

This is addressed from me directly to my parents, namely my father. But overall I added thoughts about a lot of the family, especially the closer family. Maybe it's just a general letter to whomever cares just so I can get this out. If you're related to me somehow then I probably said some mean shit about you in here. But I also probably care more than you think.

This is my epitaph of hatred for my family and frustrations I don't understand. I have learned putting it all out there on the shoulder is healthy, and I feel better no longer acting like life doesn't happen and my family always hiding everything. Screaming about things I've never truly been heard about. Why does everyone have this mantra in life that we should hide our faults and flaws? Why do I feel like I may need to make it more public to the family in order to feel any weights lifted? We're all human, we've all done embarrassing and wrong things. So what. Who cares. God only knows everything I don't know in the family that is not contained here. God only knows why I care so much about it. Or what I perhaps have wrong here or know wrongly. I can only give up based on my own knowledge. My knowledge being that I'm tired of pretending. I'm tired of saving face. I'm tired of screaming inside. Hopefully I can walk on after this. This is me saying

I Am Done

...or as done as I can be.

INTRODUCTION TO DESTRUCTION

The best part of this (what's turning into a haunting book for me) is knowing that you won't truly read and listen to it. I don't blame you I suppose because just a fair warning, this is a big long non-story with no real structure because the way my mind and problems work (there will be a lot of repetitions). This is just a sludge through all the shit I need to get out (or at least what I CAN get out), and then some reminders of why I need to get it out. Which come down to my deeply caring and loving attitude about some people and certain issues which means I can't just drop this. But that's an invalid feeling anymore. If at any point you read some of this and object or have an opinion. Go to hell. Your fucking opinion no longer matters. Maybe some things I feel you will think are petty. Yeah, welcome to the club. The club where everyone always shrugs off my deep-seated passionate feelings. But these feelings MATTER TO ME!

I'll save the reminders that I care for the latter parts I suppose, they'll probably be littered throughout, but yeah I suppose this is mostly negative. That's the point. Try to ram in some personal thoughts that you could not possibly know when you don't truly care, but hell I guess I don't if it's been so hard and so emotional for me for years to even understand what the hell is wrong with me. But maybe just maybe this will get read instead of burned, and maybe some insight will cause closure, for me at least. Either way, this is the beginning of my hatred being done. Something has to be done, because I will clearly never change, I will clearly always be emotional and dying inside, and something needs to be nailed to a cross and burned so some semblance of forget can be had. I can't even begin to walk away from what bothers me if I continue on the path I've been on for years. This door is closing.

There's no way I could ever really understand what the hell is so wrong that I wish I had the mindset to blow my brains out and quit, but I am not wired that way. Besides, people such as yourselves would never know how much hatred I hold inside if I did that. My life would probably be summed up improperly by everyone who thinks they knew me. Sometimes even I don't think I know me. The real problem is that when I try to think of what bothers me or hurts me with these issues is that they all help me remember each other (other issues), so some of these specific thoughts bring up other thoughts that are either related or completely off-topic. Shouldn't matter since none of this will sink in and you'll just

burn it and write it off. Actually my brother mentioned that this will get put on the backburner and I started to think you'll just chalk it up to my terrible attitude and mis-informed view cause I don't really care about anyone other than myself. Sure, whatever, think what you want. Everyone will. Everyone does. I was raised in a perfect household and have nothing to complain about. That's been shoved down my throat by everyone at some point.

But no, everyone's problems are valid, and so are mine. I am tired of everyone else always being okay and allowed to voice themselves, but I am constantly criticized and have to just shut up. Fuck that. People think all I do is talk and complain and vent. Haha, they don't even know the start of it. Most of what comes out publicly is just shit I didn't really want to say in order to hide the real thoughts. The real fucked up mindset that really should blow its brains out. Do I even really WANT to be heard? Feels like I just want to be angry. I don't know anything else. I was raised by ANGER itself. My entire family is DENIAL itself. Where's the ACCEPTANCE?

*Funny how I am the butt of jokes about how
I never shut up, yet I feel like I've never
really been heard.*

I think people universally have a problem with my mouth cause I am a passionate and emotional person and I don't fit into your nice perfect hole that I'm supposed to be shaped for. No, I overanalyze everything and passionately get into stuff. Life is not black and white, it's very grey to me. Though, everyone everywhere will force it to seem black and white. They do this in whatever ways suit their mental agenda. Whichever feelings cause their heart to hurt the least is what they will pursue, because they cannot handle life. None of us can. At least I admit it finally. I just still cannot begin to understand why, because I have only been piled on further and further with more to understand, and never enough time to sit down and truly understand why the hell I hate everything so much.

Please don't tell me everything is wonderful now.

Yes yes, bring up therapists. That has always gone over so well in my family. It only made my dad angrier and our home worse. Hell, it made me angrier at school because the counselor there was such a fucked individual. Guess religion can convince you you're a helpful person when all you're doing is helping yourself. Was she really fucking boys in the school? I hate rumors. But I sure wouldn't put it past her. Of course I hate though and can't understand all of this in my head. That's because I need help from others. Others that matter. We all need help from others, and the more you recognize that the ones that matter the most to you do not truly want to help, the more bitter you become. They say I love you I love you I love you. Then why don't I FEEL it? Why do I equate love with hurt? Yet in my experience over time, the more at peace you are forced to become with the inevitability that your life will always suck, and less people will care every day. You are alone, and you are doomed to always be depressed.

*Maybe it's because if your dad was always
trained to be bitter and feel like there's no
real help out there, then that should be
passed on to the next generation.*

Good policy. I suppose Asperger's plays a role, I guess maybe that causes me to see everything more with this curse of over-analysis of everything. Of course there's one of my personal traits that everyone turns into the butt of their jokes, whereas I have at least met one person who loves me and embraces this is how I am and has helped me progress some. Believe me, analyzing everything and never being able to LET IT GO is a curse. There's that phrase I hate from people. Just let it go. Let what go? My identity? Everything that matters to me? People who say let things go are just assholes who have no heart or care. YOU have some things that you can't let go. Everyone does. Why are mine invalid just because I refuse to stuff them down deep and hide them? Because you just don't want to have to hear it.

I wish I could pretend life didn't suck like everyone else seems to. But perhaps it's the Asperger's again, it's too easy to see how everything is stupid and everyone's full of shit. This includes myself. But I recognize the game, so I play along and I will try my hardest to be more full of shit than anybody if it gets me further somewhere in something somehow. I have to at least be achieving something, even if it's being the best damn asshole I can be. It's how I was raised. It's how I was taught. If you aren't the best of the best SIR! Then you aren't anything. So let's take a constant look at everyone else around us and how they all SUCK and then teach our son that unless he's better in every way possible constantly comparing himself to others then he'll never make us proud. Hell, we decided he sucked because he didn't do exactly as we wanted him to do as he became an "adult." Yep, so be disappointed because I didn't get ahead in life the way you wanted. Oh wait, I eventually succeeded at something in my own way, well, at least he's not fucked like his siblings, let's all of a sudden care again but continue to compare him to others. Oh wait, screw that, let's stop talking shit about others behind their backs to use them as lessons for our youngest and start pretending to like said people again. Shake hands with them. Hello, we're his parents, we talk shit about you constantly but smile to your face. God damn, what assholes. It's how the world's built, and the best assholes run the world. I should know. I was clearly raised by #1.

You know when this being an asshole doesn't work though? When you've finally matured enough (I took a LONG time to mature at all) to see that family, religion, and other miscellaneous issues that stir those same emotions do not fall under this guise so easily. Why do I fake that? Family's not a game, why fake it. Religion is not a game, why fake that. I'm sorry, spirituality is really what I mean. How the hell am I supposed to make success off a game with spirituality and familial emotions. Because it's not a game, not everything is about success or being better than others. That's less to do with success and more to do with minimizing how much I have to fill my life with whatever vice at night helps me forget I have mounting emotional debt on the books of unresolved issues of hating my family, spirituality, and self-identification. Who the fuck am I anymore? What do I want to be? What am I allowed to be in the eyes of others?

*I've lived a life that everyone else controlled
either directly or indirectly, and it's taken
me way too long to mature to realize that
they're all wrong, and I'm not happy.*

Guess what, those of you involved all suck, and you never admit it. What's worse is that's a long list of difficult-to-pinpoint people and incidents that lead to this complicated mess in my heart and soul because everyone has always convinced me to stuff it down inside and LET IT GO! How then am I to even begin to describe what is wrong with me? It's too big to understand. It's too complex. And nobody

has ever genuinely sat down at life's coffee table to help me sort it out. Because I can't articulate what's wrong, it's chalked up to nothing but griping. Believe me, there are a few that have tried and know about it, but they're too uninvolved. It doesn't involve them. They can't possibly help. I don't cry much, but man the few times the waterfall is opening up over these parents I can't just let go of for my own sanity. It's been years since, only hardened hearts since. That wall won't come down. The one's that matter are the ones that never thought there was anything wrong other than me and my actions. They don't want to bother to tear down their walls and let me at 'em the way they've done to me. Everything at some point or another trails back to my god damned parents. For some reason my entire existence trails back to my direct family. Maybe because they matter so much. Maybe because I put in so much effort and feel like none of it means anything.

This has been a long work in progress. Writing and writing. Deleting and deleting. Questioning thoughts. Should I add this? Fuck it. Add it all. Embarrass yourself. Who cares what anyone thinks. Randomly ramming thoughts into it where I can cause I'd rather have it all there in a mess than have something omitted.

*How many crumpled up papers before I'm
heard. This is already destroying me so bad
that it's not worth the effort anymore.*

"Stop this all before it consumes you." Heard that recently. Thanks for caring. Thanks for the input. That was my brother. We have these similarities in some ways. But I can't just drop it. It has already consumed me. That's why I'm here. That's why I'm at this point of explosion. I've already ignored my full rage for too long. I'm so angry I can't even pinpoint what's wrong most of the time. That's where it's unhealthy. It's been unhealthy for far too long.

*Hello to whoever is reading this.
Are you judging me yet?
I'll cram in random thoughts here.*

TRYING TO USE LIFE'S COFFEE TABLE TO TALK

Let's talk about trying to talk to you about these issues. You know, where the goal seems to be merely to deflect any real potential criticisms or anything negative that gets flung your direction from anywhere or anyone. This means you are too busy not truly listening to notice that your son has been spending the better part of a decade finding his own way in life (maturing late when he should have matured in his teens) in regards to his maturity and beliefs, and this has been largely driven by simply being driven away from others. This is especially true of my family, schooling, and spiritual backgrounds, which I feel like were my only identity prior to my enlightening (I don't know when I woke up, it was a long process of recognizing everything is wrong about everything). I was born and raised into a world where my opinions and feelings were not only invalid, but mocked and sneered at whilst being molded into whatever directions everyone else felt were best for me. Didn't matter if this were family or spiritual leaders at school. Everyone else was right, and I was damned if I was ever not wrong.

On that note about school leaders and that religious school. My favorite memory was probably listening to that extremely Christian band I like at school and having that one teacher burst in screaming at me to "turn off that Satanic music." She always judged me but never actually TALKED to me. The lyrics were

like worship lyrics, it was just heavy metal, so judgmental Christian to the rescue! That bitch runs the school now. Isn't that wonderful? You should meet her children, super judgmental too. They probably think I'm a rapist nowadays. Here's a great story I hate about myself: I know one of her daughters was friends with an ex-girlfriend of mine, I'm sure they still are. I saw her at university once in the library. I sat down where I usually did and got to work. This was when I had tons of classes and lived at school and was really cracking down on myself to finish. I was focused HARD on school. Apparently she thought I was stalking her and the school put together a restraining thing for me and a report about it and asked me to write some damn confession about how I was following her around. Felt again like my parents judging me for things I didn't even realize I supposedly did (you'll read it later). Welcome to my life though. Everyone always thinking the worst and judging me. Just because we both went to the same damn university and I had tons of classes all over campus and was there all day every day for years and she saw me randomly a few times (I only noticed her once or twice, never approached her, didn't care). Congratulations to another product of that FUCKED high school finding any way possible to help people think I'm some rapist or freak. Helping this idea that I'm fucked up or something just cause I'm not what they like and somehow I make them uncomfortable just EXISTING! Fuck those people, and fuck that Christian school. All they bred from that high school was judgmental "better than you" assholes and if you were a square peg for their perfect holes then you were maligned.

It's okay, I know I'm wrong and terrible for the minor wrongs I've done in this family. Don't mind the only child of yours to graduate high school properly, not do drugs, not run away from you permanently, not get a bunch of girls pregnant. Not fuck my own cousin I met at a family reunion. You should like the comparisons cause that's all we apparently do in this family. Anyways, I'm simply the moron who's wrong because I have to get a freaking Master's degree in Econometrics for my father to put down his car papers and say "he's graduating?" I mean he crammed into my head that the ONLY thing I could EVER do was go to college. There's no possible way I was simply wired to get myself ahead in any way possible. Funny how I finally started cutting things out and focusing on myself and I finally straightened myself up and finished school. But of course, this dad who was so certain all I should do is get a Bachelor's degree (in practically anything apparently) and when I finally am getting said degree, it's just "huh, he's graduating?" Well if you paid fucking attention to this momma's boy who at the time didn't know how to NOT tell his mom everything, you would have seen this coming for a long time. It took me years to stop needing to involve mom in every decision in my life. She knew everything.

Contempt definitely breeds contempt in these situations. Whether valid or not in someone else eyes, the contempt felt by me from so many directions and from so many sources has assured my contempt for the world around me. You can't change what I feel, and I refuse to accept it anymore. But this contempt also breeds cynicism, apathy, hatred, anger, defiance, knowledge, fear, pain, and all the multitude of feelings and pains that pile into a mental illness mess on top of some of my supposed Asperger's microscopic inspection of a mis-understanding of everything. Translation: I will analyze it all too much, and there's no stopping that. I will add though that I sure have matured to placing it all into places where it makes more sense, and separating it from the VERY FEW parts of my life that don't treat me this way. It's amazing how getting the hell away from that environment has done me so much good. I didn't realize it until I was forced to get away for a real career. I knew things were wrong for years, but I had been so crippled by my raising that I failed at standing up to the problems.

*Did you ever regret not going to mom's family reunion with us?
I have no memories of you there cause you angrily removed yourself again like usual.
We sure had to go to YOUR family reunion though.*

SOME OF THE RELIGIOUS STUFF

The last 10 years or so of trying to bring things up to my parents:

“Have you read your Bible lately?”

Really, is that your answer to every stupid little thing in life. You suddenly live and breathe the Bible for the last 15 or so years more and more and more to where you can't function without always bringing it up. You barely follow it yourselves. It's hard to look at it as nothing than something that allows you to think better about yourselves about what scumbags you are. Quit shoving it on me. Yes, I know, you all thought I was embracing it and would be some “family religious leader” or something at some point. Know what drove me away? You. My exes super “religious” and judgmental family. Our judgmental churches. That school full of hypocrite judging losers who swear by a book they don't live by. Your judgmental involvement in that stupid church. Everyone.

All the religious freaks and liars and double-standards that gave me pure disgust and hatred for this community that surrounds itself by a book they don't truly believe or live by. I can't stand these fake people anymore. I struggled for years to understand my issues with religion and spirituality. I still don't understand what I feel. I spent years trying to talk to you about it. But I eventually accepted that you used it for your own problems and you clearly wanted to help others (juvenile hall?) but not your own family. Remember chalking up my religious issues to school. Oh had I just gone to that private religious college everything would be so much better. Sure, simplify it to that.

*Why do you still go to that Church?
All they do is judge us and treat us like shit.
All you do is talk shit about everyone there.
You're addicted to drama?*

YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW ME

No, it all can't be let go, but at the same time it allows me to let go. This broad stroke is an attempt to say that there is such an ocean of indescribable issues inside me that began and ended before I had a chance. It all comes down to the maturity that I feel I deserved for myself, whether my fault or others fault in how I was raised. The fact was that my maturity level in many of these areas has always lacked and left me unprepared for the real world. The real world that these parents for some reason feared was so critically important to be prepared for that their only answer was practically a Nazi death camp of a raising, just because some older siblings I can barely relate with or care about committed some sins that I don't quite honestly think I am capable of myself.

