

[Note: Despite my absolutely reasonable motivation in writing you, and my equally reasonable expectation of a reply, all 3 of you chose to ignore *all* of my attempts. You'll likely ignore this one as well. If you do, I should thank you for proving what I say and exemplifying my characterizations of you and your behaviour. As I am always completely open and upfront about all of this, this letter will be on Ryan's web site for anyone to read and see for themselves who is being honest [here's a hint: Honest folks don't run away, too afraid to defend their words or actions.] There's also a chance you will turn it over to law enforcement, so I left them a note, it's in the table towards the end, the left side is for you guys, the right for law enforcement. You ought to read since it makes it quite clear I didn't harass anyone.]

I've been treated abominably by all three of you, there's no justification for *any* of it. I came to each of you openly, earnestly, honestly, trying to have a civil discussion about the pain I was due to Ryan's unconscionable cruelty and how he exhibited disturbing levels of denial. Except for the one brief phone call I made to Debra, the best any of you could do was ignore me completely. I provided copious evidence of Ryan's behaviour and claims he made that made it quite clear something was off, *way* off. That evidence made for a compelling case that Ryan was still running away and had been since 2010 when he admitted that was what he was doing. It wasn't something you could dismiss out of hand, not reasonably, not honestly, but, apparently that's what all of you did. I wouldn't know, of course, none of you have the integrity or character to reply to my messages or to defend your behaviour. Ryan, did you quit wanting to stop running away? Parents, is your need to see me as someone not worth listening to more important than your spawn's mental health? Considering all that Ryan has done to me and for no reason whatsoever, why didn't you parents thank me for bringing this to your attention, or at least for showing concern and trying to help him? If you thought I was wrong, why didn't either of you have the manners to at least explain that to me? Instead I got hostility and contempt, ignored and hung up on. And then, all three of you decided to malign my character by lying to the police trying to play the victim FFS! Ryan's behaviour was unconscionable, he caused significant debilitating psychological trauma for 7 ½ years [at that time], and y'all want to make me out as the villain because it's just so so horrible a burden to ignore my messages. Boo fucking hoo. Jesus, don't any of you know how pathetic that makes y'all look?

I'm tired of this crap, I shouldn't have to go through this. Ryan should have taken care of this years ago, you parents sure as hell shouldn't be supporting Ryan's unconscionable behaviour and it's seriously indefensible for you to encourage him to run away knowing how unhealthy that is for him. Considering what he's done to me for *no reason*, it's truly despicable that I have to endure *any* hostility or contempt that is all I've received from the lot of you. All of the hostility and contempt I've received from you three, and the inimical hate from Ryan, has come from dishonest rationales or dishonest *mis*interpretations of the facts. This is conclusively demonstrated below. It's another chance for you to stop the dishonesty and unfounded assaults on my character.

At the end is a discussion of my information gathering attempts including a copy of the last one—a couple of posts to Sir Thomas Rich's School and its alumni Facebook pages. Any objections to these directed at me is a gross misinterpretation of the facts, it's *you* three who force me to do this. I need to understand what caused Ryan to behave like a sadistic monster and spew crazy BS and y'all refuse to make any effort whatsoever, so I have to find other means. If those means don't agree with you, it's *your* doing, not mine, I'm in a lot of pain and Ryan could have easily helped me heal by simply talking to me, you parents could have helped me by giving me *some* idea of what's going on or at least helped me get through to your spawn, but I got nuthin', it was just too much bother. I can promise you, if another information fishing effort is required, it will be conducted with all of the respect and good will y'all have given me.

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Ryan, do you know what you've done to me? I doubt you do, *nothing* I've seen gives me *any* reason to think you do and there's plenty of evidence that you've worked hard to *not* know. See the Interlude below for a detailed description of the nightmare. A brief glimpse:

For the first few years after you *gutted* me, *shattering* my soul for *no* reason, breaking down, sobbing, even falling to my knees wasn't unusual, my mind tormenting itself by disbelief that you were so cruel--why and how could you and the like. The reminders never stop, we had so much in common, and I'm such an anglophile, that I'm *constantly* reminded of the terrible loss, the betrayal, the remorseless cruelty, the contempt, and how awful I must be that you tried to erase our relationship and friendship, and most of all how I don't know why and how

you don't care and refuse to help me. For 8 ½ years, *you have significantly diminished my life, you've turned virtually every day into grim ordeals for me.* I was having trouble coping with my life when I first reached out for help 2 years ago, ignoring me all this time has just made it harder and harder, I'm often quite incapacitated, unable to leave the house or get much of anything done. The person I loved more than anyone before did this to me after luring me deeper and deeper into the relationship and just doesn't care how much I suffer.

