

Dear Karen,

At the outset, I am asking you to please open your mind as much as possible.

I want you to know that I have experienced great suffering since September. I don't know if I will try to explain it all here, but I have experienced great loss, trauma, despair, hopelessness, depression, grief, anxiety, loneliness, and confusion. The loss of you, of my family, of my children, have taken tolls on me that I probably still don't understand. With each successive blow from you and others, my soul suffers, my health deteriorates, my sense of hope surrenders, and I inch closer to my own demise.

I am writing to make clear where I am in order for you to be able to make an informed decision about your own next steps.

I desperately want to be a part of your life and the lives of Elliott and Wesley. I know that for sure. I also need help. I need your assistance in becoming a functional person again. At this point I'm unsure what kind of assistance I'm asking for or what would work for me or us. I am lost without you. I know that also. There is no one else on this planet that I can turn to for a safe harbor. I am a damaged ship in a storm without an end in sight. I need to be able to talk with you, face-to-face, and not through intermediaries. I assure you, I am no more a danger to you than you are to yourself.

I am broke, indebted, unemployed, hopeless, and see no way forward on my own. If there is any part of you that wants me to be around in the future for your or the boys' purposes then **now is the time to tell me** and for us to start working on a plan. I cannot stress this enough. Otherwise I can see no other option but to just persist in existing as I am until my money runs out and then die either voluntarily or involuntarily, probably within the next few months. This is no exaggeration or colorful, metaphorical language, I assure you.

I am prepared to do anything, ANYTHING, at this point if it will bring me into the family we once had, and hopefully better. I will sacrifice any idea or thing or philosophy I once stood upon in order to be with you and the boys again. The only alternative I see is misery and death.

Karen, I have NEVER wished or intended physical harm to you or the boys. The gun I had on my person when I visited our house was, believe it or not, for MY PROTECTION. I was extremely fearful, distraught, and scared of what might happen and just wanted to be prepared for any eventuality. I knew fully what legal and physical jeopardy I was walking into that night but did so anyway, giving full warning to you, because I was so extremely distressed at not seeing the boys, my own children, for such an inhumanely long period of time, and was at the end of my rope. I could not bear to wait until a court date established arbitrarily by people who know nothing of our lives until I could see my children again and hold them in my arms. I wanted you and the boys to know that you were worth such peril to myself. The longer I sat in my empty house, the more I suffered and the deeper my despair became. I simply couldn't sit there and wait for mercy especially when none was in sight.

In this way, my life is in your hands, Karen. If you accept me back into your life in some way, I promise that I will take whatever steps are necessary to regain your trust. I will do whatever I need to do to become a faithful husband (or whatever!) and father and a reliable member of our family. I want to serve a purpose higher than myself and do so with you and the boys surrounding me with love and care. That is what I want the most and in fact what I need. I am willing to play any role in our household that would make it work for us. I just want to be able to discuss it with you and have a conversation once again.

At the very least, I am asking for a knowledgeable and compassionate friend to help me navigate this next, perhaps last chapter of my life. I need a project manager who cares about me and knows my story. You are the only one.

Karen, I am not asking you to solve or fix all of my problems. I am asking you to give me a safe place to rest while I do those things myself. I have no such place now, and I haven't since you asked me to leave our home. I have been alone in the wilderness. At first I was proud, brash, and excited at the opportunity to explore this place on my own. But I gradually became dismayed at how dismal this place is for me, especially on my own; As nightmarish as this place was when we lived together, it is infinitely worse on my own, without my only loved ones on Earth. Then I tried to tough it out and come up with a plan for sticking it out here for the boys. But again my energy and hope was drained as every attempt floundered. Finally, I settled into a sense of routine after we signed our divorce papers, with the boys coming over and having lovely, enjoyable visits with them, and I still saw a light at the end of the tunnel; I saw how this situation might still work! But when you suddenly and (forgive me) cruelly took the boys away from me, the only light in my dreary life, with the restraining order you put the first nail in my coffin. It might have seemed a temporary measure to you and completely called-for but it was monumental and catastrophic to me. It shocked my system and put me into a tailspin I am still trying to recover from. Simply, I cannot survive like this. And, while this is not my primary point, you need to know that this is an effect of your actions. I recognize the consequences of my actions and you should recognize yours. Your choice to go to the court instead of me to express your concerns might have been the correct step on paper but it was gravely wrong in reality. The impact of your actions on me have been dire and perhaps fatal. Time will tell. But now you know.

