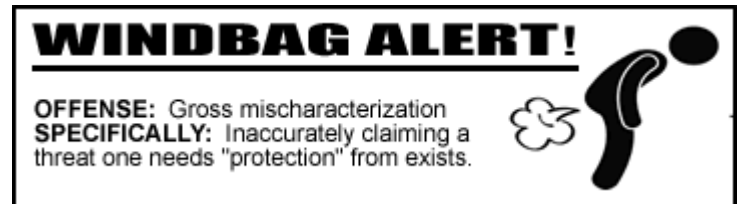


The Monster Replies

I really liked the way you kept the “monster” title and turned it around at me. While your impression of me is not especially accurate, I love it when people are clever. Well done! All rightly, then....let's see what ya got here:

> Monster indeed. Luckily, I happened to come across your letter titled “Monster.” My mom always tries to protect me, so she would never show me your delusional demanding and threatening letter.

LMAO! Protect you from what? There is no threat to you in that letter, and you're a long way past the girl who actually believed in Santa Claus while old enough to wear a bra. I think you're reached the point where you can handle such things as a provocative letter. LOL!



One could make a highly compelling case that the main reason your mom will try to keep my words from reaching your eyes and ears has painfully little to do with protecting you, and know that I'm happy to share with you any communication I've sent or will send to your parents.

> So here I am, and now it's time for me to protect my parents and grandpa.

Here you are, indeed. Welcome, and good for you! It's great to FINALLY get a reply from someone, and the inclination to protect your people is among the most noble one can have. You're a good kid, but you're badly misinformed and not deathly inclined to be fair and rational. It's admirable that you're defending your parents like that. I only ask that you consider everything from every relevant source at your disposal before jumping to hysterical fits of foolishness.

Your participation is greatly appreciated.

> At our last meeting, my parents, Langdon and I were very amicable considering your behavior. The smiling and nodding is over.

I've less than zero desire for your plastic smiling and nodding. If you feel an emotion or reaction is appropriate, by all means, show it. Rest assured we will do the same. And, I intend to soon be at Dad's often when you and yours are there, for it's time for some serious discussions to come to pass, so expect plenty of chances to inflict your unwarranted petulance if you wish. Expect suitable responses.

If anything, WE were very amicable considering YOUR behavior. And, really, one of your parents was very amicable. Your husband was very amicable, and I hope neither paid too steep a price (or, as Dad put it, “got their wings clipped”) for their relatively pleasant treatment of us. You were short of “very amicable” and your mom was WAY short of it. Get real.



It's best to try to be earnest and accurate in your communications.

I'm confident that if I presented my case to both Reagan and Langdon without anyone else around to intimidate and henpeck them, they'd have a very hard time denying at least some of my points, for I've known them to be fair and reasonable people. And, I've seen Reagan once more since then and he was

quite pleasant. Feel free to act however you'd like, of course, but it never hurts to remember that the gentlemen in your family are self-actualizing creatures who should be free to act and react as they prefer don't need you to speak for them. And, any attempt to influence their positions without making sure they have all the facts is a disgrace, plain and simple.

> You are the most dangerous type of narcissist

Actually, the most dangerous type of narcissist is one who gets elected president. Or, failing that, one who keeps producing bad results for those around him. Neither describe me.



Yeah, you'll scoff at this, but I'm not very narcissistic

- I place at about the 35th percentile on the NPI, well below average. Recognizing one's own good qualities and effectiveness while being outspoken and opinionated is NOT narcissism. Those who know me well see no pathological narcissism, and we're talking quite a few people across very long and deep relationships who tend to be very hard-thinking nerds with brutally high standards and zero tolerance for noxious behavior. Anyone that is not impressively clean, functional, and rational is simply not welcome in our group.

However, some narcissistic qualities are actually essential for getting by in the world. The same goes for many other pathologies, actually. Based on your opinion, we've embarked on a deeper study of the matter, for it's a fascinating thing to explore. We're calling it the NFNA -Nurse Floz Narcissism Assay. We are self-rating our own plus our perceptions of others' narcissism. How will the perceptions of multiple astute others stack up with our self-perceptions? Obviously, in a healthy situation the numbers will be low and consistent. This will be interesting fun and I'll happily share the results. So, uh, thanks, LOL.

John is very narcissistic. So was Aydin. Mom was quite narcissistic, but in a rather unusual and, thank goodness, incomplete way. Lisa? Not much. Dad? Nope, not a drop - his sense of self was obliterated under Mom's domineering rule.

Two outstanding characteristics of malignant narcissism are pursuit of a disproportionate degree of power over the lives of others (a hallmark of The Floz Way) and inflated preoccupation with one's image or status (that's pretty Flozzie, too). Our lives are strongly characterized by a devotion to freedom and egalitarianism with a near-total disregard for what others think of us, at least in a shallow "image" sense. Lisa and I, and all our friends, would not get along well with any pathological narcissist.

Of course, a lack of empathy is the hallmark of the pathological narcissist. That certainly doesn't apply to me. My sense of empathy is, if anything, too strong.

It's not a great idea to recklessly misuse superlatives like "most." It makes you look like a windbag. We have a beautiful language packed with words to accurately fit most any scenario.

> because you are so delusional you don't even realize the only people who think so highly of you are yourself and Lisa.

How impressively arrogant and presumptuous of you! And it's categorically and provably false. You've little idea with whom I spend time with and what they think of me.

Many people, including multiple members of our family, think MUCH more highly of me than I think of myself. Rock-solid people who I've known for generations, gone through thick and thin with, and have fierce observational and analytical skills hold me in the highest regard, and ya can't get away with nothin' with these people. Seriously, nothin' - if one performs poorly, is disingenuous or illogical, or engages in

any intellectual dishonesty, my crowd pounces on it like a cougar. Smart people are a trip.

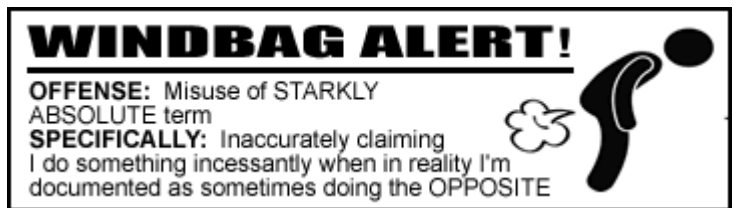
Dad's opinion of me is very high and he's a pretty wise old dude. I couldn't fool him if I tried, and I wouldn't try. And, hell, Lisa's endorsement of me is quite powerful all on its own - her judgment and ethics are absolutely beyond reproach.



Your statement is demonstrably false, and one treads shaky ground when misusing STARKLY ABSOLUTE terms like "only," especially in matters you have little knowledge of. Do you and some of yours think I'm a delusional dirtbag? So be it, but it is a veritable orgasm of hubris to claim to speak for the world outside your bubble. The simple fact that there's not a switch in your brain to prevent such flameouts speaks volumes.

> You can keep yelling about how terrible all family members are and incessantly talking about how wonderful you and Lisa are

More misuse of starkly absolute terms like "incessantly." When I grabbed your letter from the table, I was holding in my other hand my essay entitled "The Idiot and the Undercarriage," a one page blistering self-criticism of how a woeful failure on my part almost killed Dad's best friend, Tasha, and caused a great deal of needless suffering for Tasha, Dad, Lisa, and me. I really hung myself out to dry and will always take that failure pretty hard. Consider your "incessantly" claim demolished.



Again, it's generally best to try to be earnest and accurate in your communications. If you're that sloppy in your communication as a nurse, you're going to leave an ugly trail of groaning and corpses behind you.

I have never referred to anyone in the family other than John as "terrible" with the exception of that one recent and very specific "monster" reference, which, after much deliberation I regret expressing as I did (yet I stand behind 100%). Terrible things SHOULD be called terrible. Nothing wrong with that.

Lisa IS a truly wonderful person. She has the finest, most honest and well-rounded character I've ever known despite suffering a horrific upbringing and being the victim of one of the most brutal extended crimes I've ever heard of. I've never seen her do one thing morally wrong. She has every excuse to be a wreck, yet she strives to perform at an elite level while reliably searching for ways to get even better. She really is awesome and is a great asset to the family.

