

PSYCHO
CHICK
AND HER
GOD

*African American Christian Fiction
Based on a True Story*

MARILYN STRONG

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my parents, Leroy and Sarah Strong, and my favorite sister, Carolyn Strong (aka Polly). I miss you so much. I know you are sipping on coffee and watching from heaven. You are the wind beneath my wings.

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REROUTING THE TRAFFIC



There was a cool breeze coming through my car windows and sunroof as I drove home from the grocery store. I could smell the intoxicating aroma of freshly cut lawns. This was the perfect lovely Thursday evening. Not too hot and not too cool. I was cruising down Grand River Avenue in my Silver Ford Lincoln. I turned up the radio; my favorite song was playing.

I copped a lean to the right, hung my left wrist over the steering wheel, let my hand drop, and popped my fingers to the song.

I belted out, “Sing that song, Sam, with your fine self.”

The rearview mirror was vibrating to the bass. My head was bobbing up and down to the beat. My hair was blowing in the wind like Beyoncé’s when she danced in front of a fan during her concerts. I was feeling myself.

REROUTING THE TRAFFIC

Traffic was backed up as a result of an accident on Southfield Freeway. The detour took the traffic off Grand River through the Rosedale Park community

My new route was taking me past my boyfriend's house. James was my man. I slowed down to see if my boo was sitting on the porch. James and I grew up in the same neighborhood. We have been lovers for three years. I am just waiting for him to pop the question.

Oh naw, to the naw! I know I wasn't seeing that green Ford Escape in his driveway. It was parked next right to his white Chrysler.

I circled the block again to make sure I was looking at the correct house. Who did he think he was messing with? We had just talked about this female yesterday.

I paralleled parked in the driveway, blocking-in the vehicle of the woman I was certain was cheating with my man. The curtains were drawn. James had no idea I was outside.

I tried to calm myself and prepared for a rational conversation. My blood was boiling and my stomach was quivering.

"Dear Lord, please calm my nerves and give me the right words to say. Help me not to jump to conclusions. My God, I am calling you now, amen."

I called James' home phone; it went straight to voice mail. "This man is pissing me off."

I called his cell phone.

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James answered, "Hello."

"Hello back at you," I responded. "What are you doing?"

"I can't talk right now, let me call you back," he quickly replied.

"No baby! I know what's going on inside your house. You will talk to me right now."

James hung up the phone.

I kept my gun with me. In these streets, I would rather the cops catch me with it than Pookie and Ray-Ray catch me without it. I reached in the glove box and pulled out my gorgeous mother of pearl handle Hogue gun with Red Laser Grips.

I pointed my gun at her vehicle. The laser locked on the windshield; "Rat-a-tat-tat." I heard the shells hit the ground. The smoke from the firing of the gun consumed my nostrils, causing me to choke.

I got a rush watching her windshield shatter. I was on autopilot.

Now, it was time for his car. I fired three rounds. "Rat-a-tat-tat-tat."

The headlights and windshield of James' car were full of holes."

I hid behind my car and yelled, "Come out of the house now and talk to me, you one testicle limp noodle."

REROUTING THE TRAFFIC

James ran out of the house shirtless, showing his six-pack. Until now, I had never noticed the perfectly toned muscles in his chest. James had on pajama pants I had bought him. He was hauling butt barefoot.

“Elizabeth, what the Hell? Have you gone psycho, I am going to kick your...,” he screamed from the top step on the porch. James was pointing and cursing as he walked down the stairs.

I could not absorb what he was saying, I saw his mouth moving. My blood quickly reached its boiling point. The more I looked at him, the more distraught I became. I could not believe his whore was now on the porch like she has his back. This pissed me off even more. I snapped. I felt a current of anger travel through my body and could not control whatever had possessed me.

I stood up straight, and with my head held high, I locked the red laser on his chest, and open fired. I felt the kickback. I got off two rounds before James was spread eagle on the sidewalk.

I heard the shells hit the ground. My breathing was hard and rapid. Again, the smell of the smoke lodged in my throat and I started coughing. I walked over to James’ lifeless body and put the gun down his fly.

“I should blow this little thing off,” I yelled in his ear. He was nonresponsive so I shifted my focus to the porch.

His whore was in plain sight now. It looked like she had on a new wig. She was trying to run back into the house.

