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Eight or nine months ago I met the girl who I felt was the girl I would spend the rest of my life with. Needless to say I was let down very sadly when I found out just what kind of girl I fell ~~for~~ <sup>head</sup> over heels in love with. It all goes back to her by her family. I went to school with her oldest sister Christina Clayd, my age of 26. One of the 2 senior girls in the male school. I always wanted to have her, but I was just not cool enough back then to get the attention of a girl like her. Everyone wanted her, even some girls. We were friends all thru high school and still now. Then there is Heather Clayd, age 22 I think and possibly the best one out of all three sisters. Even though we are separated by four or five years of age we grew up as friends also. She dates one of my close friends Seth Gillispie. They are great together most of the time and I wish them the

best of luck in the future. As far as the rest of the family is concerned I do not care much for them. I was completely devoted to the youngest<sup>st</sup> of the three sisters. The girl that I asked to marry me and wanted a family with one day.

Brandy Clayd, the girl of my dreams. Well, the girl I wanted to be of my dreams. She's 19, and will be 20 soon. Her sister Lecker put us two together because she knows that I'm a good hearted person and would be a great guy to Brandy. Plus the guy she was with ~~at~~ before me and is now back with is a total piece of shit who always treated Brandy like dirt. His name is ~~Brandon~~ Brandon, a person that if I had a free get of jail card, I would love to put in the cross hairs of my old marlin 30-30. The rifle I have grown up hunting with and never miss ~~it~~ with under 300 yards. Back to the point, Brandy and I started dating around 8 months ago. The best and worst

times of my life so far. The first two months were great, then her family used her car against her so she says, to get her away from me and to come back to Brandon. I didn't see her for a couple of months after she promised me she would not leave me over her car. That day she left me the first time, she said she was going to her grandparents and she would be back soon. She never came back. Then as time passed, she told her sister Heather that she had made a mistake and wanted me back. So I met her at Seth's condo and we talked and got back together. She moved back in with me and said she wanted to sell her trailer and motorcycle and move to Knoxville to get away from her mom who is a complete scum bag drug addicted and the rest of her family that is not worth a fuck. So she sold everything off and I took a job in Knoxville with my friend

Jeremy Ward helping him frame houses for 10 dollars an hour. We moved down to Knoxville together and got a nice apartment in a nice part of town and she found a job at Apple's just down the road from where we lived. Those were the best months of my life. I would work all day and spend every night with the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. When we were in Knoxville together I felt like I was on top of the world. One night when we were out to eat, I asked her, Brandy, will you marry me before I go to war? She says, I'll marry you right now. I felt like nothing in the world could <sup>bring</sup> bring me down. Nothing except Brandy herself, she built me up and tore me down. One day while I was at work she calls and tells me her mom is coming down to visit for a few days. My gut started to cramp up and I knew something was wrong. I didn't know how bad she was going to fuck me over then. I never seen

it coming. The next day after her  
mom came down I went to work  
and got rained out. So I was  
back at the apartment before lunch.  
When I came home, I felt like I  
walked into a ice box when I  
found a letter on the table that  
said.

I hope one day you can  
forgive me for what I have  
done to you. I will call you  
soon, love Brandy.

When I read the letter I felt  
my life being taken from me  
and I started crying like a small  
child that just sees his dog  
run over in front of him. I  
changed out of my wet cloths  
and called mom and told her  
what had happened and I was  
coming home to find her. I  
drove 90 all the way from  
Knoxville to Bristol and road  
around for a few days until

I found her. It was Heather that brought her to see me. I was at Ken's, a friend of her mother's. She was staying at the time. Brandy had no idea that I was going to be there, I parked my truck behind the house and waited to see her and find out what was wrong and why she left me for the second time. After I told her how much I loved her and how much she means to me I asked her why she was doing this to me again. Brandy tells me then that she was home sick and she thought she was pregnant. I became happy to know that I might be a father and a husband at the same time. We talked things through and was back together again. She said she was sorry for leaving me like that but she was afraid to tell me how she felt. She thought ~~if~~ I would get upset because she might be pregnant. I told her I'm happy

to think my baby might be having a baby. And I was, and I still love her after everything. The next few weeks was going well until she started lying to me over little things. Like, I'm on my way right now and three hours later she shows up. Or I'm going to see my grandmother and goes to Bill's to do pills instead of wanting to spend time with me. That's her ~~main~~ main problem and weakness. Pills, and her car are the most important things to her in her life right now. And she was the most important thing to me in my life. The night I broke up with her was the night she promised me she would not go to Bill's <sup>Bill is a old man man, that she looks at as ~~an~~ an uncle.</sup> or do any pills. She was supposed to go to her grandparents and instead went to Bill's and snorted some fucking pills and got in his hot tub where he was probably watching her thru the window and playing with himself. And after all the