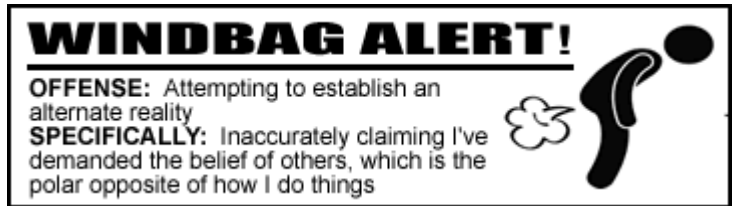
Together, we do some great work and there's nothing wrong with being aware of that. The proof is ALWAYS in the pudding. I'm happy to hear any suggestions regarding how/we can do better, though. And, if you have anything to say about anything I've done or written, by all means, feel free and thanks for participating. I can promise you one thing - you will be taken seriously.

Making valid observations and complaints is NOT necessarily calling anyone terrible, and recognizing one's own abilities, qualities, and RESULTS is not pathological narcissism.

> demanding anyone willing to listen to believe it

Oh, no, no, no, dear. OMG, no. For starters, I've demanded NOTHING other than that Dad be nourished especially well in the month after surgery.

I prefer people BELIEVE NOTHING - belief is for religion. It's faith-based, and "believing" things without applying the razor of reason to them has long been a CURSE upon our family. I do, though, request in the strongest terms that you regard all the information from every relevant source and make reasoned decisions based on 1) the evidence and 2) what you really know about all the people involved, i.e. history, experience. Old data + new data = a reasoned opinion.



I've never asked for anyone's belief and never will. Belief has ZERO place in a situation like this. The truth, as indicated by evidence, experience, and common sense, is the final arbiter of all matters. Save your belief and lack thereof for Jesus and leprechauns.

I have ALWAYS insisted to Dad that, as our leader, he has a solemn duty to accept the viewpoint of the trustworthy person who has presented the best, most reasonable argument. I actually carry a copy of that point in my wallet at all times. Repeatedly I've told him that if Neila's arguments, history, and character stand tallest, then he MUST accept them. Same for you - don't even consider taking me seriously unless my points stand up under focused scrutiny. Show no mercy BUT spare no rationality, either. If Neila's points prove most solid, you MUST affirm them.

Once ALL cards are on the table, the best case wins. It wouldn't even occur to me to ask for anything else from anyone, ever. The truth must always win, and responsible people must ALWAYS be "willing to listen" to any argument in an important issue. When people quit listening, it is often because their opponent has a solid argument.

> but the truth is you are of such poor character it is astonishing.

I'm really sorry you feel that way, for I've put much effort into producing the opposite. You are certainly welcome to voice your opinions on that freely and I look forward to your suggestions on what I should have done differently once you have educated yourself on this matter from all sides. Whether or not you care, your opinion carries weight with me.

There is, however, a strong and consistent opinion held by many exceedingly intelligent, discriminating, and insightful people that I am of excellent character, and it is our position that your understanding of me is badly flawed. I can back that up with things that carry much more weight than your mother's shrill, absurd claims.

I always seek to improve, though, so again, fire away with anything ya got - other perspectives are always welcome.

> As my brilliant grandma would always say "The more someone speaks of their piety, the quicker you need to count your money." How ironic and forewarning.

Kind of close. It's actually a superb Emerson quote - "The louder he talked of his honor, the faster we counted our spoons." That flows a bit nicer, eh? Great, great stuff, I love Emerson.

Ya know, dear, if I've produced what I and *those who actually matter* find to be great results, I have no qualms in talking about it. Being honorable is very important to me, and my honor has come under a harsh, sustained, and ludicrously invalid attack, so I've been defending it. What the hell do you expect a guy to do in that situation?

Your grandma was indeed a brilliant woman, but she was many other things, too. One of them was mentally ill - she had major clinical depression and was at times very difficult to deal with, but only Dad

and I got to see the full-blown version of that side of her. We suffered tremendously at the hands of her self-destructiveness and often-unreasonable nature. Hell, even poor Tasha suffered greatly (that will be explained in its own work, so sad a story it is). A tremendous amount of rare potential was thrown away. We could have had a truly golden life but it ended up being much, much less than it should have been. That sucks.

Living with Mom was a wacky ride that was part a mosaic of often-esoteric delights that only someone of her caliber could bring to the table, part a grinding bore (unless you like watching a VERY loud TV in a cloud of cigarette smoke for 16 hours a day), and part a heartbreaking, chilling descent into an abyss of foolishness, neurosis, illness, and depression.

> It is almost laughable, that you are so detached from reality

SIGH You are so detached from reality that you can't even get the relationship between Dad and Neila right. Neila's father is DEAD, so feeding him any number of times a day would be not only creepy, but also a waste of food. Charlie is her STEPFATHER. Your lack of a solid grip on the most painfully bare basics of the situation speaks VOLUMES, and the fact that it's contained in the same sentence as your accusation of detachment from reality is a COLOSSAL HOOT. I mean, like, MERCY! Stop it, girl....yer killing me here. Killing me, I tells ya!

> that you have the audacity to insinuate my parents are monsters

Actually, I didn't insinuate anything - I came right out and said it! You're really not a stickler for details and precision, are you? You do understand that details and precision are very important in the medical care of the human organism, right?

I certainly concede that I was audacious - that was actually kind of the point, but it's worth mentioning that many health and dietary professionals concur with my position that regularly feeding fast food to a dependant is monstrous. I might not be as detached from reality as you fancy.

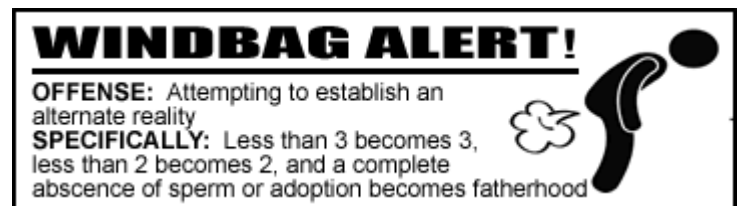
> for feeding her father 3 times a day for a year and a half, and 2 times a day from then on—

Again, STEPFATHER, not father. The truth is the final arbiter of all matters.

Your 3 and 2 times a day claims are not accurate.

Dad has been able to prepare his own bowl of cereal the entire time. The need for 3 visits

became 2 when, after an experiment, Dad and I confirmed 2 breather treatments per day were sufficient AND I found him a coffee maker he could operate himself. By being thoughtful and resourceful, I was able to eliminate ONE-THIRD of that 3x/day workload and give Dad the simple dignity of making his own coffee.



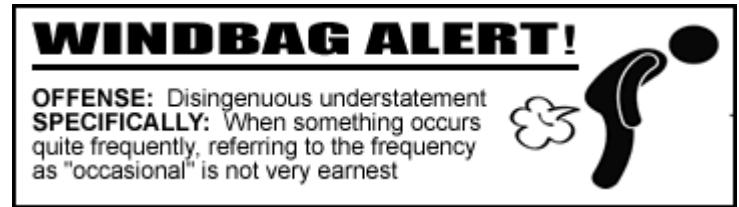
Of course, of those 2 remaining times, Lisa and I handle a significant portion of them, so the accurate representation, as of now, is that they feed him 1.29 times per day while putting much less effort and producing much lesser results than we do. 1.29 is a long way from 2.00, dear - it's the equivalent of buying a car at auction for \$1290 and somehow getting banged for \$2000 at the counter. Would you consider such a disparity insignificant?

It's impressive, fascinating, and telling that you can sweep away our very meaningful contributions with a few keystrokes. You people can engage in all the windbaggery you want with one another, but it doesn't wash with me. If you're not accurate, I will call you out and have your ass for lunch.

The "3" is not accurate, the "2" is not accurate, and the "father" is not accurate. What a sad mess. I know you can do better than that.

> with the occasional fast food.

Your gift for wild overstatement in certain contexts and slick understatement in others is telling. I "occasionally" visit New York City.



Dad has been fed junk and stuff he truly dislikes far too much and there's certainly a more accurate adverb than "occasionally" somewhere in the dictionary to describe the matter. There have been many long stretches where the poor guy didn't get a single nutritious meal he truly enjoyed. Then, when we'd visit, he'd chow down like someone who had been adrift at sea for a month.

> And they provide this care with more love and compassion than most people ever receive.

Considering the amount of money they've raked in from FOUR different places, it's certainly a lovely touch that they're nice about it, yes. They are often nice people. Upon close scrutiny, though, one finds their work and results mixed. Some good, some, well....uh, not so good.

Dad does NOT need compassion, he needs fitting regard respect. He is a real man, a patriarch, a BOSS. I've watched him get tragically treated like a child for over 40 years, and it's time for that to stop so he can know what it actually feels like to be a man for at least a little while before he kicks the bucket. Words cannot do justice to how important this is, but it's being ignored by everyone but Lisa and I. It's amazing how blind people can be to the basic things that make a human feel human.