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I looked her dead in the eye, “Okay witch, it’s on. Now take this.”

I pointed the gun at the whore’s new wig on her large head and squeezed the trigger. I missed.

She was frantically trying to open the door. I fired but was out of bullets. Hurriedly, I opened the passenger door of my vehicle, went in the glove box, and got a new clip. Now, the whore was between the screen door and the access door. Quickly, I aimed for her back. I missed her again. I squeezed off two rounds. I thought I had missed, but she fell as the bullet pierced her leg. I did a happy dance. This was revenge to the infinite degree. That’s what happens to cheaters who play with my heart.

“Bang, bang the witch is dead, the wicked witch is dead,” I sang.

I threw my hands up in a football field goal victory. There was an eerie silence for about 30 seconds then the police sirens and lights flooded the street. My rational mind kicked in. This was not good. I had to think fast. I couldn’t run because the cops would hunt me down like a dog and shoot me. I decided to be submissive and not resist.

I wasn’t trying to die an unlawful death like Ms. Anderson in Ohio who was killed by police while they tried to restrain her ...Or like Ms. Smith. A nervous police officer shot her in Texas as she walked up to them.

I placed my gun on the ground and stepped away. I sat on the curb waiting for the cops to put on the bracelets.

REROUTING THE TRAFFIC

“Miss, did you see what happened?” The fat white officer asked as he walked towards me with his gun drawn.

“Yes, I did,” I responded with a slow nod.

“Will you quickly enlighten us please?”

I confessed. “I shot them both.”

“What?” The officer looked confused.

I held out my wrists and did not resist. In one quick movement, the cop hit me on the back of the head and knocked me to the ground. My nose was bleeding profusely as I laid face down on the cold concrete.

The officer shouted, “You know the drill. Spread ‘em, you black tramp.” His partner kept his gun pointed at my head.

I kept thinking, Jesus please don’t let him put his knee on my neck. I was shocked and in a lot of pain.

“You’re hurting me,” I grunted. “You are going to break my arms. I am not resisting.” I screamed out repeatedly. “Police brutality ...

I surveyed the crowd. I saw a young man holding a cell phone. I looked at him and said, “I hope someone is recording these cops.” I was expecting sympathy and support for the way I was being treated. I was a female and should not have been handled like a man. The magnitude of what I just did had not registered. I was on an adrenaline high. I was the victim at that moment.

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I was cuffed and face down on the ground, with my hands behind my back when the other police officer forced his knee on my shoulder. Then he yanked me up like a sack of potatoes. This cop dragged me by the cuffs to the squad car. I felt my right shoe slip off. The crowd was laughing and taking pictures.

Getting in the car was quick. The officer didn't try to protect my head. He just threw me in the back seat. During the ride, I positioned my head so the blood from my nose and head would drip on their car seat and not on my clothes.

I looked out the window. There were a couple of EMS vehicles taking away one testicle James and his whore. There were more cop cars than I could count.

Jail life was no joke. I decided to keep quiet, and did as I was told. I prayed that I would not end up like the young and talented Sandra Bland and be found dead in my cell from an alleged suicide by hanging. After being booked, I was given one phone call. The only number I remembered was to the church because all of my numbers were saved in my cell phone. I left a message for the church secretary to call my brother.

The next day my brother, Jacob, came to the jail. With a sad face, he informed me they did not have money for my \$500,000 bail.

Based on the crime investigation television shows I'd watched, I was already scared straight before I got to jail.

REROUTING THE TRAFFIC

My biggest fear was encountering a “salad tossing” female.

There were four beds in a cell and one toilet. Most of the women would “hook up” in the showers. Contrary to what’s on TV, you never ask “What are you in for?” The inmates can ask you, but it was a fight if a new inmate asked another inmate. While walking to and from my cell, my focus was always straight ahead. Too much eye contact could be interpreted as a challenge. I stayed in my cell most of the time.

I was raised in the church. I had been a Sunday school teacher, attended Baptist Training Union, sat through Bible class, and sang in the choir. What was wrong with me? Why couldn’t I get it together? When I think back, I guess the devil won that fight inside my head; I did not hear God’s calming voice while in my madness. I cannot control myself.

Whoever would’ve imagined the rerouting of traffic on Grand River Avenue would also reroute the traffic flow of my life – forever.