

Working title: "Dr Muscato is Abusive: A True Story of Domestic Violence, Police Corruption, and Child Abuse" with accompany album of original songs

- DrMuscatoIsAbusive.com site build. Open diary/blog
- Emails with lawyers, Internal Affairs report. Didn't have 51% "probable cause" despite taking pics of injuries, getting an X-ray, my testimony, the audio recordings

If you have never had the displeasure, the abject horror, the living nightmare of personal experience with someone with Narcissistic Personality Disorder, I envy you.

You get to learn about NPD by reading about it. Being anywhere in the orbit of a person with Narcissistic Personality Disorder (pwNPD) is exhausting, agonizing, and incredible.

I say incredible in the dictionary definition sense of the word: I mean that it defies belief. You find yourself asking questions like, "Is this the Twilight Zone?" and "There's no possible way this is real life, right?" and "I can't believe he would do what he just did. I just can't believe it."

The most important thing to understand about narcissists is that their public persona is a mask.

Masking is a coping strategy implemented by people attempting to conform to social expectations of "normal" speech and behaviors, when their natural inclination is to speak and behave in an antisocial manner.

People with autism, for example, can choose to mask their other coping mechanisms, in order not to attract unwanted attention to themselves. A lot of people with ADHD or autism practice a coping strategy called stimming. For example, a person with ADHD might repetitively bounce his leg while sitting in an office meeting, or bite at her nails while having an important conversation with a partner.

These stimming behaviors are relatively harmless, and they make it easier to listen and pay attention—for the person doing it. But, these behaviors can be distracting for others, or send the wrong social signals, and people with these conditions are aware of this. They can choose to refrain from stimming temporarily, for example while in a staff meeting or an important conversation, because not conforming to these standards of behavior can cause social problems for them. This is called masking.

Anyone who has worked in a retail or restaurant job is familiar with masking behavior. In the USA, there are particular expectations of customer-facing staff, and it is necessary to create a "customer service smile" for workers to conform to these expectations. For example, it is not uncommon for a server at a restaurant to have very different thoughts that she is not

expressing, in direct contrast to the words coming out of her mouth, when interacting with customers.

For example, if a customer is placing a complicated drink order during a busy dinner rush, the server might think to herself, "Great, a complicated drink is the last thing I need right now. I wish he would just order a beer!" But of course, a server can't say this to the customer, and so she uses her customer service smile to take the customer's complicated order with feigned enthusiasm.

She might then go over to the bartender and say, "Sorry dude, please don't hate me," when passing along the customer's order, in direct contrast to the enthusiasm expressed to the customer directly.

Masking is uncomfortable and unnatural for those who do it, but masking gets easier with practice. While a person with autism might mask by refraining from stimming for an hour while in a staff meeting, a person with Narcissistic Personality Disorder (pwNPD) masks almost all of the time, throughout his whole life. Their masking behavior becomes so dominant that it grows into an entire shell personality, in steep contrast to his true, core personality.

The Monster Behind the Mask

Most people who meet a pwNPD only ever get to see this masked, shell personality.

A pwNPD's mask personality, or shell, is a charismatic, charming, generous, funny, outgoing, compassionate, and moral person. Narcissists spend a great deal of their time and energy carefully crafting their ideal public persona: Someone successful in a capitalist sense, well-liked, admired, gregarious, and beautiful. Narcissists are extraordinarily vain, and often spend many hours of their days crafting their physical appearance to adhere to conventional ideas of beauty. Narcissists care deeply about their clothing, haircuts, and jewelry. A pwNPD is the type of person who wears a \$20,000 wrist watch or drives a flashy sports car. PwNPD are more likely to dye their hair when they begin to go gray, and obsess over their skin, clothing, or the cleanliness of their car.

PwNPD have an extraordinary ability to charm others. It is commonplace for a narcissistic abuser, once exposed, to cause those around him to be shocked by this news. Narcissists go out of their way, intentionally and in public view, to be generous and personable. A narcissist may give a lot of their money to charity, but the important part of this is not the generosity itself: it is the public credit. A pwNPD is likely to seek naming rights for a donation, for example. A narcissist would never, ever silently and anonymously give some cash to an unhoused person begging on the street, for example. (Or if they do, they will post about it conspicuously on social media). A narcissist is only generous when they get lavish public attention for being generous. It is all about crafting the image of a generous person: A pwNPD is never going to give away

money anonymously without anyone ever knowing about it, without bragging about doing so to everyone around them.

Narcissists are obsessed with how they appear to others. They are hypervigilant with regard to their reputation. PwNPD are excessively judgemental, and shallow.

Projection is another key feature of NPD, and naturally, pwNPD assume that others are constantly judging them, the same way they constantly judge others. Narcissists care a lot about things like name brands, flashy jewelry, expensive clothing and purses, and expensive haircuts. They spend an unreasonable amount of money and time on makeup and skincare and perfume, and they are prime targets for the marketing of cosmetic plastic surgery. If a narcissist needs an assistive device, for example a hearing aid, she will deny it for as long as possible, and then when forced into getting hearing aids by her family, she will select the most inconspicuous and tiniest model available, despite a shorter battery life and poorer acoustic performance. Vanity takes precedence over function for the narcissist.

PwNPD care inordinately about their associations with well-known entities. A narcissist who went to an Ivy League university, for example, will talk about it constantly. As another example, a pwNPD is likely to be the sort of person who is president of his neighborhood Home-Owners Association, or seek to sit on boards of well-known businesses or non-profit organizations. PwNPD are obsessed with credentials, and often seek formal education that permits them to append "PhD" or "MD" or other such postnomials to their names. A pwNPD who has a PhD or MD degree is more likely than a neurotypical person to insist that others refer to him as "Professor" or "Doctor" instead of his first name. A pwNPD typically mentions their alma mater or fraternal organization frequently.

Narcissists crave public praise and attention. They believe they are, and deserve to be, the center of attention, no matter what room they're in. They believe they are smarter, more beautiful, more successful, and more admirable than others, and more to the point, that they deserve success and, therefore, admiration.

If a narcissist starts a musical band, she will insist on being the lead singer, and claim songwriting credits, even if she only marginally contributed to the songwriting process. A narcissist would never be part of a backing band for someone else, for example. Narcissists crave the spotlight.

Narcissists seek out activities and career paths that give them a sense of power and earn them applause and frequent public gratitude. They are more likely to be musicians, actors, public speakers, police officers, salespeople, doctors in clinical practice, trial lawyers, and so on, versus a job such as working the line at a factory, washing dishes for a restaurant, or working at a call center. Narcissists believe such jobs are beneath them, and that they are better than people who work in those sorts of jobs.

Narcissists are obsessed with money. They tend to seek out high-paying roles and tend to be aggressive about making sure they are investing as much as possible, while still affording a lifestyle of overt capitalistic success. A narcissist is more likely to live in a large house with empty bedrooms and a circle drive, versus for example, a random apartment that might fit their actual needs better. Narcissists measure a person's value to society based on how much money they make, or how much money they have. It is fundamentally important to a narcissist that other people view them as having a lot of money and being successful in the capitalist sense.

Narcissists have an unearned sense of entitlement. They believe they deserve the best life has to offer, the best clothes, the most expensive meals and vacations, the flashiest cars and jewelry. They believe they are superior to other people and that they deserve special treatment.

Narcissists believe "the rules" do not apply to them, despite the fact that they enthusiastically apply "the rules" to other people, and care deeply about harsh punishment for breaking them. Narcissists are hypocrites.

Narcissists believe in "teaching you a lesson" instead of gentle parenting. They are much more likely than a neurotypical person to advocate for the death penalty, to call the police in situations where the police are not needed, and to advocate for harsher prison sentences. PwNPD believe harsher prison sentences are good and needed for a just society, even if they are fully aware of all the statistics unanimously suggesting that prisons traumatize inmates, and result in worse social outcomes, versus rehabilitative or transformative justice alternatives. They believe people who break the rules deserve extreme punishment.

It is important to understand that narcissists do not believe they should ever be punished, no matter what they do. Narcissists believe they are exceptional; they believe that laws should not apply to them.

Narcissists view every interpersonal engagement as a debate or competition. They frequently "play devil's advocate" even when this is not appropriate or not welcome. They inject their opinions on every topic, and believe that their opinion should carry weight and be adopted as the standard view, even if they have no knowledge or expertise in a given subject. A narcissist believes their seat is always at the head of the table, even if they are not the host. A narcissist believes every interpersonal encounter of substance has a winner and a loser. And they will do anything, no matter how shocking or inappropriate, in order to walk away from every engagement as "the winner."

Despite their lavish spending and visible charitable contributions, the core personality of a narcissist is shockingly stingy and cheap. For example, a narcissist is more likely to be a terrible restaurant tipper, versus a neurotypical person. They believe servers are beneath them and do not deserve their money. They are also more likely to complain to the manager when there is a perceived error in their order, to create a fuss over something small, and to expect that they should receive something for free when eating out. Narcissists only leave a big tip when other

people are watching and they will be admired or applauded for their generosity (narcissistic supply).

Narcissists care obsessively about the condition of their houses. They are likely to have perfectly manicured lawns, and tend to hire housekeepers and lawn crews to maintain their image as capitalistically successful and to conform to their ideal of what the perfect home looks like.

Narcissists do not have real friends. They care deeply about impressing people who visit their homes, and would never allow even a “close friend” to spend time in their home without obsessively cleaning it first. They are unable to form authentic, deep emotional attachments to other people.

A conversation with a narcissist will always circle back to topics of interest to the narcissist. Even if doing so is completely off-topic, out of context, or even inappropriate, a narcissist will tend to herd conversation toward their own accomplishments, their expensive vacations, their career achievements, their expensive hobbies such as art or car collections, or their investments and financial successes. They become extremely impatient, annoyed, bored, rude, and distracted if the conversation isn’t constantly about themselves.

Narcissists may seem somewhat incapable of “reading the room.” They never stop talking, even when they receive multiple hints that they are dominating conversation or being otherwise inappropriate. Conversing with a narcissist is exhausting. You may feel like you can never get a word in edgewise, or that you didn’t even get a chance to discuss the topic you brought to the table.

Most people never get to experience the core personality of the narcissist, unmasked. Narcissists choose a select person or small group of people to be their victims, to whom they expose their core personality. Usually, this is their immediate family, or a partner, or their adult children, or stepchildren.

The transformation from masked shell personality to unmasked core personality is positively staggering. The narcissist, at one moment warm, compassionate, outgoing, and funny, in an instant, becomes passive aggressive, sarcastic, sadistic, spiteful, callous, and mean. It is as though the director called “Cut,” and the narcissist stops acting in their public persona role. The narcissist gets a noteworthy, wicked look in their eye, known as the “narcissistic smirk,” when they are inflicting maximum punishment.

This transformation to core personality is terrifying. The narcissist, in one moment, becomes violent, demanding, aggressive, and nasty. The narcissist might grab your arm, raise his voice, throw or break personal property, call you names, or worse. This transformation happens so fast that you hardly have a chance to catch your breath. It is as though the narcissist has been storing up all this anger and waited until the exact moment that no one else is watching, to explode viciously at you privately.

The narcissist has 100% conscious control over the timing and intensity of their violent explosions. They can turn it on and off volitionally and at will, like a lightswitch, for example if someone else walks into the room, or the telephone rings.

You might wonder to yourself, if the narcissist has such complete control over the timing of their explosive anger, why don't they just put the mask back on and be reasonable with you? They clearly can decide to stop screaming and being aggressive and violent and demanding, at any moment.

It is important to remember that the shell personality does not really exist. When the victim of narcissistic abuse says to herself, "I wish I had the kind, loving, compassionate Dr. Joe I used to know, back," what she means is that she wants to engage with Dr Joe's shell personality, not his true, core personality.

It is necessary to keep in mind that the shell personality is a fabrication. The person you "miss" does not actually exist and never did. The narcissist created this charismatic mask in order to charm you, to deceive you and draw you in. All that is truly underneath is the core person, the real narcissist under the mask. The core personality of a pwNPD is selfish, sarcastic, angry, combative, controlling, unreasonable, abusive, manipulative, vindictive, bitter, merciless, cruel, bloodthirsty, demanding, and violent. This is the true nature of the narcissist, the monster under the mask.

People who have only met the shell personality often find it difficult or impossible to believe that the pwNPD could ever act in such a cruel, vicious manner. Even when faced with hard proof: video recordings, audio recordings, screen shots - friends and colleagues of the narcissist will at first reject these, and suggest that there must be some misunderstanding, some kind of explanation or justification for the narcissist's behavior.

It is important to remember that narcissists are just as skilled at grooming allies, as they are at grooming victims.

The public persona of the narcissist, the shell personality, is carefully crafted to shield and compensate - even overcompensate - for the deficiencies of the narcissist's core personality. A narcissist who is well-known for being generous with animals, perhaps making a large and public donation to a humane society, is MORE likely to be abusive to their own pets. A narcissist who seeks public praise for inviting a stranger to join their Thanksgiving dinner, is MORE likely to refuse entry to the same dinner, to their own, disowned, scapegoated child, for example. Narcissists are acutely aware of their immoral and cruel behavior behind closed doors, and go above and beyond in visible and public ways to conceal their core nature.

A key feature of people with Narcissistic Personality Disorder is that they have no internal sense of morality in the way a neurotypical person does. Narcissists refuse to experience guilt. They never learned to process this feeling as children. They make excuses or justifications for their

behavior when caught, and go to great lengths to hide their behavior from the public. They lie constantly. Not only exaggeration and bragging of their accomplishments, but they lie constantly to cover up their cruel and vicious behavior toward their victims. They are delusional.

Narcissists understand what is socially acceptable and understood by their peers to be moral acts versus immoral acts. They know what actions to take and what words to say in order to mimic what a neurotypical person, who has an internal sense of morality, would do in a given situation. Narcissists are excellent actors; they frequently play the part as though they do have a moral center. Narcissists do things that defy belief. When you share your stories with people who have never had personal experience with a narcissist, they may find it so egregious as to be difficult to believe that you're telling the story accurately.

I have kept a detailed diary for the last 30 years. I've been preparing to write this book for a long time. I have 100+ hours of audio recordings to verify exact details of personal fights and broken promises. On occasion I will copy & paste whole diary entries into this text. For the rest, I am referring to my diary entries to ensure I'm retelling the events as accurately as possible. It is not my desire or intent to defame or attack anyone. I am telling the story of decades of child abuse, as I lived it. This is my experience with two parents who both have Narcissistic Personality Disorder, from my point of view.

