

1: A Piece of Cake: A Memoir - Cupcake Brown - Google Books

A Piece of Cake is unlike any memoir you'll ever read. Moving and almost transgressive in its frankness, it is a relentlessly gripping tale of a resilient spirit who took on the worst of contemporary urban life and survived it with a furious wit and unyielding determination.

A Piece of Cake: Visit her website at cupcakebrown.com. From the Hardcover edition. I could hear Elton John singing about Philadelphia freedom. I thought to myself. It was January But Momma still had to go to work. I thought again to myself as I climbed out of bed. When I passed the dresser I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Boy, was I ugly. Seems Momma craved cupcakes when she was pregnant with me. She had three cupcakes a day, every day, without fail, for nine and a half months I was two weeks overdue. Once Momma popped me out, the nurse said: Do you know what you want to name her? I mean, that is what she said. The nurses thought it was due to the excitement of motherhood, Momma said it was the drugs. So, just to make Daddy happy, Momma said she had the hospital change my name. I loved my daddy; so as far as I was concerned, he could change my name to whatever he wanted. But, Momma said that to her I would always be Cupcake. Anyway, the kids at school always told me that I was ugly. So if the other kids thought I looked like her, I knew I had to be ugly. I was dark-skinned with short kinky hair. I hated my complexion. I hated my hair. I hated my skinny legs and arms. But, my momma thought I was beautiful. You will appreciate your beauty as you grow up. Momma always said things to make me feel better. I loved my momma. She was my best friend and she was beautiful: And, Momma had the biggest, prettiest smile you ever saw. People always told her that she looked like Diana Ross because of her long hair and wide beautiful smile—“all teeth. The radio alarm continued to blast. I giggled to myself. Momma was like me. She hated getting up in the morning, so she put the clock way across the room and turned it all the way up so it would scare her awake in the morning. Still, I loved our old house. It was Victorian style, three bedrooms and one bathroom. We lived in San Diego in the heart of the ghetto, though I never knew it until I got older. We had our share of dilapidated houses, and run-down apartment buildings, but most of the houses and apartments in the neighborhood were in decent order. We had a great neighborhood store, Sawaya Brothers, that had everything you could need or want, including the most delicious pickled pig feet. I thought my family was rich because I was the only kid in the neighborhood who had her own bedroom, furnished with a white princess-style bedroom set complete with a canopy bed, matching nightstands, and dresser. There was a pink frilly comforter with matching frills for the canopy overhead. And, I had a closet full of clothes. Unlike other kids in my neighborhood, I never had to share clothes or wear hand-me-downs. Momma loved to sew and made most of my clothes. The other kids thought we were rich too. The blasting radio brought me back to my immediate mission: Daddy lived around the way with my brother, Larry. Larry was thin and lanky like me. And he was dark-skinned like me. Although he was two years older than me, he never acted like a big brother. He never protected me. I thought he was a wimp. Larry hated me just as much as I hated him, but for different reasons. He was jealous of me. Our hate for each other resulted in fierce fights: Our fights were no joke. We were trying to kill each other for real, or at least cause loss of body parts. In our house, before Larry went to live with Daddy, I could never slack up and always had to watch my back because we were always trying to sabotage each other. Once I woke to Larry trying to smother me with a pillow. I had to fight, kick, scratch, punch, and scream to get him off me. I got him back, though: I tried to poi- son him. Larry was always trying to boss me around. And I did—“with a little rat poison in it. But watching my sudden obedience, he got suspicious. He was smarter than I thought. He ran ahead of me and blocked the bathroom door with his body, laughing hysterically at the irony of the situation. Damn, I hated him. But, I would have the last word on this one. It took me a moment to think of a way out, but then it came to me. As I realized my way out, the look of terror on my face from envisioning what seemed to be my impending death slowly changed into a wide-ass grin: I spit the Kool-Aid in his face. And with that, it was on—“we tumbled, kicked, bit, and scratched, until we tired ourselves out and retreated to opposite ends of the house to await the next battle. So I was really glad when Momma sent Larry to go live with Daddy. I remember the day Larry left. Momma told Larry to move a can of paint from off the back porch.

