



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



Message