“You own everything that happened to you. Tell your stories. If people wanted you to write warmly about them, they should have behaved better.”

- Anne Lamott

Pro tip: If you find yourself collecting screen shots, audio or video recordings, etc in order to “prove” to yourself that a person in your life said or did something, you are dealing with a dangerous person, and you should distance yourself as quickly and completely as possible.

Narcissists do not get better. There is no medication or mode of therapy that works on narcissists. In fact, narcissists get worse as they get older, as their net worth increases, as their social connections grow, and as they learn how to manipulate people more skillfully, and as they learn just how far they can go and get away with it.

Narcissists do not seek therapy. They maintain that there is nothing wrong with them, that they do not need help, that a therapist has nothing to offer them. Therapy only works for people who seek it out with an open heart and open mind, with a willingness to grow and change.

Narcissists believe they are always right, and they have no desire or capacity to grow or change.

Occasionally, narcissists are forced into therapy, for example if they receive an ultimatum for marriage counseling, or if they are court-ordered to therapy because of substance abuse.

But even in these rare situations, narcissists do not get better. They lie to their therapists, they play the victim, they twist the story, they fabricate narratives that make them both the hero and the victim. A narcissist who is forced into therapy is even MORE dangerous once they learn how to manipulate their therapist into validating their victimhood mentality. In the case of marriage counseling or family therapy, while YOU are opening up and being vulnerable, the narcissist is collecting information about your pain points, so that he can torture you even more viciously later.

Do not ever reveal personal information to a narcissist. Do not ever allow a narcissist to find out the best ways to hurt you.

They will use any information they can find against you to hurt you. The more you tell them, the more ammunition they have for torturing you later. Remember narcissists DO NOT get better. The shell personality only becomes more manipulative as the narcissist becomes more skilled with time.

I am a disabled trans woman. I'm 39 years old. My name is Danielle Muscato, and both of my parents are retired cancer doctors. Both of my parents have Narcissistic Personality Disorder.

I am not an expert in NPD. I'm a social justice activist, a writer, a musician, a public speaker, and I suffer from debilitating chronic pain. Why should you listen to what I have to say about child abuse, NPD, and police corruption?

It's a fair question. I can only offer my perspective as someone who has become a self-taught expert on NPD, more or less by necessity and not because I wanted to.

Narcissists do not get better, but there is one silver lining: They are incredibly predictable.

Narcissists follow specific patterns of behavior, key features of their disorder. Once you learn to recognize the signs, you will start realizing that you most likely already know someone with NPD. The disorder is much more prevalent than most people know.

Narcissism exists on a spectrum. Everyone has struggles with ego at some point in their lives. Many people spend many hours of their lives weighing moral decisions. There is an entire subfield of philosophy, ethics, dedicated to contemplating competing concepts of what actions and ways of living are good or bad.

On the one end of the spectrum are monks who spend their entire lives meditating on the concept of compassion. Jains, for example, believe life is so sacred that they not only adhere to a vegan diet and lifestyle, but wear veils over their faces, so they do not accidentally swallow an insect. On the other end of the spectrum, we have people who lack a conscience and, sadistically, actively cause harm to others for entertainment.

People with Narcissistic Personality Disorder fall on this latter end of the spectrum. They never learned to process guilt as young children, and so they stuff away feelings suggesting to themselves that they are acting immorally. Narcissists are not psychopaths. They do have a conscience and they do understand that their actions are hurting other people. What narcissists lack is empathy: the ability to share the feelings of another person. Narcissists are not ignorant about empathy. They have an understanding of what is called cognitive empathy: they understand the dictionary definition of empathy, and they understand how a neurotypical person would behave in a given situation, if they did have empathy. The narcissist then mimics this behavior in social situations to appear empathetic. But keep in mind, this is just a part of the shell personality. It is fabricated and under the mask, the narcissist lacks empathy.

My father, Dr. Joe Muscato, is 74 years old as of this writing. My father has the most common type of NPD, called grandiose subtype. While all narcissists have an unearned sense of entitlement, and believe they are superior to others, pwNPD grandiose-subtype focus on this feature. PwNPD grandiose-subtype tend to be men. They tend to be rich, as they seek out career paths that pay well. They tend to be well-liked publicly, as they fabricate a public persona that is generous, compassionate, outgoing, and likable.

When the mask comes off, grandiose-subtype narcissists gaslight, become aggressive and demanding, physically violent, unreasonable, and raise their voice. When a narcissist is unable to control their victim with gaslighting and lying, they move on to aggression and yelling. When this fails, they again move on to physical violence. But they will never, ever admit they are wrong, or apologize for their behavior. They instead make excuses or absurd justifications, they are dismissive of the harm they cause when caught, and they play the victim.

The Worst Nightmare of the Narcissist:

Being Exposed

The only time I've ever seen my father cry was the week before Thanksgiving, two days before I had back surgery, in November of 2022. The incident had nothing to do with my upcoming surgery, though. My mother and father were fighting and screaming at each other at the top of their lungs, again.

My father is a cancer doctor, actually both of my parents are. My father is very rich, with a net worth of about \$8.7 million. He is the president of his neighborhood Home Owners Association, in his small town of Columbia, Missouri, if that tells you the kind of person he is. He went to an Ivy League school, he started his own medical practice, and it grew to 150 employees and 4 locations and he sold it to a national organization for multiple millions of dollars. Then he took that money and put it in the stock market, and made even more money. He's very involved in health politics and he's the president of several organizations related to healthcare policy. He regularly flies to Washington DC to lobby congressional representatives about Medicare and cancer treatment.

My father is publicly known as a great guy. He presents himself as loud, funny, outgoing, and sociable. His booming laugh can fill a whole restaurant.

My father didn't cry when the family favorite cat, Gray Gray, was put to sleep at age 17. He didn't cry when his mother died at age 105. He didn't cry when I called him in the middle of the night from jail, after I told him his daughter was wrongfully arrested in rural Tennessee and being sexually abused by corrections officers, in the summer of 2021.

No, the only time I've ever seen my father cry was the week before Thanksgiving in 2022. He planned to have company over for Thanksgiving dinner, and he became overwhelmed with how messy his house is. But he wasn't crying because of the mess itself. He was crying because of what the people he calls his friends would think about him, and how they would judge him, if they were to see his house like that.

My father said that he wanted to kill himself. I have never heard him say those words before. I immediately told him that we were going to the hospital, and that I would not take no for an answer. But he refused, he said that he's not really going to do anything, and he doesn't have a plan or method, so they wouldn't admit him anyway. I made him promise to me that he would not hurt himself, and he said okay. He continued screaming about the mess.

My father was sitting on the stairs when he started crying. My mother was there, too. They were arguing because my mother was unwilling to throw away the many piles of old magazines on the furniture in the living room. My mother is a hoarder, and she has thousands and thousands of magazines, medical journals, catalogs, and coffee table books. They are stacked on every surface of the house, on every table, in every basket. You have to move them to sit on the couch. You have to move them to set the table for dinner. You have to move them to use the kitchen counter. Newspapers and magazines are never more than an arm's length away, no matter where you are in their house.

The reason my father was so distressed was shocking to me. He said that his house is so cluttered that he can't invite his friends over for dinner.

That was the reason. That's why he said he wanted to kill himself. Not because he struggled to pay bills, not because his family was hungry, not because he lived with chronic pain. None of

those things apply to him. He has a net worth of about \$8,684,000. As of this writing, he has \$111,000 cash in his checking account (and, another \$78,000 cash in a second checking account). He goes out to fancy restaurants multiple times each week. He drives a late-model 5 series BMW (with a vanity license plate, of course) and he wears a \$22,000 Patek Phillippe wristwatch. He is 74 years old and in good shape and fit, and he exercises every day before breakfast. He experiences no physical chronic pain.

No, the reason he was so distressed that he wanted to die, is that his friends might find out the way he really lives. THAT'S his worst nightmare: The mask slipping. Being exposed as a fake, a liar, everyone finding out that he's not the person he presents to the world: That his house is messy.

Despite his public persona as the gregarious "Dr. Joe," my father is not a kind man. He is violent, aggressive, sadistic, and spiteful. He screams at his family literally every single day, for hours, until he goes hoarse. He throws things, cast iron and silverware, when he's angry. He only does these things when he is alone with his wife, or with me. He hides this behavior from the rest of the world and flat-out denies that he has ever acted this way when confronted about it. It doesn't matter to him that I have 100+ hours of audio recordings proving it, hours and hours of recordings of him screaming and throwing things at his family. It doesn't matter to him, he denies he's done anything wrong. He makes excuses, he claims it's taken out of context, he claims that it's "reactive abuse" because of things that allegedly happened before the recording started, and other absurdities.

I always tell my dad when I start recording him. It's not blackmail. I've actually publicly released many of these recordings already. The reason I record him is simple, it's to discourage him from acting unreasonable and being violent. I'm very clear about this every time I start recording him, and you can hear it on the recordings. I say out loud every time that my goal in recording is to encourage him to stop screaming and stop throwing things and talk to me like an adult. Sometimes the fear of being exposed and the anticipation of public shaming works, and he screams less. Sometimes it doesn't.

I've told my dad that if he thinks he's being taken out of context, as he claims, well, he has a voice recorder on his phone, too: He's welcome to record whatever context he thinks is important. But he never does that, because he knows as well as I do that this contextual factor is a lie, even though he can't admit it.

It's not a matter of context; that's just an excuse for his violent behavior. He knows he's lying and throwing temper tantrums like a toddler. He's just in denial about it, and by making excuses like saying he was goaded into being violent and screaming, or saying he is being unfairly quoted, that shifts the blame for his outbursts to me.

The night my father said he wanted to kill himself, I had an important realization.

My father doesn't have any real friends. He has employees, and professionals who he hires, and he has acquaintances, colleagues, and relatives. But he doesn't actually have anyone in his life who knows who he really is behind closed doors, and who likes him anyway, who enjoys spending time with him, and who isn't being paid for it. He doesn't have real emotional intimacy with anyone. He hides his real authentic self from all his "friends."

I have chronic pain. It's difficult for me to bend over at the waist and stand back up again. It's difficult for me to get up from lying down or kneeling. I can't carry things that weigh more than about 10 pounds. I have a stroller for my cat, instead of a cat carrier, because I can't carry her to the vet, even though she's 19 years old and doesn't weigh very much.

When my car or my room gets to the point that it needs a real decluttering and deep clean, and I know that I can't keep up with it, my friends help me. They don't charge me or anything. They don't even ask me. They just come over and clean for me because they know it will make me feel better and they want me to be happy and relaxed and feel comfortable in my living space.

That's what friends are for. We take care of each other. We trust each other and see each other at our worst and still are there for each other. I love my friends and trust my friends and it's mutual. I share my authentic self with them and I feel safe with them.

My father doesn't have any real friends. It made me so sad to realize that. My father is a fake, a fraud. He is ashamed of his house and he won't let his "friends" come to see his living conditions. Not without days of hardcore cleaning and hiring a crew of multiple people to come clean it first. He doesn't have any real friends, only people he hopes to deceive, and tries to impress.

I don't think my dad is capable of feeling any real emotions besides anger, disgust, fear, shame, and schadenfreude. He's never truly happy or content, even when he laughs, because he feels a deep, horrifying shame within himself. All of his interactions are clouded by this hidden shame and insecurity. He never properly learned to process shame as a child. He just stuffs it away and lets it fester and rot until he explodes in violent anger.

My father is TERRIFIED that he will be exposed as a fraud. That the truth will come out, that he lives in a messy house, that he throws temper tantrums like a toddler, that he screams and throws things and violently abuses his family. He goes to such lengths to hide it.

It took me a long time to admit to myself that my parents are abusive. Many years, many times, of talking about things my family has said or done, and I say them to friends with a chuckle, and then realize my friends are all staring at me, as though they feel the urge to apologize to me and hold me.

My friends want to validate my experiences and show empathy, and I appreciate that. It's natural to feel sadness when a friend of yours is recounting something hurtful from her past.

But not everyone feels sadness about someone they care about expressing hurt. Some people do not experience empathy. Some people do, but only a little bit and only in certain situations, if they make an effort. It's a spectrum, with monks who meditate on compassion as their life purpose on one end, and sadists with narcissistic personality disorder on the other, with most people living somewhere in between.

A turning point in my understanding of narcissistic personality disorder came to pass when I learned about the concept of cognitive empathy. True empathy is a feeling in the center of your chest, a sadness, squeezing and pulling and heavy, difficulty swallowing, a strained face. The urge to hug the other person and comfort her and offer her some of your warmth. It is an emotion that is triggered by seeing other people in pain, especially if it's someone you care about.

Narcissists do not feel true empathy. They lack the neurological mechanisms to feel sadness and the urge to comfort the person, when exposed to other people's pain. In fact, depending on the severity, narcissists even experience pleasure, a hit of dopamine, when they witness or cause someone else pain or humiliation.

Cognitive empathy is different from true empathy. Narcissists know what empathy is. They understand the dictionary definition of the word, the ability to understand and share the feelings of another person. They know what facial expressions and turns of phrase are socially appropriate when empathy is expected of a person in a social situation. They can mimic these expressions and turns of phrase when it serves their purposes. They frown, they open their eyes wide, they draw you in for a hug.

But they do not feel sadness. It's just mimicry of social expectations of empathy. They do not feel a squeezing and pulling and heaviness in their chest. They just know that they are SUPPOSED to display empathy in a certain moment. And so, they display it.

Narcissists are excellent actors. It is important to understand that at their core, they are a different person altogether than their public image. Narcissists are by definition two-faced. On the outside, they are charming, funny, gregarious, generous, thoughtful, outgoing, friendly, and vivacious. They laugh loudly, they give money away to charity, they make friends wherever they go.

But this is a mask. This isn't who they really are, underneath. On the inside, they are spiteful, vindictive, angry, sadistic, paranoid, cruel. They are violent, abusive, they scream and throw things and break things, they physically attack and batter their victims.

Narcissists live in a state of constant terror that their masking will be exposed. Narcissism isn't the only disorder that presents with masking like this. Many people with autism or other diagnoses can temporarily mask when they need to, to fit in, to be presentable socially. But it's challenging and requires effort and concentration. Narcissists are obsessed with how other people think about them. They constantly worry and fret that others are judging them. This is

projection. Narcissists actually constantly judge others, and judge themselves, and they assume that other people are just as judgmental and just don't talk about it publicly. They also assume that everyone is constantly paying attention to them, because although they won't admit it and will even outright deny it, they do not understand that other people have their own entire lives, wholly separate from the narcissist, and that most people don't really think about the narcissist much or at all.