If these parents truly knew me, they'd recognize that I could never fathom fucking up my life in some of the ways you constantly compared me to my siblings about. I always thought it interesting how I had my 21st b-day at your stupid house because I didn't know how to go have any fun with any friends. If I had any. So you joked about getting me 21 non-alcoholic drinks. Why? Was I at risk of becoming a drunk? Hardly. But you'd know that if you knew me. No, you just constantly compared me to my drug-abusing domestic abuse, getting pregnant, dropout, fill-in-the-blank-problems-you-see siblings of mine that I am nothing like. I mean seriously? You probably both did so much drugs and drinking and smoking, and you can't even just be a fucking father and say, “hey son, it's your 21st birthday, let's go to a bar, I'm

gonna buy you a beer.” I spent that birthday with my exes family there too. My ex-sister in law and her piece of shit husband. Wow what a birthday. He especially being there was awful. He never gave me a chance either. I helped him get a job with you and he was such a judgmental piece of shit. Why was he even there. What an awful 21st birthday, though it’s my fault, I should have just gone and done anything else. Especially considering my 16th birthday for once was a real birthday. I got at least one good birthday. Of course you made up for it on my 17th birthday by getting mad about some stupid shit and I had to ask mom if I could do anything for my birthday and she told me probably not cause dad’s pretty angry.

But you know what the real problem is that who cares about the alcohol. You should have just bought me a drink and been a fucking father. Who cares if each of your children all had their own paths and problems in life. Who cares if each child had their trials and tribulations. It defined who they are today just like how your mistakes also defined who you are. Who cares if my parents may have had some kind of alcohol or drug problems I barely know anything about. That means that we can’t introduce it to me in a proper manner at all? You have always been so damn worried that I might fuck up that you just always tried to CONTROL me and remove anything that might allow me to fuck up. No, instead you constantly used us siblings against each other because that’s what you do. You talk shit with no solutions.

That point is basically saying that I have come to the conclusion that my own path in life would not have been okay with drug abuse, or too many kids, or lack of education, or whatever deeds you determined were unworthy due to my siblings or your own experiences and you had to force not to occur with me. They wouldn’t have anyways, and if anyone truly knew me I think they would have seen that. I’m not even wired these certain ways. Sure, I was a bad kid, I did some bad things, but I sure know how to learn lessons if given a chance, and I never EVER did anything on scales to destroy my life any worse than any other curious children growing up may have done.

That brings me back to my point above, that these topics cannot be brought up for fear of a few things: those dreaded words I absolutely hate to “let it go”; and further, the fear that people will deflect. Everyone deflects. While my entire life feels filled to the brim with others telling me to let things go and deflecting my concerns in regards to them, none of anyone in my life ever had a problem reminding me of my own faults and never allowing me to deflect. I don’t care if something is weird about me, if it’s Asperger’s or what, but for some reason, there are vivid things that will never go away. Vivid memories that haunt me, and deflection never worked, but apparently receding does.

*Never bite the hand that feeds?
What about the hand that feeds for control?
I am not your punching bag to feel better
about yourself.*

I think you can be my punching bag now.

*Why did we always go to Sacramento?
All you did was hate and talk shit about that family.*

THAT GIRLS PANTS AND SEXUAL ABUSE

When I was merely rough-housing and playing the same as most children in a room full of kids during your Bible Study once (your showing off I mean), I was simply trying to pull that girl off the bed because everyone was playing around pulling each other off the bed. It was simply kids being dumb playing a dumb game. You know what happened? Her pants accidentally came down due to being loose or something. I don't know. I accidentally grabbed wrong and it just happened. We were just dumb kids being dumb while our parents had this bogus thing called Bible Study group, or which translates to: my parents want to feel better about themselves by going to a group that discusses things nobody is going to agree about, then they'll all pretend they are bettering themselves and becoming great friends when in reality...

*it's all just my parents talking shit about all
of them behind their backs.*

A common theme I have finally recognized out of them after a decade out of the house. A common problem I have to fight every day in myself.

The incident with her was never malicious. While probably embarrassing for her, I was not trying to do anything malicious. Nobody was trying to coax anyone into anything or remove clothes from anyone. It was kids being stupid and rough-housing. It was an almost non-issue that destroyed my life for an entire summer and I was treated as if I had raped her. Do you know what RAPE IS? Something tells me dad has an idea of sexually abusing women, but he sure wanted to judge me at an age where I had zero clue what was going on. I was told that I was not even trusted around my own sister anymore. I was screamed at and not listened to. I was made to get naked and embarrassed in front of my parents while they yelled at me for hours while I was naked because somehow that taught me a lesson about how wrong it is to do that thing to her I wasn't doing. It was an ACCIDENT. This though, from the family that shyed from actual nudity and sex talk that could prepare their children to NOT get pregnant at 16 or "re-populate" the planet as your damn jokes about my siblings go. The family that always seemed so concerned about the topic of sex in life and not ruining your life over it, yet never actually instilled any real good values on it until a Bible was involved and somebody else could indoctrinate you about it.

But man if a girl was legitimately embarrassed because of an ACCIDENT (which is completely understandable), I am sure the appropriate response is to go ahead and destroy his life as if he had RAPED her by neglecting to give a shit about what he has to say about what happened, overreact because of her parents calling about it, and treat him in a way that will scar him for life and make him wonder what the hell is wrong with him. That was certainly one of the first times I started to realize that others peoples opinions about your family matter more than your family actually does. Hell, that girl clearly had a better relationship with her family as she was able to tell them what embarrassed her and made her feel bad. I understand nowadays. I can understand why that may have been damaging to her, but I sure hope she was told that it was all an accident and nobody meant anything malicious. I hope it didn't damage her to this day like it did to me, but you sure tried to hammer it down and make it more damaging than it was.

I guess the appropriate answer in your eyes was to scar me as if I had been raped. I mean in my opinion I guess I WAS sexually abused because you forced me to get naked in front of you while you screamed at me. Sounds like sexual child abuse to me. Oh man wow I can't imagine if I was stupid enough to do

something like that to my daughter, what this hypocritical FUCK of a father would say about me since you always think your opinion on my family matters. I respect my kids more than that though. You're such a good role model where everything is okay for you but nobody else. The best part about it all was that I learned no real lesson about anything from it other than to hate you vehemently inside forever about it. You treated me as if I had maliciously pulled her pants down and tried to rape her in a room full of dumb kids playing video games and playing king of the hill on the bed.

On that note, something that bothers me nowadays, was seeing this father who didn't trust me around his own daughter after that (whatever the hell that meant), seeing him kissing my daughter on the lips as affection. Then later seeing my brother do it (they stopped but his may be a part of his wife's family's approach to things, but for you? What?). What the fuck was that? I have NEVER EVER seen that kind of affection in this fucked family. EVER! But now out of NOWHERE we're kissing my daughter on the lips?!?! What the fuck! That was another moment when I realized what a real hypocritical piece of shit you are. I just wish I had the balls to tell you off then. To say I don't agree with that. Especially from someone who was so concerned about how girls are treated in our family. Oh wait, no you weren't. You were concerned about YOUR sexist control and what YOU get to do. Get the fuck off my daughter. I don't trust YOU around her.

Let's add to this getting naked though when you stripped me naked and threw me outside for god knows whatever reason. Even when my brother was outside playing. I'm not sure he ever noticed cause I hid. Throwing your kid outside butt-naked for some lesson. I don't remember what it was for, something about wetting my bed or my pants or something. I couldn't control wetting the bed until I was older. How was that my fault? It was embarrassing. You don't have to make it worse by screaming at me about it. Makes me wonder why you were ever so angry about my sisters ex kicking her outside naked and abusing her though. You did the same fucking thing you piece of shit. There is zero lesson in that for a child other than building more of a complex about my body or sexuality.

*Did you ever truly care about mom's grandpa?
She put so much effort in.
I miss him.*

THE SEX ISSUES IN THIS FUCKED FAMILY

Boy does that lead well into the sex issues in this family though. You wanna know what my joke is about your hypocritical ways? We couldn't watch The Simpsons, but you'd sure watch Oz in front of me. Cause you know, a fat man eating too many donuts is so evil, but a guy in prison anal-raping another guy and then hanging himself is so much better. Don't act like our house wasn't completely fucked up. Nobody's family is this fucked up without drugs involved.

On the topic of how this family shyed from sex and did not properly address it aside from how stupid you are to ruin your life with it "like your siblings did" (more sibling comparisons) and also throwing the Bible at you. You know what's interesting about all these things? I think I'm still a functioning member of society. I mean I know it took me longer than usual to mature about my sexuality (which may be a result of some of all of this dysfunctional bullshit), but I know who I am now finally, and seeing Oz did not seem to destroy me. In fact, I think your lack of care did. Perhaps it was the juxtaposition of demanding how sex will ruin our lives and sex before marriage is evil yet we know dad runs off to whorehouses.

Interesting how so much emphasis is placed upon children not being exposed to “evil” yet the results don’t add up. Had I known so much more about sex and been helped in that category somehow, I don’t think some things would have been so stressful, frustrating, and confusing as a teenager. Instead, like I said, that all stayed hidden because we certainly were not the family that was open to discussion about why this natural urge won’t go away and how to approach it in a healthy manner. Instead, we ignore it until our children explore it themselves in many unhealthy and dangerous ways, obviously resulting in some “ruining their lives” according to you because of it, and we get angry and question anything that may come of it due to its inappropriateness. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I think it’s hilarious that my bitch-slut of an aunt thinks it’s funny that she could destroy my life in an instant in the middle of the giant Christmas party by threatening to tell everyone how she walked in on my girlfriend and I fucking in my bed.

Clap for slut aunt, she thinks that’s the most embarrassing thing to reveal about me. Good one, but sorry it’s only bad cause my parents would overreact and ground me for life and never stop reminding me of what a piece of shit I am for it. Regardless of the father that left mom constantly and did whatever the fuck he wanted with women (oops, I’m not supposed to know, but I gathered it over the years). Yeah, I got to maybe do something here and there, but I really knew my life was fucked if you ever found out about it all. Sorry I finally responsibly tried out sex with an age-appropriate girlfriend when I was almost 17 and didn’t ruin my life doing it. I didn’t realize taking a lot longer than most kids to lose your virginity was worse than your whorebag twice-divorced (is that accurate?) drunk sluttness of an aunt threatening to tell on me. Maybe it was as a kid exploring a little with my nephew who was nearly my age. Obviously I was confused. Nobody gave me any direction or safe environment to ask questions.

I remember to this day coming to you about my first failing marriage. Mom and I have to ensure we go out to the porch to talk away from dad cause we both know he doesn’t care, and I don’t want to hear his judgmental opinions and lack of real help cause his advice would suck anyways because he bases it off of the weeny little sound bites he’s willing to listen to before he cuts you off to begin manipulating things to how he wants the conversation to go (or end).

The real problem that day was the lying to mom about the sex in my marriage (when she directly asked me about it) because we don’t talk about that in this family and I sure as hell wasn’t going to bring it up to you anyways. My ex-wife was awful. The day we got married she started changing. She wanted to be married and have kids and nothing else. She quit caring about me or what I wanted. I have since learned that sex is one of my biggest vices in life, and I’m with a loving person who doesn’t fully understand but has loved me enough to get to points where I can understand my fucked up mindset. At least she tries and at least it’s sort of normal and safe now. Maybe if it wasn’t so fucking taboo in our house I wouldn’t have gotten married so early thinking I’d get more from a wife (it was part of it). Thinking oh if I’m married then it’s okay according to the Bible.

Yeah, it’s all tied in, when I wanted to be naked as a teen (I don’t know why, sexual exploration?), but we couldn’t let dad know, why I ever wanted to see and wear my sister’s panties, all these things. She let me explore a little and played along a bit with my weirdness (very few times), which by the way is not weird and I’m not some completely fucked up member of society am I? I can only imagine in this family if one of us had turned out to be gay. Wow that would not have gone over well. I mean you’re the dad

that was simply astonished how comfortable I was in the passenger seat letting my wife drive the car. I don't have to ALWAYS be in control of every stupid little thing like you.

My sister didn't completely treat me like shit though, which was strange to me at the time. In that particular case it seems she didn't judge me at all, and that's as far as it went. She encouraged my curiosities (I was brave enough to act out on them at her house for once) and she let me do what I want briefly and even said if I really was curious I could have a pair of her panties for myself or something. I declined. To this day though I read online how normal a lot of this stuff truly is, it's just that people hide and pretend we aren't all curious humans and it turns into fucked up issues for some.

*It's hard to admit these embarrassing things but whatever.
It made me who I am today.
I thank my sister for at least not really judging me at the time.
I wish she knew that.*

Strange. I dunno. It was just part of my screwed up desires, but since I wasn't learning anything anywhere else I guess it'll make me do dumb things sometimes as a teen. And to this day I still have not "touched" her inappropriately or raped anyone or done anything wrong like that (though clearly dad would think otherwise). But I sure as hell may have understood it all better if it hadn't been so shyed in this house where dad clearly went to whorehouses for his own fucking fix. I mean, you're the fucking asshole who aborted a kid and you're concerned with where I put MY fucking penis! This stuff never even came up though. There was no way in hell I was ever going to go to my parents and say "I need sex, I'm a teen and I need an open and safe environment because it's natural. I need to understand these things by talking about sexuality." No way in hell I was gonna do that in this house. I just suffered inside and hid what I could. It's a wonder you bitch so much about your kids screwing their lives up with sex. I wonder why you think they all did. None of us had ANY guidance whatsoever from what I can tell. Then you found God and rammed your biblical nonsense into it and made it worse. And I sure as hell didn't buy any of it from these hypocrite parents.

So there's my confession. I don't have drug problems, I don't have alcohol problems, I don't have abuse problems, or money problems like others, I don't have many of the other vices others have to extremes that you deemed mattered so much, but my issue was always sex and it traumatized me as a teenager because I didn't understand why it never went away and I was never satisfied. I still never am, but I sure understand myself better now and it's perfectly normal for me now cause I am allowed to be myself and talk about myself because people like you are no longer in my circle. You are no longer part of who I talk to, and it's certainly healthier and happier now for it. I am normal sexually. I explore and have fun and enjoy life, and I am open and honest with my partner about everything because omissions are so much worse.

*Why is it a constant joke to blame everything on mom's family?
Did you ever consider how much that hurts her?
You may joke about hating her dad, but that's still HER fucking father.*

THE COUSIN AND HIS THREATS

How about when my own stupid cousin was supposed to join me at church for youth group, and instead only showed up cause he knew that apparently the ex-boyfriend of my new girlfriend wanted to “pick a fight” with me. I have no clue how the hell this cousin got involved in this particular mess. This being the cousin (that whorebag aunt’s kid) that never truly cared about me but suddenly wanted in when there was drama that I didn’t even know about. A confrontation was had in the parking lot, the cousin tried to start shit, and I said everyone was stupid, and me and that boy basically understood neither of us would disrespect each other to that point (i.e. we were wuss nerds and I barely knew about him, I didn’t care, I had nothing to do with him). So I went inside to church while my cousin left and that was it. That was the extent of my knowledge. That kid and I didn’t truly care, we both walked away. Though when I got home I was treated like a criminal being asked for hours about what I did wrong. I was blindly asked to describe something to you that I supposedly did wrong when I had no knowledge of it.

As an aside, one of my favorite religious moments in my life came when a professor, while discussing with me about something else, asked me to describe something I don’t know to him. He asked me to tell him something I don’t know. From thin air create something from nothing, and his point was how could I possibly tell him all about something I know nothing about. Something my brain literally does not contain. This was a lesson about describing events in ancient texts prior to science and struggling to describe something you can’t possibly understand. It’s a fascinating topic I have always remembered and wished I could properly share with my parents about religion, but that’s another argument about not listening to what matters to someone else. The point is that whatever had occurred at church, I could not describe it because I had not done it and was not there for it. But just like the incident with that little girl, my parents sided with ANYONE but me. There was no possible way I could be a respectable person who would ever tell the truth. Of course nowadays people are kind of surprised at my ethics in certain situations, but you wouldn’t know cause you’ve never awarded me that same respect.

You were so adamant about me coming clean on whatever this thing was that I could not even have known about. So, after hours of anger, crying, and spilling the beans on so many “other” un-related things I kept from you (mostly non-issues but you get so angry about every stupid little thing) that I would be grounded forever, my parents finally told me how apparently somebody threatened to kill the father of my girlfriends ex-boyfriend (a pastor) by calling him and using my name. Okay, so apparently I threatened him? Let’s use some critical thinking skills, now mind you (a skill I am good at but you wouldn’t know again cause you don’t pay the fuck attention), I was around 16 at the time so my parents did not think I was capable of this. But let’s just play a game called how fucking more ridiculous can you get?

