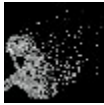


EXHIBIT 1



[Updated Apr 15](#)

[A Long Personal Letter To The Man Who Sexually Abused Me As A Child](#)

(Originally posted under a pseudonym)

To Bradley Earl Reger,



How have you been lately? It's been a while since we've spoken or seen each other. It was at your son's wedding ceremony if I remember correctly. Do you still spend an inordinate amount of time alone with children? I'm certain that you do because you're a horrid piece of shit who does not change his ways.

You are a disgusting and vile man. Everything about you is abhorrent and makes me sick. When I think of monsters, I see your face. When I have nightmares, you are the boogie man that I cannot ever get away from. Your loathsome face haunts my waking moments. You are the piece of my past that I will never be able to escape; no matter how much liquor I drown myself in in my feeble attempts to erase you. You are

human garbage, but unfortunately society will not dispose of you. You continue to be allowed to walk around with rest of us, free to prey on the weak and innocent.

I wonder, do you dream about me too? Does your decrepit tiny cock fill with blood as you imagine my prepubescent dick enveloped in your massive sausage fingers? Do you yearn wistfully for the days you could force me to sleep in a bed with you, while you wore nothing but your underwear? Does it thrill you to reminisce about a nervous young boy naked in a hotel room, yours for the taking? Do you ever jerk off to the mental spank bank that you built up of almost a decade of molesting me?

I wonder which version of me that you liked better? An eleven year old me with the body of a small child, or a sixteen year old me with a bit more cock for you to hold on to? I would guess the former, seeing as how when a boy reaches 18 you begin to shuffle him out of your life, his emotional and physical use being over to you. The older they get, the less it becomes child abuse and the more it becomes a gay sex act. You might be able to sleep easily at night being a pedophile, but god forbid that you were a faggot right?

Sometimes I think about just how many lives you must have ruined. How many young boys you've permanently damaged with your selfish acts of sexual self-gratification. It has to be at least 100 right? I wonder how many had it even worse than I did?

I've spoken to other victims of yours about the disgusting things that you did to them. Their stories seem to be pretty similar to mine for the most part. You, obese and towering over a terrified child a third of your size, your sweaty palms eagerly grasping a small set of hairless testicles in tent, or a cabin, or a private room, never taking no for an answer. Maybe ramming one or two of your fat fucking fingers up an asshole occasionally. All pretty par for the course for a getaway with Bradley. But who are the others I haven't talked to? Who were the ones that may have had it worse than me? To your credit, I never had to put your shriveled little dick in my mouth, or feel it slide up into my anal cavity, no matter how much you may have wanted that to happen. But was there anybody else who did? Did you ever take you your predatorial proclivities to the next level you disgusting fucking pervert?

Do you ever congratulate yourself for how long you've been able to get away with it? Because I have to admit, I'm a bit impressed. You're not exactly subtle about your enjoyment of spending time with children. Your cover is pretty clever though. Hiding behind the auspices of a man of both medicine and god. Living in a small town where the narrow minded conservative residents would rather turn a blind eye because of the utter indecency of it all. Treating victims in your "clinic" behind closed doors to engage in an all you can grope buffet. Travelling across the globe in a state of pederastic euphoria, using charity as the positive public image to cover up your shameful private actions.

I wonder how young you were when you thought it up? I wonder what other career paths you may have considered as an alternative before settling on this one as the optimal way to get away with your crimes? When was the first time you acted on your shameful fantasies and felt the excitement and sexual arousal that comes from gripping a scared little boys limp dick between your grimy digits? When was the last time that you committed this crime? Yesterday? The day before? Last week? Surely it has been no longer than a month. I doubt you could go that long. Maybe you have a molestation penciled in for later today. Maybe you have some small Ukrainian boy living in your house right now that you have free access to fondle every time he complains of a tummy ache. Jesus, that's really when you hit the jackpot isn't it you fat fuck? That day you thought up the clever little idea of importing your victims from overseas and then sending them back once you've had your fill. Disposing of them in favor of some new underage piece of ass that you can get your jollies off with. It's less messy that way I'm sure. Much less of chance of the

rumors spreading. Much less chance of any litigation. Much less chance of people caring. Much less chance of getting caught.