Both of my parents have narcissistic personality disorder. It is fairly common for narcissists to marry each other. Narcissists are obsessed with physical attractiveness, money, status, expensive jewelry and cars and vacations, and so it makes a lot of sense to marry somebody who shares these values. Also, as I mentioned, they are two faced. My parents abuse each other behind closed doors, and so neither one can tattle on the other, because they both have so much to lose if they are caught.

Both of my parents are medical doctors. They joke that they both studied hematology oncology, so that they could share textbooks. I don't think that's a joke, though, because despite their lavish spending habits, they're also incredibly stingy. My mother said once that her favorite part of being a doctor is running into her patients or their family members in public and catching up with them. What she really means is that she enjoys being showered with praise and attention and recognition for her role in treating someone's cancer. She goes to the grocery store multiple times a day, in her relatively small town of Columbia, Missouri, hoping to run into people who recognize her.

The narcissist's biggest fear is being exposed. They create this entire delusional narrative that they force onto the world: In their delusion, they are successful, happy, fulfilled, doing great, making lots of money, enjoying the finer things in life. People admire them, they are considered successful under capitalistic measures, they are attractive physically. They depend on the "niceness" or "politeness" of others to further this narrative. They count on the fact that other people are too polite to mention the things that don't add up about their story. They know that people don't want to rock the boat, that people dislike confrontation and would rather avoid it when possible. They gaslight and attack people who question their delusional narrative.

It's especially important to avoid confrontation with a narcissist because narcissists are unable to acknowledge wrongdoing. They see every interaction competitively. They see every engagement with another person as ending up with a winner and a loser. And they will do whatever it takes to make sure that they walk away as the winner, no matter how absurd their position, no matter the facts or evidence, even if the other person doesn't consider the interaction to be a confrontation at all.

It's important to understand that narcissists are delusional. They have a fixed, false belief that they are superior to others, that they are entitled to have their way, that they deserve special treatment, that the rules do not apply to them, and these beliefs are not swayed by a lack of evidence, or by evidence to the contrary.

Another important aspect of narcissism is that they project. Narcissists commonly accuse others of doing or saying things that simply never happened, or could only be said to have happened if you were to twist the narrative nearly beyond recognition to interpret a situation in the least considerate light. Whenever a narcissist makes an accusation, it is actually a confession. They know that they are screaming at you, and so they demand that you keep your voice down, even if you haven't said a thing. They accuse you of cheating, when they themselves are the only ones doing this. They understand that a Bad Thing is happening, but they cannot acknowledge that they are in fact the source of the Bad Thing. So they blame the other person instead.

A key feature of narcissistic personality disorder is denial. Narcissists are in complete denial of their disorder. If you show them a checklist of behaviors that are characteristic of NPD, they will straight up deny that this applies to them. They will make excuses or try to justify each and every behavior, or twist the story so that you are actually the one displaying the behavior. They will try to force their narrative onto you, they will gaslight you and if that doesn't work, they become angry, and if that doesn't work, they become violent. But they will never, ever admit that there is anything wrong with them. They will insist that you are taking things out of context, or painting them in an inaccurate light, and then they will claim to be the victim of your vicious attacks. It's the most shockingly backwards experience. Here you are, showing them a checklist of behaviors and pointing out that denial is the top characteristic, and they will say right to your face, "No! No that's not true" and deny the behaviors. Then when you give them examples, they make absurd excuses and get angry.

Someone who does not have NPD, when faced with a checklist of concerning and inappropriate behaviors from a friend or family member, someone who knows them well and is otherwise intelligent and reasonable, does not become angry. They do not go into denial and they do not become violent. They become concerned. They ask questions: "Why do you think this applies to me? I'm really sorry that I've hurt your feelings by doing these things. I wasn't aware that I was causing you so much grief. Show me this checklist and let's talk about how I can be better to you." A narcissist will never say anything close to this.

In this book, I will be referring throughout to my diary. I've kept a diary for 30 years, and I have a lot of stories to tell about child abuse, police corruption, and domestic violence from my own lived experience. I can be certain that the details are accurate and have been transmitted to the present day to the best of my ability because I'm using primary sources. In many cases, I have audio recordings, as well: I have collected over 100 hours of audio recordings to verify what I'm writing about.

If you find yourself collecting proof of conversations with someone, it's a good sign that you are dealing with gaslighting. Gaslighting is an abuse tactic employed by many types of abusers, but narcissists take it to another level entirely. Their masking behavior, the key feature of NPD, depends on this. They have a psychological need to be seen as successful, happy, rich, friendly, and generous, regardless of their true feelings and finances. They overcompensate in public by talking nonstop about their expensive travels or their jewelry or their cars or their art collections.

It doesn't matter to them if these are shared interests or off-topic altogether. They force conversations back onto themselves and their expenditures and their experiences.

My father is a sadist: He feels a grim sense of pleasure when he knows that I am suffering. He goes out of his way to make me suffer because he believes that I deserve it. He believes he is doing the right thing by punishing me for standing up to his abuse. He believes that all is right and fair and balanced in the world when I am in pain, when I am being punished.

My father believes it is his role to teach me a lesson for the audacity of exposing him as a violent abuser. He believes that I deserve to be hungry and poor and in physical pain and emotional distress because I exposed him for abusing me and others in his family. He enjoys and takes pleasure in knowing that I am hurting and causing me pain.

Being a good parent means putting your child before yourself. Most parents would recoil in horror to learn that their daughter is struggling to afford food. If I told a good parent that I am disabled, that I am in pain every day, that I can't work and that I only eat once a day to save money, that I am so poor that I have to sell guitars every month to pay rent, a good parent would ask how they could help. My father is a multi-millionaire. He bought houses for each of my siblings, and cars, too. He would not even have to move money around in order to give me \$50,000. He keeps that much in his checking account at all times. Fifty thousand dollars would absolutely change my life. I could afford stable housing, I could afford food, I could afford the over-the-counter meds I need that aren't covered by Medicaid. My father gave \$100,000 to my twin brother last year. He did that because my brother's wife divorced him, and my brother needed to move into a new house, but housing is expensive and he didn't want to sell the old marital house and force his 3-year-old to have to move out into an apartment or something.

So my dad bought my brother a second house, so that his grandson wouldn't have to deal with moving.

I'm on the brink of homelessness. I can't pay my rent. I can't afford food. My father lives 5 miles away in a 5-bedroom house, alone with his wife and their two cats. There is an entire separate 1 bedroom 1.5 bathroom apartment in their basement, with its own kitchen and living room and entrance and parking spaces. But my father would rather have a huge empty house and a child living on the street, than help me. It satisfies him that I am struggling. He takes pleasure in my suffering. It makes him feel good to know that I am hurting.

My father keeps track of all the money he spends on each of his children. I mean this quite literally: He has a spreadsheet. He uses these figures to subtract what he intends to leave each of his when he dies.

My father has a lot of money. He intends to leave 5% of his estate to Duke University, somewhere in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. He also intends to leave 5% of his estate to the Central Missouri Humane Society, somewhere in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

I think higher education is important and I used to work at CMHS. I helped organize a successful fundraiser for a million dollar grant for the shelter in 2011. I admire both of these causes.

But I also think it's inhumane, unreasonable, bizarre, and shocking that my father intends to give hundreds of thousands of dollars to one of the places he went to school, while knowing that his daughter is struggling to afford food and a roof over her head. As a parent, your first responsibility is to your children. Vacations, extra houses, and leaving money to charity come after that.

I am disabled. I have chronic pain. I have several debilitating mental illnesses including PTSD and ADHD. I used to have a real job. I used to make, accounting for inflation, \$67,500 working as the public relations director for a national nonprofit organization in New Jersey.

I'm not lazy. I don't believe in that concept. More accurately, I am passionate about hard work. I used to work 7 days a week, for weeks in a row, for years. I used to travel to speak at conferences every weekend and give presentations and appear on live national TV news as a talking head. I'm a musician. I am accustomed to driving for hours, spending all evening setting up and doing soundcheck, playing an exhausting but beautiful concert, hanging around for hours to get paid peanuts, and then driving home to crash for a few hours before getting up for high school classes, multiple times per week. I am one of the hardest workers I know.

But, my chronic pain makes it nearly impossible for me to be productive. Even something as simple as cleaning out the cat box, with the bending and stooping and lifting the litter and changing the bag, is exhausting. It takes so much effort and energy that I have to plan my day around it. Not just my dad, but the day before and the day after, too. The same with going grocery shopping, bending and lifting and carrying things, it wears me out for the rest of the day and the following day. I use a shower stool, I use a cane sometimes too I play an ultra-light carbon fiber guitar that I think is kinda ugly and I'm not a real fan of the tone of it, but I can't play my normal solid wood guitars anymore, and I'm in the process of selling them all off as a result.

I'm in constant pain. It's always at the forefront of my mind. I can shove awareness of my pain aside for a few moments if I need to pay attention to someone, but I cannot sustain this, for example to read a book. I used to love to read. I have literally 1000+ books in storage from my old place, where I had bookshelves. I miss reading. I have a lot of books that are really hard to find, out of print books about religion and the ancient world and Latin and economics and philosophy. I have a lot of signed books by writers who are friends and writers I admire. I miss my books. But I am too distracted by pain, ADHD, and trauma, to read them. I haven't even visited them in storage for a year now.

My parents are acutely aware that I'm disabled. My dad filled out my application for disability benefits for me. It's not as though they are unaware that I can't care for myself on my own, I don't have the resources or the energy and concentration. My dad illegally changed the locks and refused to let me back in my apartment because he wants me to suffer and die on the

street. That would make him so happy, he would be elated. He finally achieved his goal of putting all his problems on me, and crushed me into nothing. He would be so excited because now he's going to get all of this attention! Every one of his friends will come and be apologetic and supportive of this apparently poor, innocent, bereaved, loving father, who tried his best to help her, as he would present himself to them. He enjoys attention, positive or negative, fame and infamy are interchangeable for the narcissist. They prefer praise to shame, but their inflated ego and sense of entitlement means that being the center of attention takes precedence.

When I was 17 years old, I was gigging every weekend as a guitarist and bassist. I had offers to go on tour, to play bigger clubs in other cities, and the only thing holding me back was school. I didn't care about learning chemistry. I was already doing what I wanted to do with my life, and the only reason I was coming back to Columbia every day was to go to school. I had excellent grades when I left school. It wasn't an issue of academics. It was an issue of attendance.

I was teaching at a guitar store two days a week, and gigging several times a week. I sat my parents down and talked to them about my plans to leave school and be a full-time musician. My older brother did something similar - he was working part-time at a different guitar store, and he was offered the manager position, so he decided to leave high school and work full-time.

My parents have always had this belief, this policy in their household: They would support us kids as long as we were in school, but then we're on our own. When my older brother decided that he wanted to leave high school, my parents kicked him out of their house. But they didn't want him to have to live on the street, of course. They found a 2-bedroom apartment and rented it for him, and gave him a monthly direct deposit to pay for his groceries and incidentals. They paid for all of this because they wanted him to be okay, even if they stuck to their stubborn and callous position of saying, "You're out of the house if you're not in school." They also bought him a car, a decent, used Toyota Camry, even though he had a full-time manager job and could have made car payments.

When I told my parents that I, too, wanted to leave school, so that I could play music full-time and travel, well. My parents were livid. My dad started screaming at me, and he threw a nearby folding camera tripod at me. I got scared and ran outside the house, with nothing on me but my phone and wallet and the clothes on my back. My father locked me out of the house, and refused to answer the phone or door. I didn't know what to do. I didn't have my keys, I couldn't get into my car. I walked up the street to a small public park and sat down at the shelter tables and called my girlfriend to tell her what was happening. I lived in that park for 4 days. I texted my dad and told him that this is illegal, that I need my keys, that I need my guitars, I have lessons and gigs on my calendar. My girlfriend, who was also a teenager at the time and still lived with her parents, twenty miles outside of town, asked her parents if I could move in with her. After four days of me living in the park, they agreed, and I moved in with my girlfriend and her parents. I still didn't have my guitars.

My dad told me over text that he had taken my guitars to his office and that he had my keys. My girlfriend's dad drove me to his office, and I picked up my keys. My dad told me not to bother

trying to get into the house, because he had changed the locks. My girlfriend's dad drove me to my dad's house to get my car. Then I drove back to my dad's office, in my car, and asked him for my guitars back.

I said, I don't know why you took them to your office, but I need them back.

He said no. You cannot have them. He said, you are under 18 years old, and everything you own, technically, legally, belongs to me. These are my guitars now. If you want them back, you will need to pay me for them. They are \$1,000 each.

I had no idea what to say. I told him I should call the cops. What is this nonsense? My twin brother was volunteering for the police department at the time, and I knew that calling the cops would cause a fuss for him. My brother and I don't get along, to put it mildly. Today, I'm a social justice activist and leftist and trans woman and police abolitionist, and now, my brother is one of the highest-ranking police detectives in his department.

But my dad was serious about the guitars, and so I did call the police. I called the non-emergency line, and said that my dad had apparently stolen all of my guitars, and is demanding that I buy them from him, and pay for them twice, if I want them back. Could someone come out and talk to him?

Two hours later, a pair of cops came out to talk to us. I was upset, because at this point, even if I got my guitars back right then and there, I was in the middle of missing a gig out of town. I had called a friend to sub for me, and it wasn't a big deal, but it was the first time in my life I had missed a show. The cops talked to me first, and I explained that my dad had kicked me out of the house five days earlier, and that he was refusing to give me back my personal property that I needed that night for work.

The cops turned to get the other side of the story. They asked him what's going on. My dad told them that, technically, since I'm under 18, these are his guitars, and he can sell them, or give them away, or even set them on fire, if he wanted to.

The cops looked at each other, and looked at me, and said, this sounds like a civil issue. I think you should consider taking him to small claims. I don't think there's anything we can do here, if you don't have any receipts or anything, it's your word against his. My dad said something about possession being 9/10 of the law. I said that I don't have any receipts because my dad kicked me out of the house. Everything else I own, my clothes and the receipts too, are still there. But I paid for these guitars with money I earned teaching and performing, and I feel sure there must be some law that says this is stealing. The cops shrugged. THEY LEFT.

I had \$2,000. I bought my #1, my red ash-bodied Fender American Deluxe Fat Strat with rosewood fretboard, first, and then #2, my blue flamed maple Gibson Les Paul DC Standard, with gold hardware, back from my dad. That was all I could afford at the time.