Supposedly, the son who had already come clean about EVERYTHING else and embarrassed the HELL out of himself trying to tell his parents whatever the hell they wanted him to confess to (great game by the way, parentals, very scarring), apparently they were still convinced he did this little crime and still wouldn’t admit it. No chance that maybe I truly didn’t know it had occurred and therefore truly didn’t do it. Apparently it wasn’t ridiculous to them that somebody would call the father of my new girlfriends ex-boyfriend and threaten to kill him over the phone and then give my full name as well. So I would call and give him my full name while committing this supposed “crime”? You really don’t get any more fucking stupid than a “prank” like that. Apparently my parents do (or in the case of most things at least dad does and mom plays along for god knows why, I assume she’s scared and whipped by this asshole). But of course, it was my fault, they DECIDED I did it, we called my cousin and he lied saying nothing

happened and he knew nothing about it (no surprise from that prick). Of course it's also hilarious how the next time I saw him he admitted to my face he did it, how funny he thought it was, and how hilarious he thought it was that I got in trouble for something so stupid.

Yeah I got in trouble. When I get in trouble in my house, it's the end of what little life I had. You know, that life that's not so bad because I had a roof over my head and food on my plate. Apparently psychological and some forms of physical trauma are okay for 18 years straight because you have a nice house. It's a wonder I didn't explode when my parents were convinced that this cousin wanted to come to my child's first birthday party (of course he didn't like I said he wouldn't). This was not the only thing, I already hated him, but this incident with the threats and me being blamed was the end, I was done with him forever, and had he already showed me before what a terrible person he was, especially to me, this incident had brought out just how fucking evil he was. Pure evil, to this day, never remorseful about how this incident ruined my life further and proved more to me how little I truly mean to my parents and my voice means little to them against any number of other random strangers (cause remember, in our house dad was always concerned about how others view us). I will never forgive my cousin, and I was looking forward to telling him to fucking leave if he actually showed to my kids first b-day party, but it was at least a pivotal moment in my realizations that having blood connections is a stupid and meaningless part of life and absolutely no reason to maintain relations. Blood isn't thicker than anything. Fuck blood. Fuck family. Another tick on the checkboxes on my on-going list of people to write out of my life.

*Why do you think you have to accept my wife (either one)?
I asked you to be in my life, not judge it.*

RELIGION AND COLLEGE CHOICES

Oh man, let's get into this, it's been alluded to already a lot. Remember how that dumb frat kid drowned in that stupid tiny lake at the local university cause he's a drunk idiot? Remember how that was only one kid who was partying and drunk with a fraternity? Remember how nobody else had that happen? Remember how I never have shown any interest in a fraternity? Remember how I never drowned? Remember how I didn't even try alcohol until I was around 22 because a friend was turning 21 and begged me to go drinking with him for his b-day? Oh, you won't remember that cause you probably weren't paying attention and don't actually care about what I do in my life, but you sure have mom talk on your behalf and say "wahhh your father has this car he's building, you should ask about HIS life for once and care." I'd care more about his dumb cars if he invited me to be a part of it when I was a kid. Anyways, either way, do you remember that boy drowning being a major justification for your need for me to go to some overpriced religious university for a business degree? You sure pushed and determined that if I didn't go to some private religious place then somehow I'd falter and not be a good Christian boy anymore (if you even had a clue what really pushed me away).

Let's just talk business for a minute. I found out that private university had been dipping into their reserves for over 15 years because they couldn't handle their finances because I don't know, maybe they were religious and were too concerned about expelling an ADULT (keyword: fucking ADULTs) student couple that was holding hands and kissing on a park bench on campus during a holiday weekend than controlling their finances. That actually happened. The school used to talk about how our parents were paying a lot of money and we weren't really adults yet and all needed to be watched. You agreed and

made sure they had me sign over all of my grades and reports and shit to you. That's just more of you controlling me and crippling me rather than preparing me for the real world. It became extended high school rather than letting me grow the fuck up.

Yeah, I needed a business degree from them and not from that school with all the drowning frat boys that ACTUALLY wound up giving me a real degree (later on MY terms), real leadership from amazing professors, and a great start on life that I truly had to work hard for. No, screw that university. You were right to practically disown me and treat me like shit constantly and then remind me thousands of times for years what an idiot I was to make my own adult decisions for once and decide to go finish my degree at the local university that was better and cheaper and closer to home. Rub it in some more. Remember how you were surprised I was even graduating? You didn't care, it wasn't your plan so it was stupid. Interesting how I'm more successful on my OWN grown-up path instead of your fucking ideas.

Which I did, I eventually finished, but it was because I had to decide on my own in my own life in my own time and terms that it was what was best for me. But not after making a lot of hard life-changing choices, at each stage of which I was reminded what a fucking moron I was for leaving a religious failing university, for wanting to choose to either get married or not, for choosing to change degrees, or take a semester off if I couldn't afford it, or fail a class and make up for it later, or decide that being married was no longer best for me and decide to end that. Remember, you made sure every single god-damned step of the way to remind me what a failing moron I was. And you sure brought it up over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over for YEARS afterwards. You have BURNED these failures and wrongs into my mind and my heart. You have continued to cripple me with your judgments and damnations and opinions.

Thanks buddy! That's helpful to help people remember things. Remember when you cheated on mom by going to brothels and then pretending you didn't and then turned around and told me how to treat my wife all the time? Pretty sure you did that a lot, but I can't prove it cause you left us so much I wasn't there for it and this family has a policy of hiding EVERYTHING from me and pretending everything is great. Oh man, remember when you took the motorhome and just mailed checks to mom for like 6 months or something? Did you know I broke down at school about that? Did you know I couldn't function sometimes because I didn't know why my father left us?

Wow what a great role model. I guess the brothels were just part of that responsible sexuality you weren't teaching your kids. By the way, I never went to a brothel, seems kind of wrong not to have, I think I should have at least tried it being from Nevada, oh well. Oh wait, this memories thing never goes that direction. I'm sorry, I forgot that reminding you what a scumbag you are after you constantly try to remind me what a scumbag I am (you do it cause you love me right?) nearly got my ass kicked. See, that kind of sarcasm got his hands clenching in front of me all the time and I always wondered if he'd do it. It was pleasant to know he was thinking it. Cause I know a punch from that fist could probably kill me. Well, it didn't kill my brother when he beat the living shit out of him in the garage that one time and then I thought my brother hated me cause I didn't see him for months. Turns out he didn't want me to see "the damage" dad had done. Remember how you didn't trust me around your daughter? You apparently beat the shit out of your own kid. Guess that's okay. Hey! Remember what I said about food on the table and a roof over our heads. It's a decent enough raising. I mean, I'm clearly just a god-damned spoiled rich kid with no real problems who's just pretending to have issues (as one ex-girlfriend

said) because I didn't grow up in a trailer. Makes everything great. No psychological issues here whatsoever.

*You love to say "I told you so."
Of course your version is hours of yelling.*

THE "OTHER" SIBLINGS AND MOM

Recently, I realized when all this clearly has gone too far when musically speaking I was thinking about how to write more of this bullshit letter (it's been months in the works) and I thought about lyrics and music. Something dad would never have anything to do with because it's MY passion and not his. Only his passions matter I've learned. I've been told I'm the asshole because I got tired of asking about the fucking cars I'm not allowed to have any part in. Yeah well it all came to an explosion in my head when I dreamed up a song name idea when thinking about this manipulative piece of shit and missing my mother. I'd name the song:

Call me when he's dead

Perhaps the song would be about the potential happiness that could come about when mom would be allowed to be herself around her ACTUAL children, instead of the older ones that aren't hers that you've decided to surround yourself with now that her kids are gone and don't care anymore. It's hard for my brother and I not to talk about how interesting it is that these kids that detached themselves from you so hard for so many years and then suddenly come around and they suddenly matter once I am finally leaving town and you no longer have me or your grandkids around. Better fill that hole with other grandkids. Better reconnect with those estranged kids. Yes mom, dad has a hole filled now that he's talking to his daughter again. Great. He dug a new hole with me over here.

*I'm helping. Here, I bought a great shovel,
let's dig the fuck out of this shit. I'm never
coming back.*

It's neat how it seems you've never noticed that out of all your kids, I am the one who has NEVER run away and detached from you semi-permanently and always tried to be around. I've hated you for years and struggled for years, but hell, even when I knew I'd be leaving town eventually after graduating, my wife and I came to an agreement that you needed to see your grand-daughter as much as possible before cause I knew it means so much to you to be near your grandkids. All you did for years was bitch about how your kids keep your grandkids from you. I wasn't going to do that. I've tried and tried for so many years because both: I couldn't move on and grow up from you; and also because I love my parents so much that I just put up with everything for the sake of one of your children always being nearby and willing to answer that phone.

I refused to write you off the way my siblings had at so many points. I look back and say "for what?" Why? You don't care, it didn't matter. Now that I'm gone and I've completely quit, I get confirmation from my brother that my suspicions are correct since that vacation. You clearly don't know anything is wrong and just assume that last vacation was merely a big blow up and we'll get over it. Nope. We won't. I won't.

I study online and read about other people having similar or different issues (I've done this for years) and there is always this stuff about parents who wonder how they shoved their kids away and what they did wrong (*help, my kids hate me, what did I do?*). It's funny how mine don't even seem to notice that I Am Done. Especially when you spent so many years with me as the only youngest teenager at home where you're complaining around me how much your other kids ran off and hate you. I really do feel like I never got enough appreciation for sticking around and being a part of your lives no matter what for as long as I could. You never even noticed. You don't care. You bitched so much about the ones that didn't stick around you abused and forgot the one who tried and tried and tried.

But you've gone and replaced me with my older brother and sister or something stupid and haven't even cared that the son who always couldn't detach has now not said a word in well over half a year. I've been detaching over time and I bet you chalk it up to anything else. "Oh, he's got a family, oh he's acting angry, he'll get over it. All of our kids did this at some point, it was only a matter of time." I don't know what the hell you think but it sure ain't that. Eh, my oldest brother was getting married again and he's better now so now you like him cause he's theoretically living his life in a way you approve or something stupid. No, I think I fucking hate you for good. Better song name:

Don't ever call me

Just cause I won't have anything more to say to you. I mean this is in a letter like this now because even if you were willing to talk to me I know how our conversations go. I'm tired of your walls. I'm tired of your defensive attitude. I'm tired of dad not even making eye contact except when he wants to snipe back and take his shots until he walks away. It's funny that I feel like you taught me or it's ingrained in me to be this confrontational nowadays. Non-confrontational people make me sick anyways.

Speaking of the other siblings. I don't understand my sister. She and I have always fought so much, but she has always been seemingly accepting of me. I thought she hated me and then she showed up in the hospital to see me that time I went into surgery. Never saw her again after that. Don't really know how I feel other than numb. I've been numb to my oldest brother too. Numb to the façade because with him it was all about how great he is and all Bible and Jesus and stuff even though we know he doesn't believe it or live it. It's like he feels the need to put up this image, kind of like how I feel dad always cared too much about our family's outward image to others so much. I tried with my older brother. I really did try to establish something, but it was quickly all about him and skating and his judgments online and his opinions and it just became too much. He was so close yet so distant. He'd say *maybe if I had more Jesus I'd be less negative*. Go to hell man. You don't even believe it. You just put on the façade for mom and dad or whoever. Maybe it's me. Maybe I didn't try hard enough. Maybe I don't care. I don't think any of us care.

How about you just accept me as I am though. I do try to do that to you. Did I ever slam you for your issues older brother? I just miss spending the night at your place. Playing video games and being dumb. Learning cool things from my cool older brother. No, you and I don't talk about your prison boot camp. You and I don't talk about drugs or domestic violence. You've really got nothing to say to me other than judging me from an arm's length I guess. Embarrassing me when you can because it's always funny to piss me off because I guess the Asperger's sets me off and people think it's hilarious. Mom and dad sure do judge you though. That's my entire teenage childhood. If you knew the shit dad's said over the years

you'd never talk to him again. Well, you didn't talk to us for long periods of time anyways. You ditched us just like our older sister. I don't even know what's real because the majority of my knowledge about my older siblings is just whatever bullshit mom and dad spewed which I could understand may not even be true or accurate.

Whatever. I always felt like both of you older siblings just hated me cause you hated mom and dad and lumped me in with them. I think the fact you weren't my mom's kids and were so removed from the family by the time I was old enough to start paying attention just made things weird. Then the few times you'd get along with mom and dad you show up and act all adult and treat me like a dumb kid that knows nothing and needs to be taught lessons. Pretend like you aren't some piece of shit. Pretend like you're better just cause you're older or something. Pretend like you don't have more serious things to discuss with me based on your personal experiences. Maybe teach me from your mistakes. Nope. Never had those talks.

Just like everything in my family now. It's all just numb. It continues to hurt, the pain continues to be inflicted, but there's so much numbing that I just watch this family carve into me and it's all numb and I barely feel it, yet I'm still wasting away. The care for it all is just sitting there watching, waiting until it's all been carved out and removed. Until there is nothing left to be numb about. Nothing left to carve into. This is part of why I feel like you shove so much of your anger and issues onto others that perhaps you don't see it. This is more of my not understanding, why am I affected so hard by all this? Is it me? Is it Asperger's? Or is it genuinely you just nonchalantly for years and years shoving your issues onto me and I've had enough.

*Do you enjoy talking shit about your ex-wife?
I'll bet you weren't any better of a husband to her.
You weren't part of the problem too?
I know nothing about my older siblings lives.*

MY WIFE, YOUR ACCEPTANCE AND JUDGMENTS

Wow, you telling me about accepting her. *hername* #2 as you call her like a fucking animal or something just cause she has the same name as my last wife. How do you think she liked that? Did you ever consider how you made her feel? I am at wonder as to how she ever loved and trusted you with the level of introductions you gave her into this fucked family. All you did was prove to me you have no respect for my life, cause in the most extreme case I should be able to lose or leave her and add someone new to my life and you'd still complain. If you meant that shit you said about how family matters when I got divorced the first time and wahhh blah blah you had to give up being friends with my exes family then it wouldn't have been a problem because I'm family.

Nope, when I got divorced and had somebody new in my life all you were concerned about was how it affected you. You sat there yelling at me about how I wanted you to accept the first wife and you didn't, you mocked my marriage, but you eventually accepted her, and then when it all fell apart, you were mad. Screw you. MY life is NOT ABOUT YOU!

So what, I changed my life and you complained. So go the fuck back to my exes family if you miss them as friends so much. Screw off. I don't want you anyways. But no, you proved that I inconvenienced you by deciding to make my own hard choices (changes) FINALLY that actually made me happier in life

over time and stopping this shit where I'm always concerned what assholes like you would think of my actions. Oh sure, years later you made a nice statement saying this is kinda like dad's second wife too and maybe it's the same situation where I found "the right one." Good for you. AFTER scarring someone by voicing your fucked up opinions and dumping YOUR problem with it on them you decide to right the wrong and make it seem like you care. More of how it's about you. Relating it to YOU in any way you can.

Your fucking opinion never mattered. I didn't go there for your opinion. I went there to introduce you to the next phase of my life, which had been really fucking hard to get to because I was crippled by your sheltered life. It's been insanely difficult to make those hard choices to not care what anyone thinks (especially you), but that was the turning point, and today I have gone so far over the deep end of not giving a fuck anymore. I went there to your house that day to say hey, this is the next phase of my life. I think that was the first REAL time she got to sit down and meet my parents. What did you do instead of saying hi and being nice at all. You instead sat us down in the garage and judged us for hours and treated us like children. Still! You were STILL treating me like a child when I was what, 22 years old? You dragged her into it too. How the hell did she not leave me after that? No wonder I never grew up. You seriously never let go of control over me and my life. You know what you should have done? You should have accepted the next phase of my life and moved on. It's NOT YOUR LIFE you fucking asshole!

That was another time I wish I had the balls to stand up to you, course you would have just clenched your fists at me yet again and we wouldn't have talked and you would have learned nothing. I should have just left. I drove out there just KNOWING it was a mistake. You fucking shit up is so predictable nowadays. I didn't talk to you for like 6 months after that, did you even notice? I merely talked to mom. I didn't even want your approval when I went there that day. Maybe subconsciously I did because I was crippled without your approval, but in reality I just was trying to keep my parents in my changing life. Introduce you to the next part. All you did was mock my first marriage and then got mad when I ended it after I grew up.

