

Mr. X,

I have my doubts that you'll even open this letter. It's probably already destroyed and was taken directly to the outside garbage. Or you have opened it in curious megalomania, to further prove yourself the better man. Either way I realize that I may have but one chance to say what I feel needs to be said.

Fuck you.

We came to your home not as adversaries last night, but as companions on the road of life and instead of being any kind of civilized adult you fell into a pathetic little child mentality. You are in your fifties. You are supposed to be smarter. You are suppose to be further along the road of life than I, but after last night, it takes no more direct evidence to point out that you are far, far, behind me. And you had the outrageous position of threatening me? What a fool.

Your son has been harassing my girlfriend. Threatening her. Putting things on her car. Insulting and embarrassing her in public. I was ready to go to the police with the tape out of her answering machine. I was ready to have that worm thrown into jail. But no, my girlfriend thought it better that we approach you about it and, stupid us, we thought you'd have the intelligence to see the danger your child was getting into.

Instead you attack us the minute we ring the bell. You start calling her names like a simple minded 17 year old jilted lover and then when I say to calm down you turn on me and threaten to beat me. Fine. You idiot.

I wonder if you realize the piece of shit that you are protecting. Maybe it's my job to tell it like it is.

Your son is just waiting for you to die.

That's the reason he can't hold down a job. He is just waiting until you croak and then he's going to sell your company and live off your insurance policy. He has designs for you old man.

He also loves the weed and some of the other drugs. That's why he and I stopped being friends. He was never really very good with them and some times I was amazed that he didn't end up dead on the side of the road somewhere. What really pisses me off about you is that you never liked me, and that's okay, but I think you believe I led him into drugs. What was it, the long hair? The rock band? The darkness? The fact is your son was my best connection! If I didn't know where to get something, he sure the hell did. I never met someone more into the drug lifestyle than he was, and that includes people that sell the stuff!

I've been thinking that the best thing that could happen was that M gets his wish, you go away and he spends all of your life insurance on drugs.

That sounds like a happy ending to me.

Again, fuck you old man.

K