I did nothing but love you, there was nothing to justify you having the slightest ill will. When you had your confusion and excitement epiphany and lost the feelings you had for me, what made you decide to hate me and be so incredibly hateful and callously cruel? Jesus, Ryan, there wasn't a hint of remorse or regret at what you were doing to me, there wasn't anything but hateful hostility and contempt. What were you thinking? And it turns out, you had *no* idea you were causing me *any* pain? No one could possibly *not* know! What could cause you to be so impossibly oblivious?

All of your behaviour and the claims you've made have been *as* inexplicable. In fact, everything you've said you have directly contradicted by your own words or deeds. And you refuse to talk to me, also inexplicable behaviour, and incredibly contemptuous as well as hateful, and really fucking *stupid*. You make sure I *can't* know *anything*. Since it's not knowing that is at the root of all of this, you're insistence on remaining silent guarantees this will never end, and it guarantees you will be fucking up my life until I die.

*Something* happened in May 2010, maybe a bit later but I think it was most likely May, that led to you choosing to hate me, to turn the love you shortly before absolutely insisted you had for me into hate and then to destroy *us* as cruelly as you could. Whatever it was that caused you to behave as you did and say the things you said, you have refused to talk about it no matter what that silence costs, costs you, or your family, and definitely *me*. This whole fucking mess is all about you refusing to talk to me about what led you to hate me. It needs to be spelled out here--there simply isn't any sane reason for you to hate me, no sane, real, or justifiable cause for you to hate me, we should have and could have ended the relationship amicably, *we really should still be friends*. I always said you'd lose your feelings for me, that ain't no surprise, but to just do such an extreme 180 and hate me with a palpable inimical animosity? Nope, that don't make sense, none. What should I or anyone else make of your inability to say a word about why you acted as you did?

So, this letter is meant to point out a number of crucial issues about this conflict between me and you and your family. This is what I think in brief:

Sometime during May, you decided to hate me because of [reasons-whatever the thing was that this is all about ultimately]. So, you had to destroy us for same [reasons]. You initially chose to deal with me by 'running away', that was your plan A and what you admitted you did in the 'apology'. And 8 ½ years later, you're *still* running away, you *never* stopped. This is pretty obvious to me. All of the hostility and contempt from you as well as mummy and daddy come from dishonest sources and/or motivations, they're *faux*mented out of some lie or false narrative ginned up in the imagination, but, in Ryan's case, ultimately driven by [reasons]. The running away and the fauxmented negative emotions were/are different manifestations of "...major avoidance behaviors [that] could include an almost pathological/compulsive lying behavior in order to preserve self-image and avoid judgement in front of others" as BF Skinner is quoted in the Wikipedia entry on SAD. You've demonstrated repeatedly what I call denial, which include self-deceit and delusion, and I include these as other manifestations of running away/pathological lying. You run away to avoid dealing with difficult situations, which could be interpreted as you lying to yourself about there being a situation at all—ignoring its existence is lying to yourself. I think you've demonstrated way more than enough of this that it should be of real concern.

Of course, it's entirely possible I'm utterly totally wrong, but that would mean you're simply a sadistic monster or possibly a sociopath. That was always a possibility, but, it always seemed absurdly improbable. Due to the continued callous cruelty and utter lack of any evident care about how much damage you did to me, it becomes more likely every day. If this letter fails to get a response, I'm going to assume Ryan is indeed that horrible a human being. I think waiting 8 ½ years is way past how long I needed to wait.

### Examples of the dishonesty behind the hostility and contempt

A more glaring example and one with implications beyond the obvious-getting hostile with me when I asked for more of an explanation than excitement&confusion. There's nothing about E&C that could possibly lead to the

hate or the cruelty, or destroying our friendship, or the need to say nothing that went on between us was real. A year later, when he said I deserved an explanation, he didn't seem to remember his earlier claim or the hostility, except that he did in an indirect way, more on this shortly. Ryan, were you being contemptuous of me, thinking I wouldn't remember or were you lying to yourself by not remembering how dishonest and fucked up it was to have gotten hostile towards me earlier?

