

unchangeable.

change is highly common among a handful of people. meanwhile, the people who were not picked, the people who remained on the ground as others were lifted from God's hands, are unchangeable. apparently, you were one of those who never got handpicked. i thought of you as my hero, someone who i could go to when i was younger, vulnerable, naive. i was naive of everything you were doing to those around me. i thought it was going to be okay. as i got older, i took note of things you would do. lie. you would lie to me and put on a stupid facade i trusted. i trusted you in saying things would get better. they didn't. it was the start of a never-ending hurricane of depression, manipulation, and distrust. the rope between is slowly breaking apart, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. you do stuff to cover the bad stuff you would do, but i caught up. i know what you're trying to do, and it's not working, and it will *never* work. things will *never* be the same again. you had your slice of cake, and you ate it; you even went for seconds. you were—and are—an arrogant individual who wanted everything to go your way. you manipulated and gaslit me into thinking you did and said stuff when you didn't, and i was tied to a leash, following along. i gave you chances, thinking that you somewhat had some type of softness in your heart, you would change. dear, 9-year-old me, keep dreaming. i hope you understand and realize the aftermath you caused because of your greed and manipulation. depending on where you are in life, i wish you the best, though i never received the best with you.