



Ashly



- 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



Message

