

«SOUL FUCKERS»

written by Natascha

A true story ...

«I always thought when consuming drugs they can fuck my body and do whatever they want with me. Because I hate my body, I'm fat and ugly and bulky – and I don't deserve better anyway.

But during the moments when the drugs stop working I realize that those people do also fuck my soul. That hurts, well, no, there's more to it than that: it kills you without destroying your body, you're left behind, knowing you're fucked up, beyond cure, and that you gotta live with it ...»



Having just come of age, the author tells about her childhood, having grown up in a children's home, started to consume drugs at the age of twelve, about street prostitution motivated by drug addiction, the tough life amidst johns, pimps and drug dealers and her attempt to escape – in one way or another.

Unrelentingly honest and very outspoken, she describes the other side of the world we live in, a life devoid of comfort, without a family, yet subsidized or at least tolerated by the state.

Sample Translation

It would be nice if the world was different – but it is what it is. It would be nice if you could just close your eyes and make a wish that will come true. Unfortunately the truth is: Life is not like that. Life is different.

A couple of years ago I stopped asking myself: Why me? It's not like I didn't want to deal with that question anymore – at first I got distracted and after a while I forgot about it. Back then I was thirteen, I think.

Exactly one year ago I wrote a farewell letter. I tried to write legibly since my mother usually isn't able to decipher my handwriting.

I left the letter on the kitchen table, where she found it, but she thought a friend of mine had given it to me, since it wasn't my handwriting. I didn't have such a nice handwriting. Although I was almost serious about it that day. These days, I'm even more serious about it. 'Serious' – what a stupid word.

I wanted to die, I want to die.

I'm gonna die, sooner than the rest of you.

My mother simply doesn't see things like that. She never understands anything. There's one exception, though: Every time we run short of money she clouts me and yells at me. She calls me a fat, ugly, demanding and unwanted cunt eating her out of house and home and scaring off her beloved husband. This usually happens when we're having dinner or when I'm trying to cope with life.

But I guess she has a point. What am I worth? I really am a fat, ugly and unwanted cunt. She knows that, I mean, she's my mommy, moje maminka. However, I'm not demanding. Of course we can't pay high prices. But I do know myself I'm fat and ugly. And I've been a stupid cunt ever since I can remember.

Everybody I know says that. And those who don't say it, don't pay much ... which is pretty much the same. I mean, if I wasn't fat and ugly the guys would give me more money and say:

Hey, isn't she cute and slim and sexy. Let's pay her a bit more!

I need to lie down in a different position, my shoulder feels strange. It might hurt. I don't know 'cause I'm high on crystal. You – almost – can't feel any pain then. So does it hurt?

Pain is not good. No, pain is not good. If I was the president of the entire world, I would prohibit pain. No more pain in this world, never again! Pain hurts, it makes you cry. I also gonna start to cry if I need to stay in this position. But he doesn't care. He doesn't listen to me. Shit.

I'm a cry-baby, a dumb little slut and a stupid cow that always starts bawling.

Oh damn it, here we go again. My nose is running and soon I gotta snuffle. And then he'll hear me blubber.

I can't do anything about it, the tears keep running down my face, smudging my make-up. I don't wear too much make-up, because it makes you look old and then you gotta cut the price. Who wants to fuck a girl looking like the old witch waiting for him at home?

Therefore I hardly wear any make-up, I only highlight my eyes as it makes them look huge and beautiful. And now the colour is running down my face.

I hear myself sob and think: You stupid slut! Shut up! You wanna be a professional? You wanna earn some money today?

The crying is childish, it's bad! And if he recognizes it I'll earn less money.

I clench my teeth. I'd like to wipe my face but my hands are tied behind my back. Handcuffs. That turns him on. Actually the doggy-style position isn't too bad. I don't need to look at the guys. I can close my eyes and try to be far away, in another place, with my drug. This is what makes prostitution endurable: Not to feel what's going on in the outside world, just dancing with the drug and simply take another dose after a while. That's what I keep telling myself. Unfortunately you can't really enjoy the trip when you're on the game. But it helps. Drugs make it

endurable, and sometimes I even find it okay. But «dancing» is a nicer word for it.

I know I gonna be in pain afterwards because he's much too big!

He wants to push too much inside my body.

That will burn.

I'm gonna sit on the toilet wailing because it hurts. Later, when the drugs stop working. But I still got enough of them. So the pain will go away. Only this incredible feeling will be left, as if my entire body was stuffed with cotton candy tickling me deep inside. Then it's all about the drugs and me. And the drugs take me by the hand and lead me away from the pain.

If I ever gonna have a real boyfriend, I wanna visit the funfair with him and my child. And my boyfriend gonna say: «Do you want some cotton candy?» And I'm gonna be beautiful and smile at him and say: «I'd love to! But only if we share it.» Then he'll kiss me. And we're gonna laugh and have fun. Just like everybody else.

