

Hi! I'm Glamrock Dusky, just Dusky for short.

I'm a video essayist Youtuber who also streams/develops horror and retro games.

My audience may or may not already know this, but I currently live in what I'd consider an abusive household - examples/proof of this further below.

Those responsible for that perception - my parents - may not consider it such and if they find out about this fundraiser, I'll be in for hell - so this MUST be kept from them no matter what.

AKA - PLEASE DO NOT SPEAK ABOUT THIS ON YOUTUBE WHETHER THAT BE ON STREAM OR OTHERWISE.

Let's get into why I'm even doing this.

Yeah, I'm 24, living with my parents, and I know this is pathetic, but I also just need help and I'm at the end of my rope.

I really need to move out of this house, but I've had trouble finding a job quickly that won't majorly burn me out. I work part time at a park now so thankfully I am not relying only on youtube income anymore, but JUST Park and Youtube combined don't pay enough for me to be able to afford to move out any time soon.

So, I've been told by friends and my community to set up a fundraiser so that I can get somewhere safer sooner. With the funds from this, I'd be able to get settled somewhere closer to work (It's a 40 minute commute right now), leave my unsafe household and be able to pay rent and the security deposit + any other fees while I hopefully get a more high-paying job or get Youtube to the point where it can mostly carry my expenses when combined with the Park income.

My parents have informed me that if I do not apply to a certain number of jobs per week, they will turn off the hot water or even confiscate my PC.

I get it. It doesn't mean I like it or want to deal with it. Plus, I pay them rent now so that combined with the water thing is irritating considering I already pay per month so why make it worse anyway?

Me just saying that my home is abusive probably isn't great proof so let me line out some examples of why this place is majorly detrimental to my mental and physical health.

Every day, I feel more and more drained. I've begun avoiding my parents entirely by sleeping late and immediately going to work.

TW: I will mention self harm, suicide, and mental disorders + domestic abuse.

MY SELF HARM

I tried to slit my wrists with a dull kitchen knife in seventh grade because I felt like if I didn't make straight A's no one would love me, since I wasn't doing well in math and would regularly get reprimanded for it, not at all helped by my "gifted" teacher who insisted I had to be better than the plebians who were going to the public high school which I ended up attending anyway. (Yeah I was a "gifted" child, and the middle school was a prestigious one so the teachers had an ego). What an opener!

In high school, starting from sophomore year I believe...or whenever DDLC (Doki Doki Literature Club) came out, because it put the idea in my head - I was a cutter. Yes, because of Yuri, it's stupid I know. I wasn't medicated then and very easily influenced. I thought, if it relieves stress for her, perhaps it can help me?

Back then, I'd just come to terms with being gay - something I knew my parents hated. And so, I felt stressed every day, especially after my grandmother started living with us as she slowly died of dementia. She didn't recognize me and I watched her slip farther every day.

Then I ended up with an architecture teacher who made fun of my autism every day. I transferred out of that class and I will forever thank my band director for yelling at her and retrieving my stuff from her after I fled the classroom to cut myself in the bathroom.

So I'd just broke, from the pressure on all sides, and I began cutting my arms with blades I took out of my shaving razors.

I didn't even want to go home. A few times I tried to hide somewhere at school, if I didn't have work that day.

Eventually the cutting was found out and I got sent to therapy after my grandmother finally died. Therapy which I later bailed out of because of how empty my therapist seemed. I felt little emotion from her and just felt judged most of the time.

Before you ask... I did also get influenced by Sayori as well. But thankfully, I noticed what was happening before I did anything drastic and tried to surround myself with friends that would pull me out of the urge to, well, you know.

Didn't need any influence from Natsuki, haha. As you can see below. Maybe that is why she's my favorite.

I still retain the white scars on my arms from this part of my life, but I've tried to stay away from knives since 2021. I stopped because my sister cried when she saw my arms and it broke me that I made her feel that way.

MY FATHER

My father has major anger issues and does not tolerate backtalk or nearly any disagreements. It takes nearly nothing to get him to snap, and when he does, he gets physical.

With doctors' help we confirmed that this was due to his high blood pressure and over reliance on wine, but even though he's reeled back since finding out and now very evidently feels bad about what he's done, I still don't trust him and I don't think I ever will. Sometimes when he's upset about something, I still see that dangerous look in his eyes. The only thing that's changed is I know when to sit down and shut up and what buttons never to push.

Once, while I was home from college in the Summer of 2022, he said some very nasty things about transgender people. I retorted back with something equally nasty towards him, out of anger since I have transgender friends whom I value greatly, and went upstairs. Soon I heard loud footsteps coming up the stairs, and my door was almost thrown off its hinges as he tore it open, rushed in and grabbed me, screaming at me, how dare I say that to him.