You didn't want me to be married in the first place remember? You spent hours on the phone with me talking me out of that first marriage. It was so damn important to you. Me getting married would just fuck up my life. Then I had to stay married cause I was fucking up my life. Every thing I do you always say is just me fucking up my life. Is there some fucking guidebook on life or something? You do realize my ex and I are probably both so much better off today. Just like you and mom probably would have been if you'd done that too. Hey! Segue to next topic.

*Remember yelling at us as kids?
I remember the finger thrusting into my chest as you'd scream and the spit would hit my face.
I learned nothing from it.*

DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE AND MOM

I would say as kids we wondered about this stuff about staying together for the kids versus divorced parents. Did you know the highest rates of divorce are within Christian homes? I think we were a Judgmentian home. Having to see and experience the sheer level of family issues going on, not understanding anything, never having any of it explained to us. Never working through any of it and trying to become a healthier family. To this day I want to know why it was okay to be randomly

abandoned by this so-called “man” who would go off and do whatever the hell he felt like just cause he couldn’t handle whatever stress he dealt with. I mean come on, even I knew why he was in southern Nevada.

But then to randomly have him decide he wants to come back so we get home one random day and he’s there, we see the car at the top of driveway and get scared. Mom briefly talks about turning around and grabbing a hotel instead, but she continues and we go inside, my brother and I go to our rooms and hide in fear for hours and then hours later we come out and he’s watching TV and she’s doing laundry and it’s like he hasn’t been unexplainably gone for over a month. A real man would be there for his family. A real father would talk to his kids about what the hell all that was.

*I close my eyes and I count to ten.
Make everything wonderful again.*

You know something I always liked about your longevity in marriage. You brag so much about how long you’ve been together. I always used to remember your anniversary and be supportive and like it too. I was proud of my parents, cause you know “marriage takes work.” Okay sure. The joke I like nowadays is the old couple that’s 80 years old and they’ve been together for like 60 years and people always say how cute it is. Yeah, what they don’t pay attention to is how they’ve both been cheating on each other for the entire relationship and she had an abortion she didn’t tell him about and he beats her regularly. Lovely couple.

Longevity is meaningless. Marriage is meaningless. It’s the true relationship underlying it, and really it’s no one’s business. I think that’s what helped me get over my first marriage, those thoughts where I need to stay in it for religion and my parents opinions and all that shit, no I finally got over it and did what was right. It was none of your business, but I honestly was crippled emotionally and couldn’t quit my first marriage for so long because of what you would say about me. “My parents have stayed together through worse, I should try harder.” Yeah, I don’t even know what all that “worse” is cause you do such a good job of hiding the family and our history from me. I know nothing about this family and it’s never talked about. Keeps up a good image of yourselves though. Makes it easier to judge others. I sat on your lap as a kid so it was all great and stuff right?

Know what I learned about MY role in the failure of my first marriage? I had no respect for her and I was not good for her. She pushed me and pushed me and it was better off getting me away from her. I think the end point was when she did what everyone does to me. I was angry and trying to talk through things for the final time and she started laughing. She admitted she had no respect for me anymore and thought it was funny when I was angry. That was when I realized we were so immature we couldn’t do this marriage thing. It was all wrong. Rather than helping each other grow, we just tore each other down. We were roommates that hated each other.

Sure, I can list off tons of reasons why she’s awful, she’s the worst, blah blah blah her her her pointing fingers. I learned that behavior from dad talking shit about his first wife I guess. But I have learned to tell myself she’s better off without me and I without her, and I had the wherewithal back then to remove myself from the situation and let her go (whatever that means). Probably the most mature thing I had ever done to that point in my life, and I sure as hell didn’t learn that maturity from you. I know a lot of it may have come from my wife saying of course she doesn’t hate her ex, and I shouldn’t hate mine. It just didn’t work out and I shouldn’t let the anger consume me. She helped me let it sort of go. I think it was

wired into me though. I'm just built this way. I still miss her. I still love her. I always will I guess. But after years of pain I have learned to be okay with it. I am with someone now who has shown me real love and how to accept and live with these kind of things. Someone who I couldn't fathom would laugh at me in that way. Someone who has helped me not even be that person I was so much. I've grown up more.

But this "man" (my dad) has the balls to constantly tell me how to treat MY wife? Go to hell and die you fucking piece of shit. What nerve. In our (my brother and I) view it seemed like mom just always caved in to dad's will. Put up with him for god knows what reasoning. Convincing herself he's better and better each and every day, better as a judgmental Christian rather than as a judgmental Atheist. So I guess an analogy since rape could be argued to be better than murder it makes it okay? Seems to me she put up with it cause you beat her down mentally (probably physically too, but you hid that shit from me too, I mean you don't just beat your kids for nothing, that behavior has to show up elsewhere). I'd say to where she had no will of her own to go off on her own and be strong on her own, that's where you got her. Nope, you can't function without her and you know it, so you'd better manipulate to keep her around.

Speaking of beating, I think it's interesting to this day you still joke about the motorhome shit on that vacation when we were younger kids. You realize that is child abuse? You realize what mom did losing her shit was just pure child abuse, just like dad losing his shit all the time was abusive. You make fucking jokes about it. My brother and I don't joke. We weren't joking when we grew up scared shitless and we aren't joking now. I have NEVER thought that vacation shit was funny, but I've also never been allowed to say that. It's just another part of your ongoing list of things that are genuine problems for others but you think are just funny to you. How does it go whenever people want to laugh at you for the things you don't think are funny. Oh yeah, you don't allow that in your life. Only everything on YOUR terms. I'm not laughing about the belt hanging on the door. I faked laughing when I gave it back to mom after having hid it for years. We hid it cause deep down we knew that fear is not the way to raise kids. Beating your children is not an answer to everything. IT'S NOT FUNNY AT ALL YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! You've got a fist that could kill somebody. What makes it okay to hit your kids?

What if I beat my kids the way you guys beat us? Hell, I am seriously convinced you didn't lay hands on me the way you might have with the older siblings. What if I had my kids live in fear the way we lived in fear of pissing off dad? Fear of the belt, fear of the wooden spoons. Fear of how you expected us to just take a beating or else it'd be "our fault" if your hand missed and hit other parts of our body. You realize you are asking a child to just take it? You're asking us to ignore physical and emotional pain. You're a fucking piece of shit.

What you REALLY mean is the ONLY way you can respond to issues is to use physical trauma and we just have to accept that as kids. Mom and Dad have no other outlet and they need to get it out, the more you resist the worse it will be. "You kids acted out physically? Whoa, where did you learn that behavior, that is unacceptable, you're going to get a beating when we get home." And to this day we NEVER discuss those things. They were just a bad period and for the most part we had a "good" raising and a roof over our head so it's all okay. I think neither of you had a real raising and thus you took out your own childish frustrations and lack of care on your own kids. That doesn't make it okay. An explanation does not always mean an excuse.

Our memory of most nights was rushing to our bedrooms to hide and be quiet because dad was driving fast up the driveway meaning he was pissed about something I won't understand. So just hide and be quiet so he can watch TV and ignore his family. Fear, a great controlling agent. Control your environment with fear. It's great as a father now to struggle with my own anger issues and telling myself I don't need to respond to everything with anger. Of course my wife is allowed to have her own voice and opinions in our marriage and she has helped me learn better ways to respond to things. I don't think you afforded mom that right to speak her mind, cause she certainly is not usually that angry at all.

And then to this day you still joke about mom beating me in the motorhome still. Why do you like it so much? Cause for once it was mom taking the spotlight off your own rampant abuses? I still wonder to this day when you were decimating my entire bedroom and took the golf club from me to destroy everything, I still wonder, what if you had missed and hit me? Yes, of course I had the golf club in hand because I felt the need to defend myself from you. Instead of wondering why the situation had devolved to that fucked up of a point, instead you took it from me and I crawled into the corner on my bed as you destroyed my room with it. Remember before you took it you even taunted me, you asked if I was gonna hit you. Am I some playground bully? Why do you talk to your kid that way?

You realize I know today why my brother left and didn't talk to me for months once, it was after dad beat the shit out of him in the garage. I mean you guys act like we had a roof over our head so it was all okay (there it is again, I can't let that go). I don't know why at any point it was ever okay to just go apeshit and beat your kids or destroy all their stuff. How can you not know your own power and limit yourself to a simple light spanking and a bunch of time out or something, anything else. How the hell do any of us have any relationship with you anymore? None of that shit is okay by any means.

Yeah, being terrified to piss off dad all the time is such a great way to grow up, if we ever really grew up at all. This is all just more of that double-standard where it's okay for you to joke about your own abusive behavior, but I guarantee you if you saw me lay a hand on my own daughter the way you did to any of us (I'm sure the others got it worse than me) then you wouldn't be able to control yourself. Your judgmental ass expects me to not act like you. Yeah, you'd NEVER be okay if I EVER did anything to my family the way you did to us. You know how I don't do that? DON'T DO IT TO US! Acknowledge it yourself. Admit you did it and talk to us about it. Genuinely apologize. Multiple times. We've hoarded the memories in our souls and hearts and minds for years and it won't go away for me. Why do YOU get to pretend it all didn't happen. Why do you get to be defensive and say "well we tried our best as parents you know," you find those ways to end the conversation. Yeah, you fucking hypocrite. And act like you never were abusive. Refusing to ever talk about it. I can't sit across from any table and talk about anything. You get defensive and angry. You hate anything lobbed at you. But you always had no problem destroying me mentally.

*I know it's petty.
Everyone has it worse.*

FAMILY, SIBLINGS AGAIN, FAVORITISM

You may have a better relationship now with your daughter. Great, it fills a hole for you. Mom was stressing to me that I just didn't understand it. No, I don't understand why all of a sudden now that I am gone (at least for good reasons) and I took with me your last grandkid, you suddenly are having a great

time with your estranged daughter that clearly disappeared forever. It's very hard to understand that and all I feel it tells me is how much the grandkid situation matters to you and you had to fill that hole by any means necessary. I guess a lot of why I'm confused is because in spite of us all being family, there's this divide between the older two kids and the younger two and none of us have all ever sat down and discussed things openly. Try to understand why there was so much disappearances, so much hate, so much random anger in all directions. So nowadays they barely feel like siblings, they just feel like some "thing" that is attached to dad only somehow and the rest of us aren't truly involved or matter.

Why all of a sudden do those kids that hated you so much for so long all of a sudden want anything to do with you? Especially now that the other half of your kids are over here and gone. Out of the picture. My brother is convinced our older siblings are just looking to get in the good graces for the will since you're getting older. Maybe. Seems all they ever wanted was money, or at least that's what you told me and allowed me to know about the situations. For all I know that was just more brainwashing and control. More of you manipulating the situations. Maybe our siblings left because they too got tired of all this shit. I do not ignore the possibility that they have or had legitimate reasons to hate you and that you just refused to accept it all and always chalked it up to "we help everyone and throw money at them and they are all always so ungrateful." I never was aware enough or mature enough to sit my siblings down previously and ask these questions. Of course they weren't around much to do that anyways, but I just had not matured to that point of actually questioning my confusions about my family. Hear their side of the story. I was merely taught by you to think of them only as scum. I don't now though. I do love them. As angry as I am I love my family and my siblings.

The only reason my closest brother is so close is because he was gone the least, and he grew up in this hell hole with me. Like when he was gone after you beat him, he still had the brain to come back and talk to me someday about it and say what it really was. He's the one that cried with me, feared with me, got confused with me. He understands me and judges me the least. He's the one who's crying in the bathroom after some more fights and bullshit from you, staring at the mirror, probably about to run away, probably just as confused as I am as to why everything in this fucked family has to be so hard, and I walk into the bathroom and give him a hug and say

"I don't get it, I don't understand what all is wrong, but I love you, I always will."

We're partly so close cause at sometimes I think we felt like we were the own foundation. We were the only ones who were stable, we were a constant in this mess. We always unconditionally loved each other and hated you together. Your hate fused us together. We could spend nearly 6 or so years across coasts from each other, and he'd come drive 3 hours with his family way late at night to come see me because I'm nearby at my interview for once and we'd get dinner and for the two of us it's like it's been only a day since last seeing each other. Because of that hug. That one moment for us as teenagers summed up my entire childhood. It's not good, it's not okay. But we had each other. It's okay brother, I know you need to leave. Go ahead, I'll stay and survive. I'll try to learn to judge you less. I'll try not to listen to them teach me to hate you. They don't even realize the amount of hate and negativity they spew.

Honestly, I don't care. You used to joke about how I was the only one responsible enough to carry out your will. I wouldn't want to. Our family sucks, your kids, and grandkids, and my aunts and uncles, and

random distant relatives would be all over me suing me for all this supposed money I want nothing to do with. All I ever wanted was family. Do you even remember all the times I pointed out the only things that mattered to me were the sentimental things from great-grandpa? I wanted the boats you held on to and threw away right before I finally could take them with me. Our grandpa built those by hand and you threw them away? How could you? Why bother holding on to them for me for so long until I “got my own real place?” I also wanted those stamps and letters. I love them. Same with dad's stuff. I only always wanted the pictures of his racing, and photo albums and sentimental things. He's got all these awesome pictures of his racing and hobbies and memories and I cherish them. I always have dreaded how you built your own house and it should stay in the family but it probably never will. It's because I liked our family and I wanted us to have things.

To have heirlooms, to have memories. To have MEANING. This family isn't even trying to hold itself together.

How about my brother with that Chevy and you? I never even really got to do any car things with you without you giving up and just doing it all. You'd kick me out. I never stood a chance spending any real time with you in that garage. You at least did that sort of thing with my brother, and it means the world to him. He feels like you built that whole car WITH him. It's one of the few great memories he has of a semblance of a relationship with you. He talks about it a lot. So back to all the money issues, you throw it all around on what YOU decided was important, but this car that meant so much to you, it means so much to him that you don't even listen when he says it's his heirloom. It's his memory of you. Sure, it's yours, sell it, fine. But you talk nonchalantly about just getting rid of it, when he's screaming how much he'd care for it because it meant so much. He sounds like you almost talk about it on the phone to him in a way to hurt him. Like you know it means a lot but you only want to hurt him with it. You've only let it just sit there for decades now anyways. Why's it so hard to recognize how much these things matter to your children that genuinely don't want to disown you or this family (or didn't want to).

But back to my sister after I left and in regards to mom. That sudden change of heart and sudden relationship that's suddenly better after soooooo long. That isn't mom's daughter. Those aren't her kids. At the end of the day you have shoved her kids away and expect it to just be okay? You're solving your own issue with your other kids, not her kids, while digging a long-term hole for her dragging her through your sludge of life by pushing away the two of your kids that are hers. At the end of the day, screw those other siblings. When were they ever there? They're just like you. They're selfish, focused on their own agenda's, screwed up their lives royally as you never stopped saying to me behind their backs, and they always suddenly show up when they want things. What's the fucking story? Why is it flip flop flip flop with this shit? Why this non-favoritism yet it feels like there is sudden favoritism just cause you no longer had grandkids around. I'm happy for you. I do hope my older siblings come around and freaking grow up and unconditionally love you and perhaps you actually fucking LISTEN to them or something. Maybe they're too stupid to want that from you. But your two kids over here wanted it. Mom's kids have always wanted that.

So it means I don't understand why mom is so brainwashed that she will defend you to the ends of the earth that this supposed hole in your heart is filled with the other kids. Holes you dug for yourself you know. The part I don't get is you are digging that hole in mom's heart and you seem to not even recognize it. In my view it means you have zero regard for mom's feelings, and you've got her whipped

enough to not stand up to you. But who am I kidding, if she ever stood up to you we wouldn't be here today. She'd have left your sorry ass long ago. Go ahead, yell at her for a few more hours now and blame her for all of this. Refuse to look inside yourself for once and realize how much of this pain you've caused yourself and refuse to come talk to the people who matter. No just pile on mom and blame her for everything. Make her do all the talking to the kids. Make her be the one stable piece in everything. You always asked why I tried to be nice and tell mom she could live with me if you ever died, and you asked what if mom died and you were still alive. I hated you asking that. See, I don't see how you could possibly outlive mom with your levels of anger.