The other three guitars, well, he said he was going to sell them. He had no idea what they were worth, and I found out later that he practically gave them away, he sold them for not only much less than they were worth, but for less than the \$3000 he was asking me to pay for them.

By the way, \$2000 accounting for inflation is \$3400 now. If I had bought all five of my guitars back from him, it would have cost me \$8,575 in today's money.

I didn't understand at the time why my dad did this. If he wanted me to be on my own, why not give me back the tools to do it? Why not give me at least a starting chance to succeed in my chosen career?

I loved those guitars, my custom made koa neck-through Carvin DC127T with EMG pickups, my backup Fender American Deluxe Strat with a green quilted maple top, and my 5-string Fender American Standard Jazz Bass with rosewood fingerboard.

It's not like he needed the money. He was already a multi-millionaire at this point in his life. He did this just to spite me. It was just to sabotage my music career and make me suffer. He wanted to punish me and teach me a lesson for disobeying his ideas of what I should do for a career, and who I should be dating. He wanted me to date someone rich, from a rich family, with parents who went to an Ivy League school. My girlfriend at the time had parents who were divorced and remarried, and had not gone to college. This was a slap in the face to my dad's idea of the perfect family.

At the time, I thought he was just punishing me and being harsh. I still wasn't ready to call his behavior abusive. Through therapy, I later came to realize that my dad is jealous of my music abilities. My dad played a little guitar in college, he even wrote and copyrighted a few songs. But he was never very good at music, at guitar or at singing. He can read music, and he can play the piano a little bit. He plays some Christmas songs sometimes on his \$50,000 Steinway grand piano, although he hasn't done that in a few years now.

I wrote this diary entry when I was 17, six months before my dad kicked me out of the house:

October 18, 2000

i love that feeling, when your hands just melt into your guitar and you forget which is a part of your body and which is your instrument, it all seems to be just one fluid manifestation of what's inside of me.

oh yeah, and my temporary soul expired just now 😊 Amberly made me one so I could play tonight, since she took my real one and won't give it back.

Tonight was our first gig at TP's. I feel like this is our first real thing, I mean Twilight Festival wasn't nothing, but being the Friday night flood band at TP's.... that's SOMETHING. Everybody really loved it. A few people even came up to us and asked to shake our hands, and told us that

they wanted us to know personally how much they enjoyed our performance. I was just shocked, I mean we're not young enough anymore that people do that to be polite. They really meant it, and it just felt great, to know that we were able to make somebody's day a little brighter. After the show when we were loading the van, we heard a couple guys yelling "3-Speed rules!" and I can't even explain how cool that felt... My thought was, "Hey, they know our name!" heehee.

Katy and Kit came to see us, and even though they could only stay for a few songs, it was great to see them! I love you guys so much. I really wish you could have stayed longer because once we got going we were SO much better than what you saw!

I think my best performance tonight was on Hendrix's Voodoo Chile. I totally let loose, I just cranked it and PLAYED with everything I had in me. I think I played my solo behind my head, I can't really remember. But I remember people were clapping DURING my solo, and I was like, "cool!" but I wasn't really thinking thoughts, I stopped paying attention to the notes, to the sound of my guitar, and I just let it flow out of me, I can't really explain how it feels when I do that, but I just feel something so inexplicably POWERFUL then, something so.... beyond the strings, the amps, the wood and metal, I swear, my guitar has a soul.

When I let totally loose like that, I break strings, I've ripped the strap off my guitar a few times, I've ripped the tremolo bar out countless more, my fingers BLEED, but I really don't feel it. My mind is so focused on what I'm doing that I couldn't care less. I remember trying to get a sound out of my guitar, this heavy rhythm that I couldn't get from strumming, I just started banging the strings with my fist, I just hit the guitar and it made this "BOOM BOOM" sound and I just wanted to tear it apart, I know that sounds sick but I just wanted to destroy the fucker, I wanted to smash it into a billion pieces, I wanted to rip the strings off the neck and just make a mess.

I didn't go THAT far... I hit my guitar, though. I have a funny relationship with my guitar, I really don't hate the thing. It's a love/hate relationship, really. After I finished the song, I kissed my guitar, and we took a break. I have never heard such applause in my life, it was thrilling! Three people came up to shake my hand 😊

I love music, I just do. I love it. This is what I want to do with my life, I feel that this is what I'm SUPPOSED to do with my life. It's a beautiful gift. I want to thank my band, and especially all the people I love for your inspiration. You don't understand how much you mean to me. You are all so beautiful, I just don't feel that I deserve to know ANY of you, and I can't BELIEVE you want to be my friend!

you guys amaze me. I love you very much.

Peace everybody, love [deadname]

My dad kicked me out with nothing but the clothes on my back and stole my guitars because he wanted me to fail so that he could teach me a lesson. So that he could punish me and make me suffer, for daring to be better than him at something. It's jealousy!

My dad was a college radio DJ. My dad had plans to attend Woodstock, but his sister scheduled her wedding for the same weekend, and he still talks about it. The fact that I became a musician was a stake in the heart for my father's failed dreams of being a famous rock star. He never attended any of my shows, except for one, when I was 16. He didn't wave at me, he didn't acknowledge me at all, even though it was a pretty small bar and we could clearly see each other. He didn't even order a drink. He stayed for 1.5 songs, and then got up from his table and left. He never spoke to me at all and didn't want to discuss it with me at home afterward. I still don't know what that was all about. It was weird and uncomfortable. I almost said something in the mic about him being there from the stage, to invite him over to the stage to say hello, but decided not to call him out. He left right after that regardless.

My father hates it when I practice or play guitar. He never asks me to play anything, or listens to me play. When I lived with him, I wasn't even allowed to keep my guitars on the main floor of the house for easy access. He didn't want to see them in his space.

The fact that I moved in with my girlfriend from living in that park was a special slap on the face for my parents: They hated my girlfriend so much. They talked shit about her not only behind her back, but even to her face. My girlfriend loved me so much, she was so compassionate and loving and affectionate. She calls me on my shit, she knows me so well. She wanted to marry me. My parents hated her because her parents were poor and she lived with them in a trailer.

That's really my parents' worst nightmare: their child marrying someone who was poor, who didn't go to college, someone they couldn't brag about to their friends.

My parents wanted me to marry someone rich and well-connected, someone who went to an Ivy League school, someone who they could show off to their friends. My girlfriend didn't fit their vision of who my wife was supposed to be in their eyes. And they made sure that she knew it. My mother used to call my girlfriend a "prole," short for proletarian, not in the Marxist sense, but in the sense of - your parents are employees. Your parents are not special like us. You don't bring anything valuable to the Family. You may be loving, you may be compassionate, you may be in love, you may treat each other well, but those things aren't valued here.

And so, they hated her. They talked about it openly. My mother told me once that my first girlfriend—who I was with for 2 years and was in love with and am still close with 25 years later—is the reason she has gray hair.

It's really sad. Narcissists only care about this mask, this false image, this fraudulent persona that they present to the world. They are delusional, and in total denial of their disorder. Whenever shared reality conflicts with their delusional vision that they are entitled, special, superior, successful, rich, always the center of attention, and never wrong, they experience

cognitive dissonance. They try to gaslight you into accepting their delusion. If that doesn't work, they become angry. If that doesn't work, they become violent, and they experience age regression: They revert to toddler behavior, they throw literal temper tantrums, screaming and angry and red-faced and throwing things.

It's really a sight to behold, a fully grown adult throwing a literal temper tantrum like a toddler. I've seen it so many times, I have multiple hours of audio recordings of each of my parents having meltdowns, or as it's called, narcissistic rage. You can't reason with a narcissist when they are raging. And the most amazing thing is, as soon as it's over, they deny their temper tantrums happened at all!! Even if you show them hard proof, recordings, they deny it. It's shocking at first, and then just sad and pitiful, as you realize, wow, they aren't just lying to me. They are lying to themselves. They truly are delusional.

It's sad, but there is an upside. People with narcissistic personality disorder are incredibly predictable.

There is a whole checklist of behavior patterns they will follow when faced with, what's called, narcissistic injury.

This book will cover examples of each of the common checklist manipulative abuse tactics employed by narcissists. Each chapter is a different abuse tactic, paired with a real-life story as recounted in my 30 years of diary entries, to demonstrate how narcissistic abusers use these strategies to control their victims.

Of course, this is all from my perspective, and I'm not discounting that there are two sides to every story. But facts are facts, and I have primary sources, and excuses and denials can only go so far in explaining away child abuse.

Chapters:

- The Big Secret, Exposed
- Prevalence & Diagnosis
- Denial
- False sense of entitlement
- Hypocrisy
- The Grandiose Subtype
- The Covert Subtype
- Sadism & the Malignant Subtype
- Coercion and privacy
- The familial cult (Golden Child, Enabler, Scapegoat)
- Obsession with Beauty, Status, and Money
- Projection
- gaslighting
- playing the victim

Litigiousness & Corruption
DARVO
Masking
financial abuse
Minimization
Passive aggression
smear campaigns
Physical violence
Stonewalling and the silent treatment
guilt tripping
love bombing and guilt gifts / the cycle of abuse
narcissistic injury
narcissistic rage
Grey rocking, low contact, no contact
The best revenge is living well

Chapters:

The Big Secret, Exposed

The most important thing to understand about narcissists is that they are two-faced. Narcissists have two personalities, one as a shell, and one as a core. The shell personality is the person they present to the world. This personality is meticulously, consciously created with the goal and purpose of impressing others and deceiving people to avoid accountability and judgment. The shell personality is charismatic, outgoing, funny, caring, and generous. The shell personality is an overcompensating version of the deficiencies of the core personality. For example, a narcissist who is particularly stingy with regard to their victims' finances, will go above and beyond to be generous with their money to charities, so long as they get lots of public credit and attention for it. If they are known publicly for being great with animals, ironically, they may be abusive to animals at home behind closed doors, and so on.

Narcissists have arrested development. They regress to toddler behavior when they experience a narcissistic injury. They never learned to process guilt, and they are psychologically incapable of admitting fault or apologizing for wrongdoing unless coerced. Even then, they minimize, dismiss, and lack all sincerity, and then deny wrongdoing later regardless.

It is difficult to grasp the concept at first: a person without empathy. Narcissists have a conscious awareness of what empathy WOULD LOOK LIKE if they really experienced it. They can expertly mimic and display signs of empathy when they are manipulating others. This is called cognitive empathy, but it's not a real emotion they experience the way people without NPD do.

It is challenging for a person who has empathy, to truly understand someone who lacks it. You spend a lot of time asking yourself questions like, how could this possibly be true? How could someone treat their own child this way? How do they sleep at night, knowing what they did? How can they just laugh and go on with their life as though nothing even happened?

If you find yourself asking questions like these, please understand, you should consider yourself lucky that you get to learn about this kind of abuse by reading about it instead of experiencing it. A lot of narcissistic abuse seems so unreal that it's difficult to believe, but the truth is that narcissists really do act like this, it really is shocking, and it's actually not that uncommon. Being ignorant of this type of behavior is a privilege that not everyone shares.

How can they act like this and sleep at night?

The answer is simple, but not easy. Narcissists just don't feel guilt. They don't feel bad about the harm they cause. They never learned to process guilt, and they lack what psychologists call the capacity to self-reflect. They lack insight and lie to themselves that their horrifying actions are justified, or even virtuous. Even though they know and completely understand that society does not agree with this appraisal.

In fact, it's the opposite. It's not simply that they don't feel bad about hurting their victims. Sadism is a common trait in narcissistic abusers. The brain of a sadist releases dopamine, the reward chemical, and makes the narcissist feel good, and content, with a sense of grim satisfaction, or even mocking laughter, when they see or cause their victims to feel pain, suffering, and humiliation.

Narcissists understand cognitively that being happy about someone else's suffering is not socially acceptable. So they orchestrate rich scenarios where they are not able to be held accountable. Or the pain they cause is hidden behind closed doors, or justified by some series of convoluted excuses. They claim incompetence, or ignorance, or self-defense, or whatever excuse, no matter how implausible or absurd, is necessary to avoid accountability. They cannot apologize or admit fault, even when caught red-handed.

Do they know they are causing you to suffer?

Yes. It's worse than that. To quote Adam Serwer of The Atlantic, "The cruelty is the point."

Do they know they are lying?

Yes. That's why they hide their abuse from outsiders, and attempt to cover it up. That's why they minimize and dismiss and deny instead of encouraging questions. That's why they are so careful to hide their behavior.

Do they know what they're doing is socially unacceptable?

Yes. That's why they hide their behavior and lie about it and deny it, even in the face of direct proof.

Can they get better?

No. Narcissists are in denial of their disorder. There are no medications or psychotherapies that work on narcissists. Narcissists do not seek treatment and deny that they need it. When they are forced into treatment, it's usually for other reasons, like family therapy or marriage counseling, or because of substance abuse. Even then, they lie to their therapists, play the victim, and deny their condition.

Not only do narcissists never get better, but as they age, they develop more networking connections, their net worth increases. They learn how to manipulate people better, and they learn what they can get away with. Narcissists do not get better, actually get worse and worse over time.

It's important to clarify what is meant by "getting better." Usually, the victim of narcissistic abuse is longing for the return of the love bombing, public persona of the narcissist. This charismatic, generous, gregarious person never existed. It is a shell personality, carefully cultivated by the narcissist for the purpose of manipulating victims and grooming outsiders. There is no real, good, kind person underneath the mask, to return. Keep in mind that narcissists are, by definition, two-faced. This is not to say they are incapable of generosity or pro-social behavior, rather that their generosity and pro-social behaviors are unnatural to them, consciously created to deceive others, and part of the mask they wear. It's not real and it never was.

NOTES:

- chit chat club history of policing essay, I made him watch 13th, and rewrite it
- took Andy and my older brother to CC's for Andy's 38th birthday the night before, offered me leftovers on my actual birthday, screamed at me before I even sat down. I just went back downstairs without dinner. Didn't come down to talk to me or text me. Didn't say happy birthday or get me flowers or even a card. Nothing at all. It's like they forgot. Asked about CC's after they got back and my dad said well you don't pay rent so I figured we don't have to get you anything
- failed to pay for massages despite agreement using cannabis budget
- video of Hermione snoring, dad screamed at her and thought it was funny that he thought it was me
- traded all that stuff for the PRS to clear up space, he complained that I traded one for another
- I asked him how his anniversary trip to Europe went, and he complained that he didn't get to sit in first class (\$8.7m net worth!!!!). \$20k for India trip. \$15,000 for back patio deck. Montreal, Breckenridge, DC vacations all in the first 6 months of the year.