The next two are very interesting as they came *before* the disappearance and have secondary and tertiary consequences/implications. I have fear of abandonment, not unusual among adoptees even if that sounds wooish, it's real, it's a kind of paranoia and that's what I called it then. Ryan was made aware of it early on when he saw how freaked out I got over a 2-day period when his modem died and he 'disappeared'. When he got back online, he said he almost cried when he saw how distressed I had become. He understood what could set off a paranoia flareup and how to head it off. On 2 separate occasions, one shortly after the first, both early May, he ignored PMs from me while posting on the forum, textbook cause of setting off my paranoia, for some reason he didn't do the simple thing to head it off, send a few words in a PM. When the inevitable happened, he knew he shouldn't take what I said seriously, it was just the paranoia talking, but he couldn't do that either, in fact, he blew it out of proportion. He got quite upset and even hostile as he accused me of accusing him of not loving me or caring about me. I corrected him, what I really said was when he acted like he did, the paranoia made it *seem* like he didn't love or care about me. It's a crucial difference, a big difference, and even though I corrected him, it didn't change his attitude and he didn't acknowledge the error. He was shifting the blame for his inability or refusal to do what he knew he should have done to me. This is a pattern. The second incidence was nearly identical. He even claimed I was evidencing a pattern of not being satisfied with his explanations, referring to an earlier incidence that was no less his fault than this one was. Now, when he was getting hostile about me not accepting his E&C explanation, he also referred back to these earlier incidences, claiming, again, that I was at fault for accusing him of something that just wasn't real. This is all quite unreal, and dishonest, because Ryan was ignoring the facts to paint a picture that made me out to be in the wrong when it was his refusal to do what he knew he needed to do that was the real cause of the conflict.

And, even more interesting and weird, not to mention very telling, and *tricky*, pay attention here, all these incidences of Ryan getting hostile at me were about his behaviour not seeming to come from someone who truly loved me. But, Ryan was claiming everything he told me about his feelings for me weren't true [E&C], so my paranoia never really entered the picture, he *didn't* actually love me or care about me, at least per his claim. Yet, he was still using my reactions to his behaviour, which were really the cause of the problem, against me, He failed to realize he not only undermined his earlier hostility but was still trying to use it against me. This is dishonest on multiple levels, or multiple levels of denial. It's also another example of trying to shift the blame to me.

Ryan's Plan A was to disappear and never speak with me again, leaving me to be haunted and tormented by never knowing what or why or how could he etc. Extremely contemptuous. After I had to essentially coerce him to talk to me, he tried to tell me he disappeared for *my* benefit, that if he didn't say anything to me, he wouldn't be the source for any pain I might feel. This was not only absurd, if he expected me to believe that, it was massively contemptuous, and it's made really *extra*-obnoxious considering my paranoia thing—he almost cried at how upset I got after only 2 *days* earlier, this was after more than 2 *months*! If *he* believed that it was for my benefit or that he wasn't going to cause me any pain, he was *delusional*, no one could possibly believe such nonsense. Either way, it's dishonest, he either lied to me or to himself.

Ignoring me and all my messages, refusing to talk to me, treating me like I'm anathema is really utterly beyond-the-pale contemptuous and dishonest, there's no sane or real justification for doing that, no reason for it. And, it's only made much much worse that Ryan went to the police acting as if *he's* the victim. It's laughably delusional to think all of what he has done to me isn't significant compared to the burden of ignoring my letters. Fuck you Ryan, you pathetic little worm trying to make *me* look like the villain. You obnoxious ineffectual piece of shit, you had to run to mummy and daddy to get them to help hide you too. And parents, you let him? Why? But, y'all had already acted almost as poorly as he had. You were just as dishonest to claim harassment. None of you answered a single letter, none of you acknowledged receiving a single one except Debra on the one phone call. Ryan didn't once tell me what he was doing, why he was ignoring me, not once told me to stop, or warn me he would go to the police. Debra told me to stop when she yammered into the phone nonstop so she wouldn't hear a word I said, *and I did stop, and* that was over 2 months before complaining to the police, how was that

harassment? Y'all are throwed off, that just ain't right going to the police. Only cowards and weasels could stoop to such BS.

The 'apology' had plenty of delusions, and the whole thing was incredibly contemptuous, and hostile too. The worst of it was how you claimed to be 'really really sorry' and 'really truly sorry' and ended by admitting you had no idea if you meant a word of it. FFS! Really? You're apologizing for some pretty awful shit you did to me, and you have so much contempt for me, you couldn't be bothered to figure out if you actually cared??? It's obvious, especially considering the last 2 years, that it *was* what you said you hoped it *wasn't*, just a way to rid yourself of any remaining guilt. You had a more subtle, more devious motivation I'll get back to later. Quickly, it was delusional and contemptuous to claim "I am well aware of just how shitty my actions were, and just how much they hurt you" and also to claim you hoped I'd forgotten all about you, or that you hoped to alleviate any pain I might still feel. It was extremely delusional and contemptuous to use that analogy with a kid who in one day has one brief conversation with a girl and by the end of the day fantasizes a whole relationship out of it and think that could serve as an analog to what went on between us. And then, to try to belittle me by implying I meant so little to you that you'd forget about me in a week, somehow un-self-aware that it was a year later!