He bruised my arms and pinned me to my bed and later my floor (this is NOT implying sexual abuse, he has never done that to me, I want to be clear) and hit me. I ended up left curled on the floor, hiding behind my bed and the wall, shaking violently. During the beating I remember yelling for mom, and that only made him angrier.

I went downstairs later to be near my younger sister who is my safest confidant in this house, and he came back, as she was holding me and trying to comfort me. He called me a pussy (or something else, I forget, it's blurry after the initial altercation...) for being so upset about it and she screamed at him, and he went away.

Other times that I remember less clearly since they happened in my teens, one time I forgot to close the garage door and he grabbed my chair (it was at dinner) and threw me out of it. He grabbed my throat here.

Another time, in the basement, I didn't want to go to church with him, so he grabbed at my throat and pinned me to the wall doing it.

I don't know why he always went for the throat. Am I perhaps Bart Simpson? Sorry, I cope with humor. I couldn't watch the Simpsons nowadays because of this, honestly. Actually, I was playing a Simpsons FNAF Fangame once and had to quit it because of Homer's door-banging mechanic triggering a trauma response. Embarrassing, yes.

Other Dad-Related Incidents:

-He's called me schizophrenic for preferring they/them pronouns.

Both my parents refuse to use they/them for anyone who prefers it and will sometimes go out of their way to use the wrong pronouns for someone in front of my sister and I, since they know we disagree with it. Email below (He does not text, he only emails me, and yes he stinks at spelling):

I took off the "open to work" icon as "in my opinion and experience" it makes you look desperate.

Companies like to steal or capture people more than hire folks needing work as it appeals to their pride.

I also remove the personal designation "they?" and left it un-selected.

People who like this won't like you anymore than they do now; people who don't, will pass you up on an opportunity. The "they" thing can also be seen as a schizophrenia and a potential liability.

-He'll say extremely nasty things about people who are not Christian, to the point I think he doesn't see them as valid humans.

We saw an article about a boy who killed himself, and I remember he said that if the boy had believed in God, he wouldn't have done it. Even my mother, who's also a devout Christian, was appalled.

-When he found out I was gay - I did not tell him intentionally, he found out because I was calling my then-girlfriend on Valentines' Day - he screamed that I was doing it for attention and went downstairs. He came back later to beat me again after Fallout 76 did not successfully calm him down (In fact, he hates that game. I think it only made him angrier).

After I fled the house to go to the neighborhood lake, I got an email from him which reads as follows:

██████, I love you very, very much and am proud of you and I know we both don't like to fight but it seems we have one every year or two. I can't imagine life without you in it. You are a grown woman and have every right to make your own choices and own the results. Whether I agree or disagree with those choices is irrelevant to my love for you as a person. I expect you will successfully finish your degree and go on to do great things.

As per last night and previous occasions, if I understand the source of my anger, it is usually related to a real or perceived lack of respect for your mother or me. As I expressed, I also feel constantly judged by you.

During a private conversation with ^{sister}██████, I was unaware you were listening. My intent was to explain my reactions to some of the various lifestyle choices being marketed as normal so that she could at least understand my position when she hears or sees my discontent.

So, to provide clarity, I will provide that position here for you as well:

Why would a Christian be upset by the lifestyle choices being marketed and promoted?

- Christians believe as Jesus taught; the body and soul will be reunited one day in heaven
- As well, both your body and soul will need to be holy to enter heaven
- The body is a great gift from God and created in partnership with His will
- The decision by any person that there is something wrong with their body is an insult to God; the modification of the body gender based on feelings drives this insult even deeper
- The decision by any person to use their body in ways unintended by God is also an insult to God

When God is insulted, it is difficult for those who love God to stand by and say nothing and effectively appear to be complicit. I struggle (as many do) with what to say as we are automatically labeled as haters or anti-this, anti-that.

I hope that explanation helps. I will endeavor to never get angry again with you or touch you in anger. Please endeavor to be respectful. If you had only said "I'm sorry" it would have immediately defused the whole escalation.

MY MEDICATION

Before I was prescribed antidepressants, I'd have a lot of suicidal thoughts. Both my parents regularly assured me that if I killed myself I'd go to hell. That's probably the only reason I didn't, besides not wanting to leave my sister and my cats alone with them.

After being put on medication, my mother has consistently tried to get me off it, saying that all I really need is a better diet and sleep habits. (She's a keto diet junkie) She's gone as far as getting my refill from the pharmacy and hiding it even after I'd run out, "waiting for you[me] to realize you[I] didn't need it".