Is perpetuating an outrageous hatchet job on someone's son more on the love side or the compassion side? How would you feel if someone treated your child that way? This treatment of me and Neila's incredibly poor handling of this matter has caused Dad great harm. She might as well have worked him over with a golf club, for one doesn't have to touch someone to assault him. She has hurt Dad very badly with her outrageous behavior, but lacks the insight and introspective courage to see it. For people having the first name Charles and the last name _____ this year been impressively toxic, and sadly it's unlikely she has any real clue. The harm she has done is enormous.

> A monster is someone who has historically visited their parents 12 times a year

In response to yet another wild exaggeration from Mom, I began harvesting my life's data in 2003, and the project has since continually expanded. You picked the wrong guy to try to pull this stunt on - I document my entire life in spreadsheets, journals, and a keyword-searchable database, so I couldn't help but start laughing like hell when I read that. 12 times a year, eh? Historically??? LOL!

This reminds me of when someone unwittingly tries to rob a bar where all the local cops hang out and ends up with 20 guns pointed at his head - you really stumbled into a bear trap on this one. Grab a guitar off my wall and in seconds I can tell you when I changed the strings, what brand, style, and gauge they are, and when the fretboard was oiled. Grab one of my fishing rods and I'll tell you when I changed the line and what brand, style, material, color, and pound test the line is. When I catch a fish with that rod, I have the size of fish, lure used, time and date, conditions, and context. Data are (yes, the word "data" is plural) the foundation of an efficient, effective, well-informed life.

From oil changes to plane rides to carnal activity to appetizers to orthopedic dislocations, it's all in there, and that inclination has really paid off - my affinity for data is stuffing my pockets silly as we speak. So, let's behold how often I saw my parents from mid-2003 to mid-2015:

One year, 2014, was sadly marked by what I now call The Estrangement, in which I visited my parents a mere 11 times and spoke with either of them on the phone another 10 times. Plus, one time Dad came to my house and we went out to eat. That is indeed awful. If I could do life over again, that would be one of the first things I'd seek to change. I had damn good reasons for The Estrangement which I'll explain in detail elsewhere, but that doesn't mean I don't badly wish I'd done better.

Visits	Flesh	Phone	Total	Conflict	Rate
06/29/2003	19	10	29	2	6.9%
2004	33	30	63	4	6.3%
2005	40	48	88	3	3.4%
2006	40	28	68	5	7.4%
2007	36	30	66	2	3.0%
2008	25	21	46	2	4.3%
2009	22	21	43	5	11.6%
2010	25	19	44	7	15.9%
2011	21	22	43	6	14.0%
2012	19	17	36	5	13.9%
2013	20	23	43	7	16.3%
2014	11	10	21	5	23.8%
06/29/2015	21	16	37	2	5.4%
Total	332	295	627	55	
Average	27.67				8.77%

This the first time I've tabulated these data, and while it proves that you, yet again, are woefully wrong (average over 27 visits per year from 2003-2015), it's

also a disappointing failure for me. I'd always resolved to see them once a week (52 times per year) but failed to fulfill that goal even once. The 8.77% rate of conflicts (once every 11.4 contacts) is awful. I should have worker harder to do better. The Estrangement will always sit very heavy in my heart and I badly wish I'd had the character, wisdom, and endurance to better negotiate the challenges of that rough period. I'm not saying I did badly, but I most certainly have the capacity to do better than I did.

I can say without a doubt that when we started becoming much more successful (2006-7), my visits home actually increased, which further throws your hypothesis into doubt. After Lisa's injury, visits decreased significantly due to a lack of spare time as two people with a mere two good legs between them were swept away in a mighty struggle to keep things afloat. It was a distinctly unexpected and grave situation - 17% of people diagnosed with RSD/CRPS are dead within 5 years.

> (and for money, of course).

During the 21st century, I took relatively little money from Mom and Dad - \$7250 between June 2003 and June 2015. Any claim to the contrary is ludicrous. And, I spent many thousands of our own money on them, with a few thousand dollars spent in 2014-2015 alone. Those racks of lamb and epic holiday dinners don't buy themselves, ya know.

And really, from the mid '90's until mid-2015, Mom and Dad might have just about broke even on us. I just didn't need money the vast majority of the time, so only a tiny percentage of my visits involved money. That's a fact. Ask Dad, he was sitting right there for the hundreds of times when Mom asked if I needed any money and I replied in the negative. For several years I didn't even accept Xmas and birthday checks because I was so dismayed at how we were treated that I simply didn't feel comfortable accepting money from Mom.

In sharp contrast, during the 21st century, as middle-aged people, Neila and John soaked Mom and Dad for something looking pretty close to a half-million dollars. It's an accounted-for bare minimum of \$380,000 and is DEFINITELY good deal more, but frankly, I don't wanna look anymore and I don't wanna know. **And, during Neila's \$172,539.04 (the real number is higher) spending RAMPAGE from 2014-2016, she, despite having all her bills and expenses paid with Dad's Chase credit card, nailed Dad for \$14,075 (plus \$1078.58 fees) in CASH ADVANCES on that card. That alone is about DOUBLE what I was given IN TOTAL from 2003-15!**

Boy, lemme tell ya, Dad and I spent some quality time laughingly trying to figure out what that cash was being spent on. Garage sales? Those cash-only Mexican ice cream carts? Back alley dice games in the ghetto? Foldin' money origami? Hey, we know damn good and well what that cash was spent on, and it's a filthy shame. Dad's hard-earned money was buying heroin and/or pills for an able-bodied guy in his 30's who has 1) never once clocked into a normal job and 2) cannot even be bothered to call or visit Dad on Xmas or his birthday, much less give him a deathly appropriate heartfelt thanks for supporting him and his family for years. The ironic part of that is that he likely has a phone plastered to his palm at almost all times.

And, of course, these people have laid six-digit hammerings on at least three other camps, too. Man, these Flozberk Twins are a trip. They sure can make money disappear like a fart in the wind. When you spend like crazy but nobody really wants to work, things get interesting. That's for damn sure.

> (Oh wait, this was until Lisa got her check—then you showed up far less often for holidays while grandma was on hospice for over a year).

Far less than 12 times a year? That's absolutely false. The least was 11 in 2014, with the next least being 19 in 2012. During 2015 before Mom died I visited 21 times in 26 weeks and spent a hell of a lot of money on Mom and Dad.

When Lisa got her check, which was for about \$125K, we were financially solid and had been for a while. The check didn't change our lives much, and a large part of it went to medical expenses anyhow. Hell, we deposited the check about A YEAR after we got it - it sat in my desk drawer until then. I horrified us by accidentally burning a cigarette hole in it about 5 months in, LOL! When we deposited it, the bank freaked out, thinking we were scammers. They'd never seen anyone do that, especially anyone dressed as shabbily as I was. The banker actually drove to the lawyer's office to make sure that's who he was really talking to on the phone.

After Lisa got her check in 2010, visits actually INCREASED. Again, you truly picked the wrong guy to try and pull this stunt on. Like paper wraps stone and stone dulls scissors, data slaughters ill-informed windbaggery.

I must add that we got crucified by Lisa's injury and complications. \$72K out of pocket (and counting) and over \$400K (and counting) in lost earnings. Don't think the small fraction of that we got as compensation had us in anything remotely resembling a life-changing windfall situation.

It's indeed true that people sometimes don't visit their parents as much as they should and/or would have liked to. I recall when your parents were riding high and got their membership at the country club. Before that, they'd come over often and use the pool. I loved hanging out and playing games with your dad. Once they got that CC membership, though, we didn't see or hear from them AT ALL for almost 5 months. They flat out vanished, and Mom complained about it often. I guess the country club had a better pool than we did.

In sharp contrast, the longest I've gone without visiting Mom and Dad was a very sad 44 days during The Estrangement 2014. Of the three children/stepchildren, my longest separation from them is still, by FAR, the shortest and the Flozz have gone more than 44 days without contacting Mom and Dad in any way several times.

My Dad visited his mom/parents/family about twice over many, many years despite him being a man of means who was a mere 5 hour drive or cheap 45 minute flight away. Would you consider him a monster, too? If not, why not? I know he would have liked to visit them much more, but every time he did, Mom

raked him over the coals so ruthlessly that he quit trying until after she died. It sucked having most of my family (and, the good, functional half) ripped from our lives for no valid reason.