Then, there was the attempt to somehow partially blame my threats as a reason for you not realizing you caused me any pain. The threats came 2 days after the cruelty began, over two months if you include the 2+ months you tortured me with the disappearance. That was blatantly dishonest. More so that you didn't realize that since you had now admitted to really hurting me, you didn't reflect back and realize, after a year, the threats had obviously been empty, so they were *more* than justified as a way to get you to give me the deserved explanation. Again, an example of inexcusable obliviousness and misperceptions and the like leading to contempt and hostility and bogus shifting of blame.

Oh yeah, you also tried to claim you thought that since your feelings had been artificial, that meant mine were too. FFS, were our feelings in quantum entanglement? When you had your epiphany, I'd suddenly, all the way across The Atlantic, lose all those profound feelings I told you about almost every day? Really? *No one could possibly ever think that.* But you did, if you weren't just blatantly lying.

### The dishonesty behind Debra's hostility and contempt

Debra, you clearly had a lot of contempt for me, it was revealed when you tried to warn me off trying to talk to Ryan, telling me it might put him in a 'not so good place', apparently, it didn't matter that I was in a horrible place he pit me in and was trying to get his help to get out of that horrible place. That's an extreme double standard, a type of intellectual dishonesty.

Then, there was the seriously suspicious attitude you had throughout the phone call, you attributed it to the threats I had made 6 ½ years earlier. But, really, 6 ½ years? You didn't yet realize they were empty threats? Plus, you now knew the full extent of how cruel and unjustified Ryan's behaviour had been, and that I surely deserved an explanation, even he said so, so why didn't you realize the threats weren't out of line considering Ryan's behaviour? Why didn't you whack Ryan upside his head and tell him to talk to me FFS? That's what a good parent would do when their spawn misbehaves so seriously and is too much of a craven weasel to admit to it and accept responsibility for their actions. You knew ignoring me was deplorable, that was obvious in how you desperately tried to get me to think he wasn't ignoring me because he hadn't picked up his mail. You let your bias against me lead you to forget I had informed you of dozens of email, PMs IMs, and etc messages I had sent.

After the one phone call, the next one I got hung up on as soon as I IDed myself, and the 3<sup>rd</sup> and last attempt, Debra yammered non-stop so I couldn't say a word. These were obviously hostile and contemptuous, and for no honest, justifiable reason. All of this behaviour was in one way or another dishonest or intellectually dishonest. I don't know why she chose to react that way but I have a feeling the fact that I told her she was enabling Ryan to run away and that wasn't the right way to deal with his SAD, and also pointed out her double standard and the mail issue all contributed to her not wanting to talk to me. These are not adequate. It's juvenile to get bent out of shape for minor, quite deserved criticisms, especially when since Ryan's mental health was involved. To then claim I was harassing her for 5 or 6 letters and these 3 phone calls was ridiculous, absurd, petty and profoundly dishonest, and even worse because part of her yammering was telling me to stop trying to contact her and I did.

## Delusion and running away examples

The delusions got mixed up with the dishonesty above because they're often the source of the dishonesty. I'll look at those that are more involved with the running away aspects of Ryan's behaviour.

Ryan, you started all of this by running away--when you disappeared. What you've done ever since is *continue* running away. Tell me, what's the difference between what you were doing in 2010 and what you're doing now? You're likely sputtering some BS about the 'apology', but I just made it clear you didn't explain or apologize for much at all and really, just created more BS that needs to be explained and apologized for. It certainly didn't alleviate any pain, it actually ripped off any barely-begun-to-form scabs and poured salt and booze into all the wounds. It's without doubt *denial* to tell yourself you explained and apologized at all adequately. You kind of reveal you knew that when you admitted you didn't really believe anything you said in it, you just *hoped* it was true, and also when you chose to never check if I replied so you wouldn't risk me setting you straight. The whole time, you've worked really hard to make sure you *don't* know anything that doesn't fit in with what you've been telling yourself. In other words, you're working real hard to keep running away. I think it's pretty clear the whole motivation for the 'apology' was to give you something you could point to and claim you'd done what you could and could then wash your hands of it all. If I objected, as I do vehemently, you could then tell yourself "there he goes again, it's never enough, I did everything I could and he wants more', *exactly* like you did when you claimed there was no more explanation to give. This would let you keep running away while telling yourself you had stopped. Does that sound pretty accurate? Is that what you use to justify ignoring all my messages for 2 years?

Of course, playing the victim to use the police to help shield you from further messages from me was delusional. It was also a way to keep running away by shifting the blame to me and to make it harder for me to keep putting information in front of you hoping to finally pierce your shield of denial.