The medication prevents me from regularly wanting to die and having difficulty to control anger issues which cost me a lot of opportunities when I was younger. (I suspect my father could benefit from meds as well...)

Without it, I'm unstable and I know it. I had to go through my first month at my new part time job without my medication and it was difficult.

Very regularly, my parents do not believe me when I have issues related to my autism, misophonia and OCD. I'm reprimanded quite a bit for not being able to handle being around chewing noises and guilt tripped for the noises bothering me (things like, "Oh, calm down, I'll be done with the dinner in a second, you'll survive.")

I take things very logically and don't immediately understand assumed responsibility which often gets me yelled at for not doing something that it was assumed I knew to do from a vague text or otherwise.

Example - being yelled at in front of my friends for not realizing that "I'm going to exercise after work" meant "You can't be in the sunroom when I get home because I'm gonna use it".

My old therapist had diagnosed me with "high functioning" "Aspergers" so, often my autistic traits are dismissed because I'm "not actually autistic". Despite Aspergers being classified as autism now, and no longer being an official disorder.

ABOUT MY YOUTUBE CAREER

Minor, but I know my parents don't give a damn about my Youtube exploits even when they pretend to.

My father has admitted before he hadn't looked at it when I first started talking about it (especially after the first Mascot Horror video succeeded) and when he finally did, he saw the view counts and they were about 15x higher than he ever thought I was getting. He thought I'd been exaggerating like, 100-500 views per video IF THAT the whole time. So, they do not take it seriously and have regularly told me to give it up and wait until I have a good 9-5 job and then only do it at night.

For me this is unacceptable. I've been chasing this for years, and now that it's finally working out, I don't get to pursue it because it's "not important right now"?

I don't give a damn if it grows slowly, I love my community to death and I love this job to death. Nothing's gonna make me give you all up. I don't care how much I need to work or stay up til 9 am from midnight to get videos done, I'll do it.

And just because they didn't have the opportunity to do this when they were younger doesn't mean they get to take away the one thing that's made me feel actually worth something as a person.

Before this, I always felt like I was getting overlooked. I had support but there was always something bigger and better I'd constantly get compared to.

Other people would get the publisher deals, the sponsorships, the plush companies approaching them. I even had a wonderful friend of mine get approached by a plush company, and he told them to ask me instead. They never did.

The only publisher I ever got ghosted me after asking to see my game's demo.

So, if it makes sense, I felt very little, very unimportant. It was extremely demotivating. It was honestly why I started streaming less before I created my Glamrock persona, I was starting to feel like I was never going to succeed even after five years of trying. (After I made the persona, I didn't stream because I wanted to use a more accurate model and didn't have one yet, haha.)

Questions you might have -

When could you move out?

Probably in January or February. It depends on what happens, if I get a better job or something or if one opportunity I'm pursuing actually works out, against all odds that it won't.

*This is also assuming that anyone I contact for a roommate opportunity doesn't either ghost me or reject my offer. **They might not care for the idea of living with a streamer, I'm prepared to deal with some prejudice on that front.***

I have to wait to leave until after the Christmas event at work concludes on Jan. 4th since it's very busy and I'm needed a lot + no one can take my shifts since they're all scheduled too - so I wouldn't be able to take time off to move.

I don't want to quit before I'm making more from my normal ventures, for the sake of stability, even if my hours at the Park aren't amazing when it isn't some special event.

Why can't you just find a normal job or leave the Park if it's treating you horribly?

I'm heavily neurodivergent which makes it difficult for me to handle a lot of scenarios and I'm often discriminated against in the workplace for showing traits of it. For example - my sensitivity to smells causes migraines, my sensitivity to certain noises (misophonia) can cause panic attacks alongside my diagnosed OCD and contamination anxiety. I know it's best to keep the one job I've actually managed to get (even if they tried to fire me recently) And let's face it, the job market's not friendly to people who don't fit the standard bill. Trust me, I HAVE been applying to a LOT of places. Usually I just don't hear back or after the interview I'm rejected.

Why don't you use your real name?

I hate my real name. I only use it for work, if ever. I want to change it, I want no association with or attachment to the people who raised me.

Why call your workplace the "Park"?

It's the only one of its kind in the country. Kind of like a crazy big tourist trap. I don't want to dox myself by naming it nor do I really want anybody visiting me and getting me in trouble.

What are the funds going to?

Security deposit, rent, groceries and any necessary utilities, and supporting myself while I try to find a more permanent job solution. There are a few rooms I'm looking at and rent seems to average \$600-700 a month. As it is, with what's in my savings, I can only afford two months.