I do not want to leave the boys with memories of a father who gave up trying to find a way to survive in this world. But I find myself all alone with dwindling hope and no one obligated to accept or help me. Every attempt of mine to do what *should* work has failed and I feel defeated. Maybe I had to take this route, to try this "my way" one more time before realizing that it is futile and then going back to doing what works for today. Maybe this is my rock bottom that I had to hit. Instead I want to be a survivor for the boys! A champion that they can see and be proud of! But that seems so, so far away right now, especially without any sense of hope for us.

I apologize for every harsh word or action I've made against you. I hope you understand that I only ever did so in order to express my extreme suffering and pain I was experiencing at the time. I only ever wanted the best for you and the boys and would never knowingly, permanently perform an action that would scar you forever. I meant every word of admiration and pride I expressed to you. I still believe in you, want the best for you, want you to accomplish whatever you want to accomplish in life and want to help you do so, and care about you deeply. To my knowledge I never placed any constraints on your attempts to pursue your own personal happiness and have only gladly encouraged you in your efforts.

Karen, I feel like I have lost everything, and I did so while I was trying to do the right thing as I understood it to be at the time. I have been betrayed by many people close to me who have taken advantage of me when I was most vulnerable. My trust was misplaced. While I was in jail, my house was robbed by a person I trusted. My most precious possessions were sold to a pawn shop, my home was looted, while I was away from my home for forty days. Also the family van that I purchased for the boys and I (and hopefully you!) to have grand adventures in was ruined by a supposed friend I loaned it to while I was away in jail, unable to retrieve it. These things broke my heart even further. I experienced new levels of despair and loss. I'm still delving those depths with every successive day, understanding more thoroughly what has taken place here.

And the experience of being forced away from my home and life and freedom for forty days was traumatic in ways I did not anticipate, nor do I completely yet understand probably. I was locked away knowing that these things could be happening and I could not do anything about them. I was unable to contact anyone but my imbecilic attorney, Brad Clanton, and was all alone. All alone. Would you please imagine that for a moment? I was without any meaningful contact with the outside world for forty days. I did not have my phone, I did not know anyone's phone number but yours and mine, I had no one else to call. No one. There is no 411 in jail. I was not given the opportunity to prepare for my time away from home and no one was there to take care of my home while I was away. I could only imagine with horror what was going on in my former world while I was locked away, helpless and powerless. I feel like I have some amount of PTSD from this experience. I was not allowed to floss my teeth. I was forced to eat meat. I had nothing to read. I was basically in solitary confinement without any recreation, outside exposure, human contact, or any other stimuli for the majority of that time. I rarely had clean clothing. I was mostly unable to wash myself properly. I am fortunate that I was not assaulted, raped, or harassed while in general population, but the threat was always there. They even asked me as part of the regular intake process, "Are you afraid of being sexually assaulted while in jail?" Umm, yes? Why are you asking? I witnessed evidence of physical beatings of multiple inmates by several corrections officers on multiple occasions. I myself was warned that my behavior could have received similar treatment, but I was ignorant of that fact because I didn't know the rules of how to behave in jail because I had never spent time there before.

Karen, I feel that you are my only hope. If you say no to me now then I hope you understand that is my death sentence as far as I can see. I say this not to persuade you but to illustrate what is in front of you so that you don't ever forget it and that you are aware of what is actually

at stake right now. At least you and then the world will know what actually happened here and it won't be swept under the rug.

Please talk to me, Karen. I am begging you. Please save me. I am asking for another chance at making us work, somehow, in some fashion, even if it's totally weird. As far as I'm concerned, everything is on the table. I just can't risk going back to jail or to court. And it looks like if we can't work things out between ourselves then that's what's going to happen. And if we can't work things out between ourselves then I guess this is over, for me at least. I cannot put myself before strangers (judges, corrections officers, attorneys) to determine my fate anymore. That is not an option for me. And as if I were to need to tell you this, your negative response would not cause me to become violent or harmful to you, because that is not in my nature. Instead I will just leave you alone forever and you will never hear from me again. But I do need to hear from you once more.

Love,
Ali