

5TH NOVEMBER 2013

I've been thinking, I've been thinking a lot lately about anger, and how it can sometimes be misplaced. I'll admit I'm a **straight-talker** to be on the receiving end of my tongue is not a nice place to be for the person on the receiving end. My philosophy in life is this. If you can't be honest with your family, who can you be honest with? If you prefer to **pretend** to be nice and not confrontational, fine. But I like to be around real honest people, but sometimes honesty, can be like being cut open with a serrated knife. Especially when you're not prepared for it!

My peaceful world was dealt a blow by way of a banger.

I know that family linen should be dealt with by way of the dry cleaners, hand-washing or in the washing machine, not aired publicly. But this banger exploded right in my face. Imagine the aftermath of having a banger explode in your face. The blood, horror and shock! Waiting to see the damage the firework has caused! At worst you could be blinded in one eye, or even two! The weather was overcast and damp. I was wrapped up well.

I'll tell you what I saw when I was walking to this person's flat.

TWO BIG BLACK CROWS

Sitting on the fence squawking! I didn't ask the pair what they were squawking about.

I didn't hang around a second longer. I hurried by quickly. Hoping they wouldn't look in my direction. **Hitchcock's, film, the Birds** sprang to mind, for a nanosecond. I imagined them pecking my eyeballs out for sport. And whilst I'm on the ground helpless! Kicking me around like a bloody football! That encounter with the birds left me shaken. I should've turned tail, sprouted wings and flew back home.

I should've, but I didn't.

The two crows were like **Damien in the film, The Omen**, a badass sign, and with the numbers **666 scratched** into Damien's scalp, you knew you were dealing with something not of this world! You were dealing with **THE MARK OF THE BEAST, EVIL, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THE ANTICHRIST!**

I said to myself. "You've come this far, you might as well continue!" "What could go wrong?" In fact I was skipping in my mind to this person's flat humming silently in my head without a care in the world.

I was only taking a snack to this family member, after all, no biggie. A few seconds later I'm at the flat. I ring the doorbell. **The person's Mother opens the door. No kiss takes place.** I say "Hello," to the Mother. She replies, "Hello," back. We walk up the stairs together. I greet the person I've come to see, kiss, kiss and then I sit down with my shoes off, in the person's bedroom.

I give the person the snack. Person asks, "Do you want a drink?" "No," I reply.

I mention the two crows that I saw on the way to the flat. I ask the person about the significance of seeing two crows at once. "What does it mean?" I ask. Person shrugs shoulders and says, "I don't know."

A reality TV show is on. **Housewives of**, some rubbish or another! The person switches over the TV to some cop show about unsolved murders.

I left home about **1.30pm**, it's now **2.00pm**.

The person's Mother doesn't engage me in any conversation like she used to! I've noticed the sly looks she gives me when she thinks I don't notice. I don't ask her flat out,

"What's your problem?"

And we used to be so close!

I haven't got time for pointless arguments.

The Mother turns her back to me and falls asleep on the bed. The person I've come to see also takes a nap.

Anyway, I'm barely watching unsolved murders. It's just background noise.

The person suddenly wakes up and stares at me. My expression is blank. The Mother wakes also.

Person asks me if, "Being at the event didn't make me feel as if I wanted to be in the Church?" A nice easy question just to soften me up! "It was a good sing-a-long," I replied. "But I'm not interested in the Church." Person corrected me, "It was a service, not a sing-a-long." "It was a good sing-a-long," I reiterated.

The first banger arrives. Out of the blue! It doesn't disappoint.

"I heard your bastard Brother was at the Church and your other Brother is a bastard," the person says in a harsh tone.

My head is reeling.

Wait a minute is this a question or a statement?

In life there are **TROUBLEMAKERS**. I'm not dressing it up in fine clothing. It is what it is!
TROUBLEMAKERS! They're the ones who have a word in the person's ear about an event that somebody was at.

This person wasn't at the event, but the Mother was. The Mother told the person my Brother was there.

This was said to me as if I was responsible for my Brother being there! After all I didn't pick up my Brother by the feet, and drive him to the event. I didn't even know that my Brother would be there! So what gives!