Perhaps it's because she has shouldered the weight of all of us hurting her for years. I don't think any of us realize how much she bent over backwards for all of us emotionally (especially whatever she did for years for those two kids that aren't even hers, she has so much love to give). Mom never stands up for herself enough, but it starts with you. You're the most controlling one dad. I think you fear life without her and that's why. I don't blame you. But yeah, I guess I never really figured you'd live that long and outlive mom. Would I let you in my house? Not anymore. I don't trust you. You're too unstable and disrespectful. Too manipulative. Too unhuman. I'm convinced you can't teach an old dog new tricks. You won't change. Besides, you've got this great new relationship again with our older siblings. I mean if you ask them they're perfect all the time. You should love to stay with them.

The flipside problem is that I want nothing to do with mom anymore with you around. I think you're the toxic formula in all of this. I think you're the most manipulative part of this whole mess. I don't think mom can truly be herself until she gets the hell away from you. Just like us. Sure, you guys are good for each other. Technically your lives are better nowadays with each other. But none of it was healthy, and since the youngest (myself) left the house, I've noticed the change in recent years where she seems to cave to you even more now that her kids are no longer involved.

Does mom even have any will of her own anymore? Or have you beaten every ounce of personal opinion out of her? Did you know that in spite of my struggles where I'm a lot like you (learned behaviors?), my wife stands up to me. She only lets me go so far, and I genuinely learn from her and better myself. I value her thoughts and opinions. I want to hear her stuff. Maybe I come off wrong sometimes, but she knows I care and I make it up to her. But I would never divide her up over kids. Sure, I joke the same as you, after the kids are gone she'll still be there (hopefully) and so she matters more than the kids. But honestly, those are her kids, and I would always expect my wife to want the best for her kids. That's her blood.

But when you drove away after the final "vacation." The last time we saw you. When you left my wife crying and feeling unwanted and evicted again like her childhood. I realized what a real piece of shit you are. You can't be trusted. You aren't the rock solid home we're supposed to have. Mom didn't have the balls apparently to stop you or leave you and get you to realize what you were doing. A stupid petty fight turned into canceled vacation and 2,800 mile drive back home? Turned into seeing each other even less.

Wow, you're an extreme asshole. What an extreme response. Maybe cause you've got other kids back home so you don't care. But hey, you ripped mom away from her only two boys. At this point that was the only way she was seeing us and you decided to end it over the dumbest of shit. That's why I knew this was a bad idea. I was fighting it for months ahead of time. I knew we'd all fuck it somehow. I guess

I was done prior to that vacation, but I was just playing along, trying one last time. You go off and end it all over seriously some of the dumbest arguments. Of all the shit we have to be angry about as a family, you just run from your problems again in that extreme of a fashion.

What do you care, you've got two more kids back home now. As much as you always crammed into my head honor, and reliability, and all that, I was shocked that you would go that far. I thought you'd get over it the next morning. That text from mom (MOM, CAUSE YOU HAVE NO BALLS OF YOUR OWN TO SAY IT YOURSELF YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE), that text from your speaker mom saying you were going home. There are few times in my life I've been that shocked. I'm convinced you'll only ever learn when you're sitting in an empty house with nobody answering any phone calls from you. It'll never happen. Apparently my brother actually texted mom back and said to leave your sorry ass and come back and spend time with her real family, but she wouldn't. I texted and asked if we could grab our stuff and you said you'd mail it back. Really? Wow. Five minutes away to talk it out and instead you'd rather drive 2,800 miles angrily hating us and mail it all back. You both seem to always make enough excuses, you'll never believe just how bad all this shit is. You'll refuse to recognize how fucked up that response was. No wonder we all are so good at making excuses and narcissistic views of our own inflated ego. Learned it from you.

*Run from your problems.
You're good at it.*

THE DOOR PRIVACY AND YOUR FUCKING ROOF

I guess to a point I understand getting completely fed up with your kids. They can be frustrating, they can be awful and dumb and get into everything and piss you off blah blah I get it. What I don't understand in this family is this attitude of suspicions and always being worried about what your kids are doing, even as teenagers. I guess I do, it's more of the control thing. Remember, it's your house so "as long as you're under my roof" yeah I know, as long as I'm under your roof I will have no self-identity and you will rule with a damn iron fist cause you're a pathetic prick.

Do you know something that all adults have? Privacy. Do you know what you're supposed to help raise your kids into? FUCKING ADULTS! But yeah, good response to your kids getting in trouble. "You don't deserve privacy anymore." Take all my shit. Take my door. No drapes on the windows in our house. My bedroom downstairs near the main bathroom and in ear shot of every god damned thing going on in the kitchen and living room. Keeping me awake for hours and hours every night. You have people over and my room is right fucking there for all to see. Hey, son, go to bed, but we're all going to stay up. Fucking embarrassing. I deserved no privacy?

My brother comes home and spends time there. Yeah, he's allowed to stay up late and have the TV loud. When he used to hate you guys, but at this time he was being nice to you and treated me like a child too and started siding with you on everything. As an adult I have learned that loss of sleep is literal torture, and privacy is a right everyone should be afforded. Not even allowed to have the private bedroom to change in or be a horny teenage boy in. Nope, now I'm in a god-damned fishbowl for months on end multiple times in my raising. I learned nothing from that other than to hate you.

I learned what it was like to have someone else have too much control over me. I didn't learn anything about being a self-identified and confident adult who can function in life. Nope, I just still wonder to this day why everything with you is about control. You did it too, dad liked to be up late in the night and watch his porn, I mean read his Bible or whatever. Yeah, "shut the hell up and go back to bed!" Wonder why I had an attitude the next day in school. Wonder why I lashed out.

No sleep. No love. No family. No home.

I finally learned for the final time that none of this worked after I was an adult and came back from that first year in college. I stayed with you for maybe a week and you already had the iron fisted "this is my house" going on. I was a fucking adult that clearly needed to grow up and learn from mistakes, and I merely stayed out I think until 11 that night and you were so god damned pissed. All I did was go on a date. I didn't bring druggy friends back or anything. I wasn't trying to disrespect you. I was simply trying to live life and grow up. Recover from other issues I had been shocked with at the time and having to come home. Dealing with you talking me out of getting married or pursuing anything I wanted for myself.

How the fuck was I ever gonna grow up if you didn't just let go of me? How is it disrespectful if I'm an adult and I'm out on a date or something and I get home late and I do it quietly and respectfully and lock up the house and go to bed? How in the HELL is it disrespectful to you? Of course I didn't want a curfew. I was supposed to be an adult but you refused to let me be. What did I do? Anything to get the hell away from you. Eventually that lead me straight into my first marriage cause it was the best of the bad situation at the time. You convinced me not to get married and instead I needed to grow up, so then you treated me like a child and pushed me away. What do you expect, I had nowhere else to go, "oh, she still wants to get married, well I guess that works." I was an idiot, and you were even more of a control freak there.

That attitude about your house and everything has been something that I really hate. In recent years being told to just put up with dad cause it's his house. For his sake. Respect him blah blah. How about you EARN some god-damned respect for once. You only ever had tons of respect from me and you've lost it all. My problem is knowing that you wouldn't respect my house, you don't respect anyone else. You decided you wanted to come see my home now that I finally have my own, and I dreaded it. Remember how you were so worried about fairness at that vacation? But you did want to come to my house but not my brothers and said not to tell them.

What? Why? Who cares. My brother doesn't care. Remember how you once told me if we come to see them never to stay in their house? Sure, their house is crazy, it's messy. But now I'm over here after years I'm more concerned about how I can see my brother and his family. I have Asperger's, I'm selfish, I have a hard time with uncomfortable situations, but deep-down all that matters is seeing that family. I hope I don't give off the wrong idea when I'm there. Guess what? We go there lots now and stay with them. It's always a crazy weekend, it's a crazy and dirty house. They've got rambunctious kids. Whatever. We get over it. I don't want to judge them like you taught me to. I have to fight it all the time.

I never wanted you to come see my new home. I don't want you in my home cause you won't respect it. These stupid rules about your roof your rules. Yeah, you would NEVER respect that for anyone else, especially me. I'm glad you never came since you left early. Please don't ever come. You'll soil my life.

You'll ruin the happy home I have. I'm building a safe home with less hate and less anger. I don't want you to bring yours to mine.

The best part was before leaving my home town for good. We came up with this plan to stay with you briefly knowing I would be in a state of change where it would be easier for us, but you'd get to really spend time with us and be around your granddaughter as much as possible before we left. I came up with that idea to give you some last chance to be around her before we leave permanently for a job because I continued to always try to care about you and what matters to you, and that was against my better judgment knowing from years prior that I could NOT live in your house. Yep, we really couldn't. I should never have done that. I know, go ahead and say it. I'm an ungrateful child again. Great.

You were such an ass for so much of it and I got the usual speech from mom about respecting you in your house blah blah. Do you ever get tired of her having to speak for you? Oh wait, I forget you always screamed at her and put everything on her and blame her constantly for why all the kids are fucked up. You'll probably blame her for this whole letter and chew her out for hours on end about it.

*You always joke about moms family name.
You say how everything that's wrong is a herfamilyname thing.
It's not funny for decades.
It's just disrespectful.*

THE DRIVEWAY NIGHTMARE

I have never dreamed much. At least, I don't wake up very often at all remembering anything. If I do dream I hardly ever know it. As a child I rarely would remember certain dreams, and it was usually "wake me up in a cold sweat" dreams. Scary shit that I didn't understand. I never was the person who had recurring dreams, or the varying type that were all saying the same thing. I only ever vividly remember one dream.

For some reason, even though dad always got angry if anyone screwed up the driveway (gravel and dirt) somehow, it was always okay for him to screw it up. We had a usual thing where for the most part the faster dad drove up the driveway, the more scared we should be. He would always be all angry and pissed off because of work, and kids, and life and everything. I don't know. I am surprised to this day that such an angry person could live this long without heart attacks or that anyone would work for him at his business. I mean we are talking about sometimes such a ruthless person. Remember, it's all okay though cause he worked so hard and we had a big house and all this stuff, so that makes it all okay.

Either way, as I have said a lot in this, I actually always cared for my dad. I loved him. I was proud of him. There's a lot to like. There's a lot of strength, will and passion that has led to his successes and achievements. I usually bragged to lots of people about this badass racer with all these trophies and he knows so much about cars and he's a hard worker and all this great stuff.

But then, I always had this one nightmare on my mind though that I woke up to once, where I was watching him drive the truck up the driveway like a madman. In the dream I recall thinking I had never seen him drive THAT much like a bat out of hell. My subconscious told me:

“He’s had enough, he hates life, he hates people, he hates his family, he hates you.”

That’s when, for some reason, I visualized in that dream his truck driving straight off a part off the driveway where there was a lot of dirt and catching air and the truck crashing and exploding killing him. I dreamed my dad committing suicide out of anger.

I woke up. I never understood it. I also never forgot it. He killed himself. My dad committed suicide in my nightmare to just get out of life. As I sit here today nearly two decades after that nightmare I sometimes wonder if that’s partly responsible for my inability to consider suicide from my own depressions. But it’s always haunted me. Am I trying to suggest I wished he would die? Am I dreaming about my own suicidal thoughts? What is the meaning? Was I suggesting everyone’s life would be better without his leeching anger in our lives? There’s no way. I love him. He has too many redeeming qualities.

I have never understood it. But I’m still haunted from it to this day. I work hard to never be THAT angry, especially towards my own family. It was not a stretch in my mind to find my dad had just killed himself one day. Perhaps it was just part of my own hidden explorations with suicidal thoughts over the years. Hating being raised in that household, hating not understanding life, hating having no real outlet or real unconditional love to sit down and talk to. I could never fully say I am glad that it was only a dream, and that bothers me.

How can forgiveness work when we’re so numb.

MY KIDS AND US AS YOUR KIDS

In regard to my own children. The one thing I want to stress is that unlike what you would say about my siblings with their kids or other people, I don’t actually pass this on to my kids. When my daughter misses you we play along. I’m not going to teach them that you’re some kind of piece of shit or manipulate them somehow. But it sure is difficult because I have become convinced that you are toxic and if you weren’t family I ask if I would allow you to be a part of my kids life and I say no. Why would I associate with that kind of person?

Worse, all you want is to be around your grandkids and nothing else matters. You keep saying over and over how family and grandkids are all that matters anymore. What the hell does that mean? Why didn’t your own damn kids matter? If your grandkids matter so much then why can’t you respect your son so he can feel better about having his kids around you.

Really? You’re going to argue with us about every stage of raising kids? Yeah, so what, we don’t like being those people in a restaurant who just let their kids scream and ruin everyone else’s lunch. We’d rather console them or take them outside so we aren’t assholes like you in society. Why do you think it’s okay? Why do you care so much if we don’t? Why do you care so much about the car seats and seatbelts and shit? I don’t care if “you survived” having no seatbelts back in the day. Why is us making sure we learn what we can and handle our kids in ways that are safe or respectful in society. So what if we think our kids don’t belong in certain restaurants or environments.

Why do you have to ream your fucking fucked up opinion into everything and treat me like I'm an idiot for thinking any differently than you? I don't want you teaching my kids bad words, or bad habits. It's not funny at all. You raised me in a house where you controlled me so much I could barely get away with anything, and if I did get in trouble I was getting psychologically (and sometimes physically) beaten and grounded for months for the dumbest shit. Then you want my kids to be taught bad behaviors cause you think it's funny. If I did half the shit you joked about teaching my kids you would have beat the hell out of us as kids.

Do you even remember playing with everyone else's kids so much yet ignoring your own so much? My brother and I still talk about how fun it was (sarcasm) to dress up for whatever stupid event we would be going to, and get the hour long lecture about not embarrassing you and not doing ANYTHING and we wind up just sitting in a chair in a corner at a party or something for fear of getting grounded, yet we see you playing with other kids like it's all okay. Hell, if we breathe wrong we're in trouble. You'd yell at us for acting like kids. Well no shit. We WERE FUCKING KIDS you fucking asshole!

We would try to play though and get yelled at. Lovely. I personally can't stand kids, and it's surprising how even though I'm wired that way and I'm selfish, I still cherish my own kids and want to play with them, and mostly I don't like anyone else's kids. Don't really understand why you treated your own kids like animals that needed to be trained but seemed to love everyone else's kids.

I'm going to ram into this part some discussion of juvenile hall. I could never get past seeing you with other peoples kids, but hey, it's also been pointed out to me how much effort you put into those juvy kids. Seems to bother my brother a lot and I guess I agree. I think I was just numb to it by that point. Great. You're a lovely Christian and you care about others and you want to help cause you were raised in that environment and these kids have no guidance. What you forgot is all that fucking effort put into giving those other kids some direction and guidance was that you forgot your own.

You half-assed raised us and didn't recognize that most of your efforts were futile and unfinished. I don't harbor as much resentment over the juvy shit, but since it's been pointed out to me, I do have to say I can both recognize that it's great you put so much effort into something where some kids probably genuinely got some great help from you, but at the same time you had your own kids you could have been paying more attention to and you just basically wrote some of us off at certain points, especially in front of me. A huge part of my teen raising was just watching you bitch and moan about your older kids and how they suck.

Good, tell me more how your own kids suck yet you love these other kids and how great it is that they are straightening up. I mean you practically adopted some of these kids emotionally and even in some cases started comparing some of them to us and it just got weird. It made me feel like I was just another damn kid on your list of ones to get half-assed life direction from. It was kind of funny how some of these other kids (eventually adults) that you later admitted weren't so great.

Hell, you became best friends with one kid near my age who you bragged and bragged about and he was so great and getting a degree and was gonna become a City Manager and all these grand prospects and it was so great. What was that all about? Had you given up on thinking your kids would "succeed" or something within your fucked up definition of success? Yeah, you even admitted at one point that he

was a loser going nowhere or something. He was just putting on the façade to impress everyone just like my oldest siblings and everyone else you are fooled by.

I don't know. You fell for yet another faker like yourselves who had nothing to show for anything. I've learned that's the majority of everyone. They talk a mean game but they've got nothing to show for it. It's all about image and no substance. I'd like to think I'm all substance and terrible image. I mean, that's part of the point of this entire fucked up letter I'm writing. I'm not hiding shit. I'm pathetic in my own ways. This whole family is.