- Mom rolling her eyes 100 times every single day, then when called on it, made disgusted sighs, or called me nasty, or told me to call off my dogs, or hissed at me like a cat
- Mom denying that rolling your eyes at someone is not a sign of being annoyed, exasperated, or in disbelief. She did it at meaningful moments that demonstrated she knew what it meant, she's seen it on TV and in movies, there's an emoji for it that she has used correctly, and even more to the point, it's not the 1st or 50th time we've had that conversation.
- Mom washed my headscarf while I was in the shower after I told her twice that I didn't give her permission to wash it at all
- Mom lied about going through my bag of used books. I had put an empty food container in the bag of books so that I could carry it inside within the bag, and set it down by the front door. None of the books were visible under the trash. I did that on purpose because I expected her to be nosy and ask me about the books I got. She asked me about a specific one, and when I said how do you know what books I got? She said she just happened to glance in the bag while she was going outside to water the plants. I said, "Are you sure that you didn't go through my bag?" and she said "No, I wouldn't do that." In reality, she lied: She looked at the books and asked me about a specific one that wasn't even the one on top right under the wrapper. Then when I called her on this, and showed her the photograph of the bag of books where it was not visible, she was dismissive and refused to apologize or admit that she lied. She just straight up said "No no no no" even though I had the photograph as proof.
- Dad going through all my mail and only showing me things I needed to sign when he had prepared them and just needed my signature. He never told me about any details of my mail. I just trusted him to give me all my personal mail without opening it. I have no idea what he signed me up for or wrote about me in these applications. I never got the time to read them.
- He knew I had a sleep disorder and would constantly wake me up for small things, like signing a paper. I had a talk with him that he does this, when he decides he needs something, he just demands it right then and there, even when I tell him this is not a convenient time for me and we would need to schedule it. I told him, just because you decide you're doing something now, doesn't mean I am free and awake and ready. He kept doing it.
- SCREAMED at me for sleeping on the couch, would wake me up red faced and angry and demanding that I move immediately and knowing that I wouldn't have my ESA cat with me that way. I talked to him about this dozens of times, that even if I fall asleep on the couch, it's totally inappropriate and abusive to raise your voice at me. It's not necessary to yell at me to wake me up, you would be very upset if I woke you up by yelling at you unless the house was on fire or something and I couldn't wake you up by being gentle. I said, I know for a fact that you know how to wake someone up from sleeping on the couch without being abusive about it, because Mom falls asleep on the couch multiple nights a week, and you never scream at her about it. We had that talk over and over and over. We made an ultimatum in therapy about it and he finally agreed to just drop the subject of me sleeping on the couch as being not that big a deal and not

something he needed to wake me up for (moving downstairs). I explained that stairs are difficult for me and that I needed to spend time on whatever floor I'm going to stay instead of going back and forth, and explained over and over that I want to sleep with Hermione and she can't deal with the basement and getting up on the bed. In therapy I asked him what is so bad about me sleeping on the couch that you get so angry about it, that you don't about mom? And he finally admitted that he was doing this unnecessarily, but did not apologize, did not acknowledge that he was being abusive and screaming rather than just the fact of waking me up to move unnecessarily. He refused to admit that he had ever raised his voice at me for any reason other than trying to wake me up.

That's a straight up lie and I have audio recordings proving it. He would regularly wake me to screaming and angry and demanding that I sign something or clean up something etc. Screaming at me for multiple minutes, many times, far beyond just me being awake. Demanding answers from me, definitely not trying to wake me up. Just straight up lying in therapy.

- Dad promised that if I walked around the driveway or neighborhood while I smoked up, that he would pay for weekly massages. I went and got the info from the massage place and said all they need is for you to call with your call with your credit card. I reminded him multiple times and he just kept saying he didn't want to do it right then. I asked him while he was working on his laptop and I asked him when he was washing his hands getting ready to make dinner. It would have taken him 2 minutes and he just didn't care to do it. He never did.
- Future faking, broken promises. No integrity. Hypocrite. Word means nothing. Says whatever he needs to say in the moment and then denies it later, right to your face, even when you have audio recordings proving it. Makes excuses and justifications, never admits wrong, never apologizes, never makes any attempt to fix it, minimizes and dismisses it, just plain refuses to pay attention to you at all.
- Mom reading during important conversations, then when you politely take away the magazine, she gets out her phone, and when you ask her to put down her phone, she rolls her eyes, and when you ask her not to roll her eyes, she calls me mean names, and when you ask her not to call you names, she rolls her eyes....
- Asking to meet with Mom the following Sunday to talk to her about the Assertiveness Workbook, and Dad sat down without even asking, and didn't offer to get up when I said I didn't invite him. Then when I wanted to read the introduction aloud, he complained that he didn't receive equal time to speak, and when I told him this is not a debate or a family meeting. I am reading the intro of this book aloud to my mother.... It took 2 straight hours instead of 15 minutes like a normal person, because Dad kept insisting that I was hogging the floor. He wasn't even invited!
- Showerhead. For a year and a half he made excuses even though he knew it was causing me pain, making it difficult for me to shower as often as necessary. It was the one thing I asked him to do before I arrived so that I could take a shower first thing after unloading everything.
- Even after reading this entire book, about example after example, with audio recordings of things my parents do that qualify them, with such a preponderance of evidence that it

borders on the absurd, of Narcissistic Personality Disorder, they will both still deny that they have this disorder at all. They will claim that I don't have a medical degree and so everything I'm saying doesn't matter. They will claim that my therapist doesn't count because she's never met them or examined them. They will claim that my previous therapist also doesn't count for the same reason, even though it was her suggestion that they both have NPD and she labeled my mom and dad as covert and grandiose subtype, respectively, and Dr Crook is licensed to diagnose this. They will say they aren't her patient and so she can't say that. At no point will they consider the thought, "If all of these people think I have this disorder, maybe I do! I feel so bad, I never realized I was doing so much harm. I'm so sorry. I'm going to go get formally diagnosed and, if they're correct about what's going on with me, I'm going to go get treatment. I'm calling to make an appointment with a psychiatrist right now." None of this will ever come out of their mouths, because that's how a neurotypical person who has empathy and compassion would respond, and my parents are not neurotypical. They have NPD, so they will deny, make excuses, refuse to get diagnosed, claim there's nothing wrong with them, and blame me for criticizing them and having the audacity to have an opinion on something I'm not medically qualified to say. Again - predictable.

- Explain how NPD is rarely formally diagnosed because narcissists are in denial about their condition. They believe they are superior, healthy, that there is nothing wrong with them, that any medical professional who disagrees is not qualified to diagnose them or other excuses, that their own medical degrees qualify them to know whether they have NPD or not, etc. Silver lining = Narcissists are very predictable. Therapy doesn't work because even when they are forced into therapy via marriage counseling ultimatum, or because of substance abuse or court order, they just lie to their therapists and play the victim. They will twist whatever really happened to make you the bad guy and themselves the victim, and they will never, ever consider the idea that they may in fact have a personality disorder in which a key feature is denial. They don't think they need to change, they are unwilling to consider trying, and so there's nothing you can do.
- Narcissists tend to be rich and they project the facade of being happy and successful. Because they make a lot of money and they're selfish, they claim they have great lives and things are going well. They do well under capitalism because you have to lack empathy to be successful under this system. They claim their success within capitalism proves there's nothing wrong with them and they're what success looks like, even though they bizarrely simultaneously claim they are constantly afraid, they play the victim, they are anxious, they argue and raise their voices daily, etc.
- They spend much of their time being anxious, angry, ashamed, disgusted, paranoid, yelling at each other, arguing with each other, etc. They have shallow experience with emotions. They are never able to feel very sad, or very happy. They never feel contentment or joy, only mild amusement.
- They don't really laugh unless they're around people they want to impress. Otherwise they have a straight face or they fret. They don't feel any emotions deeply.
- The only emotions they really have much experience with are shame, anger, disgust, and the grim satisfaction of schadenfreude: a feeling of justice and contentment that a sadist experiences when they see the person they have chosen as their scapegoat,

punished, or suffering. The more malignant narcissists will feel better and feel a sense of giddiness and joy when they become aware the scapegoat is suffering, or even more so when they cause the scapegoat to suffer and get to watch. It's sickening. They take pleasure in my suffering and feel a sense of justice when I'm suffering. So it makes sense that they would never do anything to reduce my suffering. Why would they?

- There is only one reason a narcissist ever helps their supply: when they want something back. Narcissists view every interpersonal engagement as transactional. There is a winner and a loser and the narcissist makes sure they always get the better end of the deal
- They never do anything nice unless they want something. They keep a careful accounting of favors they do and expect reciprocation or renumeration.
- Quote 1 Corinthians, Paul talking about love without accounting, keeping no record of wrongs, etc.
- The bar chart that dad made of increasing monthly expenditures on my behalf. 5 days after back surgery, keeled over face planted into the couch, obviously in great pain, started screaming at me and he put the chart next to my head on the couch. I asked him what he wanted me to do about it, why he was SCREAMING at me about it. I said look at my bank statement, show me where I'm being frivolous. You can see every time I spend money, tell me what you want me to do about this. You cannot just scream at me, this is abusive. And then he claimed I was being abusive by talking advantage of him and spending his budget. Accused me of elder abuse, I said I'm disabled, you're screaming at me. You filled out my application for benefits, you see every day that I can barely keep up with hygiene. I can't work. There's no point in you showing me this except to shame me for being disabled. Do you think I enjoy this? I'm not lazy. I'm not on vacation. I'm in pain. I have PTSD. I miss being productive. I used to have a real job, I was director of a department for a national nonprofit, I went on national prime time TV news every week as a talking head. I don't like this any more than you do, you're being ableist and you're screaming at me. I don't even know what these are - you don't tell me when you're spending money on me, you just do it and yell at me about it.
- Talk about his retirement plan, 8,640,000 net worth, \$100,000 in checking accounts, \$250-500k yearly payouts until they are 100 years old, currently 74 with a pacemaker and a breast cancer survivor. SCREAMS about groceries because \$25k per month isn't enough for him! Multiple houses, expensive vacations, timeshares etc.
- Talk about how parents are supposed to sacrifice for their children if necessary. They are supposed to put their children first. If you choose to have a child you take the risk that you will have to provide for that child much more than you might have planned for, if they have disabilities etc.
- My dad thinks his responsibility to me ended when I left high school at 17. He didn't even keep a roof over my head for the last six months of the time before I turned 18, yet he insists that he's always provided everything we needed and more.
- Mom claimed she's always been supportive and taken care of me, I told her to go fuck herself and reminded her that I was kicked and locked out of the house and lived in a park when I was 17, and reminded her that I was homeless again when I was 32 right

here in Columbia living in my car while they have my old bedroom just sitting there empty and 4 freezers full of food (3 fridges overflowing with food).

- My father will say that he's done his part and is still to this day being supportive even though he claims I'm abusive to him. By paying for storage unit and cell phone, he's claiming that he's doing even more than is reasonably expected of him as a parent.
- It took 3 months to get Hermione back, and he only did it because he thought his Facebook was "hacked" because I was tagging him and his friends were seeing my posts. Transactional. Went through lawyers, 1 day worth of her food so I couldn't mix it. Her feet were bleeding when I got her back, risk of infection from walking in the box, not to mention painful, she already hobbles from arthritis, can't jump anymore, if she were human she would just use a wheelchair. 95 years old in human years.
- Rough with her when he picked her up, I've shown him multiple times how to do it in case he ever has to. He just didn't care. He wanted to make her upset and cause her pain. He's sadistic.
- Yet publicly claims to love animals: donating 5% of his estate to CMHS, hundreds of thousands to multiple millions depending on how long they live. He only cares when people are watching, which means he's being manipulative.
- Forced me to do sports I hated when I would have rather focused on music. How many kids ask to practice their instrument? He made me play baseball and soccer. I was so bad at soccer that I didn't even set foot in the show me state game, we won silver. I asked to quit and he said no.
- His office sponsored our soccer team, and he said it was important that we both play on it.
- He bought Jeff a second guitar before upgrading mine. I felt it was unfair and wanted to smash my guitar, he came down and talked to me and said he would buy me another nicer guitar if I earned it.
- Talk about the point system, how arbitrary it was - Andy watered the plants without being asked although he did it wrong, and got 100 points. I put up and decorated the entire Christmas tree, but only got 100 points because I did it wanting points and not to be helpful. I said how do you know Andy watered the plants to be helpful? And they said because he didn't ask first if he could. I said isn't that worse? How did he know you hadn't already done it, and how much to do and which ones? And I didn't ask to put up the Christmas tree either, so what's the difference? They said they knew I knew they would see it and expect points because it was so obvious a thing that changed, whereas Andy just offhand mentioned that mom didn't have to water the plants because he already had. I said that makes no sense, there's no substantive difference. And they said well there's no difference and you both got 100 points, so what are you complaining about? I said it's a lot more work to put up and decorate the Christmas tree, and Andy didn't even try to help, he just played video games all afternoon.
- When Andy kept a hidden chart in mom's makeup table drawer with notated times of when I didn't help with the cat box. So he could report back to them while they were out of town, instead of just talking to me about it.
- The time Andy hit me so hard that his arm broke, and he got all this sympathy from Mom and dad and friend's because of his broken arm, even though it happened because he

hit me. We joked about him needing more milk like a baby for strong bones, and mom made Andy start taking calcium and vitamin d supplements, and taught us that calcium absorbs better if you mix it with vitamin D, and you can also get vitamin D by being outside more.