Larry angrily stomped toward the paint can, but instead of moving it, he kicked it as if punting a football, toward Momma. The can flew into the air like a football toward a goalpost. It struck Momma on the shoulder as it made its way back down. Momma stood there for what seemed like forever, although it was really only a moment, paint dripping off her clothes and face like icicles off a tree. I swear I thought I saw smoke coming out of her ears. She balled her fist. Needless to say, Daddy quickly came and Larry quickly went. Larry had lived with Daddy ever since. This meant that Larry and I had to see each other only in passing and even that was too much for me. I loved my weekends with my daddy. My daddy was the only person besides my momma who thought I was pretty. He HAD to think I was pretty. He was my daddy. No, they smiled and lied and told Daddy I was pretty. I loved my daddy and I loved our dates. Daddy did have a lady friend, Lori—but to me, she was just that: Lori was a tall, thin white woman. I really liked her daughter, Kelly, a pudgy Mexican-looking girl with long black hair, only six months younger than me. We played together and always had fun together. What do white folks know about being African? I looked up and froze.

2: A Piece of Cake: A Memoir by Cupcake Brown

A Piece of Cake is a prime example of a story that is much better than the writing. This memoir is the life story of Cupcake Brown, a woman who has overcome abuse, drug and alcohol addiction, prostitution, domestic violence and gang life to become a successful attorney and thanks to this book, a best-selling author.

There are shelves of memoirs about overcoming the death of a parent, childhood abuse, rape, drug addiction, miscarriage, alcoholism, hustling, gangbanging, near-death injuries, drug dealing, prostitution, or homelessness. You have in your hands the strange, heart-wrenching, and exhilarating tale of a woman named Cupcake. It begins as the story of a girl orphaned twice over, once by the death of her mother and then again by a child welfare system that separated her from her stepfather and put her into the hands of an epically sadistic foster parent. Her gut-punch sense of humor and eye for the absurd, along with her outsized will, carry her through a fateful series of events that could easily have left her dead. Young Cupcake learned to survive by turning tricks, downing hard liquor, partying like a rock star, and ingesting every drug she could find while hitchhiking up and down the California coast. She stumbled into gangbanging, drug dealing, hustling, prostitution, theft, and, eventually, the best scam of all: Astonishingly, she turned it around. With the help of a cobbled together family of eccentric fellow addicts and "angels" a series of friends and strangers who came to her aid at pivotal moments she slowly transformed her life from the inside out. Moving and almost transgressive in its frankness, it is a relentlessly gripping tale of a resilient spirit who took on the worst of contemporary urban life and survived it with a furious wit and unyielding determination. Everyone else hit the roof, except Daddy. He got really quiet and started balling and unballing his fists. I continued my update. Experience had taught me that adults have trouble accepting the idea of children having sex. I decided that from then on, that part of my life never happened. I picked up the story by telling them about Fly, the Gangstas, and getting shot. I was dying for a cigarette. So it seemed a good time to announce that I smoked cigarettes and weed. After a moment Sam looked at me, smiled, and handed me one of her Marlboros. I kicked back, took a long drag, and closed my eyes. They seemed a bit shocked and unsure about how to respond. But those cigarettes will kill you. And weed will only lead you to stronger drugs. But for me, it was too late to Twelve-year-old Cupcake Brown woke up on the bicentennial and found her mother still in bed. After squeezing out from under her mother, Cupcake calmly walked over to the phone and called her aunt Lois. Rather than being allowed to live with the man she believed to be her father--who turns out to have been her stepfather--she is forced into a foster home where the kids were terrorized, the refrigerator padlocked, and Cupcake sexually abused. She eventually fled the house, only to find herself wandering from misadventure to misadventure in the "system," while also developing a massive appetite for drugs and alcohol, an appetite she paid for by turning tricks. She settled down in Los Angeles and found a home in the Crips, where she was taken in and befriended by gangsters like the legendary "Monster" Kody Scott. For the first time she found a family, but when Cupcake was blasted in the back with a gauge shotgun, she was once more taken in by the system. At 16, her stepfather reenters her life and engineers an "emancipation," in which the courts declare her an adult and free her, finally, from the child welfare system. Cup takes advantage of her new freedom to start a drug-dealing operation with her stepfather, who also manages a stable of colorful prostitutes. Soon she meets a man, falls in love, and gets married. He convinces her to get a real job and learn to speak proper English--but he also abuses her and introduces her to crack cocaine. Cupcake flits from job to job, miraculously, given that she never fails to show up without some cocktail of narcotics floating in her system. She hits rock bottom when, in desperation, she steals crack from her drug dealer. He beats her nearly to death, rapes her, and then leaves her body behind a dumpster. Cupcake wakes up days later, not sure of how she ended up in this state and from that moment begins to turn her life around. She was adopted by a lawyer who ran the law firm where she "worked," and slowly he assisted her in kicking the habit--with the help of an eccentric group of fellow addicts who became, at last, a family to her--and catching up on her education. With the support of her new family, she eventually goes all the way to law school although not without a few additional misadventures along the way and joins one of the top law firms in the country. At the center of it,

A PIECE OF CAKE A MEMOIR pdf

Cupcake is a charming and inspiring narrator through the inferno of her life. From the Compact Disc edition.

