

EARL WINFREY

SHE WAS 26 I WAS  
16 AND WE WERE  
IN LOVE



*Teacher's*  
**PET**



# Teacher's Pet

---

BY EARL WINFREY

*She was 26. I was 16. And we were in love.*

## CONTENTS

CH. 1      Who Was Earl Winfrey

---

CH. 2      Wow — Pam Grier

---

CH. 3      The Beginning of the End

---

CH. 4      Divorce Court

---

CH. 5      It Went From Bad to a Disaster

---

CH. 6      The Effect

---

# Who Was Earl Winfrey

---

I have been wanting to write this book for a very long time. Although I probably was not the first to have relations with a school teacher I had never heard of anything like that prior. It was in 1997 the first case became known and popular in the media. That was Mary Kay Letourneau in 1997. My relations with my teacher was almost 20 years prior to that in 1978.

In 1978 I was going into my junior year of High School when I first met her. It's an unbelievable story that I have been wanting to share again for a very long time. Because all of the people involved still are living and could be impacted by this true account I will not use any real names. You know my name so it's ok to use my own.

Before I get into how this relationship began, I want to give you a glimpse of who I was around that time.

When I was in 8th grade I had a job at Jewels as a bag boy. I had lied about my age and said I was 16 and was able to work. I had worked there as a model employee until they discovered I was underage.

While I was at Jewels I used some of my earnings to put myself in driving school. I had been driving like an adult since I was in 5th grade. One of my favorite things to do was drive my mother's car.

I was raised by my grandmother where church and the rod were routine in our household. When my mom would come to visit, she would ask me what I wanted to do. It was always the same thing — drive her car. It started off with her taking me to an open lot and letting me drive. I got so good that she would just give me the keys and let me go alone.

In 6th grade she would let me take her keys and go driving in the parking lot. Unbeknownst to her, I would often be all over the city.

One day stands out more than most. I had to be in about 7th grade at the time. She came over and I asked if I could take the car for a drive. She said yes and gave me the keys. Me and my best friend Billy drove all the way from 12th and Racine where I lived — near the old Jew Town, if you are familiar with that area. We drove all the way to 95th to see some girls.

We get to 95th and the car stops. Me and Billy leave the car and catch the bus back home. When I get home, I tell my mom the car stopped. So she calls her husband to come get us and take us to see if we could get the car.

When he arrived we all piled up in her husband's car — my mom and her husband in front, and me and Billy in the back. So we are in the parking lot and I tell Earnest her husband to drive straight. My mom is looking out the window for her car, not knowing we are actually 30 minutes away.

So I tell Earnest to turn here. Mom yells, "This is outside the parking lot!" I say just keep straight. We are driving down the street towards Halsted and mom is still looking out the win-

dow for her car. Once we pass Halsted, I tell Earnest to make a right. He makes a right and I say go that way. My mom yells, "Boy, this is the expressway!" I say just keep straight.

So Earnest is driving and at every exit he plans on getting off, but I keep saying just keep straight. My mom is baffled and confused, saying, "I know my car isn't this far." Again at every exit Earnest asks, "Get off here?" and I say no, keep straight.

We finally arrive at 95th and I say exit here. My mom has a fit — "You drove my car all the way out here?!" Turns out the car only needed transmission fluid. I had had the keys to my mom's car, and that was the day she took them back.

So in 8th grade I enrolled myself in driving school. Again I lied about my age. Before my 8th grade graduation, I had finished the program and was able to obtain my driver's license by the time I was a freshman in High School. I was the only freshman who had a driver's license in my school. No one believed it and I must have shown it to dozens of classmates.

So as you can see, I was not your ordinary kid.

Because my mom kept me in church almost daily, the majority of my clothes were church clothes. I was the first kid in my school to dress up every day for school. I started a trend where most of the students began to dress up in school. I wore suits and hats to school almost daily. You seldom saw me in jeans, and I don't think I owned a pair of gym shoes.

In my freshman year I worked at a factory that made briefcases. So not only did I carry a briefcase to school every day — I sold them to students and teachers.

So my best buddies, along with myself, all dressed up for school and carried briefcases. Can you imagine that today?

In my 4 years of High School my main focus was working and making money. OK — and girls. I had no desire to play sports or any other extracurricular activity. I worked a job for all 4 years of high school. In my senior year I believe I was making as much as my teachers.

A lot of my classmates were Hispanic. I started a group called Black Student Body, where Black students would meet for lunch and discuss issues we faced and how to solve them. I had 2 guys who acted as my bodyguards, and I had one of my classmates bring me a newspaper every day. I know it sounds crazy. Because of my 2 volunteer bodyguards, I never had any issues with other students.

