

PROLOGUE

So this is what it feels like to hit rock bottom and join the ranks of the scum of the earth.

I feel intense pain as my arms are jerked behind my back. Seriously, is it really necessary to be so rough when I'm obviously not resisting? When I hear the click of the handcuffs and feel the tightness around my wrists, it becomes quite evident this cop has either a vendetta against women or little-dick syndrome.

I glance over at Danny as he is being questioned, not detecting a smidgen of remorse in his expression. I can only overhear bits and pieces of his conversation, but what I do hear turns my heart to stone. Any love I ever had for this man completely broke away and melted like ice in a kiln from my wounded heart. He's conversing with the good cop because it seems I apparently got assigned the bad cop. As I eavesdrop from afar, Danny is insisting to the good cop, "She needs to be arrested. I want to press charges so take the bitch to jail."

I'm thinking to myself that Danny will *not* get the satisfaction of watching me cry again. The bad cop starts frisking and feeling me out, and I look around at my neighbors and friends who are enjoying the spectacle in our yard when the floodgates of tears open with a vengeance. So much for that no crying intention. I'm not in the least too proud to beg Mr. Bad Cop to pretty please not take me to jail. I ramble on professing about how I am so terribly sorry and it was all a huge misunderstanding. Many times I repeat what a good person I actually am, and that jail is most certainly not the place for a decent person such as myself. I continue to plead and sob but Mr. Bad cop just snickers, ducks my head and shoves me in to the back seat of his police car---the very smelly and disgusting police car to be precise. Not that I'm one to complain or anything, but Mr. Bad Cop was not very gentle and the police car is really smelly and disgusting like it should be a coroner's vehicle. You must get the drift, right? But it's not in my nature to whine. Who am I

kidding? Silently in my mind I'm complaining, whining, cussing and downright fuming. However, what I feel the most is betrayed and alone.

I take one final glimpse around. I observe Danny still recounting his version of the story to Mr. Good Cop while staring at me with that hoity toity smug look on his face. If at all possible, I would go back and kick his teeth down his throat and make this degradation all really worth it. The neighbors have varying expressions on their faces kaleidoscoping from sympathy, to remorse and a few obvious titillation.

Yay me - hell on earth, the pokey here I come.