> A monster is someone who at the end of their mom's life told her how terrible of a mother she was

That's not remotely accurate. Even as a stupid, angry teenager I've never told Mom she was a terrible mother. I've never even thought she was a terrible mother, and if I don't think it, I don't say it. Seriously, the notion has never even occurred to me. It would be like me telling you that you are a giraffe. Ask Dad if he ever heard me tell Mom she was a terrible mother OR if she ever complained to him about me doing such a thing.

I told Mom the truth - that she was a good mother who produced strongly mixed results, some wonderful, some deplorable, and many in the middle. I raised some heartfelt complaints and yearnings for acknowledgement about deeply-important, lingering issues that any reasonable person would find legitimate. My complaints and steadfast refusals to swallow her deflections and avoidance were not well received and yes, conflict resulted. I very, very badly wanted my concerns recognized and resolved before the door slammed shut forever and tried twice in 2015 to achieve that. The first went, well, quite poorly and the other went a bit less poorly.

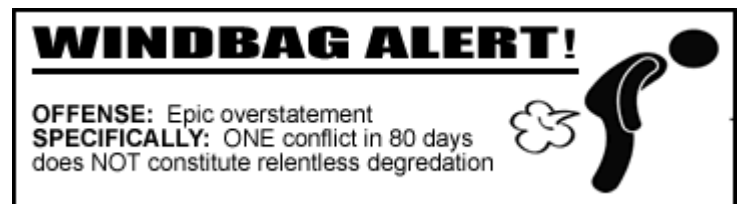
Ironically, when I dared to bring up valid issues that caused me and others a great deal of grief, instead of engaging the matter rationally Mom would wail that she was a terrible mother and deserved to be shot. Of course, she didn't mean it - that was a defense mechanism to shut down her challenger, and by golly, it worked like a charm - I'd end up abandoning my attempts at resolution and pleading with her to stop the melodramatic self-flagellation. I've never seen anyone take valid criticism worse than Mom did.

Mom played real, real dirty when called out or rubbed the wrong way, and that seems to be a pattern with The Istanbul Bunch. Arguing with her was like fighting a sleazy lawyer - she would pull every dirty trick in the book, and yes, there is a book. It's super when your attorney behaves that way on your behalf, but one has a duty to operate with good faith when dealing with their people. Wanna play mind games and engage in rampant intellectual dishonesty and use of fallacies when fighting the state or the guy you're suing? Fine, but such things should never be done to your family and friends.

Dealing with someone who has major clinical depression is quite an adventure, and Mom diligently hid the worst of it from everyone but Dad and I. No matter what, Mom and I loved each other dearly and I miss her very much. Despite the rampant lunacy we suffered under her rule, I wouldn't have traded her in for anyone. It would have meant the world to me to achieve a rational state of understanding regarding my issues with her, but alas, it wasn't in the cards. I wish I had been more skillful and empathetic in my attempts, but I didn't sufficiently understand things until she was gone and it was too late.

> and relentlessly degraded her on her deathbed.

We have, at last, a winner! THAT is indeed a monster. Problem is, I've never done anything like that to anyone. Ever. I doubt I'd even do that to John. Being mean to the helpless in any context is not my cup of tea.



Ya know, kiddo, when people tell ya something impressively goofy, ya gotta at least try to put it to the test by considering the claim in its *context*. I'll help ya out here:

- Do you think for one second Dad would have let that happen? Good lord, girl, he would have freaked out something awful, put a crushing stop to it, and been suspicious of me for every remaining minute he lived. That may not have been a concern for too long, though, because if I did that I'd maybe die from sheer grief and shame.
- Do you honestly think Dad would have put me in charge of any of his affairs, a move that was completely his own idea and a total surprise to me, a mere 12 hours after Mom died if I had "relentlessly degraded" her on her deathbed? Get a hold of yourself!
- Do you think Dad would hold me in high regard if I'd done that? He wouldn't. He's a wife-first, children-second kind of guy. Atrocious behavior towards Mom would absolutely not go unnoticed or forgotten.
- What about your mom? Surely she would have flipped out at such behavior, and with good reason. She allowed that to happen with NARY A PEEP of protest to me then or later? Really? Same goes for Reagan. Is that the story? Are you sure? Are you serious? Is that your final answer???
- And good lord, Lisa would have had my ass on a stick if anything resembling that had occurred, and fundamental part of our relationship would have been forever destroyed. She has less than zero tolerance for such behavior.
- This is the FIRST I've heard of this a blistering 1130 days after Mom died. **ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED THIRTY DAYS!** How convenient, eh? Do you really, in your wildest dreams, think for one second that Dad, Neila, Reagan, and Lisa would have let something like that happen and not even make so much as a veiled reference to it for YEARS? Are you THAT devoid of critical thinking skills?

Dad was there essentially every second. Have you asked him if I "relentlessly degraded her on her deathbed?" Claiming he allowed his wife to be treated like that is a profound insult to that fine gentleman. Shame on you, girl. One would want to think you're smarter than that.

Mom and I had a completely peaceful existence for the last 80 days of her life. I went to great lengths to make her final weeks as nice as possible and was successful. She told me I'd "made her feel like a queen" and we parted nicely. No, things didn't go exactly as I'd very badly hoped, but that's life.

I guess I'm forced to outline the last 3 conflicts Mom and I had. They occurred between the end of The Estrangement on Thanksgiving 2014 and the weekend after Easter 2015 mid-April. The first was in December 2014 and started over, of all things, illegal aliens. She was a hardcore leftist and was pro-illegals. I'm a libertarian and anti-illegals, to put it mildly. The conflict was silly and trivial. I wish I'd handled it better.

The next was in late January and involved unresolved issues centered mainly around John. I will explain those issues in detail at another time, but rest assured my concerns were valid. I still hate that a conflict ensued.

And here's the really good one - the third dispute, a week after Easter 2015, occurred because I was defending YOU AND LANGDON! There were 4 issues I took offense to:

- An insistence that Neila and Reagan had "practically run the place" and were woefully underpaid by you at D A A. It was my position that both claims were false and they enjoyed better perks, freedom, and pay than typical similar employees in that biz would EVER have gotten. Gee, I wonder where Mom got that false impression from? The radio? A fortune cookie? CNN? Tasha? Hey, you know.....for some odd reason, methinks it was....drum roll, please....Neila!

- An insistence that Langdon was a severe alcoholic in dire need of rehab. After asking him a long list of relevant questions and getting what I found to be very earnest answers, I concluded that assertion was false and actually slanderous. I guess he could have fooled me, but if he did, he's a supreme actor and needs to stop what he's doing and hop the first flight to Hollywood. Again, I wonder where Mom got the impression that Langdon was a waste case? Hmmm.....
- A claim that Langdon was "severely and constantly" beaten by his father throughout his childhood. My conversations with him indicate otherwise, Ronnie doesn't strike me as a compulsively violent, child-harming lunatic, and I doubt Helen would have allowed such a horror to take place. I'd wager he was disciplined here and there, old-school style, and that was inflated tremendously by Mom and/or Neila's spectacular flair(s) for exaggeration.
- A claim that Langdon was a "born liar" who was totally full of shit when he told Mom there was significant wealth in his family. Later, when I told you about that, I was stunned at your matter-of-fact admission that YOU were the source of the destruction of Langdon's reputation with Mom. You looked me square in the eye and said you didn't want Mom to like Langdon because his family has money, so you told her his claim they were well-off was a fabrication. Un-fucking-believable! How can you demolish your husband's reputation in a bizarre, hopeless gambit to allegedly gain him approval, then leisurely describe that act to another person as if you were talking about putting on a pair of socks? Mom died thinking Langdon was a lying scumbag when in reality he's one of the most earnest people I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. That's just plain awful.

It's hard to imagine a partner worse than an exploitative, alcoholic, pathological liar who was horribly abused throughout childhood, for such badly-damaged people tend heavily to wreak havoc on their own families. I was deathly offended at that preposterous hatchet job levied against Langdon, who I've found to be fair, responsible, gentle, and very honest, and like I often do when confronted with an outrageous injustice, I vigorously fought it. People don't have the right to violate others like that.

For the record, Dad was sitting right there throughout the disagreement. After that incident, which was merely a spirited disagreement and certainly nothing to go nuts over, I realized Mom would never fess up and I had to put it to rest. That's exactly what I did and the rest of my days with her were pleasant and peaceful. Ask Dad.