This all ties into why I felt the entire student-teacher thing was a setup. I may have appeared to be a drug dealer — although I did not drink, smoke, or do drugs. I just went to school, worked, and enjoyed the ladies. If you know what I mean.

This should give you a picture of who I was back then. I was definitely not your ordinary kid.

I remember being physically assaulted by my gym teacher. He was upset because I could play basketball but made it clear I was not wasting my time. One day while alone he hemmed me up against the wall and said something to the effect that I thought I was better than everybody else. That was as far as it

went, and this is the very first time in my life I have ever even mentioned it.

In my junior and senior year of High School, I was in a program called CWT — Cooperative Work Training. It was a program that allowed you to go to school half the day and work the other half. We got school credit for working as well as a paycheck.

I was also in PUB — Project Upward Bound. This was a program where you attended college while in High School. On the weekends I would go to Northwestern University in Evanston and take classes. In the summer when school was out, we actually lived on campus with real college students, taking classes right alongside them. This was probably the best learning experience of my life. I had a great time at Northwestern.

We had a basketball team which I was on. I remember my best game. We were playing Loyola. I scored so many points so fast the score keeper had problems keeping up.

I never had a desire to play any sports professionally as a kid — absolutely none. The reason why is you have to consider the times. There were no multimillion-dollar contracts like today. Back when I was in high school there was no ESPN. No college games were on TV. You seldom saw NBA games on TV. Sports is a big business now, but it has not always been that way. If I was in high school today, I would stay in the gym and on a team. Because nowadays the payoff is life-changing.

So you have a glimpse of who I was and what I was about. Did I mention that when I graduated high school, I was voted Best Dressed?



*Earl Winfrey — voted Best Dressed*

## Wow — Pam Grier

---



*Pam Grier — the actress she reminded him of*

So now let's go back — back to 1978. I was 16 going on 17 in a few months. It was the first day of school and I saw her.

I want to call her Pam. Of course Pam is not her real name, but also not a random name. I call her Pam because back then one of the hottest actresses in Hollywood was Pam Grier. She

looked a lot like Pam Grier, but just a little bit better. She was tall — a slender beauty in motion. She was the finest thing in that crowded High School. She looked better than every teacher and every student. She was smart and classy.

So I see her for the first time, not knowing she was a teacher, and I say — and these are my exact words — "What's Up, Pam Grier?" She replied: "Pam to you."

I didn't catch it and had no idea what she had responded.

So we go about our day and I realize she is a school teacher. At this point I have no intention of pursuing her.

So the very next morning, it's pouring down raining outside and I go into the school cafeteria to get breakfast, and she just happened to be in front of me in the line. She is holding up the line trying to get to her money. I was standing behind her with a \$20 bill out. I told the cafeteria lady to just take it out of mine. I paid for both of our breakfasts. She looked at me and said, "When you're hot, you're hot."

It really was no big deal to me, because that's just the way I was.

So we have class all day and I leave school, and she is outside waiting for me. I believe the first day I saw her was a Monday. Now it's Tuesday, and we are outside talking. She says what I did was so sweet and she wants to pay me back. I tell her it was nothing and she insists on paying me back. So after our maybe hour-long conversation, she gives me her phone number.

When I get home that night after work, I called her. We talked on the phone for hours. I have no idea what about, seeing we had a 10-year age difference.

So Wednesday comes and we go to lunch together. We were not hiding — it was no big deal to anyone, I believe. Whoever would have thought about a teacher-student relationship back then? Especially with her being the adult.

So we have lunch again Thursday and Friday.

Friday after school, I went over to her house for the very first time.

Now let me back up a little. I was 16 — a very good, well-rounded kid. I didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't ditch school, always at work, always home at a certain hour. Never, ever had I at 16 stayed out all night. I was a pretty good kid.

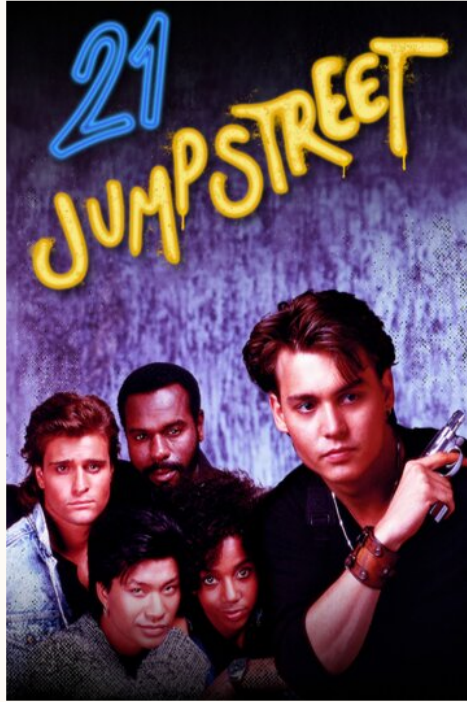
I went over her house on Friday and never went back home. I left my parents and moved out at 16.

