

Chapter 2

She was born Elizabeth Marie Jacobs in nineteen fifty-three in Kansas City, Missouri. Her single twenty-five-year-old mother worked whoring the streets of the shantytown on the city outskirts.

After Liz's birth, it took more than a year for the Housing Authority to approve her mother's application and move them into a tiny studio apartment within the inner-city slums.

The streetwalker left her baby girl with a neighbor every night. The baby cried constantly until four years of age. The babysitter and her alcoholic husband violently tried to stop the crying; only making it worse. Enduring the unruly child as long as they could, the couple finally called it quits on their unstable marriage. The man moved to St. Louis and the woman went to live with her father in Chicago.

Without someone to watch over her young child, Liz's mother would leave the infant girl alone in her crib while standing on the corner or working close-at-hand bars. Nightly she brought home a variety of men. Most were vicious leaving her mother in a constant bruised and battered state. The only way she made it through each night was staying high snorting cocaine. Any money she made went to drugs. The neglected child was extremely thin and hungry day after day.

The same week the child turned six years old, her mother moved a man into their one-room apartment. Liz was left on her own to get herself to first grade and home again. Her mother slept while the sun was up and the unkempt man worked the day shift at the local Harley-Davidson factory.

The boyfriend rode his motorcycle to work every morning before six and returned drunk late every afternoon.

After a couple of months, the man started molesting Elizabeth as soon as her mother hit the streets. The drugged out whore either didn't believe the young girl's horrific stories or wanted the dirty man worse than her daughter. The abuse lasted two years until her third-grade teacher got involved.

One afternoon Mrs. Cobb asked the withdrawn waif to stay after school. Elizabeth sat quietly in her dirty torn dress, head down refusing to look at the teacher. Mrs. Cobb gently held Liz's hand and questioned her about her home life. After more than an hour with very little response, the teacher let her go home.

Thankfully Mrs. Cobb didn't up. She knew it would take time and determined to save the girl. She started keeping Elizabeth late many days a week. After a month, the young girl broke down. She cried uncontrollably and sobbed out her home-life abuse tale. The teacher promised her it would stop that day. She took the girl to the office and phoned the police.

Immediately a detective team showed up accompanied an older woman social worker. While the officers questioned the teacher, the social worker talked with Elizabeth. She was good at her job and it didn't take long before Elizabeth told the whole awful story; every prod and poke in appalling graphic detail. The dumbfounded woman excused herself, leaving a detective to watch over the child, and went to the washroom. Even though her life was child abuse cases, she balled

uncontrollably loud, worse than a colic newborn. This was the worst case of molestation she ever heard in her twenty-nine-year career.

Another half hour later they loaded the child into their car and went to Children's Mercy Hospital.

Liz was examined and questioned for hours. As soon as reports were finalized the detectives went to Liz's house looking for the molester.

It was a dark blustery evening and the place is empty. Liz's mother was gone in search of drugs and money and when Elizabeth hadn't shown up from school, the man strapped his meager belongings to the back sissy bar on his older Harley Panhead and hit the wet pavement west to California.

Elizabeth Jacobs is placed in a children's home and eventually into the foster care system. She never saw her mother or the evil man again.

Going from home to home growing up, Liz never lived in one place that wasn't marginally better than her mother's filthy apartment. Liz's abuse didn't stop as promised and continued off and on her whole childhood in one home or another. On her sixteenth birthday, Liz ran away.

She went looking for her mother, but couldn't find a trace the woman ever lived. It was unknown to her that her mother had overdosed on coke and passed away shortly after she lost her daughter eight years earlier.