How the fuck have you not died yet? I had thought, or rather had hoped, that your morbid obesity would have led to a life ending heart attack or stroke by this point. But no matter how disgusting or unhealthy your lifestyle is, your fat-clogged arteries continue to pump blood to and from your black heart. The world is all the worse for it.

A few months ago somebody told me that they saw you in a store. They said you looked awful and sickly, that you were in a wheelchair and hooked up to an oxygen tank or some type of medical machine or some shit. Not being able to contain myself, I burst out laughing and immediately said, "I hope he has cancer". The other people in the room seemed fairly uncomfortable with my absolute giddiness at the thought of you suffering, but I could not give a fuck less. It was a while before I was able to wipe the shit-eating grin off of my face. The thought of you dying a slow and painful death actually brought a small sliver of happiness to my miserable fucking life. The thought of your blubber-ridden corpse buried beneath the dirt being skull-fucked by maggots almost literally brought tears of joy to my eyes. Because, you know, I really fucking hate you.

See, I am not a happy person. I am patently the polar opposite of that. I actually don't remember how many years it has been since I felt genuine joy without the aid of a massive amount of some sort of chemical substance being shoveled into my body. The often debilitating depression that I live with, which you are largely responsible for, prevents me from feeling anything but vast and neverending sense of emptiness. The gallons of booze eradicating my liver, the smoke that fills up my lungs, the powder that I suck into my nose, the pills that I choke down my throat, these things can bring about a small semblance of joy every once in a while. But it is fleeting and artificial, and even fucked up out of my mind I am aware of that fact. The only form of joy I have managed to work up without reliance on my crippling substance abuse in at least half a decade ironically came from you. The thought of you experiencing real physical suffering is what it took to wrestle out of me the feeling of mirth and elation that has been absent in my life for so long. Imagine my absolute and total disappointment when it turned out your death wasn't as eminently close as I could have hoped. Life's a bitch ain't it?

Maybe you could help a guy out though. I mean, you fucked up my life quite a bit. The least that you could do is catch a spot of cancer to raise my spirits a little again. Maybe you take a page from that hideous dead wife of yours and start sucking down cigarettes like they were pure oxygen. It might be hard for you to pick up a habit like that at your advanced age, but it might make it easier if you pretend each one is the supple little cock of ten year old that you can slobber on. I bet that could help you power through the initial unpleasantness of forming a new addiction.

Speaking of that dead cunt you used to be married to, I have a fun fucking story for you. On the night of her funeral, [REDACTED] really drunk, and I mean shit-housed. In her emotional state, she began to start asking questions that she had had for years, but had rightfully been too afraid to ask. See, being a [REDACTED] she knew how delicate this subject was to broach. After timidly dancing around the question she wanted to ask for a good while, it finally burst out of her, [REDACTED] "ever molest you?" She didn't really have to ask, she already knew the answer. She had known the answer to this question for a very long time. She just needed to hear the words out loud, from someone who had suffered from your terror first hand. As I confirmed her deeply held fears, I tried to handle the situation with some semblance of delicateness. Not to protect her piece of [REDACTED] or her feelings about him, but because [REDACTED] It was a difficult night for her. She was having none of my pussy-footing around though. Her questions at one point became much more blunt as

she became much more horrified and drunk. [REDACTED] ever put his penis in your mouth?" [REDACTED] ever fuck you?" At this point she was no longer crying [REDACTED] She was crying because of the horror and disgust she felt towards the heinous [REDACTED] ad habitually committed throughout his life.

