



You never know how your life is going to turn out....

ESPECIALLY,

when the odds are already against you!

YETTA YVETTE



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Recognition and Dedication

First off, I would like to thank God, who gave me the gift to transpose words into making “based on” or “inspired by” true events, for the world to read and be delighted by. My writing is designed to enlighten, inspire and motivate YOU! No one said life would be easy, right? At times it can be very difficult. It only seems to get tougher with each passing day. In these trying times stay strong, have faith, and keep pushing forward! “Thank You” for supporting me! May God bless you in this thing we call life!

Special thanks and dedication to Carl Thompson for allowing me to share parts of his life and giving me the opportunity to portray him as a character in this book.

Special thanks to the fam bam who kept me grounded during this project! Thanks for being my rock, and for always being in my corner. Love you guys to the moon and back!

Thank you to the women whom we call “Grandma.” Margaret Gipson and Ola Mae Pratt, two phenomenal women who taught my parents good values and morals which are instilled in me, too. I love you! (R.I.H. Grandmas). <3

Thank you to my cousin Randy Vinson for assisting with the football plays. I would have been so lost without you and that is real talk! <3

A special thanks to the late artist Prince. I have always been a huge fan of Prince. I am fascinated because of his ability as an innovator, musical genius, and a brilliant storyteller. He left behind a wonderful legacy for us to cherish for eternity. The chapter “They Interracially Meet” is a real outcome with a twist of fiction I dedicate to the purple majesty himself. I am so honored to have done so. “They Interracially Meet” is composed of Prince’s song titles. It has been a pleasure! Thank You Mr. Prince Rogers Nelson for being an inspiration to me, sharing your creative talent, and the wonderful music you blessed the world. We will be rocking to your music to the end of all time. (R.I.H Prince) <3

A big thank you to Aaron Gallagher editor for having my back with this project.

Britt Wynn, best agent ever.

Thank you to Barbara O’Callaghan, Drill Team and Auxiliaries Director, and Coach Vollnogle (RIP) for making Carson High Champions during the 80's. Thanks for the great times!

I am gracious to my many English teachers. Special thanks to one in

particular, Mrs. McMurray who made me aware of my gift. Look at me now! Without you all how would I have done it?

Again, a big thank you to Barbara Watters and Mister (RIH) for helping me find me! <3

Last but not least, Mr. Pepper. Pepper, you more than just a dog, my little best buddy for seventeen years. We explored the world with lots of road trips, and had so much fun together. When it was time for you to transcend it crushed me to pieces. I understand we are borrowed. Rest in heaven, little buddy! <3

Shout out to the storytellers. Whether you get your point across through speaking, books or music. One love!!! <3

FOOTBALL SUPERSTAR

Inspired by Real Events

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INTRODUCTIONS

Queenie's World

It was the summer of 1980; my family and I returned from a two weeks' vacation trip to Louisiana. When my father opened the door, the living room was totally vacant. Thieves had stolen our stuff.

"God damn it!" Daddy said as we looked around our bare home, confused. The culprits had taken the dining set, tv console, and the living room furniture. My sister Dee and I hurried to our bedroom, but the outcome was the same.

"Where's my toys?" Dee whimpered.

"Don't cry Dee." I said. I was sad too, but I could not cry. Instead, I hugged Dee tightly. I was the oldest, so I had to be a big girl and show I was a toughie. Over the years my parents worked really hard for what they possessed. Then some lowlife came along and snatched it up. I was terrified, just knowing some creep had been in our bedroom, snooping around and taking our toys. My brand-new roller derby skates and favorite barbie dolls gone. We lived in Compton for eleven months and now it was time to say good riddance.

My mother had a bun in the oven. We noticed she was eating a lot more, but she hadn't the slightest clue, until she took a pregnancy test that night.

"Honey, I can't stand it anymore. I hate it here! I'm about ready to move the hell out of Compton," Mom said, rubbing her stomach. "Congratulations, you're about to be a father again."

Daddy looked surprised. "Baby, really? That's fantastic news, thank you." Dad kissed mom. "I'm going to get us out of here, don't worry."

Dee and I were happy about the news of the new baby, but being kids we were saddened by the loss of our toys. Toys mean the world to children, and we were without ours. We moped around. While daddy made a police report, mom hugged and assured us everything was going to be all right. Daddy hung up the phone. "Okay, that's done," he said.

"Daddy, the bad man took our toys from the closet too, so Dee and I can't play anymore." I said.

"I'm so sorry kiddos. Daddy and mommy will buy you more toys."

"Okay, but where are we going to sleep, our beds are gone too," I said.

"You two can sleep with us tonight and I will replace your beds

tomorrow. Okay?”

I nodded. “Okay.”

“Okay, girls. Let’s get dressed for bed,” Mom said. “I have your gowns from the suitcase.”

I was so tired from the trip; it was scary not knowing if the criminals would strike again. That summer was the worst ever. Eventually we moved out of Compton and never looked back. Nine and a half months later we were now living in Carson. It was much nicer.

Mom had given birth to my adorable baby sister Janae. It was Halloween and daddy took us trick or treating while mom stayed home nurturing baby Janae. Later that week Dee and I were enrolled in elementary school.

This is where Dee met Tiff and they became good friends. They were both born in October, only one day apart, which was such a coincidence. One day Tiff invited Dee over her house to play dolls. This is when my mother and I met Tiff, Flip, Karter, and Violet. After spending a great deal of time visiting, we became acquainted with the family, and our friendships blossomed. Karter and Flip were some years older than me. They loved to play football. Sometimes we would go and support them at their games. This is when I noticed Karter was a great football player.