3: A Piece of Cake A Memoir Summary and Analysis (like SparkNotes) | Free Book Notes

A Piece of Cake: A Memoir is an autobiography by Cupcake Brown. The book describes her descent into teenage prostitution and drug addiction. Although doubt has been raised as to the veracity of much of what transpired in the memoir, Brown maintains that the events in the book are real.

Before I started reading this book, I read several reviews of it. I really liked it. I disagree with both of these points. A Before I started reading this book, I read several reviews of it. Anyone who thinks the story is "too unbelievable" is clearly too sheltered and needs to take a few moments to come out of the safety of suburbia to see what the rest of the world is like. And those people will relate to and understand Cupcake Brown and her memoir--even if her experiences are different and perhaps more extreme. One thing this memoir does well is show you how and why a fractured and abusive childhood can lead to a life of crime and substance abuse. It makes it make sense. The writing makes this book a quick read, and it also makes it real. It would be harder to believe or understand the story Brown has to tell if it were written without the slang, the cheesy metaphors, and the obvious transitions. This is a woman who dropped out of high school. Then, she studied criminal justice at a community college. Chances are, she never took an elective creative writing course, so what do you expect? She went to law school. She writes in the to-the-point way of lawyers. Furthermore, except for when she does so purposely in dialogue or when transcribing her thoughts, Brown does not write grammatically incorrect sentence. She may write simple sentences, but she does write them correctly. It irks me when people who do not even know grammar themselves review work like this and claim the grammar throws them off. I studied grammar for 6 years. Between her and her editor, Brown wrote a book that is pretty much grammatically correct. I really enjoyed reading this book. It was quick and the story was good. A part I really related to was the "Marcia Brady" past. I, too, created a Marcia Brady past for myself, and I, too, was afraid of what revealing the truth of my past would bring, of what people would think This book, I am, sure will give courage to others who also need to let go of their Marcia Brady pasts and allow them to see that accepting your past is accepting who you are, and only through so doing can you ever truly make something of yourself in life or be happy.

4: A Piece of Cake: A Memoir - Wikipedia

"A Piece of Cake" was a hit with Ron, easy reading, and hit the nail on the head as to where he was coming from in life - nothing much in his favor, with drugs being his only outlet.

Mar 15, Jenn rated it really liked it Before I started reading this book, I read several reviews of it. I really liked it. I disagree with both of these points. A Before I started reading this book, I read several reviews of it. Anyone who thinks the story is "too unbelievable" is clearly too sheltered and needs to take a few moments to come out of the safety of suburbia to see what the rest of the world is like. And those people will relate to and understand Cupcake Brown and her memoir--even if her experiences are different and perhaps more extreme. One thing this memoir does well is show you how and why a fractured and abusive childhood can lead to a life of crime and substance abuse. It makes it make sense. The writing makes this book a quick read, and it also makes it real. It would be harder to believe or understand the story Brown has to tell if it were written without the slang, the cheesy metaphors, and the obvious transitions. This is a woman who dropped out of high school. Then, she studied criminal justice at a community college. Chances are, she never took an elective creative writing course, so what do you expect? She went to law school. She writes in the to-the-point way of lawyers. Furthermore, except for when she does so purposely in dialogue or when transcribing her thoughts, Brown does not write grammatically incorrect sentence. She may write simple sentences, but she does write them correctly. It irks me when people who do not even know grammar themselves review work like this and claim the grammar throws them off. I studied grammar for 6 years. Between her and her editor, Brown wrote a book that is pretty much grammatically correct. I really enjoyed reading this book. It was quick and the story was good. A part I really related to was the "Marcia Brady" past. I, too, created a Marcia Brady past for myself, and I, too, was afraid of what revealing the truth of my past would bring, of what people would think This book, I am, sure will give courage to others who also need to let go of their Marcia Brady pasts and allow them to see that accepting your past is accepting who you are, and only through so doing can you ever truly make something of yourself in life or be happy.

5: - A Piece of Cake A Memoir by Cupcake Brown

A Piece of Cake: A Memoir. Review A Piece of Cake: A Memoir. by Cupcake Brown. Let's face it. We all know the expression "You only live once." What makes A PIECE.