Do you want to know the most fucked up part about this incredibly strange ordeal Brad? She did not believe me when I honestly answered these more pressing questions. She was so thoroughly convinced of your many monstrosities, that she did not accept that your diminutive penis had never entered my mouth or asshole. She honestly thought that I was just trying to protect her feelings at first. Then she became convinced that I was just repressing memories of it. This repetitive line of questioning continued well into the night. And honestly, I'm not sure that I ever really convinced her that you had never mouth-raped or sodomized me. Just go ahead and sit on that thought for a moment fuckhead [REDACTED] [REDACTED] after having her suspicions about her pedophile father confirmed, could not accept that you were not an even worse piece of shit than you actually are. She was so thoroughly convinced of your heinousness, that after hearing the honest truth straight from the victim's mouth, she could still not help but think that you were an even bigger cocksucker than I had confirmed to her that you were. Although I couldn't speak for all of the countless other children that had suffered at your touch. She was absolutely mortified and even apologized [REDACTED] I guess she got over it quick enough though. Eventually just silently falling in step with the horde of complicit sycophants that willingly turn a blind eye to your crimes. Luckily you have enough money to buy just about anyone's love and keep their fucking mouths shut.

And since the previous couple of paragraphs are detailing the events of the night of Sherri's funeral, I just wanted to speak on her a moment more before moving on. That was a night that also brought me a fair bit joy. The death of that intolerable cow did bring me a copious amount of laughter. She was absolutely horrid to be around, and also contributed a fair amount of misery to my childhood. I'm sure she knew exactly what you were up to and clearly had no problem that you spent more time with little boys than with her in the last few years of her life. I truly did despise that miserable woman, as did the majority of people who came into contact with her. I'm sure that the knowledge of the pedophilia her husband was partaking in made her mental situation much worse, and made it hard to live under the same roof. But no matter how much you directly contributed to her declining health, I still don't forgive that horrid witch for her complacency in your crimes. She was after all the one who benefited the most from you purchasing her silence. This diversion to trash-talk your deceased spouse has not been included simply for spite. I'm just trying to be as honest as possible in this long-winded diatribe. The sadist you helped meld me into feels that this was pertinent information for you to know.

What made you into a pedophile I wonder? Was it just in your genes? Was it just an unfortunate chemical imbalance in your brain that also infects so many other people? Were you also molested at a young age? I've long suspected that the latter is true, even though if it were true it would help to humanize you ever so slightly. Was it somebody who was close to you? A teacher? A preacher? A doctor? An uncle? Your father, the brigadier general? I've always thought that there was some sort of abuse from him towards you. Perhaps not though. Perhaps nobody raped you as a youngster. Maybe you just discovered the pleasures of fondling little boy scrotums of your own volition.

Did you ever do it to your own kids I wonder? You ever get a good handful of Jonathan junk to whet your disgusting appetite Brad? A little filial fondling when no one else was around? What about the next generation, the grandkids? At this point your grandson is probably the same age that I was when you began to greedily grope my cock and balls at every opportunity that you got. You ever get tempted by him Brad? A little grandson grabbing to get your dusty old rocks off? Not as far as I can tell. You've

probably thought about it though. Actually going through with it may be a bridge too far even for you. Incestual child abuse may run in your dead wife's side of the family, but at this point I have no evidence that it runs in yours.

I know that you do not for a second regret anything that you've done. In fact, you are so proficient at lying to yourself that I doubt you've ever seriously assessed your actions as being immoral in any way. The self-serving mental gymnastics that you excel at rarely, if ever, allow you to even consider anything that you've ever done as being wrong. After all, you've got life all figured out. You've discovered the absolute perfect way a life should be lived and will hear no words to the contrary. The way that things work in your world are exactly as they should be, and fuck anybody else who thinks differently than you. You fat, arrogant, cocksucker. The way that you look down on and disdain other humans with your self-righteous air of superiority makes me nauseous. The way that you can cockily carry yourself around with your head held high astounds me. Even as a child the way that you treated other people absolutely infuriated me. In your eyes, everyone is lesser than you. Less intelligent, less funny, less clever, less successful, less right, and absolutely living their lives incorrectly.

