

**Dear Mother, MONSTER Mother, BAD CLOWN Mother,
JECKYL AND HEIDI Mommy, HIGH PRIESTESS Mommie, DEAR IT.**

Your Dad was a self proclaimed Minister, a Pedophile, a Necrophilic, but above a, a man of God. Everything that he did to you he did in God's name, and all for your own good, he said these things as he raped you and molested your dead sister in front of you didn't he? ... Grampa had the devil in him didn't he momma, and you were gonna be just like him only your devil was gonna be better, wasn't it mommy? You told me that, I remember. Grampa called you a whore and a disgrace and a slut, didn't he mommie? He told you that you had the Devil in you to, right mommie, not just me, right?

I HATE YOU MOTHER.

You made me think I was eating stuff with maggots and worms in it.
You did my hair and dressed me all up, and then you poured the pee-pot over me.
You rubbed poop and blood all over me, and made me eat my own throw-up.
You made me have the big black dog inside of me down there and then ... let everyone watch.
You let people stick their one-eyed jacks into me and you put your one-eyed jack into me to.
You made me lay in my grave.
You told me that you were going to kill my brother and my sister and my Dad.
You made me play hide and seek in the cemeteries and you knew that I was very scared there.
You dunked me in the well so much I couldn't get time to get any breath.
You choked me with the blue plastic clothesline until everything went black.
You smashed my teeth and then told the Dentist I did it.
You put the one-eyed jack down my throat so much that I had to go to the hospital for it.
You would spit on me and you would let all of them spit at me too.
You chopped my hair by just grabbing handfuls, I looked like a boy after that.

I hated you real bad mommy, really really bad.

You put me down under the crawl space in the dark and told me that all the bugs would eat me.
I had to pee and poop in the spot I was in cause I was too scared to go away from the trap door.
You killed that baby and that retarded man, opened up his chest like it was the flaps of a box.
You put the bad clown mask on and did awful things to me with my dollies.
You would open the door of the fuel stove ... then stick my head and face real up close.
You phoned me at school to tell me ... Gramma died. I told all my class and my teacher to ...
You lied ... everyone got very mad at me for telling such a bad lie, but ... you knew I didn't lie.
I would hear a noise and wake up and in the dark ... you made sounds like animals ...

I knew I was peeing my pants cept I didn't have panties on.
Then I can't remember anything anymore cause I got too scared and went to the place
where my imaginary friends the Three Musketeers were. They lived in the walls and I
could get there by squeezing through the door frame, any door frame in our house.

What's for supper Mommy, is it heart, or liver, or tongue or kidney, is it raw or cooked; a
pet or a person, can I eat my own throw-up instead?

I HATE YOU, AND I ALWAYS, ALWAYS WILL.

Excerpts from the writings of Debbie, a Canadian survivor of RAT.

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