The Istanbul Bunch delights in laying brutal hatchet jobs on outsiders or those who dare to stand up to them. Reagan got savagely raked over the coals by Mom and Mutchie and I fought like a wildcat for him. Langdon got raked over the coals by Mom and Neila and I fought for him. The sick pattern continues and I'm getting the same ol' hatchet job. And now my mother's death, a dark cloud that had been chasing me like a pack of wolves since I was a little kid, has been shit on by you people after I tried very hard to make it go as nicely as possible. That is truly the last straw.

Rest assured I'm going to fight to the last breath on my behalf, but I will not say or write anything that is not earnest and accurate, very much unlike you.

> A monster is someone who spends their father's money, without permission

Permission? From who? Neila? Excuse me while I bust a gut laughing! She has zero legitimate authority over Dad or me, and, frankly, shouldn't have authority over any living or nonliving thing more important than a box of cereal.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, **INDISPUTABLE** dose of **HARD, THROBBING PROOF!**

CHUCK: You don't have any objections to this process we've been engaged in for the last two-and-a-half years in which I'm trying to institute fairness?

DAD: No, I don't have any objections. I want you to be treated fairly in all our dealings.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

This whole process was DAD'S IDEA! He approached and tasked me to make a wrong situation that was badly bothering him right. I analyzed the matter and outlined options to him. We agreed on a course of action and executed it, discussing it often afterward. I've never explained anything to anyone with the care and thoroughness that was involved in this matter. Go ask him if I had permission.

Neila never had explicit permission to very recklessly spend over \$21,000 in a mere two credit card cycles. She was given access to resources and did what she felt she needed to do, spending \$172,539.04 (the real number is higher) in a CONTIGUOUS process from 2014-16. He wants and has always wanted me to do the same. It's just that simple. I did not spend one red cent without permission, and certainly I had more permission than Neila did. She acted. I am merely reacting to her action.

Dad wanted to rein her in, but I suggested he just let her go full-on free range for a while and hopefully things would come around for them. After all they'd been through, I was happy knowing they had all the money they needed. Sadly, when Dad and I acted to make things fair, right down to the meticulously-calculated penny, Neila freaked out and flicked me out of the family as if I were a roach without communicating ONE WORD to me.

I was truly happy to see them benefit from the family's resources - hell, that's exactly why having some money in the family is a wonderful thing. Yet, Neila was furious to see me benefit equally from the family's resources. It's just plain incredible how unfair and foolish she is.

I've always made it crystal clear to Dad that he's the boss and I'll do whatever he wishes so long as I get to fairly state my case first.

> a blind man, that relies on his children for information.

I always gave him accurate information and we would discuss this issue on almost all visits. We've spoken of this literally hundreds of times. Each month I gave a cost and income rundown. Whenever he asked me what the balance was in Green Bank, I answered truthfully. He was completely informed the whole time, and he initiated and process and approved of my methodology. Never did I ask him to conceal or misrepresent anything about this matter.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, INDISPutable dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!
CHUCK: Have I made it clear to you that I consider you the boss and will do anything you ask me to do?
DAD: Yes.
From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, INDISPutable dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!
CHUCK: Do you feel that I explain issues regarding your finances to you sufficiently thoroughly?
DAD: Yes.
CHUCK: Do you feel Neila explains issues regarding your finances to you sufficiently thoroughly?
DAD: I have my doubts that they are being explained clearly and thoroughly.
From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

The whole process of "Keeping Up With the Floz " become a running joke between us because they spent money with such wild abandon that I had a hard time figuring out how in the hell to keep up with them.

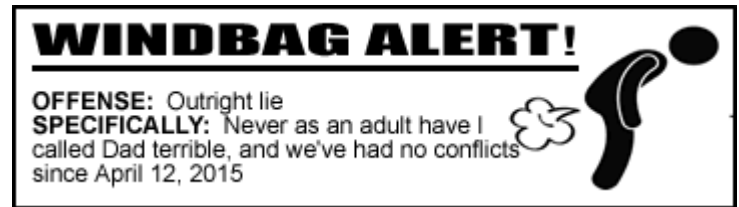
Perhaps you should ask Dad whose information he is most satisfied with. Since you've lacked the good sense and integrity to see fit to ask the man, I did it for you, months ago:

Neila is giving him ZERO information. If I'd been you, I'd have left that whole information thing out of the reply, to put it mildly. You're doing your people no favors embarking on that path.

> A monster is someone who after being caught, tells their father how terrible he was and that he **DESERVES** monetary compensation.

The word "terrible" sure is popping up a lot in your work, and each time it's been inaccurate. Nobody was "caught," and I'm quite sure I've never called Dad terrible, not then, or ever (as an adult, at the very least). He has no recollection of me doing any such thing, especially not in the recent past, and believe me, that's the kind of thing that sticks with a guy. In fact, he and I have not had a conflict since that final one with Mom on April 12, 2015, and his only problem with me was, as usual, that I'd upset Mom. Minus Mom, Dad and I get along very, very well.

The ONLY discussion we had regarding a change to the process involved him, on April 13, 2018, asking if I would start counting Neila's spending the day Mom died instead of the previous August. I offered my take on why that would be a bad idea greatly at odds with his desire for fairness, but made it clear that he was the boss and I'd do whatever he told me to do. He found my point of view acceptable and that's that. At no time did the conversation turn unpleasant in any way. Feel free to ask him about this.

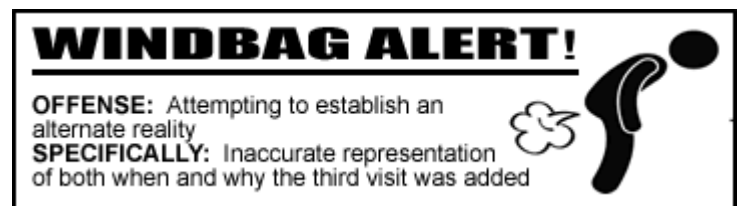


I ABSOLUTELY DESERVE monetary compensation - he approached me to make things fair and we made a very specific agreement to do exactly that. It's just that simple. When you make an agreement to sell a car, you deserve monetary compensation as agreed upon. It's very simple.

Once the process of achieving parity with the money-shredding Flozberks is over (we have less than \$5K to go, assuming there are no surprises in the statements Neila is HIDING), I want no more, need no more, and will be happy and honored to work for Dad at no cost (and spend lots of our own money on him) as long as he is alive or will have me.

> A monster is someone who only then starts increasing visits (to a mere three times a week)

You claim the visits were increased because I got "caught?" That's insane - I added Saturday brunch LONG before this issue broke out. The increase to 3 occurred solely because a good result from Lisa's surgery took a great deal of the load off my back and increased our ability to take care of others. The Saturday brunch custom began September 17, 2016 after Lisa recovered and long before I got "caught."



I repeat that we are both seriously injured and significantly disabled, so our capacities are limited, and for a long time we needed someone to help take care of us! That someone never came, though. You mom, despite being aware of our calamity, never even called once to ask how we were doing. Other than the presence of friends, we were alone.

Now, thanks to more positive changes in our lives, the average visits is 5 per week and show much more effort and much better results than your parents produce. Any time we are able to make changes and increase our capacities, the resulting surplus time goes straight to Dad.

MAN-HOURS and RESULTS, baby. That's what counts!

> and feels such superiority for being such a strong presence and incredible care giver (once again -- laughable).

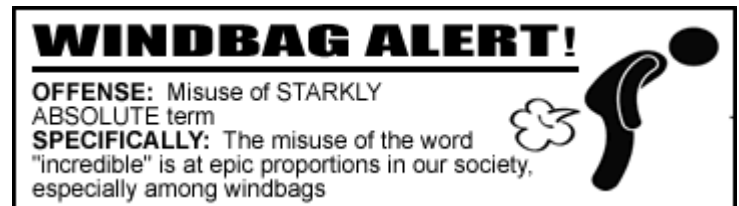
When one considers the matter like a mindful adult and gives a nod to very important aspects like distance traveled, man-hours spent, and RESULTS, it's beyond doubt that we are actually doing very well.

One event of two people working hard to make Dad's favorite meals, ensuring he truly has a good time, and leaving the place cleaner than we found it (inside and out) certainly equals MANY events of Reagan blazing through there, throwing some unenjoyable food at Dad, stuffing the breather in his lonely kisser, doing a half-assed job cleaning the apparatus, and scooting out the door like his ass is on fire.