*I'm just trying to hide it all less and not
pretend there is nothing wrong. I'm also
refusing to let anyone tell me there's nothing
wrong.*

On that note, you still complain so much about my brother supposedly replacing our mom with that supposed "other mom" he had for a while. I don't know what that all was outside of him being young and dumb and feeling like that woman cared for him unconditionally when our real parents didn't feel unconditional at times. The funny thing is how to this day you still feel so hurt by that yet you refuse to see how you shoved random other kids in our faces and it felt like you were trying to replace us with them or something. It's all confusing. But it certainly feels no different. You seemingly did the same damn thing. Going to juvy or other church related things spending hours talking one on one with so many kids about deep issues and emotional problems but refusing to do the same damn things with your own fucking kids. You just assumed we had no problems, nothing to worry about. You gave us insane amounts of unsolved issues.

My brother points to how much you grew up in juvy yourself and so you care so much. The problem being you wear that like a badge of fame. Like you're so proud of how bad you had it when you were raised (or not raised).

But even though I know once you get the hint and know that I hate you and am removing you as much as I can, I know that you'll treat me the same way you do everyone else. You'll talk shit about me behind my back and complain and gripe to others, especially other siblings and make comparisons blah blah like you do. I would know. I said I barely ever left you. I was always there. All you did was talk shit about my siblings, especially in relation to their kids. Apparently all my siblings did was teach their kids to hate you and you complain and complain about it. Yeah, even though I won't be outright teaching my kids what a piece of shit you are, I know that's what you'll convince yourself. So screw off. Tell yourself whatever. It's only a matter of time before I take your pictures down from my daughter's room.

Yes, those pictures you gave her are still up in her room. But I have tried to explain to my wife how creepy it is that you would do that. You probably can't even see it, but I'm convinced it's subconsciously more of your desire to control and be in charge somehow. I mean, it's her room, she shouldn't have her damn grandparents watching her creepily in her own room as she grows up. It's like the privacy shit and me not having my door and your need to be into everyone's shit and make it all about you all the time.

You always only ever put pics like these in the hall, but you demanded these go up in her room. This is like the kissing on the lips, once again, something I saw nothing of growing up, but now it shows up with my kids. You had no grandparents of your own to have me meet, and all you did was talk shit about mom's dad. Grandparents were a fucked up part of my life partly because of you and now you want me to put you all over her walls and ensure you're involved. Your pics won't be up much longer. They'll get moved somewhere else cause I'm slowly removing your control from my life. The pics aren't even good. You didn't even try that hard. I don't get why it mattered so much. But I think you need to recognize that deep seated need for control you have. It's clearly a part of that.

Maybe we took this too far.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS CONTROL AND MONEY

So that leads me into the topic of control and money. Something that has taken me years to put my finger on is the money issues with you. But I have since finally learned that you use your money to control everyone. All you do is throw your money around and then complain about how no one cares. See, money makes the world go round, and when somebody has any financial control, they own you. They completely control you. Because their money is involved, you feel obligated to give in to them at every point. Before we even went on that stupid vacation last year you were already complaining about boo hoo how nobody ever appreciates it. Cause we DON'T WANT IT! We wanted you to just LISTEN to us, but you couldn't even do it with the vacation.

You just decided (controlled) what was happening, threw your money at it, justified it somehow, and then complained that we weren't grateful. We weren't grateful about you NOT LISTENING, we didn't give a damn about you paying for anything. Think back, I never asked for much. I asked for help with college once and paid you back. The rest were things YOU decided. YOU DECIDED (controlled) to hand me a car again and order me to pay you back. With what? Once again I should have had the balls to refuse and stand up to you. I understand in some ways you are just trying to help, but I don't think you realize how much all you're doing is ramming yourself into my life where I can't say no, back off, and it gives you control over everything. It makes it harder for me to tell you off when you're a prick that doesn't listen.

When are you going to admit that you only help people financially because you want to maintain control of every situation? It's the only explanation why you'd bitch for soooo many years about people not appreciating your money enough yet you still throw it around. That's why you gave your friend back that petty BBQ and destroyed the friendship over it. You didn't want anyone to have any control over you. You were too stupid to see she was just being a friend. But you've never hesitated to throw more money than that at any number of other family, friend, or church problems and then you clearly enjoy the subconscious control that comes with it. You'd get so mad when the church wouldn't let you decide and control everything you wanted. You hate that church so much, why go then?

That was my problem with the vacation. I didn't want to do it cause I am tired of you controlling everything and never LISTENING to your damn kids. You think money buys you the right to treat people like shit and you won't admit it. Then you turn around and complain that nobody cares or likes you or is grateful blah blah blah. At least with respect to your two younger sons, and especially me, I never wanted your money. I wanted love. Unconditional love, which means you fucking listen to and

learn and love your kids. You genuinely want to hear about us and what matters to us instead of complaining that I don't care enough about what stupid little project dad is working on. Maybe if dad has a problem he could tell me for once instead of making mom the intermediary always like a fucking child. I mean really tell me. A human conversation dad. A real conversation and not just you spewing your bullshit until you're bored and don't care anymore about the topic.

*Narcissus fell in love not with himself, but his reflection.
What he thought he was.*

THE FAIRNESS TOPIC ON THE LAST VACATION AND CONTROL

Remember how you were so worried about fairness in that vacation. Just out of nowhere you're all of a sudden concerned about being fair to all of us for some stupid reason and kicked us out cause you decided that was the solution. Based on what? I mean my wife and I are mature enough that we talked things out and realized we were all just high strung and flustered and got over it, but my brother flew off the handle more and I was trying to be diplomatic.

What did dad do? He shut up. He couldn't even function. His anger got the best of him again and yet again he looked like he wanted to hit me. You paced the back of the motorhome and mom did all the talking until I tried to confront you and suggest solutions and you got mad and mentioned this fairness shit. How even though it was YOUR idea that we had to stay in the motorhome with you and my brothers family would be at a hotel, now half way through vacation it was all wrong and unfair that we are in the motorhome or something and my brothers family isn't. So you kicked us out. Mom tried to give me your credit card. More money. More control. I said no for once finally. I recognized what was going on. You were spewing shit nonsense cause things weren't going how YOU wanted them to go.

What a fucking child. I think I lost the last shred of respect I had for you that night. The nail in the coffin was seeing my wife crying because she felt like a kid again being evicted because of her dumb drug abusing family. Nope, it was MY PARENTS, the ones she said she never ever felt could do something like that. Why? Because you had lied so well you had her convinced. The rest of us should have known better. I do now. I can't believe that I had more control over myself than you did over yourself that day. You decided to just go 2,800 miles and waste it all over the freaking dumbest of arguments. You're a real piece of work. I was trying to so hard to make everything better and you chalked it up to unappreciative kids and drove away. You left us. You walked away from your problems. Again. And you did it to me for the final time. You drove that nail into the coffin when you left.

On that fairness though, a joke my brother and I have. A petty complaint from me mainly. I mean you built god damned fucking race cars for our older brother. The drug-abusing and abusive person who went to prison. But me? I couldn't set foot in the garage to do more than learn about oil changes. What happened to racing school? What happened to taking part in my fathers passion? I love racing. I wish I could have myself, but you decided I was a nerd. You decided I could never handle something like that. You decided to never spend time with me on a hobby. You decided and made a joke out of how I'm nerdy and somehow good at computers so I should just stick to that and go to college. Don't even get me started about laughing that some "nerd" on Big Bang Theory reminds you of me. You don't fucking know me then cause I'm nothing like that. That's a caricature and all you did was mock me.

I did go to college though. In spite of you always accusing me of fucking up your computers and then asking for help with computers (makes no damned sense), I am good at them and I grew up and developed skills and moved on. Great. Why did that mean we couldn't be involved in dad's passions? Why did you just DECIDE to exclude? Because of control? Because you couldn't handle it. You have zero patience.

I mean brush it off the way you would with everything, just joke that I can't race anyways cause of one stupid fucking karting thing more than a decade ago. Cannot believe you STILL bring up petty things like that. I was like 11 years old. What if I took my hobby that way too? What if I told my kids to go to hell when they decide to learn music? I don't think I could ever do that. Oh wait, according to you music was just another thing I'd stop doing like the basketball and skateboarding and everything. Nope, did it for years and years and really went somewhere with it and did the whole band thing.

I mean dad didn't care though. I went to how many of his races and wished I could have gone to more and been more involved. Dad supporting my music and being involved at all? Hahahaha good luck, he doesn't give a shit. The real problem is oh god forbid your kid had some hobbies growing up and didn't pursue all of them. So what. So I played some basketball for a while. We all played some together and it was kind of fun. But it became the butt of your complaints. It was ruined. Just like music was ruined because you had to smear your judgments all over it. Of course kids try out hobbies and drop a lot of them. THAT'S WHAT KIDS SHOULD DO! They don't know what they like until they try it. You don't have to complain about that too. Oh wait, you complained because of the money involved yet again. Back to the money control thing. We spent money on that skateboard and he doesn't even use it enough. Do you use your yellow Chevy? It sat there for how long? Screw you.

So I guess that's fairness? News flash. I don't think either of us would ever want to go to racing school with you anymore anyways. It never was about the racing. It was about spending genuine time with dad. Real time. You'd probably ruin it anyways and tell us how we suck and take it too seriously. I suggested the professional karting thing for vacation and you brushed it off. Of course, I expected it. It wasn't your idea so it was stupid. I'm not even sure you heard me. You may have just stopped listening. "Sure, if you wanna do something on vacation go ahead and do it." You were saying that you weren't gonna do shit with me that wasn't your idea.

*This is MY life.
Not yours.*

THE FAIRNESS AND MY BROTHERS KID

How about throwing however much money at your daughters pathetic failed second marriage for custody battles across multiple states for a kid she kept from you. I mean you did all that and got so involved and as a teenager I never heard the end of it. The money you threw at it, the control you tried to have over her. And then you just complained and complained when she hated you, even after getting her into a house. You just talked about her behind her back and I had to hear all of it. Talk about things that sound expensive compared to the quad that nearly killed me that pissed you off and was an accident or the stupid car you dropped off at my house without my asking for it. I don't know why you did those things, but I don't really care aside from this fairness thing you randomly stressed out of nowhere.

My closest brother has an oldest daughter that he has never really been able to see, and I don't ever recall you helping him there. I don't understand why we never dropped everything to help him out in his time of need. He's still dealing with it. She ripped that kid out of his life and to this day I have never met her and he never gets to see her. He told me the other day that if he could just get her on the phone and hear his oldest daughters voice for 30 seconds it would be the very best day of the entire year for him. I'm such an emotional person that that statement from him in his own words meant so much and made me cry inside. I'm so glad I have my own kids around now.

Aren't you the parents who told me recently how my sister is filling that hole in dads heart cause that's his daughter and he's missed her so much? Hell, my brother won't completely cut you out of his life, even though you should be cut out, because he knows what it's like to not get to see or hear from your kid. Here's what I recall of your involvement with his daughter.

I spent years being told what a joke my brother is for knocking up some (distant) cousin. Great, funny. It got old. At some point that's HIS DAUGHTER and he FUCKING LOVES HER! At some point the shit about how it happened doesn't matter anymore. At some point your jokes and negative comments mean absolutely nothing and help nobody. You surmounted her entire existence to a joke because it shouldn't have happened or something. But I'm sure that little girl likes being alive and no, she wouldn't have happened if my brother hadn't made dumb decisions, but who cares at this point.

Guess what, he NEVER gets to see her. He sees her less than you've ever seen your own daughter. I vividly remember you buying her mom a plane ticket to come see us once. Not seeing her dad, but coming to see uncle (me) and grandparents (you). You didn't ask my brother, you just did it. He didn't even get to see his own daughter or talk to her but you really thought it was okay for you to do this. You thought it was actually okay to reach out to her behind his back and build some relationship with her that even he didn't get to have. She was USING you. She just wants to use her daughter to hurt my brother and by talking to you both (his parents) she was fucking using you to hurt my brother, and you are too stupid to realize this. Or you're an asshole and you wanted him to hurt too.

Then you spent years complaining when she didn't get on that plane. Whoopdeedoo, she's a scumbag, real news. Once again you threw money at something and complained because you lacked CONTROL in the situation. You took something that was not even YOUR problem and made it about you like everything. Like when you decided that my marriage ending and starting a new relationship was somehow all about you. NO! My brothers oldest daughter is about HIM! I don't recall once where you ever genuinely said "I wish he could have a relationship with his daughter." Nope, it was all about how YOU didn't get to see her or how he's an idiot for having her in the first place. And her kicking him out of the room and naming her differently and treating him that way, yeah, you just treated it as if he deserved it.

If her mother called me and said "you want to see your niece?" I would say absolutely, I don't even know her and I love her. Then I would immediately call my brother and bring it up to him before I went behind his back to go see his daughter that even HE can't see. You know why? Because I love him too, and it's the right thing to do. Because I'm not a prick like you.

You know what, that is HIS DAUGHTER and he can't even see her. What gives you any right? Hell, this is another topic where I was always left thinking "there's a niece of mine out there and I've never

seen or met her because my brother is struggling to have ANY amount of custody or visiting rights.” What gave any of us any right? I knew nothing about the situation just like everything in this family that is hidden from me, but I still never once thought it was MY place or MY problem.

Then you have the balls to go on vacation sometime in the past to see my brothers family and my brother talks about having the whole family there and you practically tell him how she’s not even really family. His daughter doesn’t fucking matter? He winds up driving off to go get her from her mom and luckily for one of the few times she got to come see her father and spend some time with the family and apparently you wound up enjoying seeing her and spending time with her. I just don’t understand these flip-flopping attitudes with you. One minute you’re throwing money at the problem behind his back, but to his face all you ever say is how he’s an idiot and she’s not even family. Fuck you. YOU’RE not family. You’re just pure evil.

Family is a four-letter word.

THE MILITARY STUFF, MY BROTHER, SUCCESS

You wanna know why I tried to go into the military? Because I had no direction. Deep down for quite a few years I knew I needed to grow up. There was some subconscious voice telling me I was supposed to know how to be more independent than I was. I’m supposed to be able to navigate life on my own, instead of this controlled direction my parents sent me on. You’re supposed to send us out to make mistakes and hope that you taught us how to generally navigate things on our own. Guess what, those mistakes are ALSO OKAY TOO! They don’t need to be constantly criticized or made fun of.

I’m a human, I know when I’ve made mistakes, I don’t need the most petty mistakes coming back to haunt me just because my family will never let any of it go. Especially when NOBODY is ever allowed to point out dad’s faults. I don’t know how it’s possible in school that I would see mistakes and accept it as a learning opportunity. Something positive. If I went to school like my dad approached things, I would have gotten a red mark on my paper and scream at myself for hours for being such a FUCK-UP and compare myself to my siblings and tear myself down, beat my own ass, and put myself in the corner. Who the hell am I kidding. I did this mentally for years cause it’s what I was taught.

So the military idea was presented because I didn’t know how to finish school. I didn’t think loans were an option because I knew nothing about it. The same reason I got married because it gave me somewhere to be because I was so crippled I didn’t know how to stand on my own two feet. So now I figured hell, let’s have the military pay for my schooling and I can be a productive member of society and serve my people. I also figured boot camp would whoop my ass and be good for me since I was convinced by my family that I was merely some weakling nerd who could never handle anything tough or hard.

My brother knows me better, he actually said I could go for marines. I was so excited to hear something like that. Wow. Really? You think I have that kind of determination? Wow. I think I do too. It’s that determination in our family. It’s driven by hatred. You didn’t teach me it, it’s ingrained in us. I have learned over the last 10 years that I would have figured all this out anyways. You didn’t point me in any of the right directions. You didn’t need to. That’s not how you raise a child. Cripple them and point them in YOUR controlled directions. Why was my life summed up to “oh god I hope he doesn’t fail like

the others.” What’s wrong with failure? Nothing. I know that now. Failure is how we learn. But I know now that I was destined to think the way I do and wind up okay in my own way. You refused to see that.

Oh well, My hearing problems came up though. You got what you wanted. I didn’t go into the military. I scored super high on the tests and qualified for a special program. I was super proud of being that smart and useful to SOMEBODY! But my hearing issues kept me from it. Oh well. The real problem though is your attitude. The real problem is when we told you prior to it. Why the hell did I even see the need to tell you and seek your acceptance of my actions?

