



Everyone has
a story to tell.
Everyone.

And the stories that we tell?
Well, they pretty much say
everything there is to say
about us.



The first time I met
Marisol DuPree, I already
knew her story.



Knew the whole damn
thing before she finished
telling it.

Like one of those predictable movies,
where you know how it's gonna end ten
minutes after it's started.



Didn't want to hear it.
Didn't *need* to hear it.
She told it to me anyway.

Maybe because telling it made it
easier to live with--like telling
someone about the nightmare
you just woke up from.



Marisol DuPree had been a beautiful person in a very ugly world.

Spent most of her life in Bridgeport, living in Beardsley Terrace, where damn near every bad thing that can happen to a beautiful girl happened to her.



The knight in shining armor that saved her from this miserable life was a hi-yella Cajun that called himself Jimmy Style.

He was a pimp.



Marisol ended up in New York, where she met the only person that ever gave a [redacted] about her.



Giving a [redacted] got that person killed.



Bridgeport

Marisol didn't tell me *everything*.

I DON'T KNOW HOW *THIS* HAPPENED.

JIMMY SAID... HE SAID HE **LOVED** ME... THAT HE'D TAKE CARE OF ME.

IT'S OKAY.

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS...

I CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS.

YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME. I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYTHING BAD HAPPEN TO YOU.

But she told me *enough*.



Marisol told me enough that I could figure out the rest.

I heard Arletha tell them that she didn't know where to find Marisol.

Arletha Havens



But she knew what they were looking for.

She knew.



She didn't say a word, because she knew what it meant to protect someone.