

We haven't spoken for a little while and I'm missing you. I don't know if you're real busy or I'm upsl don't know if you have watched or listened to my story on YouTube but there was something in it—specifically Chapter 3, the part where one of my dogs is eaten after the collapse. It's a work of fiction, I never have eaten a dog, I never would eat any dog, especially not Sammy.

I know the story is intense, and if it came across as shocking or disturbing, I understand why. What I want you to know is this: that part of the story is symbolic. I've never eaten a dog, and I would never hurt Sammy or any of my animals. What I have done, though, is eaten out of garbage cans. I've faced real hunger. Real desperation. All of this while I was homeless. And that part of the story is a reflection of those days—the choices you hope you'll never have to make, and the ones you make when you have no other option.

It's not about the dog. It's about surviving. About what people are forced to face when the world doesn't leave them any clean decisions.

I'm kinda proud of my story but I'd never want you to misunderstand it. The story is horrific in a literal read but it's really meant to symbolize making a desperate choice, I've made desperate choices, we all have. Not just when homeless it's more universal than that. Please know it came from a real place. And you deserve to know the truth behind it.

With love always Dad