He likes it. He told me he likes when it's tight.

And I'm tight.

No wonder, really. I mean, I'm 153 cm tall and weigh 37 kilos. You gotta be tight then! But I shouldn't complain. I look like a twelve-year-old and my appearance enables me to attract these guys. They don't pay to see big tits or wrinkles! That's child prostitution! And the longer you keep looking young, the better.

Two more guys and I'll be able to buy some more crystal – and then it won't burn any longer. That's when life begins, just for a moment. Or when life ends, just for a moment. Or forever.

Although it's pretty difficult, I mean, to distinguish between living and not living, between good life and bad life. What's good life all about? Yeah, the good life ... the good life ... another goods ... life. Crap, ain't it?

Without drugs I feel like shit. Though it's different with different drugs. It may sound stupid, but when you're high on heroin, you suffer from crystal withdrawal symptoms. And when you're

high on crystal, you experience symptoms similar to those of a heroin detox. When high on crystal, I feel lethargic but my hands are shaking like hell. Then my body doesn't belong to me any longer and does whatever it wants. That's good if you're getting fucked. Whenever I'm going cold turkey or come down, I get extremely tired and am hardly able to stand on my feet because my sense of balance is fucked up as well ... That's when my head feels like it's full of cum.

No matter how hard I try, I can't channel my thoughts, not even for a second. As if my mind was a prism and my thoughts shone in all colours of the rainbow. Just not as beautiful.

Then the light in my mind turns into brown and grey and I hate myself and want to hate myself. And I hate myself for taking drugs and then I take some drugs because it makes me stop hating myself for it. But if you're high, you'll experience a wonderful moment. But only because you forget about life. Because you forget about things and become one with the drug.

The guy is done. The pressure on my ass is gone. I look up between my legs and see his sperm running down my thighs. That's better than swallowing it, I think. Still it makes me shudder. Disgust. I badly need a toilet. I want to wash off the slime. I want to take a shower. I want to get away. Far away.

«Stop! Where are you going?», hisses the guy and grabs my handcuffs.

«To the toilet.»

«I paid for two hours with you, and they're not over yet, so you'll stay here!» I capitulate. Become even smaller. Stay there. The slime continues to run down my legs. There's nothing better than guys who dare to come up to a little cunt like me and then jerk off long time before their time is up and piss off full of shame. That's easy money.

Besides, most of them will never come back. Screwed up in front of a child! But this guy is different.

I recognize the routine. And boredom.

That's not good.

«SOUL FUCKERS»

Written by Natascha. The novel is based on the author's autobiographical experiences. Born in 1988, she grew up in a children's home, sometimes living with her mother and stepfather before finally ending up on the street. Her drug career got started on her twelfth birthday, followed by drug-related crime.

The street became her new home. One suicide attempt, two miscarriages and countless johns are recorded in her diary. Life in a parallel world, only one small step away from ours – too close to be hushed up or ignored.

Sample layout of the german version

doll krank war und das tun moeste. Ich moeste mich einfach ritzen... Aber wenn ich dann noch krank sein sollte, dann moeste ich ihnen sagen, das ich noch immer krank bin und das dagegen kein Medikament funktioniert.

Dann hatte ich voll die gestorten Kinder...
HÄßLICHEN KINDER

Aber egal. Ich hätte sie noch immer lieb. Ich würde für sie einkaufen gehen und Essen machen und jeden Tag was anderes kochen. Kein Fertiggericht, nein, so richtig von Mama gekocht! Dampfende Kochtöpfe auf dem Herd, wenn die Kinder gerade aus der Schule kommen.

„Hi, meine Kinder! Ess.“
 „Hallo Mama! Coole.“
 „Deckt doch schon mal.“
 „Okay. Was gibt es denn.“
 „Euer Leibgericht.“
 „Du bist die Beste, Mama.“

Auf Drogen habe ich nie zu essen. Allen von dem mer Keks ist für mich schon diesen Keks in mir zu haben. Manchmal – wenn es es nicht daran gedacht, das könnte meinen, auf Drog nur dich und die Drogen, noch die Drogen. Du bist ge. Du stirbst auch für sie.

Die Drogen sind die Sol bens. Hier soll ich wohl können halten. Brauchen

Genau darauf hatte er gewartet. Jetzt ging es richtig. Er grunzte fast nur noch, hielt mit einer Hand meine Arme mit der anderen versichert er immer wieder, meistens zumachen, und sein mächtiger Unterleib drohte mir allch in Leib zu brechen.

Für den Fall, dass ich diesen Geisteskranken überleben gab es aber noch ein weiteres Problem. Nahn der Kerl ein dom? Ganz abgesehen von den ganzen Krampfböhen hat keine Lust, schwanger zu werden!

