



Ashly



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



Message

