



# Sleeping with a D-Man

“Daughters of Men, Beware”

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by Mel  
Hopkins

## **PROLOGUE:**

*The dream begins as it always does...I'm on a Hollywood sound stage, and the leads and extras are waiting for the scene to start shooting. The director calls for the cast to go back to one. I return to my beginning mark and look around from there, clearly enjoying the pageantry. The lights, the cameras, and then the director yells, "Quiet On the Set!" SNAP! Goes the clapboard, "Rolling," a cameraman cries. The lead actors go through their lines, and in less than five minutes...the scene is complete. "It's a wrap!" the director yells. I leave the set and travel to another.*

*I'm the lead actor this time, and older men wearing business suits walk over to greet me. They give me an overview of the scene I'm about to do. I listen and nod my head to let them know I understand. My lines are easy to learn and simple enough to perform. The men in suits motion me to go on stage. This time there is no director or film crew, this is a live performance. I walk over to the podium, adjust the microphone, and go into character. My eyes fill with tears, and it's hard for me to see the audience. Still, through my false tears, I see a room full of professional football players that seem to be assembled for a team meeting.*

*I begin, "I'm pregnant, and one of you has fathered my child. I cut my eyes to the men in suits waiting in the wings; they nod yes and motion for me to continue...." I will announce the father's name at a news conference later today," I say.*

*Some of the pro players start to clown around, pointing to themselves as if they had sired my child, other players look visibly shaken, and others are unconcerned because they seem to know they are in the clear. I have never seen any of these men; therefore, the fact that some believe me causes me to go out of character to say, "I'm just kidding ."*

*The men in suits rush me off the stage, and several are angry that I have foiled their plan. The oldest man in the group rubs my back and says, "that's ok, don't worry, we will use you again ."I look up at him adoringly and thank him.*

*The set changes again, and I am left alone in a room with three doors. The door to my left is made of rock; the center door is invisible. The entrance to my right, the third door, is completely engulfed in flames. I hear a voice boom overhead saying, "It's all an illusion; everything is an illusion." I choose to walk through the fire.*

*The voice is right; I am unscathed, and once on the other side of the door, I end up in a desert-like terrain, a wild frontier land. This is where the new journey begins, and the dream ends...*

*A ringing in my ears awakes me.*

## *Prologue II*

The phone rang so urgently that it jolted me out of bed...and, more importantly, out of a sound sleep. “Who could be calling at this time in the morning?” I ran through the hall and into the kitchen and hoped to silence the phone before my mother woke up.

It was becoming a habit for guys to call in the wee hours of the morning. I hope this time it wasn't one of them. I snatch the phone off the cradle, “Hello?” On the other end of the line, an unintelligible caller... Awwwww... “EN iz dead!!! I barely recognized the voice...or the words. ”WHA-UT!” I scream back. My voice is now matching the level of desperation of the caller. “I-I-said...Nick's dead!!!”. Now that the voice is familiar, my body reacts to what my mind won't comprehend. I get the urge to pee....”Nick's dead?” huh... my daddy's de-ad?” I whisper back. My knees feel watery, and I think they will give way under me...

I push the phone at my mother, who is now beside me. Her face is cracked up like a road map. She handles the phone like it's hot and only puts it near her ear. Hello? My mother says quizzically. “Elle, is this you? What's going on?” I can hear my aunt through the phone, and she repeats that awful news like an unwelcome town crier. “Nick was killed; he's dead now, Lorrie, he's dead.”

My aunt was sobbing uncontrollably. "Oh, shit," my mother said, motioning me to turn on the radio. "How's mama taking it," My mother asks. She stays on the phone while I tune the station to 1170 News Radio.

If it's not on the radio, then it is not true, I think to myself. "Take care of yourself, Elle; calm down and get some rest." Mother says to Aunt Elle before hanging up the phone. Then with her hand over her mouth, Mother stares at the radio. With our voices now silent, the news announcer's voice fills the room.

"Repeating our top story...a New York City Police Officer is dead after a Brooklyn shootout. The officer's name is not being released pending notification of the family. Details are sketchy. We'll have more on this story at the bottom of the hour." This is 1170 News Radio WNEW, where the news never sleeps.

I looked up at the wall to see the clock; it reads 3:15. We would have to wait 15 more minutes for validation that our life, as we knew it was now over.

We stayed in front of the radio listening to the news announcer update the story every half hour... we didn't say a word and probably would have remained right there using the radio as a makeshift altar...if the doorbell didn't ring.

We both go to the door, unable to leave each other's side. Jesse, Daddy's partner, and an unknown uniform officer were on the other side of the door. The day my mother had nightmares about since my dad joined the force had come.

# Sleeping with a D-MAN | Urban Fantasy

Nicky Jettison is a popular high school cheerleader with a promising future. As she enters her senior year, her only care is boosting her GPA to a 3.0 before graduation.

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Unable to cope with the loss, Nicky becomes a willing car-crash victim. As she lay dying, her spirit meets up with her dead father. Before he shows her the way back to the living ...He tells Nicky, "You have to protect the key," these are the words Nicky remembers, but at 17, finding and guarding the key will be as tricky as deciphering her father's cryptic message.

Nicky will have to do both because she believes her father gave his life to protect the key, and now many more lives could be in danger, including her own.



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