Now let's go back. I get to her house that evening, and I can remember after all these years what she had on. She had on a floor-length green terrycloth robe. Her living room had tons of beautiful plants. No furniture was in the living room — just plants.

We sat on the floor and she began to teach me how to play backgammon. I had never played backgammon before and, really, at that moment had no desire to learn.

So I'm sitting on the floor with this smoking hot school teacher thinking: this can't be real. I'm thinking because I wear suits every day, because I seem to always have money, this is some kind of setup. They think I'm a drug dealer or something and this is a sting.

This is what's going through my head. Also around that time there was a popular TV show called 21 Jump Street, starring Holly Robinson. This show centered around adults who pretended to be students to bust teens committing crimes. So all this is playing in my head.



*21 Jump Street — the show that had him second-guessing everything*

I say to myself: it's only one way to find out if this is real or not. So while she is explaining the game of backgammon, I reach over and grab her breast. She says, "You work fast."

I then picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Remember, this was a long time ago and probably the last and only time I literally picked up a woman.

That was the first time we made love. Although I was not a virgin, it was the first time I had an orgasm. I remember exactly what she was saying in the process: "Slow down, slow down." I guess I was like a rabbit.

That was our very first night — of many, many together.

I was kind of in heaven. I told my best friends. They even came to the house a couple of times and met her. I don't think at that time we felt we were doing anything taboo. It may have been a little unconventional, but not a major breaking story. We both truly were in love. It was not just sex. We were in love.

Every few days I would go home and get a few more clothes, until one day my grandmother just said, "If you feel you are

grown enough to take care of yourself, just go." And that's exactly what I did. I grabbed all my stuff and was out.

Eventually my family met her. My grandmother loved her to death. She and my grandmother ended up having a very close relationship, even after our divorce. My father — who I knew but was never really in my life — also thought the world of her. In fact, my entire family became very fond of her. The only person who did not really like her was my mom, but she was hardly around so it didn't really matter.

I remember we went on a double date with my dad. She introduced my dad to one of her friends. The girl didn't like my dad because he had dirty fingernails. I never forgot that, and to this day I think about that every time my fingernails are dirty.

I remember meeting her family members and friends, and I would barely speak. It was because they were having adult conversations about things I mostly could not relate to. They would always say, "He is so quiet."

So my prom comes, and we both agree that it would be best we don't go together. The word is getting around — plus I'm bragging about it, and my best friend Eric is now trying to talk to one of the teachers. I had a couple of teachers even ask me if it was true, and I said yes.

So I ask a girl that I liked to go to prom with me at the last minute, but we were never anything at all — just someone I admired from afar. Surprisingly, she said yes.

It was kind of a last-minute thing. We didn't even coordinate our attire. I just wore a black tux and she wore a green dress.

The yearbook came out with our prom pictures in it. I think this was me and Pam's first real fight. She was mad and tore the picture out of the yearbook. We were just doing normal things you do at a prom. Although we did stay out all night, nothing happened on my prom night.

I turned 18 and Pam decides we are getting married. One thing about an adult-teen relationship — in most cases the adult is in total control. So Pam was in total control.

I often say to myself: thank God she didn't ask me to kill anyone.

We take blood tests, get a marriage license, and go down to city hall to get married. I remember that day — it was raining and we were arguing about something. I don't remember what, but I felt the rain was God giving me a sign not to do it. But again, at this stage of our relationship, she was in total control. I knew in my heart I didn't want to get married — I was thinking I was too young — but she was the boss. So the marriage proceeded.

# The Beginning of the End

---

I was in Project Upward Bound in my senior year and last year in High School. I was in a program called Ank 21 — we were the chosen few in this African studies group.

One of the things we were required to do was get African names. We had a ceremony on the lake at sunrise where we were all given African names. I was given a name — let's say Muhammad.

I began to change a lot of things I did. I was trying to be more in tune with my African ancestors. I told my wife to start calling me Muhammad. She kind of laughed and said I was going through a phase and I would get over it. Ultimately she was right, but I wanted to go through that phase just like most young adults do.

That really bothered me.

While in High School, I had three best friends. From the beginning of High School we had all planned to go to Aurora University. I had in my 4 years never once given it a second thought.

I never stopped to think that I was married and could not do the things I had planned prior to marriage. It never crossed my mind. Remember, I was now just 18 and she was 28.

So I fill out all my paperwork and grants to go to Aurora University. A couple of days before my very excited self is planning on moving on campus with my buddies, Pam tells me: "I'm not going to live on campus." Again — she was the boss.