I used to tell people who asked me about you that you were not a human being, that you were not somebody who lived in the same world as the rest of us. It is not enough that the person that you have formed yourself into, and the worldview that you have built for yourself, are so incredibly different from that of any other person; but even more maddeningly you have become incapable of conceptualizing another worldview or way of existing. And because of this you condescend to and scoff at every other person's worldview or way of existing. An honestly, how could the rest of us be so stupid so as to not see things exactly the way that you do Brad? How is it that us pions that live amongst you happen to be so goddamn ignorant even after we have seen the light of your wisdom? You magnanimous and infallible piece of perfection you. How horrible must your life be to spend it trapped with the inferiority of all of us other ignorant dumbasses? Christ almighty your life must truly be a fucking mental chore.

Oh and speaking of Christ, that's another fun topic that I feel like must be addressed when dealing with the subject of what an utter fucking cunt you are. How somebody as intelligent as you can believe in a myth as real as Zeus, Santa Claus, the Loch Ness Monster, young Earth, or trickle-down economics, completely astounds me. The fact that you cling to this particular bit of ignorance is a very interesting thing to me. What the fuck would you be without that stupid fucking god that you cherish so vehemently? I mean, by the time that I was five I was able to almost completely eradicate belief in a god. What the shit happened to you? How the hell are you still able to believe in an omnipotent sky-deity? It's because you need it. You are nothing without it. It forms the crux of your public identity. It helps to form a shield between your despicable private actions and the public perception of you.

If a 350+ pound, bearded old man in a white van with tinted windows, who bought candy and junk food for a posse of little boys was anything but a Christian, people would become suspicious. But hidden behind the auspices of a faith in the Protestant god, that same man gets to fondle his merry old way into an eternity in paradise with not much more than a raised eyebrow. Without god as your scapegoat, you would probably only get the succulent, underage dick that you crave in your "clinic". But with god on your side, anything is possible; including neverending fun-filled, unsupervised, international, child grope-fests. It would be a helluva lot harder to prance around in nothing but your skin tight white underwear in a cabin full of 12 year olds if you were simply a medical practitioner. But as a righteous man directing children towards the path of the lord, you have a level of plausible deniability. If you just stripped down in a medical environment, it would be much harder for you to get away with. But because of a collective faith in a 5,000 year old man-made myth, you have a support structure around you that allows you to find yourself in all sorts of sensual scenarios with young boys. You are after all, an elder in the church, and

when has somebody in that position ever abused the power that they have over the children of the congregation?

Without your fake god, you may have never gotten the chance to flop out your miniscule member in a public shower filled with naked little boys. That's not something a man of medicine gets a whole lot of chances to do. But a man of god? He gets to call it a necessity of a youth group road trip. Looking back at all the times you forced your gross little dick into mine and many others fields of vision, I only have one question. How'd you manage to never pop a boner? Was it a simple matter of impotence? Or was it a case of remarkable self-control? I mean, for you, that's the kind of stuff that erections are made of. You fully nude, wet, steam filling up the tiled room, a dozen or more boys under the age of 16 who are also naked, lathering themselves up with soap, making jokes and giggling about the act of being naked in a public place..... How you managed to not spontaneously ejaculate on the the spot actually impresses me quite a bit. It must have been quite hard for you.

Without your false messiah, it would have been hard for you to justify shaming young teenagers about the immorality of their masturbation and porn habits. It would have been hard to justify your deeply and highly inappropriate, as well as personally invasive, conversations with children about their sexuality, and the restrictions you wanted to shame them into in order to keep them pure for you. Medical practitioners have a hard time getting away with things like that. Accosting them in the middle of the day in a public setting and asking if they have masturbated recently is something only a religious counselor can get away with. It's not creepy as long as you can sin-shame a child right Brad? You disgusting old fuck. If you were just a medicine man, you might even feel some guilt about your highly inappropriate sexual conversations with children. But as a man of god, you get to spill your guts in an act of confession to an entity that only exists within the constructs of your own mind, and that guy can absolve you of any of your disgusting behaviors. It must be real fucking convenient to have a friend in Jesus.

