

f this is what you want, ok. I always felt that I needed to do this in person.
what
at you deserved that, and that we would both need each other for that. Also didn't
feel
al safe writing these things anyway. I'll don't, but this can't wait any longer. I
don't think I could ever make it through talking about that day here now. I cry
trying to talk about much less. I just wanted to leave that day. I was surprise
when you opened my door, and that you could have even made it down there fast
enough to catch me. That and almost everything I don't think I need to say or do you
truly believe the shit you told them? When I brought you back I didn't park, so that
you would just get out and not pull any more shit to try to keep me there longer. Ever
when you sat there with the door open and a foot out and I had to interrupt you three times
with
with "I don't care" before you got out. You said something like "whatever, fuck you" and
"I'm gonna ruin your life" then walked around and spent a minute getting Kate
out
of. I was pretending to be busy with my phone or something, so you would hopefully just
leave
me alone. Heard the door shut, saw you walk off. Your hands in front of you, not
at your sides. Like you were holding Kate. I drove away. A blonde lady by the office and I
looked
at each other as I passed. There was some stuff I wanted to get done in town,
but
I was tired and hung over and trying to decide whether to put it off till another
time. I stopped at a warehouse to get something to eat and for time to make up my
mind. I stopped at the house to get something to eat and for time to make up my
mind
but mostly to piss. The phone kept ringing there. I went back to the car and
the whole time that fucking phone wouldn't stop ringing. I could feel those
my
hands to hit the volume button to silence a call, but the seat was too far up
for
me to get it out of my pocket to make it stop ringing because the car seat
was
in the way. It was driving me crazy and I was so mad at you for that
day
for everything lately, for everything ever maybe ever. When I tried to move the seat
back
to get the phone it was blocked by that car seat and I was pissed that you
put
it in there just to try to make me bring it back later. So pissed that I got
out
it and was going to just throw it out into that area between Burger King. I
pulled
it out but it was jammed between the seats that just made it worse. I

grabbed it at the top and ripped it out as hard as I could. She was thrown away from it. I didn't know. I'm so sorry. Held her for a long time. Seemed like forever. Maybe an hour, maybe a minute. Might not have been long. I can't explain a lot of things can only be lived. In a way I couldn't understand it, it didn't seem like I ~~didn't~~ didn't want it to be. It felt like falling, and like my head would explode. Couldn't think. Couldn't do anything. It eventually sunk in or something. I started crying. Couldn't stop. I've never cried that hard. Seemed like my throat was closing. Mind was racing, yet I couldn't think. I guess I was in shock. I've never even tried to help her. Never even thought to just sit there. Holding her. I don't think anything could have been done. Still I used to hate myself for not trying.

think I was there an hour, and that ~~was~~ after like a half hour, and that it wasn't till right before I left that I realized calling 911. It was too late. I wouldn't be able to talk. I wouldn't know what to say anyways. I couldn't bring myself to pick up that phone. Scared of it and of the world. In a way I felt like it had killed her. You and it. I needed to believe I didn't hurt her that it was all your fault. That sounds wrong, but I can't explain it right. A part

of me knew I was losing Haley too. When I realized how long I must have been there ^{even before an op. (phone)} I never decided to leave or anything there. I ~~was~~ ^{was} decided to leave ~~as anything there~~.

was this urge or something I can't explain. Needed to get away from there or just do something, anything. I drove. Not to anywhere or for any reason. Just

drove. A few times I suddenly realized I was driving, but couldn't remember

how I came to be or where I was. Almost crashed twice. The second time I stopped and pulled off the road. I needed out of that car, and I just walked

off. After awhile I stopped. For the first time I could think some. Thought about her. Her smile, the way she looks around. Everything, what should have been. I'd held her all this time, couldn't bring myself to really look at her though. I did

now, I wanted to kill you. I cried. I cried until I somehow couldn't anymore. She was set in a peaceful place. I was walking and lost. Couldn't breathe hardly.

point I wanted you to go to prison. Before then, I'm sorry I lied about Kate
 being ok. I wanted to tell you the truth so bad, to hold you, to be held. I so
 that because I thought you would do something, then couldn't believe you wouldn't
 just get me the fuck out or make them allow us to talk. For a long time
 blocked that day and Kate from my mind. Almost refused to acknowledge it to
 myself. Eventually, I thought I would just never tell you what happened. It had already
 been so long w/o me being able to, that changed. The day I was four innocent
 I was going to go to you. It was a long time before I started thinking about
 her and that day. The nightmares, panic attacks, nothing would get better. Think
 about it: all was terrible but it has helped. I use to hear my heart racing
 and almost collapse just from seeing a picture of her. I can smile now. I can
 remember her the way you do, and not another way as well. I don't think you could
 ever understand. Some things I don't completely. I never decided to pick her up. Never
 decided to call or not call 911 or to leave, or to set her down. I was like
 I was watching these things, not doing them, not sure what I was seeing. The only
 time I thought and anything was I was when I was standing outside and the
 from when I ~~was~~ almost hit that car. It wasn't dumping a body. Wasn't like that
 at all. I want her buried too. I don't know where she was left. Some ^{feel} like
 like I could get there so, it's not some fucking swamp or lake. I know if they
 had left me alone I would have come to you that day. I was thrown into the
 worst possible thing at the worst possible time. Everything just happened, and I
 never had the chance to do the right thing. There's been other letters to you. Ones
 that never were sent. Oddly, this one has done the worst of all in telling you,
 yet it's the one I'm making myself send. If I don't again then when? There
 will never be one. I feel right with these things, mostly need to be talked ^{about}
 in person. Loretta has the original, tear soaked one addressed to you only. It
 includes that lie about me thinking you could have possibly killed her.

Theres still a lot of things I dont understand 90% of the things you told them were lies. Some things I dont know if it was me or them you lie to them some other things. At the time it was asking how you used her ^{acted} and act a lot of the time like you could give a fuck less about her. How you kept dragging out the adoption, which would just make it harder on her. ^{believe} couldnt believe you wanted to do that test before finishing the adoption that day, just to make me pay. I never once thought you had any intention whatsoever of keeping her. Still dont know why so many of the things you did/said or whatever. Blamed for so long. There's so many stupid little things that could have made such a difference. Things as small as a phone call or using the bathroom. Both of us fucked up some. Id give anything to go back. To that day, January, the summer I went to Georgia. I want my parents to know things spouses tell each other in confidence cant be ~~used~~ made to testify. But we aren't married yet in the eye of the government. Then hearsay cant be used, so if you told them it would be hearsay as it didnt come from me. But Grand Jury can sometimes allow hearsay. Could you ask your attorney about that stuff? If you want to ask me things try to do it all at once. So we arent having micromanaging stuff more than we ^{need to} ask of them for real. Destroy these. Well talk

