

part1: i wanted to be a pianist(at least study it until i was 18). Denied at age 11 by parents because they realized how hard it was through their experience. They should have let me continue just for fun. I mean I was 11 what else was I gonna do. Pretty much only played games after that. I think something to reflect on here was that I should have looked for my own teacher. I kind of relied on my parents to do that since they found all my previous teachers. Even this professor at u of t but I didn't do so well with her. All this is to say that I hate how they controlled what I wanted to do at the time.

Part2: During high school, my dad's parents came to canada to visit. These dumb fucks somehow thought my dad was the one doing everything just because saw him doing some unnecessary yard work/renovation. If they hired someone to do it, it would have been cheaper than all the time and money he spent on renovating himself and doing a shit job. So of course the only reasonable thing to do is to invite my moms friends to dinner (not including my mom) and talk shit about her. I was not happy about this. I remember standing on top of the stairs and yelling at my grandpa. He was pretty surprised and looked angry, probably didn't expect some kid to do that to him. He used to whip my dad with belts. If he did that to me I would have punched him (that day). Parent's relationship just spiraled down that day. Pretty much the start of their bad relationship today. One crucial point is that my dad never made the effort to apologize (not just say in words cause that's meaningless) but actually act on it.

Part 3: Uni up until covid was going alright. Then covid hit I had to move back home. Dad was still an autistic piece of shit. Was noisy with his unnecessary renos and it annoyed the shit out of my sister and that stuff you already know. He wants people to respect him without earning it(classic ccp mentality). I wasn't giving him any of it. Says he's gonna charge rent. So I'm like ok fuck you I'm gonna go live with my uncle. And he did so much more for me than my dad ever did. It wasn't perfect of course, his wife was a leech. Always was underneath that persona she built for herself. Slowly, my uncle was becoming more and more like her. Just like that everything good came to an end for me in just ~7 months. I was doing alright in school and was continuing preparing for the jobs that I planned on doing. During this time my mom did come to visit. Then my mom and uncle/aunt had a fallout over their investment home. Even got lawyers involved. My mom was in the wrong. She wanted to sell the house but my aunt didn't want to. They wanted to wait one year to see if the value would go up. So my mom said, give me half of the cash value of the home right now. But my aunt wanted to factor in transaction costs. If I was in my aunt's position I would also want to do that because it's part of the investment. Now if either of them was a real estate agent, then of course I wouldn't factor in the transaction costs. My mom however, knew that my aunt was a leech over all these years (things she's done to not be trustworthy, cheated on my uncle, stole money, etc) and didn't want to let her get away with it this time (the one time my aunt was right). So I was left to choose a side and how could I choose my uncle over my mom even if it was the logical thing to do. I was however promised one thing by my mom. She would help me establish a school so I could experience the entrepreneurial side of things. Over the next 8 months, I mentioned this only twice to her because she seemed really touchy about the subject. She didn't want to face me because it was an empty promise.

Everything after that you kind of know. One more point to stress is that you were only part of the reason why I didn't want to work on the school anymore. I think I had too much mental stress without any support. Calvin's constant criticism and his stupid AI ideas that he wanted me to implement made me too conscious of failure. At this point in the letter I think it's better to label him as Calvin than as my dad. I was going to continue without you after but the action never took place even two months later. To be honest, I don't think I've gotten over this burnout just yet. I'm in the middle of it. I've got a plan and now it's just up to my actions. This plan involves a new me and that requires me to leave this family that has only pulled me down. I don't feel obliged to deal with their bs or solve their problems. Nobody wants their problems solved btw which is really funny. The root of my mom's problems is right in her face. Everybody tells her that, yet she does nothing about it. If I don't cut her off, I'll never move on. My only regret was not doing this earlier. Only good thing that happened out of all of part3 is that I adopted Daisy. Which was supposed to be a gift for my mom because she wanted Lily, but I ended up liking her the most.