The Stepdouche

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The various times my second stepfather--The stepdouche--had "talks" with me, AKA lies his ass off and screams at me. I post in chronological order, not the most interesting. I'm writing mainly to get it out.

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Prewarning, I will probably rant a little bit, because I'm going to put my reaction to what he said. If you didn't read the summary I'm going chronologically and not leaving anything out. So some of it will be boring (including this chapter, in my opinion). These talks started when I was eleven, as far as I can remember.

1. names have been changed to protect the innocent in this . . . recollection, I guess, is the best thing to call it.

2. Also note, I trusted this man and at one point considered him my father. He betrayed the trust and that's the only reason I can come to believe causes me to cry so much.

He came into my room with a look on his face that I recognized too well. Gently closing the door behind him, he stepped close to my bed, slowly as first, pausing every few steps to guage how much I was intimidated. Then, he sat down on the edge of my bed, on my feet, but I didnâ t complain, because I knew I was going to have to deal with him anyways.

â Your mother had a very difficult time with Lisa this weekend. I thought you were going to help her,â he told me calmly, maybe even softly. Lisa is my little sister; she was only a few months old, at the time. â Of all people I would have thought you would have helped her! She is so stressed out and you sat in your room all weekend not doing shit!â His voice was rising. He took a deep breath, â she does all of the laundry, all of the cooking, everything! And you canâ t get off your ass and help her!â

I sat in silence, waiting for more to come, getting angrier at the silent tears that slipped down my cheeks. I could never control the crying, it happened no matter what. I was never sure if it was because I was hurt that he was screaming at me, or if I was angry, or if it was because I was afraid.

He sat and stared me in the eyes for a few seconds. I had learned quickly I had to look him in the eyes, otherwise he would demand it. He muttered something like, â please help your mother the next time Iâ m gone,â and then he left. I wiped my tears away, angrily as I lay in my bed, my only sanctuary these days.

First, my sister was only a few months old, and being an eleven year-old, I had no idea how to make a bottle or change diapers, and neither the stepdouche nor my mother taught me how to do these things. I did help my mother carry things and I entertained and watched Lisa while my mother smoked outside. I don't really see what more I could have done, since they didn't show me how to do anything else.

Second, They never taught me how to do laundry, or how to cook; why would you expect me to do it if I didn't know how?

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