

Email sent as a goodbye to him:

"I've realized a lot of things lately...

I'll keep this short—as short as possible—because the truth is, I don't want any explanations, and I don't plan on reading your email in response to this.

I talked to [Friend], and with all the time you've been gone, I've had time to think things through more clearly... The truth is, writing this is going to hurt, but it's going to hurt even more to be strong, like you asked me to be.

I'm going to start by saying that, first of all, I don't think you really understand the concept of "guilt"... I don't think you actually fully understand what it means to be guilty of something; you spend your time blaming yourself and playing the victim... how contradictory. Because one day you say, "It's my fault," and the next second you're saying things like, "My wife is like this, she feels this, she thinks that." I don't think that by making comments like that you actually understand what it means to be guilty of something, [Redacted]... It's hilarious, really, if I weren't so upset I'd be laughing, because one day you say one thing and then you go around telling me, "You do this, you dress like that, you act this way here, you say that there." And I mean.... [Redacted]... I don't know if you've realized it, but... you are... or were... the therapist... you're supposed to be here to fix that... and not just that... I don't know if you're aware of why women might dress sensually, but if you have any common sense, the vast majority of women who dress to appear sexually attractive do so for a serious reason, [Redacted]... That being the case... why do you think I dress to look sexually attractive? Why do you think I act like a slut? Just think about it... you really don't have to think too hard to figure out why I do those things, [Redacted]... and you know... this makes me feel invalidated... because not only does it show me that you have an idea of what a "perfect victim" should look like, but you also have the idea that I'm not the kind of victim they show on TV... Do you get me? Do you realize that the reason I act sexually is because I don't know any other way to experience love? Or maybe because sex is all I am and all I'll ever be? And the same goes for a lot of other women who sexualize themselves, [Redacted]... NO ONE would reduce themselves to a mere sex toy just because they like it—just think about it, really....

That said, I'll get back to the point that you don't really understand what it truly means to be guilty... You blame yourself with words and then punish others for YOUR ACTIONS... If you're blaming my clothes for what you did to me, you're blaming my trauma, and therefore my rapists, and therefore yourself in a vicious cycle, but you don't realize that you're looking at everything from the wrong angle... Maybe because you've never been sexualized, [Redacted]. You've never been treated as if you had only one purpose in life.... And that brings me to my second point: you're really exaggerating things.... Something bad happens to you and then you go around saying, "I feel dead."... Please.

You want to know who REALLY feels dead?... You feel dead, but do you want me to show you who really feels dead? After being groomed by seven different people between the ages of 8 and 16, after being abandoned by six others, after being raped four times in my life, after suffering two more sexual assaults if we count yours, having suffered physical abuse at the hands of my mom and dad, falling into the addiction of self-harm—which is possibly the worst addiction one can have because of how it's treated socially—being blamed and punished for doing the right thing, being silenced for speaking up, having no prospects for

the future, not knowing what will happen in a few hours, being sexually harassed by my mom's husband, who wants to rape me and would have done so if he could, having no chance of getting better or even making friends, meeting new people, or even socializing or getting along with other human beings. ... do you want to know who feels REALLY dead? Please, let's not equate our pain.... [Redacted], there are days when I don't even say hello to another human being, there are days when I don't even look another human being in the face in real life, not even a "hello"..... please. You have a wife and daughters, a secure future, your word is respected and your voice is strong just because you're a man, you have a good job, you're well-paid, you're in good health, you have a PhD, THE FUTURE IN YOUR HANDS, GIVEN TO YOU ON A SILVER PLATTER, AND WITHOUT PUNISHMENT EVEN THOUGH YOU RAPED ME..... PLEASE don't come telling me you feel dead—you don't have the slightest idea what it's really like to feel dead.... You want to know who feels dead? The person who was punished for speaking out about how you raped her, the person who knows none of this would be happening if she had said yes to you, the person who was left without therapy, without friends, without family, without a reason to wake up every morning because of the things YOU DID....but of course... [Redacted], you feel dead... but listen to me for a second... if you feel dead, I must be rotten to the very marrow of my bones, honestly... You know who really feels dead? Your wife, as "jealous" as she is, but look, [Redacted]... your wife isn't jealous, she's traumatized... and I'll tell you one thing, I'm a very jealous girl, probably the most jealous cat you'll ever meet in your whole life, [Redacted]. If you think your wife "is jealous," it's because you haven't met me.... and I can tell you, as the jealous kitten that I am, that jealousy always stems from fear and trauma.....and that's why... I'm coming back to my point... I don't think you're actually aware of what it means to be guilty of something... because if you really understood it, you wouldn't be telling me that "your wife is jealous"... no, [Redacted], your wife isn't jealous—she's afraid.... And I think you don't understand why your wife is actually afraid, or do you? ... Because if she felt safe with you and trusted you, none of this would have happened... But you don't understand the concept of "guilt"—you talk about it and say it so much, but it doesn't get to the point where you actually believe it yourself. And the truth is, you say you want to do things right, but I've realized something else... this isn't the first time you've been kicked out of the house...