Do you even remember that lunch at In-N-Out? I’m guessing you just got black-out angry, said your dumb uninformed shit, and REFUSED to listen to anyone else as usual. You probably don’t remember. You didn’t even care that much, you just disagreed and ignored the rest cause that’s what you do. You laid me out, beat me mentally. Right in front of my brother. The brother who you said was a moron for going into the military even though it helped him straighten out his life. Then when you went to his graduation from boot camp that, to this day, I’m angry I couldn’t go to, because I love my brother so much. You said it wasn’t worth the money to take me too. You fucking hand us cars and help us out without us asking for it, but man I couldn’t go to my brothers one graduation that would matter. I mean he didn’t get his high school graduation.

So what. He fucked up military somehow. So what. That’s his life. He’s still my brother and I love him. You were so damn proud at his boot camp. And then it was back to what an idiot he was. He wouldn’t be there in the first place if he wasn’t a moron. Back to me hearing for years how he’s a moron cause he screwed up and got himself pulled out of the military somehow eventually anyways. Perhaps none of us will ever understand why. Maybe we can’t. Maybe we shouldn’t care. Maybe we should encourage him and unconditionally love him. Maybe we should give him some advice and love WITHOUT all the “you’re a fucking moron fuckup in life.” Why? Because dad was successful?

Good for you dad. All you do is brag about when you were younger how when jobs didn’t go your way you told bosses to fuck off and went and got new jobs cause you were so good at it. You got lucky. You got lucky to get your hands on your business. The majority of people who just willy nilly leave jobs like you won’t admit you did don’t get far. You taught us how all you gotta do is put in your time, everyone has to work at the bottom blah blah. You do realize all you do is tell stories about how when jobs refused to give you what you wanted you’d just quit.

So you don’t follow your own advice and somehow you got ahead. I think you were lucky. I think you tell us one story and did another and got lucky to not be fucked. More of the “do as I say not as I do” bullshit. You know, I am just so fucking tired of how my teenage years are so chock full of your bitching about my closest brother. I love him. He means the world to me, and if I listened to you then I’d probably never have a single good thought about him. I don’t think you realize how much all my teenage years were just your negative comments about what a fucking piece of shit he was, everyone was.

I still can’t believe you sat there in In-N-Out that day interrupting us just ranting your dumb shit about how the military are the lowest of the low. Only the worst lowlifes enter the military. The idiots who can’t accomplish “life” in any other way, they give up and do military. You said this over and over in front of my military brother and his military family wife. No wonder we all hate you. Well I sure do.

That was another day I lost tons of respect for you. That was less to do with your rejection of my choice in MY life that didn't work out anyways, and more to do with your attitude.

Wow. I sure hope you never ever shake a military persons hand or support them in any way because I've never seen anyone hate the military more than you did that day. To this day I wish you could have said all that shit in front of a bunch of veterans in uniform. I want you to walk onto a military base and say all that shit to their faces. You truly have NO RESPECT for ANYone else. You're the piece of shit dad. You take your rage and anger and just thrust it onto anyone else with no regard for anything. You disagreed with MY choices in life and turned it into some of the most disparaging and hateful shit towards any single group I've ever seen. Of course, we don't know about your deep-seated sexism, racism, homophobia, or whatever else you harbor inside.

To this day I still wish I could have served. To this day, I walk up, shake the hands of people in uniform. I respect the military. I respect my brother for what he did. At least he served and he tried. I can't imagine saying some of the shit you said. And like everything, you do it and don't look back. You never consider who you hurt in anything. After that day I can't understand how my brothers family has anything to do with you.

You don't even deserve the freedoms that the military fights for on your behalf. I've seen you before go up to military and treat them with respect and all that. I've seen you be proud of other people's kids who serve. When my brother did it he was a moron and the military is for idiots. When I wanted to join you just lost it. You are such a prick. Maybe you should just admit this to people in the military that you meet. I guess it's just another part of how you have some double-standard for your own damn kids.

You should have your ass kicked by a Marine.

SOME MORE OF THE RELIGIOUS STUFF

A sequel to God's Not Dead is coming out soon. Perhaps you could text everyone in your life again, shoving your narcissistic attitude up everyone else's ass without regard for their own narcissism they've developed in your presence (i.e. you think your shit matters more than theirs). I just shrugged it off back then but man that was embarrassing. "Why did your parents just text this to me?" Oh shit, I dunno babe, maybe because they are psychopath Christians who randomly decide that what's important to them should matter to everyone else immediately, even though when their own son has extreme struggles with his own spirituality, he feels he can't talk to his own family (he can't, he's tried again and again) without being fucking constantly judged for every stupid little comment and feeling. He's disregarded because he can't succinctly get his problem out in a way dad can understand so therefore it's invalidated by his parents own lack of patience. But you better fucking have patience for your parents working out their own issues young man!

All I'm doing is face-palming thinking "my parents are complete dupes yet again." Hey, the sequel is coming out on April Fools day this year. Maybe because you were all fools falling for it. All you did was fall for being a part of free marketing for a garbage movie full of lies about how supposedly all college professors are forcing Christians to not have their beliefs and they are "persecuted" somehow. Have you actually been to college? Have you seen what it's like? I seem to recall being taught more

about how we're persecuted than actually being persecuted for the actual thing they say we are persecuted for. You know who is persecuting Christians?

Other Christians.

I was offended in a Christian way exactly once in secular college. It was in a class on Anthropology (the study of people and culture, and a legitimate field of science before you try to use some sort of anti-science argument if you've gone that far off the deep end) when the professor was making all these comments about evolution and monkeys and all that stuff, saying nothing in regard to religion or spirituality whatsoever. Back then, my indoctrinated attitude got all offended mentally, meaning I kept it to myself, but I was triggered by it because I had been trained to be triggered by it. Not necessarily by you. Just by all the religious idealism that was crammed into my head from a combination of the churches and schools I had gone to, with a dash of everyone else around me who sprinkled in more religious crap.

Here's what actually happens in these cases most of the time (very rare in reality): the student raises their hand, interrupting the professor and demanding immediate attention, proceeding to pick a fucking fight because they disagree with the professor. A professor who is probably willing to have a debate, but probably at a different reasonable time. Nonetheless, debates aside, the student starts and continues an argument because the student probably is one of these Christians who has views that WILL NOT BEND, meaning no debate can be had. So then later that student claims the professor persecuted them because the professor had anything objective or differing to say about whatever the stupid argument was, and then churches and religious groups spread this shit.

That's how it really works. They go out seeking a self-fulfilling prophecy of persecution because this type of narcissist NEEDS it (I would know, being that I'm wired this way too). They NEED to be victimized. I have learned that modern American Christianity requires victimization (hell, modern Americans seem to require it). Everyone's a victim, and it fits well into our culture where nobody can be offended by anything. That's why some colleges sadly are starting to stop their professors from openly using certain terms or talking about certain topics. Because students are "sensitive" to it, just like how you are sensitive to everything I'm saying right now, which is why I've always restrained a lot of what I really want to say because I don't want to hear dad's mouthy rants with no regard for anyone else's opinions. You're reading mine now. But very few professors actually will just prance around and slam Christianity and ask the Christians to stand up to be judged by the class or something. Honestly, this isn't first century Rome, as much as you've been trained to think it is by a Church you hate and talk shit about anyways.

If anything, most professors are so highly educated that they can open their minds to entertain all or most ideas, religious and not. Remember, the definition of intelligence is being able to hold two or more opposing ideas in mind for consideration at once. Not shutting out all other opposing ideas. Most professors have taught me to be more open-minded and respectful of other opinions than I ever was before (read that again before you get angry: I am more open-minded, I am not suddenly a heathen).

Now sure, there may be some bad apples in every crowd. Maybe there have been some crazy professors who really lit up a student (or students) and wouldn't allow certain things in class, but I certainly was more persecuted religiously and spiritually by you, by my exes religious family, by every church I've

been a part of, by the Christian college I attended, and especially by my Christian high school and the “educators” in it.

Open your eyes before you go see another sequel of religious propaganda about shit that hardly anyone in general America actually deals with. Why is it that you are always so quick to be duped into believing almost anything else from anyone else, yet, as I have been discussing all throughout this letter, you don’t even listen to your own fucking children. I mean really let your heart listen. You don’t even believe me on almost anything. You cherry-picked what matters to you and shut me off on anything else. Didn’t matter if it was discussing actual religious topics, or if it was the more serious things that got me grounded that I’ve discussed previously in this paper.

In general I just don’t believe that you even believe half the shit I say. You probably think this whole letter is just my psychopathic lies and none of this shit ever happened (remember, I was raised in a great household, I have ZERO issues). That’s part of why I’ll be surprised if you both, especially dad, even read this full letter and try to comprehend all of it. Honestly, I’ll be surprised if ANYONE in our family would.

If you were comfortable in yourself and your own faith and ideas, you wouldn’t need justification from a film or to share that with anyone else. I would never have done something like that with you because I know you wouldn’t care or you’d just judge me for it. The entire plot of that movie is something about some professor suggesting that God is some relic of an ancient time when science hadn’t given us reality yet. Great. Who cares about that movie. Lot’s of people think that God is a concept developed to be a crutch for those that are “weak.” So what.

The real problem I have is that you refuse to see how you’ve persecuted your own family, friends, etc, and alienated so many of us with your judgments, passive-aggressiveness, sometimes actual aggressiveness, and all around general “I’m better than you” attitude to back it up, and in some cases you seem proud of it (sound like anyone else in the family? All of us?). You wear “shoving others away” as some kind of badge of honor. You act as if everyone eventually hating you is always just because they can’t handle the fact that you’re better and they’ll all come around eventually or else you don’t need them in your lives. I’m sure you’re just the professor in that movie in your own way.

Just try to flip the tables for a minute. What if I was a Satanist? What if I was some Satan-worshipping, agenda-pushing, gay son of yours dating a guy of some other race. What if I always came to you preaching about Satan, gays, equality, and whatever stupid agenda I know you would care about that I decided was important to me all the time. Constantly judging you, pointing out your faults and flaws and calling you a racist, a sexist, and a homophobe all the time. Saying how great Satan is and telling you how you’re an idiot for not believing, and shutting down any and everything you ever have to say in regard to those topics ever. Would I still be your son? Would you still keep me around? Oh, you don’t want to hear it?

All I’ve done is spent my life having a mirror pointed at me constantly, starting with you, then the rest of the family, then everyone else around me (see, I’m victimizing myself). All I do is point the mirror at myself (self-esteem issues?) and I always tried to not care and that just caused more people to point. When have you really looked in yours? I mean really.

I once got dad really far into a corner (figuratively) trying to get him to open up for once (I think I was just angry and yelling insults), but instead he only hardened his heart further and built more walls. I know the argument was about tons of shit, and it was really just my pathetic attempts to scream all of this out, but I summed it up with my own judgments on that abortion thing cause it's all I knew how to do and it was the worst thing I knew about that I could judge him on. Just throwing insults and hate. I learned it starting with you. He simply did the clenched fist thing some more and got angry and said God will judge him for it and that's his problem or something. He didn't hear me at all and didn't give a shit. I don't really give a shit about that. I wanted my dad to actually fucking talk for once and stop being so damn defensive all the time while requiring that nobody else be defensive so that he may judge us whilst he remain unjudged for anything. He doesn't have to answer to anyone else. Remember, it's his roof.

I was looking for what I'm screaming about in this entire letter. Something I can't put my finger on. Something I can't describe. Something that needed to be talked out and worked through with years of talking, frustration, possible therapy, and more. Some kind of love that this family doesn't have. Some kind of life we pretend to have for the sake of image. Something that isn't real for us and won't be real with a simple band-aid on the flesh-ripping wounds that have been torn at for decades.

Apathy appears to be my spirituality anymore.

CONCLUSION [IMPOSSIBLE, FOR ME AT LEAST]

Some things about this hurt more now. Sure. But they hurt more in new areas whereas other areas hurt a lot less now. I'm happier now knowing that I am done (more done than I could say before at least, whatever done could be for me) and you won't even understand it. You'll convince yourself with some dumb excuse that all of this is a result of some stupid petty faults you think I have, you'll probably compare me to your other damn children at some point again as you do, and then brush it off waiting for me to come around. Well, at least you'll compare me to the children you didn't abort. Which if you can't handle me saying that again and again then grow the fuck up. I'm not even sure I remember how I found that out. You hide everything so well. My brother didn't know about it. There's so much in this family we all find out about and say wow, I didn't realize that shit happened. All you do is throw criticisms out there and embarrass people or shun them based off of pathetic judgments but man oh man do you shy from any lofted towards yourselves. Clench your fists again.

But I have always been an asshole in my own opinions and stood against others telling me off, I've simply gotten better at saying, you know what, yes, everyone else always points the finger at me about everything and calls me out, and then they themselves turn around and do the very things they judge me for. I am who I am. I'll never change. I've had some reminders of this lately where people who don't even matter tell me they're tired of my shit and I need to consider others feelings more and put my thoughts away.

I don't understand this because it truly is usually in relation to others who throw their thoughts around for others to hear and then complain when any dissenting opinions come along. Yeah, screw you all. My invalid opinions are just as invalid as yours. You should realize you opening your mouth is no better than me opening mine, I'm just tired of always being told to shut it. Always being judged. I'm tired of the opinionated and judgmental household I grew up in where my dad was the worst offender. Nobody

matters other than him and his views, everyone else is an idiot. I'm just damn tired of being written off, so I have learned to start writing off people who truly don't matter.

Worse, maybe you'll contact me trying to talk this out half-assed and get defensive about cherry-picked issues you decide to acknowledge, or you'll write me a rebuttal clearly showing you haven't learned or read it all. I don't want it. I don't want to hear it. This is not fixable. I'm not fixable. I've read a therapy quote saying that therapy doesn't "fix" people because they AREN'T broken. I'm trying to tell myself that. I try to keep my chin up. I clearly have depressions that keep myself down.

Full of broken thoughts I cannot repair.

You seem to hide your damn personal selves so freaking well that nobody can really lob any real faults or criticisms at you, thus making it easier for you to do so to them and point fingers and judge. I should know since I'm so good at it myself. One of those revelations getting the hell away from you was how less toxic things were in my life cause I was no longer around you. I cared less about all that on a daily basis. I realized that all you do is gripe and complain about people and talk shit about them behind their backs and complain when they do the same to you. All you do is give serious issues a half-assed glance and never truly address it. I always got tired of everyone talking shit about you behind your backs, especially siblings, the ones you love so much all of a sudden over there. Honestly, everyone in the family always kept so much from me that I wouldn't be surprised if this attitude towards you is worse than I think.

But my issue is over the years, my attitude towards you declining more and more into constant negativity and talking shit about you behind your backs, and I just can't keep it up the way everyone else can. I've tried to talk to you and it never worked. I have resorted to this because all this mounting shit is bottled up inside and I'm having a harder and harder time not hating you outright to everyone else without just saying it to your face. Since you refuse to let anyone say anything negative to your face and actually hear them out, that's why we're at this point. That's why I've tried to also ram in my own self-deprecating and embarrassing admissions about myself because I am trying not to care anymore.

Everyone, especially in the family, has always thought it so funny to point out my faults and failures and make them the butt of jokes for years and years. It's honestly interesting how much that seems to be all anyone ever remembers about me sitting around a table at lunch after church. Whatever. Maybe my Asperger's means I just notice it more. All I know is it hurts and it's unfair. As I've pointed out in this letter, I could point the finger sooooo much more at anyone else, but the problem is I probably don't even know half the sins you've all committed in your lives that you wish you could move on from and have nobody know.

That's why I've tried to accept myself. Not hide myself. Give some confessions. Because those friends that unconditionally care for me accept it all anyways because they see the real human under the pile of garbage. I'm a deviant. My mind is sexually fucked and I've accepted it as normal. I called my sister a bitch once and really meant it. I still feel bad about it. I'm a weird creative that I think creeps people out sometimes. My jokes are all wrong and inappropriate. I prefer to watch adult cartoons rather than the fad movie everyone else likes. I once had a manager at work say my enjoyment of The Simpsons explains a lot about me. God damn people are cruel.

I've never understood why I've always been taught what a scumbag I am. Didn't matter if it was my parents, my family, my school, my church, old "friends", or co-workers. Everyone sees all my rough edges and very few accept the good. So many though feel the need to point out every stupid little fault though. I guess for those of us with Asperger's it's so damn hard to not soak it all in. But since my life the past few years has involved less and less of my parents I have noticed that I am happier and I rub people wrong a lot less. There's some kind of formula there.