Let's move on from your belief in fairytales. I hate myself. Believe it or not, I hate myself more than I even hate you. And that is kinda impressive. Because I really, really fucking hate you. That's not entirely your fault. I don't want to put ALL the blame on you. But to be sure, you are a major fucking contributor. A lot of my self-hate comes from my inability to do anything to prevent you from hurting more children. I have done literally nothing to stop you. Because I'm a pussy. Because I'm so dissociated with existence that I have not actually cared enough to stop your reign of terror. Because I, much like the entirety of your family, have become complicit in your crimes through my knowledge and inaction.

I care so little for my own self that I consider the things that I have suffered at your hands to not matter in the grand scheme of things, especially in comparison to people who have suffered much worse fates than I. This is an unhealthy way of thinking and I am aware of that. Fortunately, I don't care about me, so I continue to destroy myself mentally, emotionally, and physically. I knew what you did to me was wrong. I knew you had to be doing it to other people, to greatly varying degrees. I hated every second of it. It scared me. It confused me. Until it didn't. Until I figured out how to harness the power of your sexual attraction to children for my own benefit. That was at a young age. I distinctly remember the turning point when I realized I could manipulate you as much, if not more than, you manipulated me. Your weakness for adolescent boys became my advantageous position. I used you to get what I wanted. I manipulated you and lied to you in ways that you will never be able to comprehend. In ways that I'm disgusted that a young me even had the capacity to do. You were such an easy fucking target. Sexual and emotional attraction makes people weak and vulnerable. I learned that from watching you. I learned to be a completely depraved piece of shit through your attentive tutelage. I observed your behavioral patterns and emotional weaknesses and played them against your disturbing feelings for me like an intricate chess match. You knew I was intuitive, but you also overestimated your shitty poker face. You are a weak man,

and you show it often. I learned how to cheat, how to steal, how to lie, how to manipulate other people, all through methodical experimentation on you. I had those traits before I met you to be sure, I was a piece of shit before you came into my life. Your stupid god fucked me up mentally well before you barged into my life. But through you I was able to forge these passing proclivities into tempered personality traits that have dominated my life's trajectory for over a decade and a half. Your childlike emotional weaknesses and incapability to acknowledge your own faults proved to be fertile training grounds for an up and coming sociopathic nihilist. That's probably the most important thing that I learned from you. Self-deception. What a fantastic tool that has become in my hands. It may be the only thing that up to this point has prevented me from opening my own throat with a blunt instrument.

I hate myself for hiding your crimes. For allowing them to persist. For lying about them. I'm still haunted by the multiple times that a group of my peers asked me point blank, "Is Brad a child molester?" I see it in my mind often. A group of teenagers, recently done with a pickup match of soccer or some fuck, talking shit about you. It was a favorite conversation topic for those of us that ran naked in your circles. Multiple times our shit-talking sessions would lead to jokes about pedophilia. Then inevitably, the moment would come when somebody would ask me that question. And I would always take a breath, and lie straight to their timid looking little faces. I'm still haunted by the eerie silence that would befall the group each and every time that this subject was broached, as they nervously awaited my seemingly authoritative answer. See everybody knew that out of the people in our general age range, I was by far and away the closest to you, in every way. And on top of that I was often asked about deep matters in general because I thought about these things more than any of them. I'm still haunted by all of the times that I lied to them to make them feel better. Even as the images of me with hypothermia being molested in a tent, and images of me with chlorine poisoning in my eyes being molested in a Marriott hotel bathroom flashed before my eyes, I lied. They couldn't handle it the way that I could. A few were older than me but most were younger. They didn't need to carry this burden.