This is NOT a soccer game in which one point is scored each time someone pulls in the driveway - it's much more complex. Right off the bat, we have to travel 500% longer to get to Dad's. That alone is over 80 hours per year at current scheduling. We rarely spend less than 3 hours for lunch and 4 hours for dinner (times two when we work in pairs, which is about half the time), and make damn sure Dad has a good time. Rather than just taking care of obligations, we go to great lengths to make sure he enjoys his meal and is engaged, stimulated, and laughing. Even in giving him his breather, we employ at least two twists that make it pleasant, interesting, and cleaner. More on that soon.

Incredible? LOL, no. I'm not in the habit of misusing starkly absolute words, and it's sad that it even occurs to people to use that word in this context. No, not incredible, but we try very hard to do a very good, thorough, and creative job. Kindly understand that this is NOT a soccer game in which every visit counts as one goal. The Saturday I got your "Monster" letter we put 11 man-hours of solid work into taking very good care of Dad and Tasha. Monday was 10 man-hours. I won't bother to list all the things done.



It's fascinating that we could put such a devoted, uniquely mindful effort into not just maintaining Dad AND Tasha, but improving their lot in life while treating them very well while another person sees things in a diametrically opposed way. Disputes generally don't have THAT big a gulf in them. It's a remarkable state of affairs. Feel free to ask Dad which position is the most accurate one.

It is my position that Lisa and I are indeed strong presences and have done an excellent job caring for Dad AND Tasha.

A monster is someone trying to convince people of a false reality in a desperate attempt to cover his pathetic ass.

Intentional deception, especially in important matters can indeed be monstrous. I go to great lengths to ensure my communications are as accurate as possible, down to the last syllable. If you find something that is not accurate, I encourage you to sound off.

Once you're done reading this, though, if you don't at least have second thoughts about which reality is the false one, then you simply can't be reasoned with. Consider the evidence. Consider the witnesses. Talk to the witnesses. Consider the contexts. Consider what makes sense and what doesn't.


I'm so far from desperate that it ain't even funny, and the evidence presented here suggests there is indeed a false reality, but it's not where you fancy it. If you want to accept what a crackpot screeches at you over hard evidence and the words of multiple people who are directly involved in the affair, you are beyond help. Does a piano have to fall on your head for you to wake up?

The number of things in your mess of a brief letter that have been either squarely refuted or at least called into doubt is very impressive. Lisa and I are very deeply grounded in stark reality, quite unlike the entire Istanbul Bunch. An entire book could be written about the forays into the world of fantasy that characterize The Flozberk Way, and guess what? I'm writing it! False reality, thy name is Flozberk!

I want to tell you to take care of grandpa, because I know you and Lisa are incapable of caring for another human being (just ask her mother). I know this "care" would not last a week.

WINDBAG ALERT!

OFFENSE: Misuse of STARKLY ABSOLUTE term
SPECIFICALLY: We have demonstrated many times over that we are not only capable, but also highly adept at caring for others




Yikes! Here is yet another misuse of a starkly absolute term "incapable."

A week? Huh??? I'm not quite sure what in the bloody hell you were trying to say here 1) but many would beg to differ regarding your perceptions of our capabilities, and 2) you're really going to want to leave Lisa's mother out of this. That's so far out in left field that it's not even funny. That woman has 13 siblings and none will speak to her. Lisa's daughter had to take out a restraining order against her. What in the hell is wrong with you, girl? Seriously....WTF? Are you out of your mind? WTF????? Why are you attacking Lisa at all? She's done nothing to you, and if anything, you should be thankful for her.

We've done very well in caring for each other. We've done very well caring for our friends, with long, stable friendships the rule. We've done very well caring for Dad AND Tasha, who we love dearly. Our capacity for caring is quite robust and well-exercised, thank you very much. And hey, we care about you guys, too.

WINDBAG ALERT!

OFFENSE: Psycho-ass bullshit
SPECIFICALLY: The absolutely ludicrous inclusion of Lisa's mother in this issue



Ask Dad if he thinks Lisa and I are incapable of caring for another human being. You know essentially nothing about us. Dad knows essentially everything about us.

As a human being, it would be unconscionable of me to punish my grandfather with your inept care.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, **INDISPUTABLE** dose of **HARD, THROBBING PROOF!**


CHUCK: How would you rate the care Lisa and I have provided for you and Tasha?
DAD: Excellent.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

Uh, does the simple fact that the actual subject himself - your grandfather - would vehemently disagree with your assessment matter in any way? If not, can you explain why not? Can you do that without stooping to chattering about packaged dried taters or a failure to answer my phone while in another state 12 years ago?

WINDBAG ALERT!

OFFENSE: Gross mischaracterization
SPECIFICALLY: "Inept" means clumsy or lacking in skill. We have been anything but inept. Dad wholeheartedly agrees. Your parents have at times been the poster children for ineptness



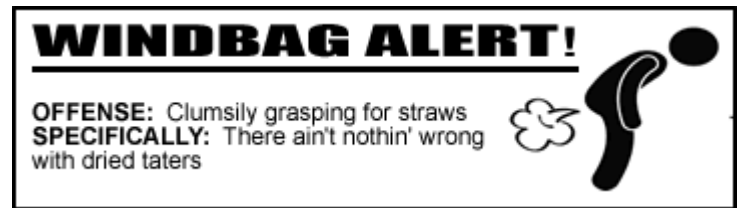
One thing I'm certainly not known for is ineptitude, so long as there's not a soldering iron involved. Can you cite any qualities of my/our care that have been inept? Do you think my Dad would agree with you? Any chance you've flown off the handle a bit and are exaggerating, LOL? Might any reader

have the mettle to notice that this is the SAME kind of overblown windbaggery that had me "relentlessly degrading" Mom on her deathbed, Langdon as a future liver transplant lush, and your parents as exploited, underpaid victims who practically ran DAA on their own?

Hatchet jobs are interesting things. One wonders how much of the dog-and-pony show the jobber actually believes, how much is a (perceived) self-interest-induced illusion, and how much is calculated viciousness.

Keep your boxed hash browns, expired potato salad and Costco frozen foods for yourself

C'mon, man! Now you're grasping for straws as you streak to Facepalm City, USA. You extended a one page letter to the back side to bitch about dehydrated taters??? Mercy!



The boxed hash browns are the only effective way to make hash browns. They are dried potatoes, and that's about it. Very simple food, no different from the dried produce in the bulk area of Central Market, and Dad really likes breakfast and hash browns. Sadly his Big Pharma-ruined palate has turned sour on many once-beloved breakfast foods, leaving eggs, potatoes, and toast among the few breakfast foods he still enjoys. I'm not going to deny him that simple pleasure because Nurse Flozz is idiotically grasping for straws after getting her panties in a big wad. Ain't gonna happen.

I've never fed Dad one bite of expired potato salad. That stayed in the fridge a bit longer than ideal because I'm cheap and wanted to salvage the container, LOL. If you have any association with the Flozz you might want to bite your tongue HARD when it comes to expired stuff in Dad's fridge. Much more on that some other time.

I've not fed Dad one bite of Costco frozen food in months. The only such thing that is currently an issue is his fried clams, which come from Walmart. I bought two boxes a couple of months ago, one remains. Dad loves fried clams and oysters, and the only way to achieve the clams around here is packaged frozen. I'm not flying in clams from New England, shucking them, and hand-breading them. Each meal would cost \$100 and take all day. We do, however, regularly make him fresh oysters at our expense. It's not a cheap meal by any stretch.

Should I mill the corn for his Corn Chex and extrusion-mold the goop into nifty latticed squares to earn your precious approval? ROFLMAO!

(oh wait, you would never eat that junk).

Boxed hash browns? Sure! Potatoes are a tasty, nutritious food rich in vitamins, minerals, and fiber. Expired potato salad? I'll pass on that one. Certain warehouse store frozen foods? Sure, but rarely and generally if I'm in a pinch.

Know that I do feel a hefty pang of regret on each infrequent occasion in which I feed Dad something that is not hand-made by us from fresh ingredients. Since this is an always-evolving process, we continue to move him toward nuts and away from Cheetos, toward fruit and away from confections, and so on. We don't do status quo - our goal is to always improve things.

And, the nature of the food itself is only one consideration of many. Does he like the food? That obviously matters. Is it prepared in his kitchen as he pleasantly interacts with the chef(s)? That matters. Does it come from his or our own storage or was it handed over a counter minutes before as part of an exchange of germ-covered money or use of a filthy credit card machine and pen touched by hundreds of people that day? That matters. Of course, as a nurse, you already knew all that, right?