shit she put me thru, that when I lost it and started drinking heavy. I couldn't decide what I wanted to do, I had a few ideas after I drank over half a pipe of jim bean. At first I wanted to go over there and shoot bill with my .45 and then shoot myself in front of her. Then I thought about just shooting myself, but what would that solve. I then

confirmed with myself I would just break-up with her. So I did that night. I called her and told her to meet me close to her house. When we met up she had no idea what was going on. I told her the truth and how I felt about her after all she had put me thru. I told her she did not love me the way I loved her and she was never going to stand up to her family over me and her car and pills was more important to her than me. I also told her I could not marry a girl

like her before I go to war and ~~be~~ be worrying about what she was doing the whole time I was over there. I told her I would get billed thinking about those things. And I said that you can take the girl out of the trailer park but you cant take the trailer park out of the girl. Thats what got to her, and thats why she hates me ~~now~~ now. I did not want to hurt her but I was drunk and hurting real bad inside from her lips that night. I wrote her many letters asking her to forgive me and come back to me. But all my words fell on deaf ears. Now I am all alone and I miss her every day and night. I pray to god sometimes asking him to send her back to me so I can marry her and be with her for the rest of my life. I still have hope for us, but I know she really does not care about me. I will miss her for years to come.

Now I ask myself if I did the right thing by breaking up with her. ~~Now I~~ I wish most of the time I would not have went off on her so we would still be together. But I can not trust her and I can't stand the idea of being with someone that does drugs. I'm still in love with her and I would love to have her back, but she does not want to change and be the girl that she can be and that I want her to be. I miss her so much words can not begin to make any one understand how I feel. I think I should have been easier on her and tried to make her see how much I care instead of giving up on her. But ~~like~~ like I said before she has put me thru hell and I lost control of my emotions. I can not stand for someone I love to lie to me. I will always wonder what would have been, and what our children would be and looked like. I guess it just was not ment to be. Why? Why??

Now I see the effects of drugs and drinking among my friends. I lost my girlfriend to drugs and now I'm losing my friends as well. Pills are a major problem in my area. I can not stop my friends from doing what they want to. I've come to the decision that its time for me to make some new friends. I can not handel the effects that come from people when they are not themselves. I'm going to start over now I guess, if at all possible. I can only hope that the future brings me what I want out of life. I'm going to hope for the best and prepare for the worst. May god forgive me for my past and how I am and send me some one who will make a better person out of me. As my last request for help, send me the person that I'm supposed to spend the rest of my ~~life~~ life with. I dont want to be alone.

Now it comes to tell how I've been effected by all of this. We will never know how bad I've been effected by her lies and false love. I think something happened to me when she left me in Knoxville. Some part of me died when she left me the second time. She set the fuse for the bomb that went off on the night I broke up with her. I still feel love for her, but mostly hate and discontent. I feel as thou I'm lost without her some times. Most of all, regret. My friends is all the contact I have with these days, and sometimes its hard to get thru to them. I keep hope for some and try to forget others. Hopefully, with a little luck I'll be back on top again. I think as long as I don't give up, something will happen to help me forget all of this. Hopefully sooner than later. I just want to be normal like everyone else. Is it possible? I hope.

Maybe I am my own worst enemy, or cursed for some reason. I don't know, but sometimes I mess things up pretty bad for myself and not even know why or how. I'd like to die and start my life over again and know ~~the~~ what I know now. I have gotten away with so much in my past maybe it is finally catching up with me. Maybe I'm paying for past deeds that has went unpunished. Whatever the case may be, I'm tired of all the bullshit. If life is one let down after another what is the point of being here. Why am I here? That's what I'd like to ask god, why am I here and what am I supposed to do for you before I die. That's the million dollar question, Why and what. So many questions and so little answers. I don't even know how I really feel anymore. Will I ever make anything out of myself?

Brandy is with me everywhere I go, she comes to me in my dreams and I can not stop thinking of her. I miss her so much I would do anything to get her back. But the girl I fell in love with is not the girl she really is. So why love someone who will not love you back? I don't know, but I still love her. If she would just grow up and stay off of drugs she could be such a great person. I wish I could get thru to her so she could see how much I really love her. If I only could make one wish, it would be for us to still be in Knoxville. We had a life together there and a future. I hope one day when she grows up she will regret leaving me there. I put my heart and soul into our relationship for nothing. I hope I never have to go thru anything like this again. No worse than death, losing her.

What I have learned from all of this is, when you fall in love with a girl that has a drug problem and a family that has drug problems. You are going to have problems also. Not to leave out when the girls family does not like you anyways, and not have met you to dislike you.

There is no chance, no chance for happiness or love for a long term life together. With a mother like hers, that controls the girl you love with pills.

What chance did I have of making a life with Brandy? None. Not to forget that she does what ever her family wants her to do. Even when its not what she wants to do, she does it to make them happy. No matter how much she loved me, it wasn't enough to stay with me and be happy.

Until she breaks away from control of her family, Brandy has no chance of being her own person.