What's funny is what I haven't done if we point fingers at the family. I didn't knock girls up in high school. I didn't rape anyone. I didn't beat or abuse anyone. I didn't drink until well after I was 21. I haven't abused alcohol. I've never even been able to finish a pack of cigarettes. Never ever tried marijuana or any kind of drugs. No interest in any of those things. Never let video game obsessions ruin my life. Never aborted a child. Never got STD's. Never went to jail. Never been to prison. Or prison boot camp. Never any kind of listed offender. Never taught my daughter to hate her body to make myself feel better so I can slut around the town. Never allowed somebody to ever sexually or physically abuse me in my relationships. Never had kids with multiple partners. Never did so many negative things that were crammed into my head from years of "concerned" parents trying to ensure I don't fuck up.

Never done tons of shit that my family all hides and pretends doesn't occur, or if it didn't involve my parents then my parents would spend my entire teenage years talking shit about everyone in front of me all the time. You love it when you're better than someone. It makes you feel better about your own scumbag issues cause you refuse to acknowledge it all. I don't care anymore. I've done wrong and bad things. Anyone can judge me for lots of things. Good for them, they sure do. My family shouldn't though. They don't. You aren't my family anymore. Family is a whole new meaning for me now. I am taking it back and changing it for only those who unconditionally accept me as what I am. Those that genuinely listen to me. Those that cause me to genuinely care about them as well.

I'm only just now realizing that this is all intertwined with why I know nothing about my own damn family. I was sheltered from everyone and everything cause it's easier to manipulate and control my opinions that way. I can't criticize you as well or stop loving you so easily if I don't know everything that goes on in the family. Of course everyone can't hide everything forever, and the wee little bits of everyone's pathetic rough edges has slowly rubbed me wrong and I keep ticking off the check boxes of family members to remove from my life. I'm down to the hardest ones to remove cause I cared and loved them so much, so so much more than I think anyone else did, that's why it's been so hard to earn my way out.

It's why I stuck around as much as I could without even really asking for anything. Just wanted to be around you, wanted to be involved, took pride in not ditching you like I felt the others did at points. Because I'm not so stupid that I can't both love and forgive (or at least convince myself I was doing so), and thus I was always the one child of yours that defended your accomplishments in spite of the many faults. Of course I knew the faults were there, but I was shielded from what exactly these were. But all this forgiveness, I don't know anymore. I never got more judgments and hate towards me than when I was involved in religious schools and churches.

For all the forgiveness and openness that is thrown around in those environments, it's insane how much all the judgments from my high school years, my exes family, the churches I tried to be involved in, all of that judgment just scarred me and I cannot move on from it all. Words truly cut worse than a sword.

At least murdering someone leaves them dead. Leaves them able to move on in afterlife. With words we can cut so deep without killing that those who dwell like I do will die inside.

To top it off is those of us that cry out in pain and are mocked, shunned, treated as if we don't matter. Once again, I had a decent raising, I got nothing to complain about because somebody somewhere had it worse somehow. No, ANY parents is not better than no parents. No, involved parents are not better than parents who ignore you. They get involved too much in all the wrong ways. How do you explain when someone had such involved family and nothing to want for and yet still never felt so alone for so many years as a teenager.

The only way I will ever begin to heal in life is to have this all out there, make it real, make it public, and possibly by the time I am done boy will this be out there. I think I'm sending this to every corner of the world, as far from my heart as possible, and I'm hoping I can begin to heal somehow now. None will listen though. They see nothing truly wrong here other than I write too much. I talk too much. Good for you. Put it on the fucking tombstone.

*I GUESS WE ARE WHO WE ARE
MAYBE WE TOOK THIS TOO FAR
I WANT A NEW LIFE
I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE*

*I don't know how to be done.
I love my family.
That's why it hurts so much.
I have to just send this and quit.*

SONGS

Since music means so much to me and I can never contain all my anger and confusion in my own music, here are some songs that mean a lot. I know dad won't care. I know he won't listen to them. I know he won't read them, and truly hear them and try to understand. I don't care. Here it is anyways. Maybe I'll put them on a CD for you to make it real easy.

This song used to make me hate my dad so much and wonder why I have to cry at home so much. You should have just divorced so long ago. I can no longer listen to this.

Wonderful by Everclear

"Hey, ain't life wonderful? Wonderful,
wonderful, wonderful... Isn't it wonderful
now?"

I close my eyes when I get too sad
I think thoughts that I know are bad
Close my eyes and I count to ten
Hope it's over when I open them

I want the things that I had before
Like a Star Wars poster on my bedroom door
I wish I could count to ten
Make everything be wonderful again

Hope my mom and I hope my dad
Will figure out why they get so mad
Hear them scream, I hear them fight
They say bad words that make me wanna cry

Close my eyes when I go to bed
And I dream of angels who make me smile
I feel better when I hear them say
Everything will be wonderful someday

Promises mean everything when you're little
And the world's so big
I just don't understand how
You can smile with all those tears in your
eyes
Tell me everything is wonderful now

Please don't tell me everything is wonderful
now

I go to school and I run and play
I tell the kids that it's all okay
I laugh aloud so my friends won't know
When the bell rings I just don't wanna go
home

Go to my room and I close my eyes
I make believe that I have a new life
I don't believe you when you say
Everything will be wonderful someday

Promises mean everything when you're little
And the world is so big
I just don't understand how
You can smile with all those tears in your
eyes
When you tell me everything is wonderful
now

No
No, I don't wanna hear you tell me everything
is wonderful now

No
No, I don't wanna hear you tell me everything
is wonderful now

I don't wanna hear you say
That I will understand someday
No, no, no, no
I don't wanna hear you say
You both have grown in a different way
No, no, no, no

I don't wanna meet your friends
And I don't wanna start over again
I just want my life to be the same
Just like it used to be
Some days I hate everything
I hate everything
Everyone and everything
Please don't tell me everything is wonderful
now...

I don't wanna hear you tell me everything is
wonderful now

This song was my hatred for what I knew was coming as a teenager and not long after turning 18. I knew we would never talk again at some point and I'd have to move on and this song bottled all those emotions up into one space. I always wished I could have disarmed dad with a smile, but he was always armed with his own rage. I no longer listen to this either.

Disarm by The Smashing Pumpkins

Disarm you with a smile
And cut you like you want me to
Cut that little child
Inside of me and such a part of you
Ooh, the years burn

I used to be a little boy
So old in my shoes
And what I choose is my choice
What's a boy supposed to do?
The killer in me is the killer in you

...
I send this smile over to you

Disarm you with a smile
And leave you like they left me here
To wither in denial
The bitterness of one who's left alone

Ooh, the years burn
Ooh, the years burn, burn, burn

I used to be a little boy
So old in my shoes
And what I choose is my voice
What's a boy supposed to do?
The killer in me is the killer in you

...
I send this smile over to you

The killer in me is the killer in you
Send this smile over to you
The killer in me is the killer in you
Send this smile over to you
The killer in me is the killer in you
Send this smile over to you

Whereas the lyrics are not something relating to me directly, this song simply reminds me that I'm going to hate losing my mother cause I feel like dad was the real problem here. These are the parts that hurt the most and remind me that I have essentially lost and killed my mother in my heart and I'm going too far.

Headlights by Eminem

Mom, I know I let you down
And though you say the days are happy
Why is the power off, and I'm fucked up?
And, Mom, I know he's not around
But don't you place the blame on me
As you pour yourself another drink, yeah.

I guess we are who we are
Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on
Maybe we took this too far

I went in headfirst
Never thinking about who what I said hurt, in
what verse
My mom probably got it the worst
The brunt of it, but as stubborn as we are
Did I take it too far?

...
But regardless I don't hate you 'cause, Ma,
You're still beautiful to me, 'cause you're my
mom

...
Why we always at each other's throats?
Especially when dad, he fucked us both
We're in the same fucking boat, you'd think
that it'd make us close (nope)
Further away it drove us

...
I guess we are who we are
Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on
Maybe we took this too far

'Cause to this day we remain estranged and I
hate it though
'Cause you ain't even get to witness your
grand babies grow

...
So if I'm not dreaming, I hope you get this
message that I'll always love you from afar
'Cause you're my Ma

I guess we are who we are
Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on
Maybe we took this too far

I want a new life (start over)
One without a cause (clean slate)
So I'm coming home tonight (yeah)
Well, no matter what the cost
And if the plane goes down
Or if the crew can't wake me up
Well, just know that I'm alright
I was not afraid to die
Oh, even if there's songs to sing
Well, my children will carry me
Just know that I'm alright
I was not afraid to die
Because I put my faith in my little girls
So I never say, "Goodbye, cruel world."
Just know that I'm alright
I am not afraid to die

I guess we are who we are
Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on
Maybe we took this too far

I want a new life

This is my most recent one that exemplifies my mental struggles in life and why I don't understand everything. This personifies my inner death I feel I live too often. This is my song to say I Am Done. I feel dead. All our family feels dead around me.

Hurt by Johnny Cash

I hurt myself today
To see if I still feel
I focus on the pain
The only thing that's real
The needle tears a hole
The old familiar sting
Try to kill it all away
But I remember everything

What have I become
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away
In the end
And you could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

I wear this crown of thorns
Upon my liar's chair
Full of broken thoughts
I cannot repair
Beneath the stains of time
The feelings disappear
You are someone else
I am still right here

What have I become
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away
In the end
And you could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

If I could start again
A million miles away
I would keep myself
I would find a way

ADDENDUM / EPILOGUE / MOM'S LETTER

Interesting how you send this letter now, when my brother recently lets me know it sure sounded like you had no idea anything was wrong when he briefly spoke to you on the phone. Interesting you send it to my wife when in all reality she doesn't even matter in all of this. After her giving it to me because she's certainly not going to hide it from me like you probably would hide this huge letter from dad, the obvious first thought was, okay, mom's just trying to reason with my wife thinking maybe she's more level-headed and can get through to me to get the hell over myself. Guess I should be thankful you at least have some idea that something is wrong, though you clearly negate it in your letter.

Interesting you send this letter and say you've been trying to figure out how to say it without an argument. After thinking it through, it's more obvious to me now that you don't send this at all for me in any way. You truly do send it trying to reason with her hoping to what, defend yourself to her or something? You're probably thinking that I am sitting over here 2,700 miles away ignoring you, on a side note it's easy to ignore people who don't try to contact you hardly at all, but you probably think I'm just indoctrinating my family teaching them to hate you.

Your (very short) letter was my realization of that. I can't tell you how many years I spent putting up with you both as you just constantly talk shit about others (mainly my siblings) and how (you think) they just hate you and teach others to hate you. Yeah, I don't teach my kids to hate you, but I certainly am scared of allowing toxin such as yourselves into their lives. Are you worried about me teaching my wife to hate you or something? Eh, you did it yourselves. She's heard me do nothing but praise you both for years, and she's also heard all of my frustrations, anger, and misunderstandings of my family as well. I'm fairly convinced you are just concerned with protecting your image to her and assuming I'm a lost cause until I just come around. What, am I supposed to get over it all?

You said you did not want to get into round two of what happened the night before. A few comments. What DID happen the night before? Can you even tell me what was wrong? No? Because you don't care. Dad didn't want to get into it because he just runs from any problems. You both do. Dad runs, mom defends his sorry ass cause he doesn't know how to converse with anyone without balling up his fist. You proved to me what I said all throughout this letter about control with you both. Specifically the part:

"We had put a lot into spending time with all of you guys-our loved ones. Months of planning, miles of travel and cost. We expected everyone to just love the vacation and therefore us."

Did you now? You summed up my phone call last February to me being vicious. No. I was fucking frustrated at all of this shit in my head. I was frustrated at moving 2,700 miles away and finally having confirmation that I hated my family. That all this garbage was wrong. IT'S ALL WRONG and none of us are talking about it, opening up. Nope. Just planning vacations YOU want assuming everyone will love you for it. More of you both controlling everything with ZERO regard to anyone else's lives or feelings. None of it for me was about the vacation. It was about my entire life. Nothing went wrong that night on vacation for me. It went wrong for life and my family for me. That night was my nail in the

coffin for my family. My proof that I can't just idly sit by and DEAL with dad because of whatever fucking virtues he has.

I know his virtues. You made your entire last paragraph all about how fucking amazing he is. Great! I know! I have said for years more than anyone how amazing my father is for so many accomplishments and how much he cares. What's interesting to me though is you mention things like my graduations, both marriages, hospitals, emergencies, fixing cars, bailing out of messes. What you neglected to mention, because you don't see it, is how everything you mentioned comes at a price. It comes with a father who judges me constantly. Who never forgets things, who made a laughing stock out of so many pivotal moments in my life.

Sure, my ONE good birthday was my 16th. Dad managed to fucking ruin the 17th royally. You managed to make the 21st a joke. You wouldn't let me live down cutting my hand open. You never let any of the bad jobs go. I was an idiot for switching schools. I was ruining my life for getting married, getting divorced, meeting and being with my new wife, marrying her, having a kid, naming my second child wrong apparently (fuck you for that dad, you still managed to wedge it in nearly 9 months later at vacation). Fixing the cars is slapped in my face, everything I could possibly have ever done wrng with cars. Nothing is ever right. Nothing is ever okay. Remember you said I'm a computer whiz, you still managed to blame me constantly for any computer problems anywhere for years. You both are so insane and judgmental, you remember these sweet moments in my life like they were great things, sure dad, you came to that first college graduation, but it was already soured by the fact you had already lost faith I would ever graduate anyways. That's why you were surprised when you heard that I was graduating (even though I'd been talking about it forever).

This brought some realizations about my high school graduation the other night discussing this toxic letter you sent. At a glance, dad was kind of moving with what he did then on stage. For years I was so proud of having a dad do what he did for me. But let's really break it down. I was so moved and shocked by it because I had NEVER heard any of that shit out of his mouth. Why? Why did I finally hear it there? I know why now. Because it was public. Because he could walk right up on stage and interrupt EVERYTHING to say what he wanted to say, because HE had to be the center of attention, because he had to look better than everyone else. That's why he did it there only and never anywhere else. Years later he might tell me to my face once or twice he was proud of me after college graduations. By then I was numb. It was too little too late. It sure was fun to hear my classmates tell me how our high school graduation had been ruined by my dad. On that note dad, that's NOT something to always be proud of. People hating you doesn't always mean you must be doing something right or better.

So about all these wonderful things you have to constantly defend dad about. I could do it myself to you. I always have been proud of my father. But no longer, because after 28 years I am at this turning point where I AM TELLING YOU

The ends DO NOT justify the means

You refuse to hear it. You have always refused to hear and understand it. You think it's a simple dumb problem from your dumb kid. Nope, it's 28 years of Asperger's insanity balled up in a fireball of hatred and misunderstanding. You patronized me with your letter. You did more of the same ol' same ol' that you do. Oh, it's just me, your dumb unappreciative son. We gave him everything and he's an ungrateful

little shit. No, you refuse to see how hard I have tried to overlook everything for years. A back and forth tug o' war of my sanity versus your definition of "respect," which has always gone one direction in this family.

You probably still think that night was just a vacation blow-up from ungrateful kids. For my wife and I, we worked things out like adults and I tried to present temporary solutions for my brother to help us all just sleep through the night and move on. Don't act like I have never tried. My father let happen what always happens. Mom tried to play goalie for this child father of mine, until I forced him to speak up and he kicked us out. His vacation wasn't his definition of unconditional love towards him, so he refused to show any for me. None of the problems were caused by him, and the solutions presented weren't his. He acted like a child and ended it all.

That's when we get to where my family died for me. The next morning. You sent me a text message saying you were going home. That extreme response put so simply over text. The switch inside me was flipped all the way to numb. That is the moment my quest to tell you I am fucking done started. Luckily I put it on paper. I need this vitriol OUT and as FAR AWAY from me as possible. Perhaps you'll never understand either why I had to go this far. Perhaps you'll never understand how my view of that event is so much larger and fucked than you could ever give credence to. Perhaps you'll never understand how little I understand of everything. Perhaps all of it should be your awakening that you don't understand me, because you both have never made the conscious decision to know and understand me (or possibly all your children) as AN ADULT with unconditional love and lack of judgment.

Judge me all you want. Ignore this letter all you want. Disregard all of this all you want. Hide this letter from dad or summarize it to him incorrectly all you want. Your letter was just the final slap in the face to a figurative body that was already put in the grave last summer when you drove away. I'm too numb anymore. I am done.