I'm still haunted by the slightly uneasy sighs of relief that would be collectively let out as they accepted my lies at face value. For basically every single one of them, the extent of your sex crimes was an annual or biannual scrotal exam while lying on a white sheet in your "clinic". Awkward and uncomfortable to be sure, but only made slightly more out of the ordinary because the other doctors they had received physicals from didn't also give them a hug afterwards while saying "I love you". But still easy enough to be accepted as eccentric behavior from a man who cared way too much. They didn't have my ala carte molestation experiences that could happen anywhere and anytime, with stupefying frequency. Hearing the confidently authoritative lies drip seamlessly out of my mouth was all that they needed to bring a measure of peace to their troubled consciences. That is, until the next time we would inevitably be making jokes about "Uncle Brad Touch", or in any other way be mocking your proclivities for touching our collective genitals. And then the conversation would play out the same way, and I would again reassure them that the physicals that they were receiving were not from a sexual pervert, but instead from an emotionally complicated man who was too attached to his childhood.

I hate myself for how easy I made it for you. I mean, my pre-existing medical conditions made me your idyllic target to begin with. But I didn't need to make it that fucking easy for you. You see, very early on I figured out that when I didn't feel good, and I let you know about it, you'd molest me. And then I figured out that every time you molested me, you felt much closer to me. And then I figured out that the closer you felt to me, the more I could get out of you. So I began faking and overexaggerating my medical ailments. As a result, you started sexually groping me with increasing frequency, and I received more of the things out of you that I wanted. I mean, I hated every second of your grubby fingers molesting my genitals, but I understood the trade-offs and the ways that I could personally benefit from your physical attraction to my undeveloped body. I knew that each time you greedily feasted your gaze on my naked

form and were satiated by the touch of my sex organs, we were brought that much closer together. It's a fucked up head space for a twelve year old to inhabit, but such are the realities of my life.

I hate myself because I've been acutely aware that you not only provide medical physicals for every under-18 year old boy that you can get your fat fucking hands on, but before and after me, their have been those that have gotten the level of special treatment that I received from you. I can only guess the ones that came before, I'm almost positive I know for a fact which ones they are, but I have gotten actual confirmation from the ones who came after. I have actually had conversations with the victims of your crimes that came after I stopped being your favorite sex doll. I knew who they were before they confirmed it to me, because I'm not a complete fucking idiot, and you are so goddamn predictable. I did nothing. I have done nothing. I knew that they were the ones being molested by you just by simple process of elimination and intimate knowledge of how your fucked up mind operates. But I did and have done absolutely goddamn fucking nothing to end your reign of terror. Even as I began to know these individuals more I still did nothing to address the fact that you were sexually exploiting them in the same exact fucking way you exploited me. I did fucking nothing. I relegated them to the same fate as me. The way that the ones who came before me let me be taken advantage of, I let them be taken advantage of. Through my inaction I have been complicit in the psychological and emotional damage that you continue to inflict on others. For that, I will always loathe myself on a core level. I'm not just being hard on myself. I am to this day letting you get away with this shit. I continue to do nothing.....

I sought out some of these others. I needed to confirm what I already knew. I needed to put verified checkmarks next to the names of the victims that I knew you had exploited. I needed to hear that I was right, [REDACTED] when she accosted me about your crimes. I needed to refuse myself the possible plausible deniability of maybe being wrong. Of course I fucking wasn't. You are so goddamned predictable. I know your fucking type. I know the vulnerabilities that you love to exploit. You never fucking change. I needed their stories and scars to be compiled with my own. Unlike you I don't have the luxury of just praying away the truth. And apparently drinking it away doesn't fucking work either. Unlike you I needed to face my own mistakes full on and take emotional responsibility for the lives that I have helped to ruin. I faced my mistakes. I hate myself much more for it. But I fucking did it Brad, you fuckmouthed coward.