- When I got to 1000 points I wanted to buy a Taylor guitar, we went to Lawrence Kansas and I tried out a bunch and got a great deal \$1500 in 1997 on a custom 6-string Leo Kotke model, all mahogany with a sitka spruce soundboard, jumbo. It was more than Dad wanted to spend but it was such a good deal that he got it. Then he said you know, I think it's time that you put your guitar playing to work, you are teaching friends, you should start charging people. That guitar was \$500 more than we wanted to spend, 50% more, I think you're old enough now that we can stop giving you an allowance. I was like hey, bummer, but thank you for the guitar.
- We got home, and I said that mom and dad had decided to end our allowances. Dad corrected me and said well, that's because we spent 500 more on your guitar, I don't see why either of them should stop getting it, they aren't teaching lessons for free. I said but if you think I'm old enough for that, what about Jeff? He's 3 years older than me. They said I got the guitar and that's that. So that's how I started my teaching career.
- Even when Jeff got a part time job at crazy music, they still gave him an allowance. In fact when he dropped out of high school they increased it to cover his groceries when they stopped buying him food at home and "kicked him out" to an apartment they paid for in an expensive neighborhood when East campus was not only cheaper but closer to their house and his job too. He wanted something nice and got it.
- He used to steal from them. He made me be his lookout. He said he would share with me but I didn't want to, I said I'm teaching guitar and I don't feel right about it.
- He brought cannabis over and smoked cigarettes.
- They made Jeff go to a boarding school, today's tuition there with room and board is over \$100,000. In Connecticut, called Grove. He was so miserable and begged to come home and they said no but we will come visit you. He said he was being bullied and the kids there smoke and steal (that's where he learned to do both). He was so upset that he became symptomatic with trichotillomania and pulled out all of both eyebrows. We were instructed not to say anything about his eyebrows when we visited.
- Sheila's abuse, smoking around us, when I was about 5 I made an ultimatum with my parents that if they left us with Sheila Ward 314-657-2055. I said I would run away if they left her with us for the weekend. They did anyway. They didn't even seek a replacement right away. She worked for them for several more months.
- The nanny Bonnie, Black woman who quit because she said my parents were racist. My first memories of what racism is were from this woman talking about my parents and why she was quitting. She said, "Sir, I am 50 years old" to my dad. She asked my mother not to raise her voice when she spoke to her: she said that my mother always increased the volume of her voice when speaking to her, as though she thought she was hard of hearing. Mom called her "colored" and said she lives in a bad neighborhood.
- Mom and Dad were so mad about "the" and "can't" spelling words when I read Fahrenheit 451 the night it was assigned. She read it out loud to us in class for the next couple weeks and lead discussions on it. I skipped a grade and Andy didn't. EEE test,

boat and feather, calculating change and I finished the section so quickly that the proctor said, "aren't you even going to try?" And I said "I'm finished."

- Spelling bee, 2nd grader, down to 3 of us in the whole school with 2 fifth graders, Saritha Reddy and Richie Tollerton. Saritha went to Harvard and is an MD. Richie graduated high school at 16 and started his own programming company. I missed the word diligent, on purpose, because I really had to go to the bathroom, and I had peed my pants once in first grade in gym class and didn't want to be known as the kid who peed during a spelling bee. I spelled it with 2 Ls. When I told my parents that I came in 3rd and lost on purpose to go to the bathroom, they told me I should have asked to go and that I could have done better and I should read more so I'm prepared for next year. Second grader against two 5th graders not to mention both of my brothers.
- Second grade, I co founded this small business at school selling school supplies and candy called Books Accessories with Chris Wert. The school shut us down, but my goal was to make money because my parents had said no to an allowance, after they decided to give one to Jeff when he was our age. They relented and started giving us one.
- Andy tended to save his and I tended to spend mine. They would often punish me by taking it away, although they never did that to Andy because they knew he didn't care as much, since he was just banking it anyway.
- I asked for a pair of nice shoes for my 16th birthday, shiny leather, dress shoes, that can be a hundred dollars or more. I said there's a store downtown that sells them and I'd like to go for my birthday and get some real grown up shoes so I could do classical gigs. My dad said that was fine but we never ended up doing it. He kept making excuses and eventually I found these used ones for \$10 at a vintage store, Maude vintage, and bought them myself. My dad needed them for a gala, and I lent them to him. I told him the story of how I bought them for \$10 myself since he never got them for me for my birthday. I said I don't really wear them anyway because I have to carry gear and I bought some Rockports that are more comfortable and nobody cares about my feet when I'm working. He decided to just keep them and he gave me \$10. So I guess I got \$10 for my 16th birthday, six months late, and I had to spend 4 times more than that on the Rockports anyway.
- I asked for paid guitar lessons. They said they had already paid for clarinet and violin and piano lessons and I'm teaching others, I can pay for my own guitar lessons. I said what difference does it make what instrument it is? If I had stuck with violin or piano or clarinet would you be paying for those? They continued giving Andy an allowance because he was volunteering at the police station. When I pointed out that I also volunteered a lot, I do a lot of charity fundraising gigs that don't pay anything, they said that's different because I also have the ability to teach, and I could be doing more of that if I wanted more money. I said well Andy is fluent in Spanish, and you paid all this money for him to study abroad while in high school for a summer, why not tell him to tutor if he needs money? They said he's busy volunteering.
- SCREAMED at me, interrupting my guitar lessons, humiliating me and scaring my guitar students.
- I started teaching at Palen after that.

- My parents were both jealous of my ear and my ability to improvise. They both knew it. My dad played organ in his church growing up and can read music, although he doesn't except for a handful of Christmas songs annually, except he hasn't done that in many years now. He is a really bad singer but he used to try sometimes or sing along with the radio.
- Tell the story about how I asked her over and over not to hum while I'm tuning. Every time I would tune, she would start humming and trying to guess what note it was. She can't hum in tune (although she used to whistle classical music a lot and can whistle in tune better), and every time I would ask her, "Could I ask you not to do that, or to do it in your head while I'm listening critically?". She would always respond, "I'm trying to figure out if that's a D" or whatever, and I would respond, "I know, you tell me that every time. I'm asking you not to do it" and she would roll her eyes or call me nasty. It's not like she forgot each time, because she would do it again immediately after being asked not to.
- Dad made me sleep in the basement, even though I had decorated my room with the Wall of Guitar, my bookshelf with all my books, my desk, my clothes were all up there. All the stuff in the back of the closet was mine. My dad said no because sometimes the 3-year -old crashes there. I said okay but that's maybe once a month, why can't he crash Andy's bed - you know, his dad's old room right across the hall? Because Mom's art desk is in there. I said this seems like you're making excuses, what is the real reason you want me in the basement? He said so he can have more privacy upstairs. I said our rooms are in different hallways and we both have doors, this has never been an issue before, just shut your door like you always have. They said but then the cat can't get in and out, etc. Excuse after excuse. Their house, their rules. I moved in downstairs. My cat would sleep up there in my old chair or in my old closet whenever the toddler came over to get away from him. It took over a year just to get an end table.
- My fuck buddy who was staying over, I accidentally set off the smoke alarm reheating a wise guys pizza in the toaster oven. Both parents came running into the basement, I told them it's just a false alarm and I've got it, go back upstairs, over and over and over, and dad yelled at me so much that she left. She told me over text later that she didn't feel comfortable coming back over because of my dad's yelling. I never saw her again.
- When Dan Zumwalt was helping us load in for band practice, and Dad came downstairs screaming at us that we didn't have his permission to do this at that time and day. Nathan and his dad and I all told him yes, you gave us permission at this specific time, and he was SCREAMING and throwing a temper tantrum
- Nathan told me this story over dinner at a Chinese restaurant when I was staying with friends after the hotel. He still remember it 20 years later, he says his dad does too because it was so egregious, this fully grown adult throwing a temper tantrum like that.
- Talk about throwing temper tantrums, age regression to toddlerhood, is a textbook classic trait of NPD. They scream and cry and throw things and cannot be convinced to be reasonable. They have 100% complete control over it and can turn it on and off at will.
- After their temper tantrums, they pretend nothing happened. They do not want to acknowledge it happened at all and will deny it even if you have proof, they just make excuses or justifications for their outrageous behavior. They refuse to apologize and

they're dismissive and want you to just go along with their revision of history that it never happened and isn't a big deal.

"Made her ask permission to talk to her, in her own house" - get my attention first by saying my name and then waiting for me to say, "yes?" When I'm reading, or watching TV, so that I can pause or mute it. instead she would just start talking to me from another room and expecting me to be listening already. And be able to hear her. She would get mad if I "made her repeat herself" even if I had no idea she was talking to me and not on her phone or talking to herself.
- She's a narcissist, she can't compute the concept that I'm not constantly paying attention to her and waiting with baited breath for her next random thought.

- talk about passive aggression:

- When I wanted to give Hermione canned tuna for her birthday and mom opened a can and brought over tuna flavored wet food after confirming that I meant real tuna in a can, for her birthday. She gets wet food every day and free feeds dry food.

Malignant/sadistic:

Talk about Andy, the "narcissistic smirk" knowingly, intentionally, purposely harming me to make me suffer. Laughing at me when I struggle instead of helping.

- Andy Saw me using child's toy grabber, mocked me and laughed at me. Both of my doctor parents observed this and didn't step in or say anything. Never offered to buy me a real grabber or ask if I needed one, they could probably get it for free if they asked around. But they didn't see an issue with this. They just told me to stop arguing with my brother. I said I didn't even open my mouth until after he laughed at me, and that was to tell him that as a cop, he should have more compassion for me needing to use an assistive device.

True story: When I was 15, I got home from getting my wisdom teeth out. My twin brother Andy asked me how my mouth felt. I said, "It hurts." Then he punched me in the mouth, because he was mad about something unrelated from school.

I had to go back to the dentist and have it fixed up again immediately after that. Andy never got in any trouble. My parents didn't do anything, just paid the bill, and told me not to fight with my brother, and made Andy apologize to me. He never actually said he was sorry or that he felt bad or that he shouldn't have done it or offer to make it right or ask my forgiveness. All he did was tell me he had a bad day at school and that's why he was mad, as though that took care of it.

Andy's a cop now. Because, of course he is.

When Jeff broke mom's windshield because of a cheeseburger, coming home from detention on a Saturday

They used to shut off the internet at night. Copy and paste the letter Dad wrote telling me he pays for the internet.

Neil bought me a grabber and a cane and a shower stool before I even moved in.

You could swap "disabled person" for me and "abled person" with "my parents" and you've pretty much got it. Before I stopped talking to her completely, maybe once a week, my mother would ask me, why don't you do some English tutoring? And every week, I would explain that, first of all, this is a college town and there is an abundance of people with degrees or even graduate degrees in English who offer tutoring - I didn't graduate from college; why would anyone want tutoring from me? And second, I mean.... I'm in the process of applying for disability benefits BECAUSE I can't work. She knows (about) this, intimately - she sees me struggle just to shower and cook and sleep because of overwhelming pain. She just chooses to forget that every time she tries to talk to me about it.

like... How many times do I have to tell her this? She's a medical doctor!! Dr Mary Muscato, everyone loves her.... She just doesn't want to believe it's actually true that I'm disabled. There's no way I could commit to tutoring on a schedule like that, I intentionally only make last-minute plans because I never know how I'm going to feel, and how much energy I'll have, until the day-of. She knows that, too. She just doesn't care.

Frankly, I find it offensive to imply that I'm not already doing the maximum that I possibly physically can. I do MORE than the maximum I possibly physically can.. My doctor LITERALLY ORDERED ME to do less heavy lifting (literally and figuratively) and have others do more for me, because my back is not healing from surgery properly, because I'm trying to do too much.

Too much, as in cooking, bathing, cleaning, etc. In fact, my doctors have suggested that I apply via Medicaid to have someone paid by my insurance to come over a few times a week to do these things for me. Insurance will even pay a relative to do these things. My parents know this. But they still expect me to do more.

They simply don't listen to me. They lack empathy. They don't care if I'm suffering. They're fine with that. They get pleasure out of knowing that I'm suffering.

And now that I've exposed my father's violent abuse to the world.... Well, now he WANTS me to suffer.

I had to take this guy - Joe Muscato, MD! - to COURT to get him to return my 15 prescription medications. He forced me to go cold turkey for THREE WEEKS until a judge ordered him to

return my meds to me. This was SIX DAYS after I had BACK SURGERY. Four months after I had heart surgery! Like I said, I'm on 15 Rx meds.

He WANTED me to be in excruciating, debilitating pain, as punishment for exposing him, for daring to stand up to his abusive violence and manipulation.

He's just evil. He hides it from outsiders, but he has legit evil in his heart. He thinks I deserve his abuse, and even when I escaped him, he continued to force me to suffer by refusing to return my meds, or my clothes, and his still is refusing to return my emotional support animal.

Yelling at me for Rehearsing in the basement, he said we could do it at xyz time, but then screamed at me in front of my band and my guitarist/singer's dad, about it not being the right time/date for rehearsal. Nathan's dad remembers it too. Just throwing a temper tantrum about it like a toddler.

2 or 4 hours on one day's notice to get a crew together to get everything from my house, including packing everything, with no budget

Refused to store guitars upstairs in winter. I told him over and over that this was really bad for the guitars and they would be irreversible damaged. I begged him many times to bring them upstairs to the closet of my old room or anywhere else. The heating vent ended up being closed, and even worse he got the doors replaced and it was 40 degrees outside and then of course 40 degrees inside.

Thousands of dollars of damages, plek to fix it, Martin classical will never be the same.

When I asked him why didn't he just bring them upstairs, I told him over and over that I can't lift them because of my back and they'll be damaged, even my mom's Martin that was her dad's:

He said if I'd realized the classical guitar was down there, I would have done it sooner

(He never did it at all)

I said what difference does it make? They were all down there, and he tried to say that well, it's worse for acoustic guitars, because I told him the Martin was irreversible damaged on account of it being a vintage classical. I said my classical guitar, my Garcia, is the same year as the Martin, and it's damaged to, fortunately not irreversibly like the Martin. And you know that mine 1) exists 2) is an acoustic among my other guitars 3) isn't my only acoustic and 4) is the same year as the Martin. Saying you didn't realize the vintage Martin was down there among them doesn't make any sense. I asked you over and over to do it.

I said the least you can do is pay for these repairs. It's not gonna be cheap. It was a couple thousand altogether. And I know for a fact that he accounted for this in "the money he spent on

me" that he keeps track of so he can subtract this from the money he intended to leave me when he dies.

He did end up paying for the repairs, but he never apologized

WiiFM:

One of the most useful, stunningly accurate, and valuable things to understand about narcissists is that they only listen to things that matter to them. They "tune out" if you begin to tell a story about yourself, or talk about something unrelated to their interests. If you want a narcissist to pay attention to what you are saying, you have to say it in such a way that it benefits them, or they literally stop listening.

Learning about Wii-FM completely changed the way I talk to my parents. Just like tuning into a radio station, narcissists are tuned into "Wii-FM" - "what's in it for me?" If you're not answering this question, they stop listening. They may start reading a magazine or scrolling on their phone, they might interrupt you and just start talking as though you weren't in the middle of a story or a sentence. They just don't have the ability to pay attention when you don't make it crystal clear that this affects them directly. Often, narcissists will only partly pay attention to what you're saying, enough to get the gist, and then interrupt you to talk. Narcissists don't listen in the sense of hearing what you're saying, thinking about it, and then responding to it. They often already know what they're going to say in response to you, before you even finish talking. They don't so much respond, as wait for you to finish talking and then say what they were going to say anyway. Often, they don't even wait for you to finish.

