

Sunday, April 1, 1990, Royal Oak, Michigan. This family pissed me off! I came home from Gabby's house today in a good mood and then Dustin (my brother) had to start mouthing off to me. I told him to shut up and just for that my stupid dad had to come upstairs saying "What the H— is goin' on up here?" So then he gets all mad at me and tells me to get the F— out of his face and throws a chair. I don't understand why he did that. I didn't do anything!!! (Dustin didn't get in trouble)

And then later on my brother Dustin was mad because he didn't want to go to bed. My mom went down the hall yelling "SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Over and over again. It scared me. I went down to the basement because I had to get away. I was crying just like I am now. But much harder So my stupid mom came down and asked me what I was doing. She said it mean and as if she were expecting me to have been doing something wrong. All I was doing was standing in the laundry room crying. After that I came into my room balling. My family's religion is X. X are supposed to be righteous and good - not hatred and I guess that that's all my family is. Why are we X?

Monday, April
12, 1990,
Everything is
fine with my
family now.
We're all getting
along now and
trying harder to
keep the
commandments
of God. We are
making goals in
our family to
help make us