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The feeling that I get when I think of what he did to me, it makes me sick to my stomach. I have literally thrown up over the thought. He took something from me that I will never get back. He took my security, my innocence. He made it so hard for me to trust others. What he did has changed my mind about so many things, and he has made me view the world in a different light, and not in a good way. He made it so I can't sleep well at night. I have nightmares about him, and him hurting me.

My trust for others has dwindled to a mere nothing, I can not fully trust anyone. Not even my best friends. I think that I know people, and then I think, oh wait, everyone has a side that I don't know about, and that is because of him. I can't go anywhere and feel safe anymore. I sleep with a gun.

Sometimes I cry myself to sleep at night, replaying what he did to me in my head wondering if he even feels an ounce of remorse for what he did to me. I wonder if he even knows or can come close to understanding how much he has hurt me, and what he has taken from me.

The pain I go through on a daily basis, how I try and bury the flash backs and ~~hoar~~ films others call memories that are in my head.

Horror

I feel empty, I feel like a piece of me is missing, and I will never get it back. He has done something to me that will never go away. He has given me a memory that I can never escape. Some days life is just too hard to get through, and it is because of him. When I think about what happened, I get so down, and I feel so alone, and helpless, I feel as if he has dug a hole that I can never escape no matter how hard I try.

My life has been crushed, and he is the reason why. Because of him, I don't trust, I have these memories that I will never be able to burn.

How could he ever do what he did to another person? He stripped me of my human rights; he killed me from the inside. Most people can't even touch me, cause I can't handle it. Living through life everyday has become a challenge because of him. He took my childhood, and he took my strength, and my power. There are some days where I feel hopeless, like I don't know if I can make it through another day, because the memories of what he did make my head a place that is unbearable to live. Sometimes I think it would be easier to die than to deal with what he did to me. I often wonder if I did something to deserve what he did to me, but some how, I don't think any human could do anything to deserve what he did to me.

He has caused me more pain than anyone else has in this world, and I have had a ton of hurt, and I hope that his head is just as much unbearable to live in as mine is. I hope that he can't sleep at night. I hope that he is just as dead as I am.

If I could ask ^{him} ~~he~~ one question, I would ask him why me. That is a question that I will be stuck with my entire life. ^