Because they only pay partial attention to you, they often misunderstand your point. We already have seen that narcissists twist the narrative and rewrite history to make you the villain and them the victim. Narcissists are characteristically impatient when other people have the floor. They consider themselves the center of attention, and they experience a narcissistic injury when they are forced to give up the floor. They believe that they have the floor by default, and that they have the inherent right to take back the floor whenever they choose. They believe that they are the one directing the conversation, even if you are the one who called the meeting.

Conversations with my dad are a great example of this. When I'm talking to my dad, I often pause and ask him if he can repeat back to me the bullet points of what I just said. For example, if I were reading this section out loud, and I asked you, the reader, to repeat back to me what I just said, you might say something like this: "You said that narcissists hog the floor. They don't really listen so much as wait to talk. Sometimes they don't even do that, they just interrupt you. They don't pay attention unless you're talking about something that directly relates to them. They only listen to you if you make it clear what's in it for them, or put another way, they listen to "Wii-FM" - what's in it for me."

Not too difficult, right? People who don't have NPD have the ability to listen and summarize what they've just heard.

Contrast this with someone with NPD. Narcissists cannot pay attention unless you are talking about them or praising them. If you ask a narcissist, "Could you repeat back to me the bullet points of what I just said?" a narcissist will get defensive and angry. They may accuse you of dominating the conversation and not letting them speak. Even if you ask them to humor you and go ahead and repeat back the bullet points anyway, they can't do it. They won't admit that they can't do it, they will instead get angry and claim that you are being unreasonable and unfair. Even something as simple as a conversation is exhausting when you're talking to a narcissist.

There are two good examples from my diary of this type of refusal to pay attention. When I made an ultimatum with my parents, that I would no longer speak to them until they agreed to go to family therapy with me, my dad talked almost the entire session every time. He believed that he was leading the session and directing the conversation, even though he was one of only four people in the room and the therapist was the one in charge of the flow of conversation. He talked so much and took so much time, that my mother and I barely got a word in.

I brought this up in multiple sessions, and said that my dad wouldn't let either of us have enough time to talk about what we needed to say. The therapist agreed to switch us from 60 to 90 minute sessions, but this didn't help. My father still spent most of the sessions talking about his perspective on the issues and not letting anyone else speak.

Further, when I brought this up, he accused me of dominating the conversation and not giving anyone else enough time. This was an obvious projection, but I decided to collect some data to prove my point.

I downloaded a chess timer app on my phone, which is basically two timers running back and forth with a single start button.. When you press the button, the timer on the left starts counting up or down, depending on the settings. When you press the button a second time, the left timer stops counting, and the right timer begins counting. When you press the button a third time, the right timer stops counting, and the left timer resumes counting. In a chess game, this allows the players to see how much time each person is spending contemplating their next move.

In therapy, I used the chess timer to compare how much time my dad spent talking, versus everyone else. I did my best to start and stop the timer exactly when he began speaking and when he stopped speaking. Considering there were 4 of us in therapy - me, my mother, my father, and the therapist - it makes sense that my father would speak approximately 25% of the time. I timed 3 sessions at 90 minutes each, so that I would have several examples to talk about when I brought up the subject of my dad dominating the conversation.

In each session, not only did my dad speak the majority of the time out of the three clients, but he spoke more than ALL THREE of the four of us combined, for all three sessions that I timed. Out of ninety minutes, he talked, according to my diary, 55 minutes, 47 minutes, and 61 minutes

in each session respectively. In theory, if the time had been divided up evenly between the four of us, we would have each had approximately 22 minutes and 30 seconds to speak. In each case, my father spoke more than twice as much as this: 61% of the time, 52% of the time, and 68% of the time, respectively. Out of 4 people present!

If I had brought this to the attention of an empathetic, loving, neurotypical father, he might have responded with something like this:

"Gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was taking up so much of the time. I want everybody to have a chance to speak and have their voice heard. I had no idea that I was dominating the sessions like this. I'll try to do better in the future and make sure I don't hog the floor. I'm sorry."

These are words that a narcissist is incapable of saying.

When I brought these figures to the next session, and showed my data to the therapist and to my dad, his response was frustratingly predictable: He instantly dismissed the gravity of what I said. He then accused me of fudging the data and being "unfair" with my timing, to make him look bad to the therapist. Then he accused ME of dominating the current session, with my insistence on discussing equal time, instead of discussing "the issues at hand" - what happened over the last week, from his perspective.

At the time, I was bewildered: Here was hard evidence that my father was dominating our sessions, just as I said in the first place. And in response, he is accusing ME of taking up too much session time? It made no sense.

I now recognize this as deny, attack, and reverse victim and offender (DARVO). This is textbook behavior for narcissists. They cannot apologize, they cannot admit wrongdoing, they cannot change. They don't believe they need to act differently and they never get better.

It is necessary to understand that narcissists only care selectively about hard evidence. They don't update their beliefs when evidence shows them that they are incorrect about something. In fact, they consider it a personal attack, and will act defensively as a result. They believe aggression is warranted because they believe they are acting in self-defense when they are criticized. They believe any criticism is a challenge and that they must defend themselves from your attacks. They will project, blaming you for the exact same thing you are pointing out about their behavior. It is as though they understand that SOMEONE is dominating the session, or whatever the criticism may be — but they cannot admit that they are the one doing it, so they blame you for it instead.

Narcissists do not use evidence to decide what is or isn't true when the evidence shows that they are incorrect about something. They are hypocritical in this regard: They strongly value evidence when it agrees with their point of view, and will insist on taking evidence into account if it furthers their own narrative. But when evidence shows that they are incorrect about

something, they will be dismissive, deny the evidence, and become defensive, and accuse you of whatever it is that you're trying to criticize about them.

Narcissists decide what is or isn't true based on their feelings, not evidence. They only value evidence when it agrees with their feelings. They become dismissive, angry, defensive, and they attack you if you try to show them that they are wrong about something. Narcissists are unable to acknowledge fault. They are unable to admit that they are wrong, even with hard evidence. They will make excuses, become angry, change the subject, and project instead.

Remember, narcissists are delusional. They hold a false, fixed belief that they are always right, that they are superior to you, that they know best, and that they are entitled to be the center of attention in any given situation. This belief is not swayed by evidence to the contrary.

When they are forced to face the fact that their delusional beliefs conflict with shared reality, they experience a narcissistic injury, and proceed to narcissistic rage: denial, attacking the person attempting to hold them accountable, and reversing victim and offender (DARVO). It is exhausting and a waste of time to attempt to use logic to discuss the differences between shared reality and their delusions. They simply cannot accept accountability or being wrong about something, no matter what evidence you offer them. The famous comparison of trying to explain something to a narcissist is that it's like wrestling with a pig: You'll never win, you'll get covered in shit, and besides, the pig likes it.

When you are frustrated about the narcissist hogging the floor in conversation, what tends to work best is being careful not to accuse the narcissist of doing this. They will consider your criticism to be a personal attack, and act defensively. When a narcissist interrupts you, it takes practice, but just don't stop talking. Just continue what you were saying. If they succeed in interrupting you, and you do stop talking, take care to remember exactly where you were in your sentence, and wait for them to stop talking. Do not listen to what they are saying. Do not change what you were about to say. Just wait for them to stop talking, and then say, "As I was saying," and continue your sentence. Keep doing this, but take care not to accuse them of interrupting you or changing the subject, even if they did both.

Overall, it is ideal to avoid conversations with narcissists if possible. The long-term goal is to remove the narcissist from your life to the greatest degree practically possible. Narcissists do not get better, in fact they only get worse over time.

Obsession with Money

In mid November of 2022, I got an idea for my next book. I spent several hours in writing mode, working on the outline. Over the course of the next few days, I put down on paper the introduction, first chapter, the chapter outline, and I chose the title. I printed out what I had, and brought it to the kitchen to sit down and read it over.

My dad was also in the kitchen. I told my dad that I was working on another book. I told him that I already had a few thousand words, including the introduction and first chapter, and that I had chosen a title.

Now, a neurotypical, loving father who has empathy and compassion might respond this way:

“Oh wow, that’s great. I’m glad you’re feeling well enough to get some writing done. A new book, that’s exciting. What’s it about? What’s the title?”

This isn’t even close to what my father said. My father is a narcissist, and he doesn’t care about anything I write. He’s never read any of my published works, as far as I know. Here’s what he said when I told him that I was working on another book, and that I had already written the introduction and first chapter, and chosen a title:

“How much are you going to sell it for? You need to make some money. You have to make sure it’s behind a paywall, you don’t want someone to get a hold of a digital copy and not pay you anything.”

I was taken aback. According to my diary, I responded, “Well, I don’t know. That’s not really on my radar. Even my editor and I haven’t even talked about that yet. The selling price is generally up to the publisher, and it’s one of the last things you decide when you’re writing a book. Wouldn’t you rather ask me what the title is?”

He could not have cared less what the book was about, or what the title was. His only thought was about money. This is typical for a narcissist.

Narcissists measure a person’s worth to society based on their income and wealth. Narcissists are awed by rich people and believe they deserve to rub elbows with people who have a lot of money, even if they don’t have a lot of money themselves.

My father is retired. He’s still has a quarter of a million dollars a year in income, from his investments. He has it set up so that slowly increases to 500,000 a year 26 years from now, to keep pace with inflation. My dad’s worst nightmare is running out of money before he dies. He has set aside this money for that purpose, with long-term care insurance, he is so stingy it’s unbelievable. He is a terrible tipper, I can’t tell you the number of times that I have said I had to go to the bathroom so I could go back to the table when we went out to dinner, and leave another 20 or 40 bucks. My dad will not touch that money he has set aside to pay him income through a hundred years old for anything or anyone. He is obsessed with this idea that he deserves the very best of care that money can buy when he is old. He expects to live to 100 years old. My dad’s dad died in his 40s from heart issues. My dad has a pacemaker and has had several heart surgeries. He’s 74. He plans to live another 26 years. Running out of money is his biggest concern in life. Even more than his own happiness. When you look at pictures of him now, he’s just unhappy. He’s miserable. Even when he’s on vacation, he can’t smile. He has trouble sleeping, I don’t really know what to say about this. He’s doing it to himself. I want to talk

to him, I want to work this out like adults, but he's refusing to do that. He would prefer to have the ability to blame me for his problems and his attitude. As long as I'm the enemy and we haven't worked this out yet, he still has that outlet. That's why he won't meet with me. He makes ridiculous excuses

As a result of their obsession with money, narcissists tend to seek out high-paying roles and tend to be aggressive about making sure they are investing as much as possible, while still affording a lifestyle of overt capitalistic success. A narcissist is more likely to live in a large house with empty bedrooms and a circle drive and multiple garages, versus for example, a random apartment in an apartment building, even if an apartment might fit their actual needs better. Narcissists measure a person's value to society based on how much money they make, or how much money they have. It is fundamentally important to a narcissist that other people view them as having a lot of money and being successful in the capitalist sense.

Narcissists have an unearned sense of entitlement. They believe they deserve the best life has to offer, the best clothes, the most expensive meals and vacations, the flashiest cars and jewelry. They believe they are superior to other people and that they deserve special treatment.

Narcissists frequently talk about their jewelry, or expensive cars, or expensive vacations, even if this is off-topic or inappropriate for the setting. For example, my mother is obsessed with diamonds and gold. She often talks about her diamond earrings or diamond rings with her patients on Medicare. Several of her patients have talked to me about this, with concern and frustration. One of them told me that she was in the process of raising money for her cancer treatment on GoFundMe, and when she tried to talk about it with her doctor - my mother - she insisted on showing the patient her diamond earrings, and talking about which one is slightly better quality than the other. Each of those diamond earrings could have easily funded her patient's entire GoFundMe fundraiser, but my mother didn't seem to notice or care how inappropriate this was, for a cancer medical appointment, with someone on a low, fixed income. It just went in one ear and out the other.

Arrested in Tennessee, called him and told him I'm being sexually abused by corrections officers and mocked and tortured and denied food and meds and water and a toilet and a bed, and he said "you'll just have to get a public defender." I said I'm not asking for a lawyer right now, I need you to bail me out. If I don't bail out, my court date isn't for 7 months, I'll be here until January. He said I'm 38 years old, and it's not his problem, and he went back to sleep!!!!

- A neurotypical parent would be anxious and overcome with the desire to help. They would be packing their bags to head to Tennessee. They would ask what do you need? How can I help? I'm so sorry you're in pain, I'm going right now, I'll do whatever it takes to get you out of there as quickly as possible.

He said later this he didn't understand I was asking for bail and not a lawyer.

Sara called him and tried to tell him that I was being tortured. He didn't care. Not his problem. Maybe I deserved to get arrested.

She tried another tactic. She realized he's a narcissist and that she would have to talk to him via WiiFM (what's in it for me?):

She explained that it's going to make the news that I was arrested and being tortured, we've got the ACLU referring an attorney, Celebrities are involved already. His friends would find out that her parents are millionaires and she called them for help and they said no. And they would all think he's a monster and selfish and transphobic for not helping.

THAT'S what got him to help. Not learning that I was being tortured, but HIS FRIENDS finding out that he was complicit with it.

It's all about his public image as a good person, not actually trying to be a good person, or a good parent.

- mom dumping Ice water over my head to wake me up for school. Turns out I have a sleep disorder and I only get 4 hours of sound sleep in 8 hours of actual sleep.
- She should have recognized this because 1) she's a medical doctor and 2) because she has the same diagnosis and 3) also uses a CPAP herself!!
- Willful ignorance, willful incompetence= passive aggressive

Mom's hoarding. Constant lying about getting rid of things, going through the trash, constant lying about buying more things.

- The time I was making pizza and waited to bake it until she got home since we would have to put frozen food away before sitting down to eat, and it only takes 4 minutes to bake.
- I didn't want to start baking it yet so it would be fresh out of the oven when we sat down.
- Andy waited with Andrew for her to get there, wouldn't let Andrew eat so we wouldn't spoil his dinner. We asked Mom, how far away are you? Should Andrew eat something else? She said, I'm in line right now, I'll be home in twenty minutes.
- Then half an hour later, dad got a notification on his phone that mom had charged something at Tuesday morning. She didn't bring the bags inside from it. Dad asked her why she didn't come straight home. She said I did, here's the frozen food. He said I got a notification on my phone that you bought \$80 of stuff at Tuesday morning, too. She said I just run in there for a second, and Dad said there's nothing that you can impulse buy that quickly that costs \$80 at Tuesday Morning. And she knew we were all waiting for her. Andrew ended up eating some cheese and crackers Andy gave him on the way out the door.