That got me thinking... that this isn't the first time your wife has made you choose between her and the other woman... and I imagine that in those other situations, you chose the other woman over your daughters... I wonder why, [Redacted]... It doesn't surprise me, and of course you'd choose your wife and daughters over someone you can't have sex with, right, [Redacted]?... but of course, you feel dead... you want to know who really feels dead, [Redacted]? Your wife, who lives in fear, and even more so your daughters, who must be fed up and tired of seeing the two of you have problems... I can't imagine—every time this happens, your daughters must be like, "It can't be... not again..."... because that's how I feel every time something bad happens to me; I empathize with them, [Redacted]... because I was a daughter in a marriage where my parents fought physically; as a daughter and as a person, I understand because I lived through it, [Redacted].... But of course, you feel dead... all of us must be being eaten by worms by now. If you feel dead, I have worms licking my bones clean right now.

And I'm sure these words are going to slide right off you like the soap you use to wash the hands you touched me with—the same hands you used to touch your wife and swear to her that you'd always be there. The same hands they put a ring on to try to stop them from

touching anyone else... and that makes me even angrier, you know? This is going to seem insignificant, but you don't know how bad I feel when I remember that you touched me even with the ring on... it's so fucking disgusting, [Redacted].... You didn't even bother to show your wife the slightest bit of respect or take off your ring before abusing me... you're disgusting..... and this brings me back to my point again... I don't think you really understand the concept of "guilt" because if you truly did, you would at least take off your ring before cheating on her... and I don't wonder why, honestly... someone like you can't feel real guilt... You just know how to play the victim... and the worst part is that you don't even show the slightest bit of compassion for any of us....

[Redacted], you come back to me and say, "If you do this and that, then we can be friends."... Excuse me??

I mean... excuse me, I don't get it... friendship is supposed to be unconditional, the love you give me is supposed to be "unconditional"... or not? Because if you really were, you wouldn't have to tell me that if I do something, you won't be with me anymore... and you know what's funny? I never did that to you... not even with extreme things... I never told you, "If you rape me, I won't love you anymore."... so for you to come and tell me "I can't" over something so trivial.... [Redacted], I didn't make you beg to rape me; the truth is, I let you do it until I felt safe enough to tell you no... please... Do you want to keep punishing the victims of your harm?... Do you want to keep punishing the people who suffer the consequences of the actions YOU commit? Who don't punish you?... You're privileged.... And not only that, it makes me even angrier that you didn't even... YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER to come say goodbye to me in person... imagine asking your wife for a divorce via text...Hello???? I mean, I can't be the only one who's completely outraged that you broke up with me via text.... [Redacted].... via text... oh my God... you couldn't even bring yourself to give me a proper goodbye... and it makes me even angrier that you want to get my mom involved in this... GOD. You don't have a single shred of empathy, humanity, dignity, or respect for me. You don't have even 0.0001% of respect for me, [Redacted].... I mean, I see all of this as a total lack of respect.... The truth is, ending a 3-year relationship via text is actually a way of disrespecting someone, [Redacted]... you're not human at all, honestly...But of course, you feel like you're dead.... [Redacted], you don't really know what that means...

And I'm sure you probably won't read all of this, but if you are reading it, I want you to know one thing: I may be really angry and devastated right now—whatever you want to call it, that's how I feel.... but time will pass, and I'll stop being upset, and you'll still be a thoughtless cheater... so I may be really hurt right now, but sadness and anger are always temporary; stupidity is eternal, and the crimes you've committed never fade... and look... one more thing... I've already reached the point where I'd always rather slit my wrist than beg someone who isn't even a human being worthy of my time... and by that I mean that if you want to come back, I'm not going to beg you anymore... unfortunately, [Redacted]... I'm still emotionally dependent, and that, sadly, isn't going to change. So if you insisted, I couldn't stop you from coming back no matter how much you wanted to, but one thing is certain: every time I feel the urge to beg you, I'm going to make sure to cut myself instead of doing that... because the truth is, I now realize how pathetic I looked begging you not to leave if you weren't going to change your mind anyway, no matter what I said... how stupid and pathetic that was on my part... and at least I'm 80% sure that I'm going to MAKE SURE that never, ever happens again.... So if you want to come back... I want to see you beg the way I did. You know why? Because it'll show me if you're actually capable of being even remotely human and feeling what I feel and how I felt. Let's turn the tables, because you have no idea how satisfying it would be for me to see you begging, throwing yourself on the floor, just so

I'll let you talk to me for two more hours, but I don't think you're going to stoop to the level I did... so since you won't, I guess this is goodbye, because you're not willing to prove to me that you're worthy of my space, my time, and my life in general... Thanks for opening my eyes, [Redacted]. Enjoy your privilege.

I probably still have more to say, to be honest... but at least for now, this is all my brain has managed to process so far... so I'll leave it here, until my brain processes more.

That's it, [Redacted], nothing more to say.

Kitty out!

- *my name* (with help from: *XO*)"