

How can you be a musician when you can't face the music?

You hurt me. You hurt my Nanna and you are now corrupting my mother again. After everything my Nanna and I went through... oh wait, you wouldn't know because you were in America pretending none of us exist. You, your brother and my own mother are all equally as bad; that's the reason ANY of you were even thought of in the end. Seriously, what other conceivable outcome did you expect to any of that shit you pulled? Going back 5 years to the moment you decided to triple-down on your f*ck-up of leaving your mother by cutting her off for her last 5 years and then not calling her on her deathbed when my mother asked you to, how did you expect the only remaining family member with a profound ability to reason to react? Once you found out pleading ignorance didn't work, of course. Even I'm surprised that one of the more passive weak-willed people didn't call you out on that shit. It shouldn't have come down to me, the 15-year-old granddaughter, the "child" as you so like to emphasise. This isn't some teenaged huff, this is a moral injustice; I'm hoping that you are only viewing it as a huff so you can live with yourself (though from what I can see you lack any kind of conscious) because I cannot see how I could be related by blood to someone who is so god-awfully stupid and spiteful.

I am ashamed that I am related to someone so immoral, even though you allegedly started a philosophy degree, you of course dropped out of, but even still, I'm surprised literally none of it stuck with you. I had heard so many stories about you as I was growing up. When I was much younger, of course, I had happy memories of you; I always told my friends about you, my "sort of famous uncle who lives in Florida". Knowing what you are now I can't believe I actually had any sort of respect for you. Regardless, I grew up watching my Nanna play the clips of you on TV in the '90s over and over, she was so proud of you, and I genuinely was too. The day that you up and left for America was the day that your agent called you with your big break. Thus, your career was blown; the community and family you built was let down. Now you have forgotten what it's like to interact with any non-American who doesn't worship your every move, you are fake just like the rest of them, so fake you lost your Scottish accent and only put it on for gigs, you are even fake to your fans.

Eighteen years, my birth, your first failed marriage, your second marriage and a shit-ton of your family's suffering later, your mum dies. She went. She checked out. My mother and your brother being there when I wasn't allowed to be, of course. She was the only person on this entire planet who could ever even begin to understand me, because she went through everything with me. She was the only person on this entire planet that I could have put my complete trust in, and now I have no one. I want to call you a complete and total c*nt for not calling her on her deathbed, for her sake, so your pathetic self wouldn't have been a worry to her, but she would have seen through that bullshit immediately, and I would still be unaware as to what you really are, so maybe it was for the best.

My mum texted you to tell you what happened, your response; an unsuccessful attempt to muster up some crocodile tears. At first you couldn't attend the funeral because your work was too important that day, and then you told the family that you were in fact coming, and everyone appeared to be overjoyed for some reason. Your wife is clearly the most important person in all of this though, but you couldn't even be bothered getting her a passport prior, you didn't even think about her! So, you get stuck trying to get her an emergency passport and make it on time to lower your mother's coffin into the ground, by some miracle. When it came to the wake and all the excitement of your last minute arrival died down, my mum read the poetry she had written, and

background music started. I saw you and your wife standing in the corner, you both looked happy. How on earth could anyone have looked so happy after they had just lowered their mother's coffin into the ground?! Oh wait, you have no sense of morality. I noticed everyone around you wearing suits and ties, you and your wife were both wearing casual clothes. Not that clothing choice is the be all and end all of respect, but when you bought the rest of the family and family friends enough drinks they were drunk enough to start roaring the place down with laughter at all your stupid jokes, you were incredibly disrespectful.

Since it had been years since we had seen you, my mother and I had booked a holiday to go to America to visit you, before your mum died of course. You lied to me as I was booking it. You said I could stay with you, but you omitted to mention the fact you were living in a motor-home in a trailer park, and there physically wasn't enough space for me to stay with you at the time, and another reason I couldn't stay with you, as you ever so sophisticatedly told your sister, is because you and your wife "shag all the time". I spoke to my Nanna about all of this at the time, apart from the shagging thing, not even she could stomach that, and she wasn't even angry at you for throwing your life away in the end, she just said your living situation was "sad".