## Ryan, you're hurting yourself and our family, not just me

Your need to hate me doesn't just hurt me, you've had to compromise your own life to maintain the hate and to preserve whatever lie that is the basis for the hate. You abandoned the forum you loved and the friends you had there just so you could avoid me, maybe even because you were trying as hard as you could to forget I ever existed, you quit using youtube to like videos and subscribe to channels for likely similar reasons because that started right after I posted comments on your videos, you've turned yourself and your family into despicable dishonest dicks, you went to the police, something that should have been extremely difficult for a SAD sufferer, lied to them trying to make me out as the bad guy, you have had to keep running away for 8 ½ years now, and that very likely contributed significantly to you having to abandon RHUL after a sad 2-months, you made yourself hurt me and diminish my life for years, and you threw me away when I was probably the best friend you had and maybe ever had. I'm sure there's quite a few other ways, e.g., the consequences of my info-fishing efforts, and the way you have most likely been looking over your shoulder all this time, scared that any letter, any email, any whatever, might be from me forcing a frantic effort to get rid of it without thinking about it. Does that sound pretty accurate?

It really boggles the mind that you can think you're not being an utter dick, that somehow, it's OK to let me suffer for all these years when it would be so easy to help me, it's OK trying to act like I'm the villain. Well, no, you're an ass, it's wrong, and you're wrong, and you should be ashamed of yourself, you shouldn't be able to look in a mirror. 8 ½ years you've been too much of a crave weasel to talk to me, letting me suffer all that time, just so you can keep running away, just so you can keep lying. Do you realize you've been running away from me, from us, for a third of your life?  $1 \text{ in } 3 \text{ days } [9856/3211 = 3.07]$  you've spent lying to yourself that I've wronged you, that I never meant anything to you,  $1 \text{ in } 3 \text{ days}$  of your whole life you've spent making me suffer when I didn't have to. *A third of your life* you let me deteriorate because it was too much bother to help me. That's an ugly stain on your soul, and it's growing by the day. How much longer before it consumes you?

## ¿Ryan, WTF?

That kinda says it all. Nothing makes sense, you can't really be such a horrible person, but you have been, continuously for 8 ½ years and you slam the door in my face as I abjectly beg you to help me. How am I supposed to deal with that?

Think about these: at least twice I said to you I was brittle, to please be careful, and on at least two other occasions, I implored you to please not make a schmuck out of me, I just couldn't handle that. I constantly told you of my profound love for you, that I loved you more than any other before, you meant more than any before, you were the center of my world, I gave myself to you whole, body and soul, you were giving me most of the happiest moments in my not all that happy a life. I told you I hoped you would always keep a soft spot in your heart for me and I hoped you'd keep me in your life to some extent. A few times, I told you you'd lose your attraction for me and it could happen at any time, maybe if you just looked a little closer at my photos, I told you I hoped you found someone more appropriate and even encouraged you to try to reach out to your old emo crush, I said if you found someone, I'd be happy for you, sure, I'd cry myself to sleep and awake for a month or 6, but deep down I'd be happy you found someone. I would say I would always love you, always care about you, want to know how you were doing and what you were up to. And you were constantly telling me of your love for me, of how important I was to you, how much you appreciated me for being there, and that of course you'd keep me in your life and have a soft spot in your heart for me. I was a sad, lonely old man living a pretty insular life, my only 2 friends an old straight couple, I'm quite sensitive, emotional and sentimental, and I suffer from severe SAD, depression, and that paranoia thing that was fear of abandonment. And you *shattered* my soul and schmucked me up more than anyone before, you had no soft spot, you had *no* heart-you were utterly heartless, and thoughtless, without a hint of remorse or care, tried to act like *I* had done *you* some wrong, you betrayed and abandoned me, and treated me with massive contempt and hostility, acting like the thought you ever had feelings for the likes of me was too awful to contemplate, you turned me into an untouchable in your eyes, I was anathema to you, you won't even deign to talk to me or even hear from me, and keep me from knowing anything about you.

How could you be that callous hateful and cruel? And 6 ½ years later, you haven't changed, you want to hurt me even more. What do you think all of this would do to me? Go, read the above paragraph until you can recite it by rote and tell me what you think you were going to do to me? Tell me what you think ignoring every message is doing to me. Tell me what is it you're trying to do? If it's anything other than destroy me, you're doing it wrong. You have really fucked me up, physically as well as psychologically, the stress has caused me all kinds of problems.

Was there *any* sincerity in that 'apology'? How would I know? On August 4, 2010, what you said that day made everything you told me before a lie. The 'apology' made virtually everything you said on Aug 4 a lie. The 'apology' itself made a lie out of itself since you admitted you didn't even know if you meant word of it, and subsequent behaviour these last 2 years made a mockery out of most of it. How can I believe anything you have said? WTF, what do you think you're doing and how can you think I have a clue? You're trying to fuck me up until I die and you won't even tell me why. That is some really sick, fucked up shit. Why, Ryan? Why do you want to do this to me?

