

Please read over this entire letter.

I am completely burnt out on conversations with you where I do not feel like you acknowledge anything I say or try to consider my feelings.

I am burnt out on conversations where you just "yeah but" everything I say without taking any time to acknowledge it. Or say "Ah, I see" and then repeat the same point later. Or just flat-out ignore what I say. Or ones where you accuse me of "crushing your hope" when I set a reasonable boundary. I am sick of our circular fucking conversations that go nowhere.

"Why was I not given a chance?"

"I don't know the details."

"Why was I not given a chance?"

"It sounds like you were, but that it was an ongoing problem."

"Why was I not given a chance?"

"The DM from Ash said you kept pushing on his boundaries, no matter how many people tried to explain to you the danger of pursuing being a shaper."

"Why was I not given a chance?"

"I don't know the details. It sounds like you exhausted your chances."

"Why was I not given a chance?"

"I honestly don't know."

"Why was I not given a chance?"

I DON'T KNOW

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

I DON'T KNOW

PLEASE, STOP

The same day I tell you why messaging someone out of the blue with "What are your boundaries," can come across as silencing them versus asking them if you've hurt them and what you could do that might help, you message me out of the blue with "What are your boundaries."

Ash tells you that you've been inconsiderate of my feelings, and rather than ask about that, you do the thing I explained would be silencing. Which gives the impression -- as I explained to you earlier that same day!! -- that you don't want to hear what's wrong, but you just want to cut off communication; or that you only care about the consequences. It comes across like you don't want to hear or think about the reason for the boundary, you just want to know what your ""punishment"" is.

Right after Ash tells you to please be considerate of my feelings, you just ignore me repeatedly when I tell you I am too tired to keep going. I shouldn't have to say that three times!!! Text someone else, write it in your journal, anything, do anything else. Do anything else. Please.

Please. Let me sleep. Don't put that "crushed hope" feeling on me because it's 6am and my brain is screaming for rest and I can't do your emotional labor right then.

So many of our conversations just feel pointless and exhausting because you DO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAY. It feels like you have a feeling and do not want to let it go, or else you're trying to pry something out of me.

Even things like the "Sunbe's character got cursed" conversation. I try to communicate how much effort we put into making the game the best it could possibly be, and your response felt like, "I don't trust you." I ask if you really think we would fuck up everything we worked on... just because Sunbe's character picked up a chain, and a big fat whopping "maybe" is all you have for me. Everything I said, irrelevant.

Do you get now what that was actually about? It wasn't gabs fucking over the Caltrops for no reason, like you were worried about. It was gabs giving Sunbe the chance to have some fun with their character. It was the same kind of thing gabs would've been happy to do with you, if you didn't turn that kind of RP dilemma into "maybe the shapers are mistreating us for their own amusement." Do you understand why that would make someone want to engage Sunbe with a fun RP dilemma and not feel safe doing the same thing with you?

"I'm sad my character wasn't really relevant in Bashball," despite me spending all that time talking about you with your idea and then spending ~30 minutes theorycrafting with the shapers on making sure your ability was flavorful and relevant without stepping on anyone else's agency. Thirty minutes of JUST talking about YOUR character and trying to make sure YOU had a fun and cool ability to bring to the game! And guess what, that power was critical to the Caltrops winning the game! Did you need Charlie to win the game TWICE??

"My character didn't matter, beyond her ability," I just don't understand how you think RP works. What were you hoping for? If you're there having fun with people... then that matters. If you're chatting in OOC or in the stands, then that matters. If you want people to interact with you... then keep trying to interact with them. What do you want? Do you want an apology from the shapers that Wel got to come through the Lonely Door and not Charlie?

If you wanted to RP more during Bashball, that's not my fault, and it's not the shapers' fault. If you wanted to RP during the Wishbone opening, that's not my fault, and it's not the shapers' fault. If you wanted to RP more during the Fortuna experiment, that's not my fault, and it's not Caddi's fault. During our conversations about RP, it feels like you're always just waiting for me to admit someone mistreated you by not doing enough to FORCE you to RP.

I am burnt out. I tried telling you how being apart from Eloise has affected me, and your response included the line, "You were still able to become a shaper." WHAT THE FUCK, DUDE. WHAT THE FUCK?!?!? I tried to put some of my most sensitive feelings out there to connect with you. YOU SPENT ZERO SECONDS ACKNOWLEDGING MY FEELINGS, JUST TO HURL THAT SHITTY RETORT AT ME. Fuck you. FUCK YOU.

You caught yourself afterwards, but you still didn't actually acknowledge what I was saying. You didn't loop back to actually respond to anything I said, you just recognized that you didn't respond. You didn't try to connect what I was saying with what you were saying. You caught yourself. You acknowledged you were wrong to do so. Better than nothing, but. But. I can't keep going. I'm so tired.