The holiday started off strangely with all the things you started saying to me. I understand you are a vegan, but I no longer was and I understand you didn't intend on ordering me shrimp, but that's what I got, so why shame me for eating 2 shrimp that otherwise would have gone in the bin and died for nothing? And why couldn't you just accept my dad isn't a very nice person, why yell at my mum and accuse her of teaching me not to respect him? Why were you so strange about dancing around the subject of respect and insisting I call you "Uncle Tam" instead of just "Tam"? No other family member calls you anything other than your name, why should I be held to anything different?

But the moment the remainder of that pedestal we all put you on came crashing down completely, in my eyes, was the moment you went behind my back to get my mother alcohol. Prior to all that (not like you would know, want to know, or care at all) the last time my mum drank was 6 years prior and it was a complete mess, which was when my Nanna and I finally got my mum to stop her self-destructive, alcohol-fuelled lifestyle; Nanna made her stick to it and taught me to get her to stick to it. She told me, "Don't let her get a taste for it again," and to "pour any alcohol in the house down the sink" which worked, whilst she was alive, but like I said, not that you would know or care. A few days before you basically took a shit on my low opinion of you it, was the 4th of July and we were all going to go on the Orlando Eye to watch the fireworks. You bought my mum alcohol which she plead ignorance to, though when I tried to explain the situation to you as to why I was upset, you said to me, "You don't know anything, kid." Now, I know more than you do, and you weren't even willing to get up to my level of knowledge; showing you are a patronising, wilfully ignorant cretin AND you then later ran off to get a drink of your own and ordered my mum shots purely to upset me! But even she didn't attend that nonsense. I planned on laying into you right there and then but there was a sign, now I'm not superstitious but this is too odd to be a coincidence, the moment I was about to confront you the sky split open and the place started flooding; I genuinely believe that was nanna sending me the message of then not being a good time, so I let it go at the time.

The day where all your shit hit the fan was when you drove me and my mum 3 hours away from our hotel to visit this rooftop bar, in the town we all used to live in. I had very happy memories of the place and going back there was meant to be a happy day, which was meant to be about me. You wouldn't let me order the drinks with you, so I knew something was up. Since I ordered a virgin Pina Colada my drink took a while to make, so I followed my instincts and asked my mum for a sip of hers, and sure enough, brandy. I told my mum, "That has alcohol in it." She pled ignorance, once again, and you finally show up with my drink as I was sniffing her drink, you said to her, "Don't let her do

that, they are strict about that over here, you could get me arrested.” She said, “I didn’t know he had done that.” Even she covered for your shit, but you didn’t know I was about to confront you on it all. You shoo me away from our covered table and make me sit in 40°C heat for an hour or so, then you leave with my mum. I end up having to try and find you in the carpark. I sit in the back of your seatbelt-less car, full of garbage.

You started driving and I asked you the simple question, “Do you really think you can get away with this sort of thing just because your mum is dead?” No answer, so I repeat myself slightly louder, which was abruptly met with you emergency stopping the seatbelt-less car in the middle of the road, and you punching me in the face and you, Mr Philosophy Degree shouting at the top of your lungs “Shut your f*cking face.” After I saw the look on your face in that moment, you were dead to me. I began crying and said, “This is not okay,” and it wasn’t, but you replied with, “You are a 15-year-old child.” I then said, “You are a 50-year-old child,” and to this day I cannot think of a more accurate way of describing your mentality. I called you out on everything: your plans to gamble away your mother’s life savings whilst living in a caravan, not listening to me, what a shitty person and horrendous son you were for not calling your mother and what a hypocrite you are regarding respect. Kicking me and my mum out of the car 3 hours away from our hotel was probably the best thing you could have done, because otherwise if you were to have hit me again, I would have had to defend myself and it could have become even uglier.

I regret sending you that half-assed apology, as I didn’t mean a word of it and I only did it to stop my mum from continuing to say she didn’t love me. Then a few weeks later my mum gets an email from you, in which you insult my intelligence and say you don’t want to see or hear from me for 10 years. Now where in the hell did you pull that number from? You don’t get to limit time like that. You have no control over the situation. I am done with you. For good.