### A really important issue

Something happened back in May 2010 that led to you choosing to act crazy and say crazy BS. I've shown that many times and in many ways and did so again right up there^^. It can't be more obvious that you were delusional, full of denial, pathologically/compulsively lying throughout all of this. And that would include when you decided to hate me and to destroy our friendship. You haven't posited a single justification for acting the way that you have. You haven't even admitted to it. Don't you think you should at least review the decisions you made back then? Or is the thing that caused you to hate me still driving your behaviour? That's what it looks like is happening, something is driving you to keep hurting me and not only not caring how badly you've fucked me up but it seems to be making you think I'm hurting you. That is really so *insane* a thing to think, how is it possible for you to fail to realize any of it? Do you really want to be running away for the rest of your life? Do you really want to be nothing but a craven weasel, a cruel, twisted piece of shit, a despicable deplorable dick? I'm really sorry your family wants you to keep running away, they're telling you that's the best you can do, you'll just fail if you try to deal with life so don't even try. If you're not already hiding behind your mum's skirt, you're letting her pick you up and throw you back there. Why? Am I the only one who still thinks you're better than that? I do, but only by a rapidly fraying minute thread, and it's *you* doing the fraying.

I didn't deserve to be treated so unspeakably, and I don't deserve what you're doing to me now. Go re-read that 'think about these' paragraph and tell me if you owe me anything more than the hate and the contempt and the hostility that is all I've gotten from you so far. I'd say anyone who wasn't morally bankrupt would say you

really owe me a fuckton of fucktons. At the very least, you owe it to me to talk to me and at least *try* to help me. I'd say you really *profoundly* owe it to me *and* to you to try really hard to review objectively all of the choices you made back in 2010 and discuss it all with me. You should realize you can't quite be trusted to see things honestly, if you talk to me I could at least keep you closer to the truth.

So now what? What does any of this mean? What am I to think? How am I supposed to think anything?

I'm really hurting and you don't care and haven't. If that's really how you want to keep dealing with me, so be it. But I can't deal with this BS anymore. You've had a third of your life to do what's right and you've failed so far. I don't know what more I can do. I've been astoundingly generous in what I think about who you are. So far, all that's bought me is more anguish and more cruelty from you. If you want to keep fucking up my life until I die, then I see no reason why I shouldn't start trying to return the favor. All of this crap has made me physically ill 100s of times. I'll never understand how you could do to me what you have done and you did it with an ugly casual callousness. If you're not mental, you have to be a sociopath or sadistic monster.

This ain't going to go away. It ain't getting better with time, only worse. The longer it goes on, the more POed I get and the more determined I get and the more I lose the faith I have in you that you have to be better than this, that that wonderful beautiful sweet young man I fell in love with wasn't a complete fake to disguise the monster within. Well, what is it, who are you really Ryan? Will you let your stubborn arrogance override your humanity, if you have any that is. What happened, Ryan? What turned you into a dementor?

This letter has consumed me since about christmas, I've rewritten it whole many many times, and fumbled with editing it, often having to remove massive quantities of bile and spleen. Your behaviour is so awful and unjustified, so inexplicably cruel almost vicious, it keeps my emotions in turmoil. I can't get any closure for this until you do what you know is right, talk to me and help me understand what made you hate me and destroy our friendship. Don't even think another drive-by document drop off will *ever* suffice. *You can't be trusted to be honest without me to keep you so.* If you can't be bothered, if you want to keep running away, OK, you really are just a creepy lowlife piece of shit. I can promise you, *I won't ever let you forget what you did to me, I will hound you and haunt you until I die* and likely long after. Go, re-re-read that paragraph, and the Interlude, and remember, *this is all on you.* You really are acting like a sadistic monster. That's what you chose to do 8 ½ years ago and that's what you have continued to act like ever since.

I really thought I'd be done with this well before our birthdays. I planned to suggest that would be a great time for you to decide to stop running away, give me and you a fantastic birthday present. But oh well, it's still a good idea, so you're late a few days. Why not try to finally do right by me? It would be doing right for you too. FFS, aren't you tired of running away all the time?

### **Interlude—Reality is a bitch**

I have severe social anxiety disorder, it's been a terrible, debilitating condition. [Ryan should understand this, but he's so thoroughly discredited himself, I'm not quite sure if even *that* is real.] Alcohol was how I dealt with my problem, and it was an awful choice and I paid dearly for it. In 2010, it hadn't been all that long since I quit drinking, dealing with people sober wasn't easy. I was making progress, slowly, very slowly. I was a lonely old man living an isolated life with only two real friends. When I reached out to Ryan trying to strike up a friendship, my condition was on the upswing, I probably couldn't have managed the persistence needed to reach him otherwise. *Ryan was the first new friend I'd made in a decade*, the first one while sober in 30 years or more, so his friendship was extremely important to me, and he often told me how important I had become to him, he was more open with me than with any of his oldest school mates and just talking to me could help him cope when his anxieties were threatening.