I do not feel safe sharing my feelings with you.

Why were you removed from the server? I'm guessing it's because you made the other shapers feel like you make me feel. Like my boundaries are bad because they "crush your hope." Like my reasons can be ignored because they're not what you want to hear. Like it's not safe to share feelings with you. Like I'm not allowed to go to sleep.

I am a human being. I have tried to be good. I'm sorry it wasn't enough, but I am at my limit.

This brings me to your proposed boundary of "I don't invite anyone to visit that you are uncomfortable with."

I think your proposed boundary is reasonable, and healthy, and obvious. I do not think I have any grounds on which I can refuse it. I think you were correct to propose it. And I also think it's proof we cannot live together.

I will be honest, when you proposed it, I wanted to scream and cry. It took me a day to properly understand why. In the moment, I refrained from crying or screaming, because I knew that would be distressing for you. So I bottled up my emotions, which made me feel extremely tired. Then I remembered you not letting me disengage to go to sleep the night before, and lost it. My limits don't seem to mean anything to you. Your feelings always override mine.

Do you remember how when you asked Leon to move in and I said no, you treated me like I was Crushing Your Hope? How you blamed me for dooming you to be alone? How you made me feel like shit because I had feelings about my living conditions? Do you remember that?

Do you remember how when you asked Petra to move in, and I said "not right away, not in this space," you treated me like I was Crushing Your Hope? I wanted time to get to know Petra; and to consider finding a place more suitable for three people. Do you remember how you treated me like I was abusing you over "not being ready to add a third person to the household instantaneously." Do you remember that?

Do you see the disparity? You treated me like a villain for not letting someone MOVE IN -- but now you require me to not even let most of my friends visit because of how YOU treated them. It's a reasonable boundary in an unreasonable relationship. It's an equal boundary in a relationship where you've failed to treat my feelings as equal to yours.

Your boundary is reasonable, but in context, it was asking me to sacrifice ever seeing most of my friends. That's why it made me want to cry and scream. That's not something you should have asked me. You should have realized what a dire sacrifice you were asking of me, in a framework (because it's a boundary for you) where I can't reasonably say "no." Coming up with that boundary should have made you realize you needed to move out.

Your boundary is balanced, but our relationship is not. You made my friends uncomfortable about visiting. I should not have to sacrifice ever getting to host them to accommodate your mistakes. You need your boundary, and likewise, I need my boundary of "I can't live with someone who prevents me from seeing my friends, either through their boundaries or through making them uncomfortable about visiting." This cannot be a healthy space for both of us, not anymore.

The fact of the matter is that, on top of the sacrifice that you continuing to live with me is asking me to make, you are three months behind on rent, which I set as low as I could as a kindness. You quit your job and have informed me you aren't looking for one right now. As long as you're not paying rent, you are basically a guest in this apartment. And now you're asking me to sacrifice my friends ever visiting... so you can keep living here, for free? Can you see how distressing that was for me, to be put in that situation?

It was foolish of me to think we could still work as roommates, and I apologize for not realizing that sooner. I can't be in a situation where friends can't visit because you made them uncomfortable, nor do I want to be in a situation where inviting a friend to visit forces you to not exist. I cannot do that. Even if you gave up the boundary, I would still be uncomfortable inviting someone to visit.

I would like you to move out. Please consider this formal notice to vacate the premises. I just don't see how things get better from here, not after this. I don't see myself recovering from this, and I don't see you recovering from being banned from Floraverse as long as you're living with me. There is no healthy way forward for me while you stay here.

You have previously asked for a month to move out. I will respect that wish. If you move out within one month (by May 17th), I will entirely forgive your debt to me, so you don't have any debt from living here hanging over you.

I'm sorry. It was incredibly hard for me to say this. I know you don't have any good options right now. I really did not want to make you face this. I wish we lived in an economic system where we both had better choices.

Your parents failed you; your friends failed you; and our economic system failed you. None of that has ever been fair to you. It has been brutally, miserably unfair. I hate what you've been forced to suffer through. I don't have words for how much I hate this situation; how much I would give to not have to do this. I was willing to give of myself in order to try to put my thumb on your side of the scale for once, and I will never regret that. You deserved better. You deserve better.

I wanted to give you a viable option that wasn't living with your parents. I tried. I tried to give you financial security, I tried to give you emotional support, I tried to talk through your social issues, I tried to give you company, I tried to give you as much patience as I could.

I have tried to be good. But I am at my limit. I need you to leave.

I'm sorry. Please let me know what I can do to make your move out easier for you. I am still fine with getting groceries/snacks while you're here. If you need me to buy moving supplies, let me know.

I hope you're able to see a therapist. I hope you're able to get help. You deserve better. I just can't be the person to give it to you.