I tell her me and my friends have been planning this since our freshman year. She tells me, "Your friends are not married with a wife." I had to, at the very last minute, change all my college plans and go to the closest university, which was Northeastern University near where we lived.

I was very, very unhappy that I could not attend college with my friends. This is when I came to the reality that this was not working out.

On my first day at Northeastern University, I met someone. I fell in love all over again.

It was a different kind of love. I loved Pam — not only for who she was, but for the position she held as a teacher. That in itself would make any 16-year-old fall in love. She could have had any 16-year-old kid. She just chose me, and I did what any 16-year-old kid would have done.

With this new girl it was different. We were the same age and it felt like it was meant to be.

Consider me meeting her while I was totally unhappy about not being able to go to Aurora University.

So I left Pam. Just never went back home. Was it wrong? In hindsight, most definitely — but I was a young kid just doing what I thought at the time was best.

I still remember being downstairs in the car, looking up at that 3rd-floor window, seeing her looking out — looking for me. A night I may never forget.

So I was gone, living with this new girl, sleeping from hotel to hotel until we eventually got a place. Now my mom was not crazy about Pam, but she despised this new girl. My mom said she was too cute and couldn't stand the sight of her.

My grandmother gives me a call and says Pam is pregnant and I need to go back home. I didn't believe it and thought it was just a ploy to get me to return. Turns out she really was pregnant. She gave birth to a beautiful baby boy on Christmas Day.

I never went back, and she eventually married. I don't believe that anyone who knew her had any clue that she had a child by someone 10 years younger who was only a teenager. However, everyone who knew me knew. It was over.

# Divorce Court

---

I'm now about 20, and she has filed for divorce. I have not seen her in a while and I'm still in a relationship with my new love — who I never even told I was married.

We go to court, and when I see her I get so emotional. Can't say why, but I did. I felt like I had made a mistake and wished I could go back and do it all over again. I knew I had made some mistakes, but I still had a lot to learn.

So I didn't have an attorney, but she did. Her attorney said they wanted me to give her the car, pay child support, and that was it. I remember her saying she didn't want anything from me — just for me to stay away from her and her family.

I believe the reason she wanted me to stay away from her and her family is because now, student-teacher relationships are more taboo and can even result in criminal charges. Just my

opinion. I would have never wanted anything like that to happen to her. She was way too good to me, for the most part.

The decisions I made were my own. I decided to leave for various reasons — she never put me out.

So the judge orders child support as well as the car, which I had no problems with. Seeing that at this point I had no relationship with her or the child, I did not pay child support — mainly because she stated in court that she did not want anything from me but to stay away, and I did. I did not want to ruin her life. She seemed to have a good life while I was still trying to navigate adulthood.

We were now divorced and it was all in the past. This was also around the time I dropped out of college and was now expecting another child.

# It Went From Bad to a Disaster

---

One day the child was riding a bike and was hit by a truck. People on my side were the first to be notified. They contacted her and myself and we all met at the hospital, where he was in very bad shape. Sadly.

Me and the child had absolutely no relationship at that point, and here is why I believe that is.

So the child was hit by, I believe, an Illinois Bell truck, who would be liable for all of his medical expenses. But in the meantime the hospitals were coming after me for thousands and thousands of dollars in medical bills.

At my job we had free legal counsel, so I explained the situation to them. The hospitals were coming after me for these

bills when Illinois Bell should be responsible. I'm not sure what they did, but I did stop getting bills.

Now there was talk that I was trying to benefit from the accident of the child. Nothing could be further from the truth. I never wanted one single dime. I only wanted to not be responsible for the medical expenses. Those are the facts, which I think have been misinterpreted over the years.

Thank God the child recovered and is now doing great. We have absolutely no relationship, which I had to eventually learn to accept. I don't believe anyone is at fault — it was just a bad situation all the way around.

# The Effect

---

I don't believe people realize the lasting effects a relationship like this can have on someone. I would never, ever recommend that anyone date someone 10 years older if one is a teen.

I am still bothered by the fact that I was not able to attend Aurora University. My three friends all got their degrees. I never got mine. I strongly believe had I gone to Aurora University I would have also gotten my degree. I have gone back to school, but that was not the plan.

I also have had countless dreams about Pam. I have had so many dreams over the years. Sometimes it's hard to separate what was real and what was a dream. I remember many years ago I had a dream where she made me promise I would come back for her. Crazy.

I hate that after so many years, I occasionally still have dreams about her. I think the whole relationship affected my psyche and I probably should have gotten counseling.

I often have wondered what my life would have been like had I not left that night — had I seen her looking out the window and just gone back home.

Only God knows.

By the way: the person I left her for at Northeastern University turned out to be a disaster — but we did produce a great son that I love dearly.