*He* more than I led us into a relationship. My feelings for him grew quickly, due in no small part to him being so close to the ideal partner I always hoped I would find and never did, until then—obviously decades too late. I was *always* trying to help him with his anxieties, always hoping I could, and trying to, be a positive influence in his life and help him deal with the real world. I even encouraged him to try to find someone far more appropriate than me. And I *did* help him, he admitted as much in his first message on Aug 4<sup>th</sup>.

And then he just threw me away with an awful casual callousness, telling me I never really meant a thing to him, he never really loved me—the center of my world essentially told me I was so odious a human being he had to tell himself he never had any feelings for me at all, and, now, he couldn't bear the idea of just talking to me. How do you think that affected my problems with SAD? I've become almost a hermit now, I can't even manage to try anymore.

For the first few years afterward, at least once a day or more at first, something would trigger a reminder of the nightmare, sending my mind into chaotic cycles of anguish, utterly lost and bewildered by Ryan's behaviour and driven to keep asking the unanswerable questions-- why did he have to act like that, how could he hate me so much that he could do that to me, and worst of all, how pathetic and inadequate I must be for him to be so contemptuous of me. There was always sobbing, and, with my mind too preoccupied torturing itself with questions, if I was walking at the time, I would often stumble, sometimes even falling to my knees. The frequency of such episodes tapered off over the years but hasn't reached zero even today.

After bringing a light into my life such as I had never experienced before, when Ryan decided to just cavalierly throw me away, he more than extinguished that light, *he cast a shadow over everything in my life*. Nothing was as worthwhile as before, everything was more difficult to do to where even the simplest of tasks became hurdles too difficult to get past, to even *try*. I get frustrated quickly, minor insignificant glitches and snags can make me frantic and crazy and I just give up and hate myself. These are the sources of the incapacity I've mentioned, I often become almost inert, having a ton of things that need doing, but I simply don't have the energy to do them, and none seem much worth doing anyway. I have always gotten interested in new things and could teach myself whatever was needed to go along with the new interest. There would always be hurdles to overcome climbing the learning curve, but I would persist and almost always get over any problems. That doesn't happen anymore, I seldom have the energy or motivation to get past even minor difficulties, and no longer much enjoy the process, when before, that was the best part of learning something new. Ryan did that to me--*Ryan has robbed me of my ability to get much joy out of anything*, he has cursed me to living in a world not just dim, but unrelentingly *grim*.

And since March 2017, Ryan's continuing to ignore me just adds more trauma, makes my life more difficult to cope with by the day. I'm again astounded gobsmacked every fucking day, every fucking message ignored, that he could possibly be such a heartless uncaring asshole, that he could choose to keep hurting me rather than simply talk to me. Every day he refuses to talk to me, every message ignored, every time he shuts down some avenue of communication I've found to reach him is another hostile and contemptuous slap to my face, is another source of trauma I have to endure. For almost 2 years he's been choosing to cause me more trauma rather than help me. And he has to know, unless he's in *extreme* unbelievable denial, that he's causing me massive stress, and has for 8 years now. Chronic stress is really hard on your body and I have indeed suffered significant physical degradations that Ryan is without doubt the primary or only cause.

And, for about 2 months now, I've not done much of anything, lots to do but whenever I try to do anything, it's like a dampening field falls over me and I just don't have the energy or motivation to start. This fucking letter has consumed me since about christmas, I can't get it quite right, thrown version after version away. Having to write it pisses me off, it's all so unbelievable y'all can be such despicable pieces of shit after I tried so hard to deal with this amicably and maturely.

When you filed that bogus CRIMINAL complaint, did you tell the police I only sent a few letters, that I only made 3 telephone calls, that you just hung the phone up on me as soon as I said who I was on the 2<sup>nd</sup> call and the 3<sup>rd</sup> you yammered into the phone so I couldn't say a word to you, and the *first time* you told me not to try to contact you again, part of your yammering, that I stopped? Did you inform them it was about 2-3 months since then, 2-3 months since you told me to stop, *which I did*, when you filed the complaint claiming I was *harassing* you?

**To any law enforcement that might be given this letter:**

Note: Please read the left column first.

I've spoken with both South Yorkshire and Gloucester police, I've made it quite obvious Ryan is either in serious denial to a degree that is disturbing, or he's just lying--playing sick, sadistic games on me. I even suggested to Officer McShane a way to trigger this aberrant behaviour to prove that's what Ryan was doing, but he wasn't interested.