So now on top of my own personal trauma, I have the added comfort of never being able to forget theirs. When I reflect on my life and get to see my own scared little faced being enveloped in your monstrous fucking shadow, I now also get to picture theirs. Their sullen and nervous faces, recounting the same abuse and trauma that I was a victim to, by the same piece of shit perpetrator. I continued, and still continue, to do absolutely fucking nothing.

I don't know why I chose this day of all days, or this year of all years, to accost you for your vile fucking behavior. I've fantasized about this for a very long goddamn time now. There is nothing special about today. I woke up, ate breakfast, cracked open my first beer, and began to write. No anger, no sadness, no vitriol, no real emotion at all, no special reason for it. Just an idea that randomly popped into my head. In no way premeditated. Just a complete stream of consciousness. I mean, you haunt my waking moments daily, but I have no special reason to write this today. Just a spark of an idea, and a man unattached from his real emotions surgically extracting talking points from his fucked up head. I have felt nothing during the writing of this. I have taken breaks to carry out various pressing errands in the middle of it, but have been able to jump right back in once those tasks were completed. Just my usual emotional emptiness. Just a task as easy to carry out as answering my emails or doing my banking. I actually thought that the composition of this overlong letter would drive me towards some sort of real emotion, like anger, or sadness, or vindication. I was wrong. I don't know what the fuck I expect to get out of this. I'm sure that I

will never have confirmation that you have even received, let alone read this. And you surely are too much of a coward to ever respond. Even if you did, I am unsure that it would do anything for me. The damage is already done. I'm basically just staving off boredom at this point. I may never even fucking send this to you.

I hate you more than I could possibly hate any other human on this earth, with the exception of myself of course. I hate you more than you have ever loved anything. But at this point, those words are just pure facts, not actual emotions or feelings. Fundamentally this changes absolutely goddamn nothing in my life. And it changes nothing in yours. I mean, you'll cry when and if you read this, you are a weak and pathetic man. But otherwise, nothing changes. You'll just continue to throw money at your problems and jerk off to memories of the days that Ronald Reagan was president. You'll keep reading your stupid fucking Bible, and groping children, and evading taxes, and loving yourself, and in general getting to keep living out the last of your days with no repercussions for your actions.

I guess you won at life you sick depraved child fucker. I'll continue to hate my own existence almost every second that I am alive. I'll continue to drink myself to death. I'll continue to periodically put a gun to my head or a knife to my throat, screaming at myself to have the balls to stop being a weak human being and just fucking end end it all. I'll still continue to have nightmares and flashbacks of being enveloped in your fat, heavily persperated embrace, as you desperately try to convince me that you love me after an hour long session of you accosting me for having the normal sexual urges of a teenager. You'll continue to be a child molesting, self-centered, glutton. I'll continue to be a broken shell of a once happy child. Such is life I guess.

Sometimes I wish that the stupid omniscient cunt in the sky that you worship was real. Because that would make hell real, and then you'd end up there. I mean so would I, but more importantly you would be there. But on the other hand, once you do the world a goddamned favor and cease to be a fat fucking waste of our collective global supply of oxygen, it's comforting in another way to know that you are wrong. Sure, in a perfect world I would love for you to get even a moment of realization that your god is a lie and that there is nothing after death. But I suppose it is just going to have to be enough for me to know that you are wrong, and that you have lived your entire life following a lie, that there is nothing after you die and that you will never experience the afterlife that you so desperately fucking desire. It is going to have to be enough for me to know that you are fucking pathetic and that you have devoted your whole worthless life to childish make-believe bullshit, and that there is no payoff for you. That the only thing that is waiting for you after death is fucking dirt. You'll never get to know it though, I'll just have to enjoy that absolute fact for you.

Fuck you forever. Die horribly, painfully, and alone, you monstrous, arrogant, fat fucking pedophile. I truly wish nothing but the worst for you. Get cancer soon! Your god does not exist! Hail Satan!

Signed,

You know who the fuck this is bitch. I moon the world.