

The Fourth Grade

Entering into the fourth grade would be more challenging than one was aware. What I was about to face could not have been a natural desired for any small child or their parents. The things I would begin to do to survive would become almost impossible for the human mind to fathom, especially, when considering I was only in the fourth grade. How old was I? And what should my life experience be entering the fourth grade. A whole different world which was added onto what I was already living. Speaking as a 47, year old male, I could ask the question, should a child who's not even ten yet be facing what was about to take place and what was the reason? Little was known that everything had developed in me at this point would bring it out a hundred fold. The preparation was about to meet the purpose from the Pre-K up unto that moment!

Meanwhile! Being away from Mr. Blato at this point has become something norm. He didn't pick me up anymore. He gradually left me to my mother, in which he should have but I tell you, the absence of structure really plays a role in me. I would see Mr. Blato sometimes but not as much. He wouldn't come around as much as he used to before the house at 507 was up and on their own. He wouldn't pay for oil to heat the house like in the beginning, and the lights and gas would be turned off little more than normal. This was because the tenants at the house on their own and the expenses for the utilities would become ridiculous to pay because the bill increased. One thing about having a rooming board house in the seventies is that the control of people ignorance and lack of concern for consumption of the other tenants would become the limit. This spoke volumes because as a business man, a smart business man would not be able to foot the bill that was created by tenants who would stay up all night and all day running the electric, gas, and water. These actions of adults had to play an effect also of Mr. Blato coming around. It had gotten to the place eventually, that if I saw Mr. Blato, it would be us going pass Madison avenue or when he would stop to collect rent and square up on debt. I wasn't ten years old yet, and the only stable look alike family structure had become totally black.

Where Was My father

My natural father lived approximately less than ten miles from my mother and me. Inwardly, I felt hurt, looking back because I became lost in the house at 507 Mosher Street and it continues to follow me in the school, and shortly it would allow me to find my way into the streets where my only brother who was left from my other three brothers had gone. I had uncles at this time, my mother had three brothers of her own, but they didn't come and get me during this period. I barely saw them, my mother's youngest brother whose name was Larry; I had never meant him at all, I wasn't even aware that he existed. Come to find out that he had left the family when he was also young and didn't come around. Did this also have an impact on my family structure? My youngest brother was supposed to be named after my youngest uncle. Looking back, I can see now the only male of positive influence or love was Mr. Blato. The time in which I saw my oldest uncle named Fuse as I said earlier, is when he was coming to drink and have sex with Miss Sandy, her sister and whoever he could. Miss Sandy lived with us at the house.

My father who biologically gave birth to me was in the same city but wasn't anywhere at this point to be found. From my memory, I hadn't been introduced to him as of yet. Where was my father? Why didn't I see him? Eventually, I would meet and enter into my father's life, but it would be a while before this would take place. What age would it be? The age before I meant my father? Thinking now! Wow! It had to be almost close before my pre-teens, not sure. I was maybe around seven or eight years old. I was left alone to find within myself at 507 Mosher Street. There wasn't a male who could care enough beyond their personal lives that would be capable of nurturing me with a healthy perspective on living, at least a father figure who would love and give me discipline. This is why my thoughts of not being around Mr. Blato were so inwardly devastating to me, but I was entirely too young to believe this truth or recognize what it meant. There were no teachers at home. No male figures, the one male figure that needed to love me. I won't blame anyone of what God permitted but looking back is a real eye opener.

Why were the needed males not around? Remember, I shared with you in the late sixties, and early seventies that the males were being and abandoning their families, and most were having children with women they didn't have any connection with outside of being sexual. It was more about free love and sexual expression.

Where was the processed male of my family? What effect was my mother uncovered and abandoned? How much pain was she facing? By this time being with Mr. Blato and staying with him became dead. It was dead with him before it was to me, but when it finally sunk in my atmosphere, I had prepared the platform for what was about to be. The preparation always has to be set forth. I was going to the fourth grade and Mr. Butler's class. Was I ready now, more angry, more disappointed and more on the self-survival? I was more lost and more valuable to be hurt than any other time. In the house, I was practically raising myself unaware. I would develop and take on more of the things and people in the house. The people stayed up late, so eventually, I began to stay up late. At least on the outside it resembled, the people didn't care about anything, so I started not to care about anything? The people were sexual, so I began to be sexually hungry. My sexual encounter would be closer than I could believe or imagine. It was right at my door, about to enter my room and I began to hear it coming. At the time, I needed to hear loving words from inside a family structure and feeling the protection of a caring family, but I continued to feel darkness, desperation, and depravity. The lack of supervision was totally decreasing or altogether about to be gone. The years had caught up with the level of neglect. With this being said, neglect doesn't always mean it was sent for only bad but for a specific purpose. At the age of eight through nine, I could imagine I felt like I was beyond my years and I could do anything. This had to be the truth because not one time can I remember of ever receiving a whip. Without a child being discipline with love it is a sure sign of a period of darkness but to what darkness, only time will tell.