And this person was raking me over the coals with her Mother present! I was in shock! I just said, "Everybody hates our Family," and I said my maiden name. The person said, "I'm that name too!" "I'm not," I reply. What else could I say? Sure I should've left, but here's the thing, I was waiting for another person to arrive, to give the person a snack. So I was stuck. And there you have it.

This is exactly what family do. Instead of loving you like a family member, they opt to rip your heart out! No wonder a stranger is better than family. You can't choose your family, but you can definitely choose your friends.

During this exchange

The TROUBLEMAKER was grinning all over her face, as if to say, "I've done well!"

So the Mother pulls the strings, steps back as if to say, "It's nothing to do with me," and like a puppet on demand the person is verbally attacking me about my Brothers! Great! What kind of Mother stirs things up like this to a person who has ill feelings towards her Father and Uncle?

I wouldn't dream of cursing out my siblings. But for this pair, it's open season on my Brothers!

Well excuse me but, I didn't give birth to my Brothers. There's something going on here. Obviously the person is angry at me about something. This person is doing exactly what the Mother wants as though the person hasn't got a mind of their own. The grinning Mother got what she wanted, a gullible person to do her dirty work!

Another thing!!! The Mother stood in the church and told a roomful of people that she'd been saved in 2010!

The person who I went to see has also been saved, in 2009!

Saved from what?

Maybe they need saving again!

**It seems like these two have placed themselves on an invisible pedestal. As if they are Angels!
Really!**

And then my mind went into overdrive.

The other person finally came. I gave her the snack and I left at 8.00pm. I said, "Goodbye," and left. My head was on fire on the way home.

If these two people are

BORN AGAIN CHRISTIANS!

God help me!

They should be saved from God himself!

Born Again Christian - the term loosely means you relinquish past hurts and slights. You start life over again as if you were reborn. Everybody is your friend. You have no enemies in your life.

Excuse me, but what does a Born Again Christian do! Don't they practice the word of God?

But these pair bitch like two vipers fighting over family? Bitching about any and anybody who does a good deed! Bitch about me some more!

Do Born Again Christians dredge up the past like old snot, and then spit venom at you without warning, like a snake! Paralyzing your thoughts!

Instead of bitching about the world, try thinking about whether or not you've done anything good to make someone else happy, other than yourselves. Is this what going to Church every Sunday teaches you? How not to practice forgiveness, and be a hypocrite! No thanks, I'll pass on becoming a Born Again Christian. I'm sure the Church won't miss me.

What the Damien!

If you can't stand me, tell me, I can take it.

Am I responsible for my Brothers movements? No. Do I love them? Unconditionally! Yes!

And then it hit me. This person has harboured hatred for me for years! Her Mother hates me too. Good. Now I know where I stand! You know when you're angry with someone but you can't say what's on your mind? This was the person's way of venting her spleen. With her Mother present, nice touch! This experience has opened my eyes even more on families. And what they go through.

How come the pair of you don't curse out other people that have wronged you in the past, but you do it to family? It seems to me that being a Born Again Christian hasn't made you better people. It's made you worse! Shame on the both of you!

This is a question for the person. Why be angry at me? I'm not my Brothers. If you want to take your hurt out on me, do so privately. You strike me as the sort of person that needs people around you to show your anger. To show that you're somehow in charge! You need the publicity. One thing about being a manager! To be a good manager if any problem arises, talk to the person privately. And if you are a manager already, you should know better!

Don't bawl me out like that! In front of your Mother!

Don't forget you were in your flat. You can say what you want within reason, but when your attack is unprovoked, and somebody else has had a hand in your outburst, (your Mother) I wonder. I wonder what kind of people I'm dealing with. If things don't go your way, you look at other people and blame them for your life. God forbid. You should blame yourselves! The next time, I wanna do something nice for a family member I'll think twice about doing anything. That's for sure. I just won't bother!

I'm sure that person slept like a log that night.

That person and the Mother must be so proud of what was accomplished. Two fine Born Again Christians! Doing God's work!

I met two crows that day, guess which ones turned out to be harmless?