Few things wreak as much daily woe on a family as a restrictive eater. The cumulative hassle inflicted over months, years, and decades is downright astronomical. Mom was very restrictive in ways I've never

witnessed in another soul, but Dad would once eat damn near anything except for menudo (“The more I chewed it, the bigger it got” LMAO!). Unfortunately, he gave his palate to The Medical Mafia in exchange for drugs that don't seem to even work very well and have rather nasty side effects. I hope he's getting benefits in balance with the costs. It's hard to tell

Well, actually, first, thanks to a slightly elevated cholesterol test, he was put on statin drugs that have not been shown to have ever saved one life and the result was very likely statin-induced neuropathy. Hands and feet just kinda....gone. Bye-bye. He went from a man in his late 70's still riding his bike at White Rock to a man with damn near no hands and feet like a humanoid figure on a road sign. The Medical Mafia acts baffled. I guess that's just what gettin' old is like. It's kind of beautiful in a way, right? Right???

No, it's not beautiful, and there's an entire industry devoted to helping people recover from the stunning, destructive fraud of statin drugs.

Then, the same drug company, Pfizer, that took his hands and feet took his palate in a claimed attempt to help with.....his hands and feet! I think the term “vicious circle” applies here.

So, as you know, feeding Dad is a challenge. Yeah, unlike Mom, he'll eat what ya give him and he's too much of a thankful gentleman to complain, but it's very easy to tell if he likes his food and he doesn't like most foods anymore. He dislikes almost all take-out and fast food, and, sorry, thinks a lot of the other stuff he's fed sucks, too (that crappy, bland spaghetti with the chicken Italian sausage abomination went down especially poorly with him). We go to great lengths to ensure he enjoys as much of what we provide him as possible in what is certainly a difficult situation. That is achieved by getting his honest input on everything we feed him, keeping in touch with the methods he used to prepare food while I was growing up, and maintaining awareness of what works for him and what doesn't. Our efforts don't just include him, they are carefully tailored around him.

Dad is a man of very few pleasures since Mom died (actually, he had very few pleasures before then, too, sadly), so it's extremely important to us to be very mindful and effective in providing him quality nourishment that he truly enjoys. There is, however, much more to eating than the prevention of malnutrition or starvation. We strive to deliver excellent results across all facets of the eating experience. It is my, Lisa's, and Dad's unequivocal and quantifiable stance that we are doing a much better job of this than your parents are.

And for your information, there has never been an appropriate time for “half-assedness,” in regards of taking care of my grandfather.

I agree 100%. There's been a lot of it, though, spanning many years and multiple settings, which I've carefully documented and will present shortly in the essay “Attention to Detail” and others. The distressing, even dangerous, even CRIMINAL (yes, criminal) poor quality of some of their work will be undeniable. Rest assured that I've done my homework and then some.

Life rides on increments and circumstances, and there are some times that are better for half-assedness than others. This was not one of them, and yes, I made a very strong statement to that effect

If you feel I or Lisa have done anything half-assed, please feel free to make your observations known. If they have any validity, we will act on them, fix the problem, and earnestly thank you for your input. It's just that simple, and the fact that we now lack fondness for one another has zero relevance.

You can't, however, just point your finger and scream "YOU SUCK!" without providing specific, accurate details. We will be waiting for you to back up your very bold and unambiguous claims.

In the past, you disappeared when grandpa had surgeries and doctor's visits (not even answering your phone)

I recall two significant surgeries - one surgery was his back on May 17, 2006. I was in Arkansas working my ass off that week. My arms are pretty damn long, but no, I can't reach my phone from there. I returned home right after surgery and fulfilled Mom's rather demanding request that I keep Tasha for a week, for she was so ill-raised, ill-trained, and out of control that she was a threat to Dad during his recovery. There is a photo of her from that stay at our home on Dad's stone fireplace. We were there to help and made a difference.

The other was the carpal tunnel release on December 3, 2010. Lisa's RSD tragedy was in full swing then and our household was in a horrific state of crisis. It was cold then, and Dad had great difficulty putting on his jacket after surgery, so Lisa got out the sewing machine, some fleece and, a survival blanket core and somehow, while in a truly insane amount of pain, made him a highly cool poncho so he could take out the dog in comfort. We made them food one can eat with one hand, including several rack of lamb dinners. I bet he still has the poncho. We were there to help and made a difference despite having our backs to the wall something awful.

What the hell do you want from me, lady? Any time I was asked to do anything or help with anything, I was happy to do so. The word "no" NEVER passed my lips in such matters. If the phone rang and I was there to hear it, I'd answer it. Whenever I was asked to take Dad to the doctor, I did so and we reliably had a good time of it. We did a lot to help over the years.

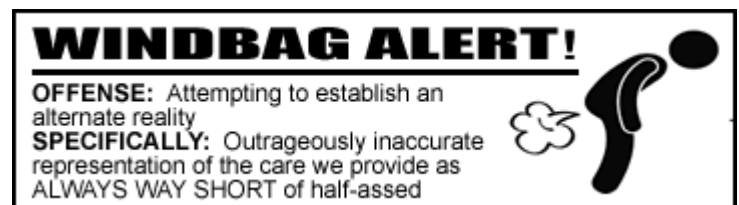
Look, when people are disinclined to work for a living, they tend to be more available to render aid than most. I've known a whole bunch of families in Lakewood and your group of 4 seems to have collectively worked the LEAST of all of them. The father and son DEFINITELY and DECISIVELY have worked the least of any grown father-son pair I've ever known, anywhere, ever. Not all of us are that fortunate (if you can even call it that). I'm quite fond of both of those fellows and always wish them well, but the truth is the truth.

No matter what I did or didn't do, though, I'll always wish I'd done more because doing more is good.

Your spanking me because I wasn't around to answer the phone over 12 years ago proves quite helpful, for I've put together an undeniable account of impressive misbehavior by The Istanbul Bunch and their progeny that dates back to the post-WW2 era in the 1940's. I'd not care too much about it were it not for the simple fact that those destructive, dysfunctional ways of living not only have created ripple effects that hammer us to this day, but also continue to exist as a vicious, perpetual cycle that too often wrecks havoc on people who deserve better. Thank you, Nurse Floz, for opening that door so very wide for me. You're about to learn a few things about where you come from, and when one sees it all laid out at once, it's stunning. Gaining a better understanding of one's life is a good thing.

> and you have never given even come close to half-assdness in your care for him.

Yet another misuse of a STARKLY ABSOLUTE term ("never") buried in an outrageously inaccurate statement. You people are definitely a bunch of loose cannons. I mean, DAAAAAMN! This is spectacular. I repeat that this way of thinking and communicating is a SUPERB illustration of EXACTLY how these bullshit hatchet jobs come to life. I can't tell you how happy I am that you wrote this, for it makes my case better than I ever could. What a majestic illustration of how you people shoot wildly from the hip as you sink into the latest version of your dream world. Wow. Just wow.



Your claim is so not true that it ain't even funny, and it may knock you for a loop to consider who is the final authority on that matter - my father. Fancy that. It's NOT Neila and it's NOT Tiffany. Ask Charlie if we've managed to reach, or, dare I say, even eclipse a standard of half-assedness. C'mon, ask him, I dare ya!

As we already well know, he finds the care "excellent," but again, your specific suggestions for improvement are ALWAYS welcome.

You know, it's not just Dad that is being cared for; it's DAD AND TASHA. In fact, as many pet owners would, he considers care of his dog as or more important than the care for him. That poor dog's life was a hot mess until I took over. She was throwing up at least twice a WEEK and was a sad, sickly trainwreck. Now she throws up less than twice a YEAR and I've achieved health and behavioral changes in her, with the latest impressive improvement coming just this week, that Dad insisted were just plain impossible. Your total disregard of Tasha in your assessment of this situation is very telling, for you likely know Lisa and I are the ones who take care of her and it's a very important job that's been done very, very, very well.

Soon I will present a tragicomic essay entitled The Dog Food Follies that perfectly exemplifies the mind-bending lunacy that has caused so much bewilderment and suffering for the people and animals in our family.

As far as your threats are concerned, it would behoove you to take a step back, and reevaluate before making another one.

Actually, it was just one "threat" (what if I called your child "children"...wouldn't that be odd?), and it was a pretty lukewarm threat with a significant tongue-in-cheek element. Perhaps not being too much of a crybaby about it wouldn't hurt. Our household motto is "Don't be a pussy." It's a sentiment that has served us very well. Y'all should try it sometime.

I do love the word "behoove," though.

You are done bullying my family.