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| <p>Did the police tell you there's a automatic, statutory defence against a charge of harassment—that if the behaviour claimed to be harassment is reasonable, it's NOT harassment?</p> <p>Your spawn seriously damaged me for no sane reasons. There's not a moral code I'm aware of that wouldn't say he's obligated to make me whole to the extent possible, that's tort law at its most basic, the fundamental element of all the laws and moral codes known like the Old Testament Torah [the law in Hebrew], Hammurabi's code, the common law of England, and our US laws.</p> <p>Since all I'm asking of Ryan is for the help he is morally obligated to give me, it's really really hard to see how my behaviour ISN'T reasonable. Can you disagree? Apparently, you can't so you resort to ignoring me. And y'all make it abundantly clear you're not just cowards and weasels, y'all are morally bankrupt cowards and weasels!</p> | <p>Stephen and Debra Fairley's son caused me serious psychological damage I still suffer with 8 years later. I tried to have a civil conversation with them about matters that should have been of real concern for the parents of someone with Ryan's history. Beyond the first phone call, I got no replies of any kind. I was sincere and completely open, explaining exactly what I was trying to do and how I had real concerns for their son's mental health. They couldn't be bothered to give me the basic courtesy of a reply.</p> <p>I was making significant efforts to help their son <i>even after what he did to me</i> and they didn't care. That's why I kept trying to get through to them. Could anyone really think I was being unreasonable? Or would by far most folks think it was their behaviour that was truly unreasonable? Plus, how was it harassment when it was only a few letters and as soon as she told me to stop, I did, and it was almost 3 months later that they claimed harassment? Really? Is that how it's supposed to work?</p> |
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Facebook post below:

Hello, I'm hoping I can find someone here who can help me. This isn't anything I would normally do, but I'm without other options. Ryan Fairley, an alumnus of Sir Thomas Ritch's School from about 2006 to 2011, intentionally inflicted grievous psychological and emotional harm on me, debilitating and enduring harm. He did this without the slightest justification and refuses to help me undo the damage he did. He refuses to accept responsibility for his actions, or even admit to most of the cruel behaviour he exhibited. He refuses to hear a word from me, insisting he's well aware of how much pain he caused me while his words utterly belie this assertion, making it a tad convenient to deafen himself to anything I say lest it disabuse him of the lies he tells himself. The most egregious lie he spreads is to play the victim, as if I did something to him. I suffer serious emotional and psychological problems making it easy for him to use them against me. His behaviour was unconscionable and deplorable, calling them sadistic would not be much of a stretch, if any at all. He and his parents insist it's not a new manifestation of the mental illness he exhibited when at Sir Rich's that forced him to repeat a year. The only interpretation of all of this that makes any sense is that Fairley is a sexual predator who was playing twisted psychosexual games on me, getting pleasure from the torments and trauma he caused me. All he can do now is run away and hide so he can evade admitting what he did while dishonestly smearing me, maligning my character and proving he has none.

I tried reaching out to his mum Debra Fairley and dad Stephen, but they proved as morally bankrupt as their spawn. They have such a double standard they see no problem with Ryan causing me serious damage but see me as a villain for wanting to get him to admit to what he did and accept responsibility for the damage I still suffer. I tried to explain how this exposed that they possess an extreme double standard, but they were either incapable of understanding how that's a problem or just don't care--their thinking changed not an iota. This misguided behaviour leads them to despicably support Ryan trying to play the victim when they know what he did to me and that I did nothing to him.

I live in Texas so there's very few options available to try to get Fairley to act like a decent human being— to help me by admitting what he did and accepting responsibility for his behaviour. So far, the only effort he's made in response to me pleading for him for this help has been to make things worse for me, to cause me MORE damage. I'm left with trying to expose his behaviour, hoping some public pressure might move him to quit being a sadistic monster. The whole story, in great detail, can be found at [ryanfairley.com](http://ryanfairley.com). I'm desperate, the continuing inimical hate and contempt from Ryan is incapacitating me. Yes, I'm weak, it's easy to hurt someone when you know where they're most vulnerable, as Ryan did. It's truly ugly, truly DESPICABLE to keep kicking someone when they're down as Ryan and his family insist on continuing to do. If anyone knows Ryan and has any idea of what's going on, if they have any idea what's wrong with him or if they're aware of Ryan behaving in similar ways, I'd be much appreciative if you could let me know. Ryan and his family shouldn't get to hide behind an ocean and simply ignore the truth in order to avoid doing what's right, what they have a moral obligation to do.

<http://torchwieldingpeasants.com/dox/ryan-tommis-uniform-b.jpg>