Mom and dad ignoring me, on their phones, trying to show them this book (Assertiveness Workbook).

- Ultimatum for family therapy, he screamed at me for 2 hours for suggesting it. I said you've been yelling at me for the last 2 hours, isn't this proof enough right here that we need it?
- Screaming about groceries, for 20 minutes, because she got bagels instead of sandwich bread. Mom Apologizing over and over, begging him to stop yelling at her, saying she can give them to Andy if we don't need them. 20 minutes of Dad going hoarse screaming.
- He has complete control over the timing and intensity of his temper tantrums. Dad stopped screaming when the phone rang on November 22 and switched to whispering. I pointed it out in real time on the recording and said see you can control it, you have complete control over it, you can turn it on and off like a light switch. Just stop screaming at me already. Just stop it.
- Andrew is the new Golden Child.
- When I moved back in June 2015 and visited his office, none of his coworkers knew I was trans. They said oh your dad said you were moving back in with him. Which means he referred to me by name and misgendered and deadnamed me. I had been out to him for a year at that point.
- Copy and paste the letter I wrote on father's day 2014, the email where I came out to him and told him I was telling him before I come out publicly to give him time to learn about it and get used to my new name and pronouns.
-
- My parents continued to misgender me for years, including multiple times in writing, in text messages to Maggie, mom called me "he/she"
- They used Jeff, Laura, etc to spy on me and extract information about me while I was at the hotel.
- Jeff took advantage of my need for his help getting things by making me take him to Applebee's over and over. After 4th time in a row of him saying better luck next time, I said enough of this. If you're only going to get the lightest and most convenient to reach 3 things on my list each time, or back out of doing it at all, or make me wait two hours in the middle of winter in my car for you, I'll just have the attorneys do it.
- I still never got my mics, my pedalboard. Took months to get my pool cue and he tried to give me the wrong one. Gave me his old shitty vacuum cleaner and kept my Dyson. Again this guy is worth \$8.7 million dollars and wears a \$22,000 wristwatch. His art collection is worth DOUBLE the median home price in Columbia, Missouri just by itself.
- Talk about at court, when mom was giggling with Marjorie until she saw me. Instant mask-off scowl, like she suddenly remembered she's supposed to be pretending to be scared of me and so distressed that she needs a restraining order.
- Chad helped me pack, carried my bag, drove me to the hotel, brought my bag upstairs because of my back and being on pain meds.

- Dad made me come into court without my pain meds, with a cane, less than a month after back surgery, to get my meds back. He played the victim and acted like he was physically afraid of me, even though I literally couldn't stand up for more than a moment, even with a cane.
- He told his lawyer that he didn't remember grabbing me, that even if he did, I banged my own wrist on the cabinet when I pulled my arm away from him, so it's really my fault. And I didn't mention it over the next twenty minutes because I was having a PTSD episode, even though I did mention it on the second recording immediately following that, within the same 30 minutes after it happened. He told me twice over text that he didn't remember doing it at all, and the third time he said he did it because he was afraid and it was in self-defense. I said that doesn't make any sense because you weren't even in the room and you came over to where I was with Andy.
- He told the cops that he did it because he thought I was about to punch my brother, he and Andy conspired to say that I had a closed fist. "It appears" in his text message, not "I remember..."
- He wasn't arrested because there wasn't probable cause, because of the question of doing it in defense of Andy.
- But that's not what he told his lawyer over email. He said he was angry that I was cussing where the 4 year old could overhear, which is exactly what I told the cops. Being angry that he overheard me say something from another room that he disapproves of, is not a legal justification for putting hands on me, and he knows it. That's why he lied about it being in defense of Andy.
- I would never punch anyone. I took kenpo lessons and I know how to use the edge of my hand instead, to protect my wrists and fingers
- Also, I'm paranoid about my hands. I never even use power tools. I quit kenpo specifically because I didn't want to injure my hands by accident and mess up my ability to play guitar. I don't even use power tools or try to open stuck jars because I'm paranoid about injuring my hands or messing up my nails. I carry nail clippers and a nail file in my pocket.
- I also carry 3 sets of earplugs because I'm also paranoid about my hearing. Tell the story of mom refusing to get her ears checked because "of COVID" even though I said you can wear a mask and you go to restaurants all the time without one. She claimed she was so busy that she never had time to call when they're open. For 3 years she refused, I finally said enough, I'm calling and making the appointment for you. What's the name of the place? Dad told me, I called and left a message. That was on November 22. They called me back while I was at the hotel the next day. Scheduled it for the Monday after Thanksgiving.
- I got screamed at for 10 straight minutes for offering to make that phone call and doing it.
- Mom called me "nasty" for offering to call for her, when she said she's too busy to do it while they're open, and I said "can't you just leave a message?"
- To the Narcissist, any perception of criticism is inferred to be a personal attack, that requires either punishment or attacking back in return.

- We had to put in place a moratorium in therapy that she would stop calling me nasty. She only agreed to do it after Dad agreed with me that name calling was not okay and that she would not like it if I did that to her.
- Talk about the time that Ava said, look at me, I'm your mom! And she rolled her eyes. I was so shocked, I had never seen her roll her eyes before, and it was so obvious when she did it that this is not okay and it's really rude, and I said I can't believe that my mom does this 100 times a day, literally. I have OCD and I count. I stop counting at 100, it's not like anything special happens at 100 times, it just seems like a good stopping place. Every single day, I never once failed to get to a hundred times of her rolling her eyes at me.
-

Invited strangers to Thanksgiving knowing I was alone in a hotel, posted about it on Facebook. A narcissist never does anything generous or kind without public attention.

Dad lied to the judge so he could change the locks. Admitted over email the story he told the cops is not the same as what he told me, or his lawyer about what he really did. It's not admissible but it's proof.

Narcissists perceive any criticism as an attack. They feel victimized whenever anyone challenges their delusions of grandeur, even constructively, no matter how calm and kind you are about it. They believe yelling and physical violence are justified in self-defense if you criticize them or prove them wrong about something.

- Story about 2nd grade spelling bee.
- Story about creativity award and mom forcing me to dress up, but not Andy
- Andy intentionally getting bad grades so he wouldn't get bullied as much, meanwhile I was doing so well that I skipped a grade
-
- Let my cry until I vomited as a baby. Neglected me every night for months. Talk about when Ruth showed me that article where babies don't understand what's going on, they cry and scream until they are exhausted and it's really terrible and traumatizing for the baby. It causes attachment issues, abandonment issues, it's so much worse than it sounds on first blush. They would rather just get sleep than take care of their crying baby. It's straight up textbook example of neglect.
- Tell the story about how Laura said that my parents could barely afford a babysitter when they were young doctors with twins. They didn't pay her very well because they said they couldn't afford it. They were having their own custom house built at the same time while they were living in another house across town. They're both doctors. It makes no sense to say they couldn't afford to pay a babysitter. My parents were already millionaires at this point. They're just stingy
- Tell the story of how Josh, when he was trying to negotiate a settlement for us about housing and moving expenses, told me that my dad is stingy. Tell the story about how I

corrected him and said No my dad is not stingy, he's actually very generous when he's getting public credit for it. He gives a lot of money away to charity. He just refuses to spend any money on me because he considers me a burden. He thinks of me as a column in a spreadsheet that is draining his ability to live in luxury until he's 100 years old.

- Sent Jeff away to boarding school
- Jeff stole from them
- Columbia DJ Supply, \$1.7m with inflation, But he didn't count this against the money Jeff is going to be inheriting.
- Jeff was driving a BMW convertible at 20 years old. I had to buy my first car with a bank loan, it was a used Ford explorer with 100,000 miles on it. Dad bought Andy a brand new red mustang for his 18th birthday, He said he did it for Andy and not me because Andy was still in high school and I had dropped out. I said that doesn't make sense because you bought Jeff a BMW too, and he's not in school. But my dad said that's different, because Jeff works for him and bought it with his own money.

\$22k wristwatch. \$15k to restain his back patio deck. \$20k India trip. \$70k car x2.

- 100k for a house for Andy so the 3 year old wouldn't have to move during the divorce
-
- Paid the down payment on Jeff's house in the Highlands while I was homeless in a park.
- Gave Jeff a fake job
- paid for schooling

Dad sat next to me at all my appointments and talked over me, when they asked me each time about the Intake form: marked that I was being abused at home, he wouldn't let me speak up about it.

Joint checking account, car insurance, cell phone

- Andy's prom date. mom said as soon as he opened the door, Oh, you're Black!
- Andy didn't introduce his wife until engaged because of my parents' bullshit and racism, He said he didn't want to scare her away.
- The N-word. Dad argued with me for ten plus minutes that there are circumstances, such as quoting, when it's okay for a white person to say the n word. I told him that This is literally my area of expertise as a professional civil rights activist focusing on Black Lives Matter. He's a narcissist, it's just not possible for him to believe ANYTHING I say or ever admit "defeat"
- I started using a chess timer in our sessions to prove that he talked more than me. In fact he talked 128% of the time that I talked and still claimed that I dominated the conversation and wouldn't let him speak. I recorded and timed 3 separate sessions to prove it and he just dismissed it as me being biased.
- Narcissists do not actually listen to other people. They can only listen when they're being praised or when they're being talked about or when they are talking about one of their

own interests. They don't listen to other people, They just wait to speak. I said I can prove it because I know the next three words that are going to come out of your mouth because you've tried to interject them four or five times in a row now. Every single time he would start to interrupt me and already know what he was going to say and start saying it before I even finished my point.

- I would stop every so often and ask him to summarize what I just said, or repeat back to me what I just said, to make sure that he was listening. He was literally never one time able to do it. Every single time he would get angry, and say that I was attacking him, and blame me for being rude, but he couldn't repeat back my points, he couldn't tell me what I just said. He literally wasn't listening and would just make excuses every time.
- There's only one exception that I can remember where he actually listened to me.
- He is capable of listening and not interrupting when it's something he cares about: When I told him about how to properly care for and maintain his favorite knife, and I started talking about my special interest, steel alloys, about chromium for rust resistance, how harder steels are prone to chipping but can stay sharper longer between sharpening seasons, you should never hone a carbon steel knife, rather strop it on leather He didn't interrupt me and he was actually paying attention to what I was saying and listening to me. I was so shocked that I actually mentioned it, see something say something, in the middle of talking about the difference between shirogami and aogami steels. He wasn't waiting to talk, prepared with his response already, interrupting me every 3 seconds to start off his sentence repeatedly, not listening to me at all, just thinking about what he wants to say. He wasn't doing that. It blew my mind. He is capable of listening to me, he just doesn't care about anything I say, unless it's about something he personally already cares about, which in the Venn diagram of things he cares about and anything to do with me, it's basically just two separate circles. Here I drew it up for you: his favorite kitchen knife, money I spend, making sure I'm medicated when I'm home, but remember he intentionally maliciously deprived me of all 15 of my prescriptions 6 days post back surgery, while I was traumatized and suicidal, cold turkey, for 2.5 weeks, until a judge ordered him to return them to me. Pain meds. PTSD meds. Antidepressants. 5 heart medications. Blood thinners. Heart rhythm meds. Blood pressure meds. I could have had a stroke. I emailed his lawyer and texted my older brother, Jeff, and said I was going to jump off a building. The lawyer not replying, I can maybe understand. She's choosing her job over trying to save my life, she could have sent me back the number for the suicide lifeline, and not seriously risked her license. I mean, how would she feel if I had jumped off a building? But my dad signs the checks, so she left me on read. But my older brother, Jeff? He doesn't really care about me at all. We had this informal arrangement where I would take him out to Applebee's for dinner and spend \$70 and text him a list of stuff to grab for me from my room. He always got like a third of the stuff on the list, and not the most important things, but the most convenient things, lightest, easiest

My parents didn't even call me on my 30th birthday. No card, no flowers, no present of any kind. I just worked and then I went out to dinner by myself to a diner after work,

For their 50th and 60th birthdays, we threw huge surprise parties for them, multiple relatives from 1500 miles away came, all their friends. 30 people for dinner at Dr Yang's house, 150 people with custom fancy cakes, multiple professional photographers, a classical pianist, we rented a grand piano, guestbook, we made a photo album for them, catered sushi for 150 people from Jina Yoo's, we had white gloved servers with trays of champagne and traditional Emilia-Romagna Hors D'oeuvre with imported prosciutto and San Marzano tomatoes, open bar, it was something like a \$20k party not counting the flights and hotel rooms.

Mom passive aggressively buying the wrong things at Palen. I texted her so she wouldn't have to remember or find a note if I wrote it down. I even sent her pics from Google of the two items to get, and she only got one of the two Mom only getting one of two items at Palen

- Forgetting to order dinner for me, at Sophia's. I texted her my order while she was still on her way to the restaurant. She claimed she didn't remember AND didn't see my text because she wasn't on her phone during dinner. I said but I saw you posting on FB about it. I didn't make dinner until 10p when she got home.

Willful incompetence, plausible deniability

Dad brought a tote bag of my meds 2 hours after the judge ordered him to "look again". I emailed his attorney 15 times over 3 weeks. He claimed he already did bring my meds. The blue tote bag full of meds, show the pics of all the bottles, including the post-it with his handwritten note "current meds (overflow)" that he used every other week to refill my weekly planners. I don't even know where he found the other bottles he brought (shelf in my room in the basement?). The blue bag is always kept in the other side of the kitchen bathroom, right where he always puts it.

He's not that incompetent or ignorant. He didn't even try until the judge ordered him to, and then he did it within 2 hours.

He wanted me to suffer suicidal levels of pain as punishment for exposing him as an abuser.

Prevalence & Diagnosis

Denial

Sense of entitlement "Special Me" / WiiFM

Hypocrisy & Audacity

Bigotry & Performative Progressiveness

The Grandiose Subtype

The Covert Subtype

Sadism & the Malignant subtype

Coercion and privacy

Punishment and Discipline

Scapegoating & The familial cult (GC, etc)

Obsession with Beauty, Status, and Money

Projection

Gaslighting

Playing the victim

Litigiousness & Corruption

DARVO

Masking (customer service, cheaters)

Financial abuse

Minimization

Passive aggression

Smear campaigns

Physical violence

Stonewalling and the silent treatment

Guilt tripping

Love bombing and guilt gifts / the cycle

Narcissistic injury

Narcissistic rage

Grey rocking, low contact, and no contact

Afterword: The best revenge is living well