison to their souls.

It was easy finding a law office to carry out my plan. I teamed up with the most prestigious firm in the city. They secretly had the same objective as I did; we handle nothing but drug cases. We shake their hands, take their money, and then send them up the river without a paddle! It would be easier if I could just click my heels and wish them all gone, but that would be too simple. I wouldn't want to miss out on all the excitement of watching their reaction when the Judge says, "I now sentence you to *LIFE*". They have no idea that I am the one that makes that all possible. Hey, my clients trust me. They give their freedom to me. Why wouldn't they? I mean, I am their attorney, after all. That's the least I can do for my loss, as well as for the children enduring now, what I had to then.

No one could begin to understand the affect my parents' death had on me. From that day forward I made a commitment to lock up every drug lord and bring down every drug organization that crosses my path. Truly, I didn't believe it would be this easy. ...The way I manipulate these desperate criminals keeps me motivated

At one time business slowed up for a moment, due to our firm losing too many cases. So, we created a plan to win a few high profile cases to rebuild our reputation. Now, our cases are on overload.

I receive this natural high every time I receive a case of a young man responsible for distributing large quantities of drugs to our communities. I can't explain the feeling. I look into his eyes, silently crying out for help; and a vision of my Mom appears, laying on her deathbed, gasping for air, taking her last breath.

I only want one thing, your freedom, I say to myself, staring back into his eyes, half listening to him plead his innocence. My anger intensifies and I become vile. I begin to fill him with promises I have no intention to fulfill, and tell him all the things he want to hear.

A prosecutor once asked me, "Ms. Lewis, why didn't you become a prosecutor? It's obvious that your desire is to lock criminals up."

I knew he was patronizing me, but I wasn't offended at all by his approach. I knew I was doing the right thing. You see, a prosecutor's motive is blatant, but I wore a disguise. I thrive off my client's trust. Someone like him wouldn't understand. This is personal.

This is the dark side of Treasure. I know that it seems cruel, but it's my way of dealing with my pain. Not only am I fighting the pain of losing my parents, but I also have to wake up everyday knowing that I will not hear the sound of my sister's voice, because Summer hates me. She can't let go of mistakes from the past, while I've grown past our differences. I wish she would do the same, but that would be something only she could change. She just doesn't know that I'm here for her. I'm not perfect like everyone seems to think I am, and I'm certainly not striving for perfection. I just want us to be a family. My life has been so incomplete without her. I worry deeply about, Summer.

I guess to keep a lot of this stress off my mind I hide behind my work. I'm hurting so bad, the pain sometimes seems hard to bear.

I can remember a quote I read somewhere that went something like, "*Hurting people, hurt people...*" Wow, now that's deep.