

My Step-mother put the idea of recording my drunk father with my tape deck. My Dad listened to that tape I made of him yelling at me. I watched my Dads heart break when he heard himself yelling and cursing at me. I ~~remember~~^{remember} the pain in his eyes as he realized he was power less and was passing the poison he had in his soul to me. Im still trying to escape his world of nightmares and fear. He also passed down the rage of being less than, to me.