This article consists almost entirely of a plot summary. It should be expanded to provide more balanced coverage that includes real-world context. Please edit the article to focus on discussing the work rather than merely reiterating the plot. August This article possibly contains original research. Please improve it by verifying the claims made and adding inline citations. Statements consisting only of original research should be removed. August This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. August Learn how and when to remove this template message A Piece of Cake: A Memoir is an autobiography by Cupcake Brown. The book describes her descent into teenage prostitution and drug addiction. Although doubt has been raised as to the veracity of much of what transpired in the memoir, Brown maintains that the events in the book are real. She adopts a colloquial writing style. The story begins in January , when the female protagonist gives a short account of why her mother named her Cupcake Brown. For example, she is quick to point out to Brown that she is the real biological child of Diane as opposed to being a foster child. Brown believes that Connie feels entitled to cause trouble for the foster children in any way that her cruel mind will allow because of her perceived higher familial status. Although the drink makes Brown feel very good at first, she proceeds to relate what she describes as being a nightmare. She also decides that since God took her mother away from her as well as allowing the rape to happen to her, then He must not like Brown very much. She then decides that she hates God. After months of unrelenting abuse, Brown runs away and ends up meeting a prostitute, Candy, who teaches her about life on the streets, including how to smoke marijuana, and introducing her to prostitution. Brown "turns her first trick" at age eleven. Her next foster father, under the guise of "cheerleading practice", traded her LSD and cocaine for oral sex. She later moved in with her great aunt in South Central Los Angeles, where she joined a gang. She narrowly survived a shooting when she was 16, and left the gang. Later, a boyfriend teaches her how to freebase and introduces her to crack. Brown becomes what she calls a "trash-can junkie", indulging in as many drugs as she could find. When she woke up behind a dumpster one morning, scarcely dressed and possibly close to death, she admitted that she needed help. She then attends an addiction clinic, where she embarks upon her road to recovery, which is successful.

6: A Piece of Cake: A Memoir New | eBay

A Piece of Cake is unlike any memoir you'll ever read. Moving and almost transgressive in its frankness, it is a relentlessly gripping tale of a resilient spirit who took on the worst of contemporary urban life and survived it with a furious wit and unyielding determination.

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7: A Piece of Cake : A Memoir by Cupcake Brown (, Hardcover) | eBay

Cupcake Brown (that's her real name) was 11 in when her mother died. Custody of Brown and her brother was given to a stranger—their birth father—who only wanted their social security checks.

8: Talk:A Piece of Cake: A Memoir - Wikipedia

Eleven-year-old Cupcake Brown woke up on the bicentennial and found her mother still in bed. She struggled to wake her up, pushing and pulling until she managed to tug her mother's lifeless corpse onto her own small body, crushing her beneath its dead weight.

9: A Piece of Cake by Cupcake Brown

A Challenging Life Retold in 'Piece of Cake' March 23, 2016 Cupcake Brown's memoir A Piece of Cake traces a difficult life through foster care, addiction and rehab, to a successful legal career.

Life And Times and The Fruit Of The Spirit Foreword Anthony Quayle Two critical choices : invoking social structure in crises National Recreation Lakes Study Act of 1996 Circuit Components and Binary Numbers Goffredo Petrassi. Au revoir but not goodbye August: bikini daze The invincible cross Artificial soft paste porcelain, France, Italy, Spain and England REtrying again and again The Seals family history Cleft palate and communicative disorders The nature, power, deceit, and prevalency of in-dwelling sin in believers Hard cases in wicked legal systems MacDonalds cocktail party Engine of empire : c. 1750 1898 Pricing principles and practices A PICTURE BOOK OF JOHN AND ABIGAIL ADAMS Collected poems, 1924-1955 The Almanac Singers: proletarian / The marriage service of the Book of common prayer Modern Political Thinkers and Ideas The Letters of Charles Dickens: The Pilgrim Edition Volume 8 From learning to competence development: how can competences be learned, and how can they be developed in A Laymans Guide to Better Retirement 14. Rock of ages and blackberry pie Teaching horror : interpretation as digital anatomy Elizabeth Spencer Theological controversy in the wake of John Knoxs the first blast of the trumpet Kenneth D. Farrow Example Two (Where Did You Get This?) Cuba; with Notices of Porto Rico, and the Slave Trade Terrorism in the age of the Internet List of branches of biology Making television The new oxford guide to writing Salus: Low-Cost Rural Health Care and Health Manpower Training Dreamweaver MX 2004 Beyond the Basics Talking about good and bad without getting ugly Cognition in discourse John Heritage