



Ashly



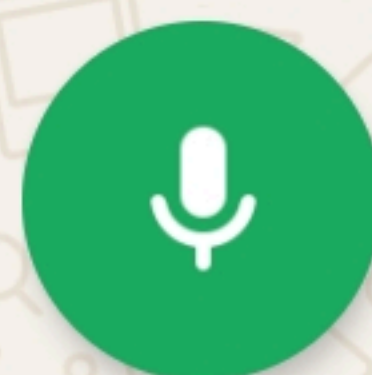
You have had many opportunities to do better; many moments where you could have chosen love, kindness, or accountability - but you didn't.

From my earliest memories, you were a source of pain, fear, and instability.

- At three years old, you hit me in the face — a formative moment that told me my father's hands were not for safety or care, but for violence.
- At five years old, I was urinating in trash cans because I was too terrified to go to the bathroom at night. That kind of fear does not come from nowhere; it comes from living in a home where danger feels ever-present.
- At seven years old, you picked me up by the throat and slammed me into a wall — a moment of such physical dominance and rage that it burned itself into my body memory - over doing something that I learned from you when you role modelled calling women bitches and black people the N word.
- At nine years old, you beat me for something as petty as eating the last ice cream and leaving a window



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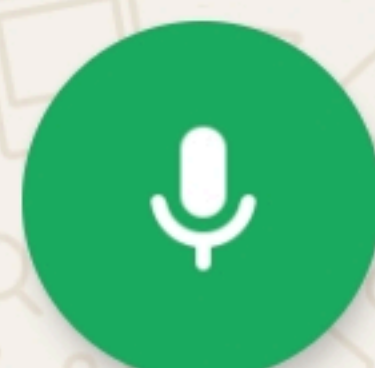
- At nine years old, you beat me for something as petty as eating the last ice cream and leaving a window open. The next three years were hell on earth in foster care, living in 7 different homes. Why, because you refused to acknowledge your own cruelty, rejected therapy, and would not address the goals from CPS. You even tried to pressure my mother into putting me up for adoption. Do you know that even today, I have issues around food, and insisting everyone “ask” first before eating something in the house.

Between the ages of four and nine, I have vivid, unshakable memories:

- Peeing all over myself in your truck because I was more afraid of asking you to take me to the toilet than of losing my dignity.
- Being pulled over your legs with my pants down as you pretended like you were going to spank me several times, only to stop and laugh at my humiliation as I flinched each time, before actually hitting me.
- Sitting in the truck reading a library book — my escape from you — and when I didn't laugh at your jokes



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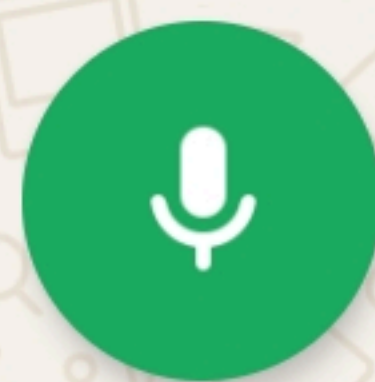




- Sitting in the truck reading a library book — my escape from you — and when I didn't laugh at your jokes or give you attention, you ripped it from my hands and threw it out the window. The rest of the day was ruined by my fear that I'd never be allowed to borrow from the library again.
- You pegged a cell phone at my head, slamming it into the door next to my ear, with the phone shattering into pieces you threw it so hard. Imagine if that would have hit me?
- You slammed the kitchen door so hard it busted off its hinges and hit my mother in the face, causing her skin to crack open and bleed.
- I remember my mother under your financial control, having no money, but at least when she had a little, she shared it with me.
- I remember my mother drinking heavily because she was drowning in pain and misery, with no way out — pain you directly caused. You prevented her from being the mother I desperately needed.



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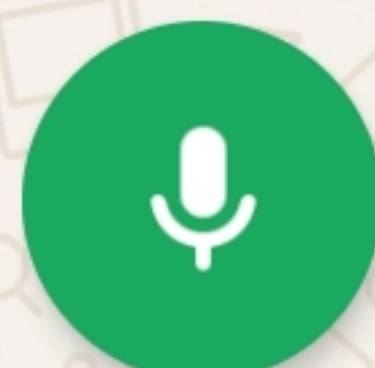
- I was raped in my own home because you allowed strangers to live one bedroom away from me.
- I remember my mother complaining of pain after sex, and all I could hear was you whining.
- You made sexualized comments about my girlfriends, making me deeply uncomfortable to ever bring them around you.
- I remember the pain of my first birthday in foster care, my first time, and each time, seeing my mom in that tiny room at Child Services.

When I came home at twelve, the abuse hadn't stopped — it had simply evolved.

- I remember you telling me "I might not be able to hit you now, but I can make your life a living hell."
- At fourteen, you demanded that I accept your infidelity and respect your decision to cheat on my mother. You tried to force me to meet your mistress. When I refused, you exploded — kicking a glass table



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mistress. When I refused, you exploded — kicking a glass table until it shattered around me, then slamming a hardback Bible into my head. The irony of using something symbolic of morality and love as a weapon was not lost on me.

- At eighteen, you told me that I was a whore. That was not love; it was cruelty...humiliation....degradation.

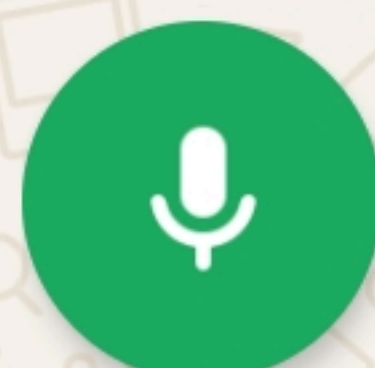
And at every opportunity, you would comment on my weight... right up until the very last time I saw you before I left for Australia

Even as an adult, you continued to prove that you were unwilling — or incapable — of being anything other than manipulative and abusive.

- When you nearly died, I visited you, hoping that perhaps you might finally see the value of reconciliation and change your ways after seeing your one and only granddaughter. But even then, you used the moment for control and narcissistic power plays.
- At twenty-five, when I confronted you about your abuse after you hurt your girlfriend and went to jail, you told me she deserved it. Then I asked



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told me she deserved it. Then I asked you if you really believed that... and whether you would ever take any accountability. When I asked you whose fault it was that you beat your own kid as a small child, you blamed me too.

And when I finally told you that you no longer had a place in my life, you didn't just let go — you retaliated. You attempted to ruin my business, discredit and ruin my reputation, calling me vile names and sharing our dirty laundry where potential clients could see it. And then you went on to JUSTIFY this by saying "If I would just let you" If I would just talk to you...if I would just let you see or talk to Zoe... and even now... you wouldn't be stalking me If I would JUST do what YOU want... Well, you have no power, no authority over me anymore and you don't get to have what you want JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT IT. You crossed the ultimate line: you threatened to kidnap my child because I was trying to protect her from you.

Your actions caused profound, long-lasting emotional and psychological harm. As a child, you took away my sense of safety and belonging. You made my home a place of fear. You taught me that love was conditional,



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