I don't want to bully anyone and find the notion that I'm doing that distressing. The bully here is your mother. She bullies with lies. She bullies with exaggerations. She bullies by creating her own corrupt version of reality. She bullies with hatchet jobs. She bullies with intimidation.

Intimidating people is yet another hallmark of The FlozberkWay, and know that one does not have to be outwardly menacing to be intimidating. In fact, manipulating people with non-menacing intimidation is a dark art that both our mothers mastered with gusto.

Some of us are getting fed up with this shit, and the list is likely longer than you realize. We are not intimidated by Neila, we totally have her number, and we will fight this madness with extreme dedication, creativity, resourcefulness, and vigor. I look forward to soon holding her accountable, face-to-face and in front of Dad, for her outlandish claims and reprehensible behavior. There is no way that will be avoided.

It is over, Chuck.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, INDISPUTABLE dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!

CHUCK: How would you rate the care Lisa and I have provided for you and Tasha?
DAD: Excellent.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, undeniable dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!

CHUCK: Do you feel intimidated by me or Lisa in any way?
DAD: No.
CHUCK: Do you feel comfortable speaking freely with me and/or Lisa?
DAD: Yes.
CHUCK: Do you feel intimidated by Neila in any way?
DAD: Well, at times, yes.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

If I have something to say, I'm going to say it. There is nothing anyone can do to stop that. Expect much information and communication in the near future. If anyone has a problem with that, they are free to respond in kind. If anything I say or write is inaccurate, I'll retract and repent without delay. I'm always open to rebuttals and other points of view.

Again, you're about to learn some interesting things.

I am most certainly very sorry for any distress I've caused and if I could do the "Monster" thing over, I'd consider being less impolite about it. The sheer incongruence of referring to a super-nice gentleman like Reagan as a monster is by no means lost upon me, and I tried to convince myself to apologize for both the monster and the boot things.....but I just can't do it! See, it is my well-reasoned conviction that if you regularly feed fast junk food to a person who both doesn't like it and depends on you for food, then you're something of a monster, and worse, a lazy monster. I also consider boot-to-butt therapy as a potentially reasonable (and even amusing) response to such a problem, at least in an ideal world. Does that mean I'm gonna kick anyone in the butt? I'd wager not, LOL, but that is how I feel about the matter.

I'm actually very interested in the reasons I chose to present my view that way. Human behavior tends to be complex and interesting. It's clear that I'm quite dismayed and saddened by the way we've been treated and the bizarre lack of communication your impressively passive-aggressive mother has shown as a complainant. I've seen few people handle a significant issue so poorly. Lisa and I both strive to be open, honest, and ready to solve problems. I just don't understand how people like The Flozberk Twins can flick away their loved ones as if they were roaches, and without anything resembling a good reason or even so much as a discussion. What in the hell is wrong with these people? Why are their inclinations and procedures such a mess?

No wonder bad outcomes follow them like rats follow the Pied Piper.

I'd hoped you will be the generation that finally puts a stop to this cycle of madness, but instead I see you turning into your mother in more ways than one in an impressive metamorphosis. Bummer. Good luck with that.

Some Closing Thoughts

1) It's very interesting that, before forming your opinion, you NEVER bothered to talk to my father about ANY of this? WHY NOT??? Seriously, WTF??? He is your primary witness.....the fulcrum of the whole affair....the FIRST person you talk to! You shouldn't even consider making any conclusions without first having at least one nice heart-to-heart chat with him. Failing to do so is an inexcusable, baffling slap in the face to rationality, common sense, and Charlie himself. How can you have such little regard for the man? What in the hell is wrong with you?

Your mother, a truly, um, interesting character with some fine qualities, is often not a reliable source of information. You know it, I know it, Langdon knows it, Reagan knows it, and Dad most certainly knows it. Hell, even Tasha probably knows it. LOL. Neila is a walking museum of self-serving, babbling overstatement and has an increasingly impressive history of spouting off falsehoods. Is John in jail yet? No? How much longer? It was supposed to happen years ago. I guess he'll be in jail when The Mannatech Millions finally show up. Or, the other millions from the other entities who are going to get sued. Or, something like that. Or, whatever. Sheesh!

2) Your parents are often very nice and helpful people who have done a lot of fine, difference-making work. They also hustle old people for a living. That's just what they do. It quite strongly appears that they (or she), in a continuation of their long-practiced *modus operandi*, flat-out hoodwinked my father into signing his whole life over to them.

He was so very sad and surprised upon learning that all his bank accounts now bear Neila's address. It was heartbreaking. I cringe whenever I think about it. Neila is so obtuse that she doesn't realize how important something like that is to a person. When you strip people who are still competent of vital parts of what little identity they have, it's a terrible loss to them. Dad is not an infant or a puppy, but everyone other than us seems to treat and talk to him that way.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, **INDISPUTABLE** dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!

CHUCK: Were you surprised to learn your bank accounts now bear Neila's address?
DAD: Yes.
CHUCK: Were you unhappy to learn that your bank accounts now bear Neila's address?
DAD: Yes.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

3) It's quite an experience to be held in the highest regard by EVERY person I know who's never lived on Floz St., yet am called a dirty crook by a person who

- a) has spent most of this year under felony indictment by a supermajority of a grand jury for misappropriation in excess of \$200K
- b) comes from a household in which the majority of residents have been under felony indictment for serious and harmful crimes for most of this year
- c) appears to be, at least in a sense, actually stealing from Nationstar Mortgage (now Mr. Cooper) the very edifice that serves as the "house" part of said household
- d) has raked in an amount of dough that appears to be not all that far from a million bucks from 4 different camps of old people in the last 15 years or so
- e) heads a family that has worked the least of any family in Lakewood I've ever known
- f) is withholding all financial information from her stepfather, against his wishes, after apparently hoodwinking him into giving her power of attorney.

I mean, come on - that is a hoot. Ya just can't make that stuff up!

If you think Neila is totally innocent of that felony charge, I have some oceanfront property in Kansas I'd like to sell ya. Yes, I'm glad she was able to get off on a technicality, for I truly don't want to see anything bad happen to her. Yes, I'm aware of how shabbily-done the criminal charges were. Yes, I agree those charges shouldn't have stuck. Yes, I agree that Mr. Milner's argument and use of *State v. Moff* in her defense was spot-on square. I don't, however, conclude that she is totally innocent.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, **INDISPUTABLE** dose of
HARD, THROBBING PROOF!

CHUCK: Do you ever recall ever signing any document that gave Neila full power of attorney over you?
DAD: No.
CHUCK: If you knew a document gave Neila full total power of attorney over you, would you sign it?
DAD: No.
CHUCK: Is it your preference that get to I see, and read to you, the document which granted Neila full power of attorney?
DAD: Yes.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018

When a supermajority of a grand jury comprised of fellow citizens views evidence and delivers a felony indictment, there is some truth to the indictment an overwhelming majority of the time. It's just that simple. That, plus my knowledge of how these people are and how they live, makes it clear to me that they're not nearly as squeaky clean as they'd have everyone believe.

Of course, Dad had no idea she was arrested and indicted for a serious felony. He knew only the barest, most watered-down version possible, but now he knows the entire truth. When someone tries to take over one's entire life, one has the right to know everything about them. I will do everything I can to make that happen.

4) In all my dealings with Dad, I've encouraged him to feel free to speak freely and openly. At no time have I, unlike Neila, ever tried to intimidate or manipulate him. At no time have I, unlike Neila, tried to use

blatant falsehoods to sway his opinion. I've been very open to Dad and have offered abundant direct communication to Neila. Neila has been very secretive and has engaged in zero direct communication with me regarding our difficulties.

I'm so relieved that I've extensively documented, among many other things, Neila's behavior, Dad's perspectives, and many years of the workings of our bizarre family. The amount of material I have archived is nothing short of stunning, and what is shown here is only a small taste of the whole buffet.

This is definitely going to get interesting. I very much thank you for your time spent reading this, and anything else I produce. Every word is, to the best of my knowledge and understanding, the complete truth.

Hey you! Yeah, YOU! Open WIDE for a hefty, INDISPURABLE dose of

HARD, THROBBING PROOF!

CHUCK: Have I advised you to answer freely and honestly here?

DAD: Yes.

CHUCK: Do you understand that this is being audio and video recorded?

DAD: Yes.

CHUCK: Do you have any objections to that?

DAD: No.

CHUCK: Do the answers you've given here reflect your true feelings about these matters?

DAD: Yes.

From the video "Questions with Dad, Volume 1" 05/17/2018