Er war dunkel und spüren konnte ich es ja nicht, Herdank. Wenn ich darauf bin, spüre ich nicht einmal genau. Kerl ihn mir vorme oder hinten reinsteckt.

Heroin ist da ganz komisch.

Ohne Drogen tut es höllisch weh, wenn ein Typ in mir ist. Aber auf Heroin finde ich es überal geil... na ja. Übelst wenn die Typen ganz tief, also wirklich tief in mir drin sind. Auf Crystal merke ich gar nichts mehr. Anschließen ist auch okay. Du spüest dann, dass da jemand ist, der Typ bich ja, da bewegt sich ja was in dir. Aber mehr fühlst du

Mein anderer Vater hat mir mal aus Spaß mit der Faust ins Gesicht geschlagen. So richtig wie einer von diesen Boxern. Rocky oder so.

Meine Nase war gebrochen und seitdem habe ich eine voll bescheuerte Nase, so ein riesiges, breites Ding im Gesicht!

*Kassse fader
Kassse fader
Kassse fader*

WICHSER

Der Punkt ist jedenfalls, dass meine Mutter die zweihundert Euro für die Scheißkassentafel nach Scheißgeringwohlhin nicht hat.

Und ich?

Um das Geld zusammen zu bekommen, hätte ich mit fünf großfüßigen Fremden schlafen müssen und dabei nicht einen Euro für Drogen ausgeben dürfen!

Und das geht nicht.

Das ist ein Teufelskreis. Ich brauche die Drogen, um die widerlichen Typen zu ertragen, die ihre Schweine in meine Körperöffnungen stecken, und ich muss diese Kerle an mich gefickte Scheiße,

Das packte mich plötzlich eine Hand von hinten, seine re Pranke war auf meinem Gesicht, er riss mich herum, drück mich zu Boden und seine anderen Finger verschwanden in meiner Wäsche. Diese riesigen, drei-finger Finger f... bestimnt über eine neunzig!

DRECK SCHMUTZ ZERE

Der Kerl war riesig, freit gebaut, dick und grok, sehr j... bestimnt über eine neunzig!

Wenn er wollte, er könnte mich problemlos zerquetschen. Ich spürte seinen Schwanz in der Dunkelheit, seine Hand. Ich immer wieder auf Mund und Nase presste, damit ich Luft mehr bekam. Und immer wieder, immer wieder stößt mir die gleichen Fragen, sagte dasselbe: „Du willst doch, ich weiermache, oder? Du magst es doch auch? Los, sag sie das du es brauchst.“ Ich wusste nicht, was er von mir h wollte. Solche ich sagen, was ich sonst auch immer sagte: das ist wirklich wunderbar. Mein kleiner Kinderkörper bra den großen Mannschwanz. Du machst es toll. Besse alle vor dir... Oder ob ich eben als Vergewaltigungsopfer sein und mich wehren sollte. Er wandte lauter und lauter. Ich mich an, seine Hände gruben sich in mich und er hielt s würgte mich, fückte mich... Die Drogen taten ihr Übriges. Ich bekam Panik.

Angst

ANGST PANK ANGST PANK ANGST PANK ANGST

Mein Herz raste und ich sah schattige Z... bilden vor mir her.

Agge Trage geschickte

WO BLEIBST DU SCHWIERZS STERBEN

Beschissen, oder? Mir ist wirklich nichts anderes eingefallen. Ich meine, klar, nachdem ich mir gedacht habe, wie bescheuert diese Antwort war, kam es mir schon in den Sinn, vielleicht könnte ich mir ja dres oder das wüme her. Vielleicht könnte ich mir wüme her, nicht abhängig zu sein. Oder auch, nicht auf den Strich gehen zu müssen. Oder ganz viel Geld. Gutes Aussehen. Tolle Klammotten und und. Aber was nutzt das? Das sind unrealistische Wünsche.

Sterben. Das war ein Wunsch, der kam aus dem Bauch. Der war ehrlich und er wäre relativ einfach zu verwirklichen.

Nur dieser hauchdünne Stoff trennt Vorstellung und Wirklichkeit. Sterben. Essen für Tiere sein. Alles aus. Das habe ich mir gewünscht. Und dabei nicht einmal die Finger auf dem Rücken gekrout.

ich muss diese bescheuerte Hausaufgabe für die Schule erledigen. Ein Flakat machen, wie ich mich in fünfzig Jahren sehe... Dabei will ich mich in fünfzig Jahren nicht sehen.

Contact Information



Ubooks
 Dieselstr. 1
 86420 Diedorf
 Germany

Phone: +49 (0)821 / 444 06 - 82
 Fax: +49 (0)821 / 444 06 - 83
 Email: A.Reichardt@ubooks.de
 Internet: http://rights.ubooks.de