

Yet Another Blow-Up

Category: SLG

written by Sir Valk | June 14, 2022



On Friday, you yet again blew us up. This time it was over the yard sale which you choose not to respond to my prior texts, telling you I wanted to talk to you. You then blamed me for not telling you about the fact I was doing a yard sale on Saturday when I told you I was, only for me to learn in your argumentative texts that followed into Friday evening, that you already knew about the sale and had only come over to argue with me.

And yes, you did try to call me in the middle of our texting “fight”, but sadly based on the last time that happened, I’ve learned that you would be calling to argue and NOT “work things out”, or “clear some think up” (which ever it was you typed). So I choose not to answer.

When you (ass out of you and me) assumed I would not answer the door if you came over and when I offered to be outside; you choose to again go negative “crying” about now not being allowed inside. OMFG!

So that brings me to today. Today I found you hanging out in your van at Elosie’s (smoking a bowl). When you saw me in the library parking lot as I asked “can we talk”. You clearly stated “ absolutely not“. To which I walked away, making a comment of “as you wish”.

I then went home and moved your cellular number from the SIM card in your phone to a new SIM card. One I installed in an old phone of mine. In short you have lost your phone number & the service with it. I will decide between now and the next billing date if I am porting out of the carrier or what.

But the net result is I am done being taken for granite. I am done spending my money on your phone, when the deal was you would pay for it yourself. You have FAILED to make a payment on that number since February 2021 when you attacked me.

And as of this writing I am done with you. I sent you a "Good Bye" text, shortly before the number was moved.

Maybe one day you will realized what a drinking alcoholic you are.

Maybe one day you will realize how you have created all the drama in your life.

Maybe one day you will realize you fucked up with "Rob".

And maybe one day you will forgive yourself for that childish choice, that childish belief that you could "fix him" or "same him" all by yourself... without telling anyone what he was planning...

Maybe...

Now it's my turn. Now I have to realize I can't fix you, I can't save you, I can't stop you.

I need to realize it's time for me to do what you did not ... it's time for me to tell the authorities of the menace to society you have become. You drink drunk. In time something regrettable is going to happen. I may not be able to stop it, but if I alert the authorities, I can say "at least I tried", "at least I did everything I could".

I tried to talk and work with you, that has failed. I've tried to help you, that has failed. What I have yet to do (beyond one time in September, 2021) is to seek a "higher power" to intervene... that my "friend" is what I now must do. I must update,

finish and send "the letter".

Best of wishes & good luck. Love always.