

Dear Karen,

It feels strange to address you that way since I don't know you, but you don't know me either and you never will or what you've taken from me or my family. I know you'll probably never see this and I don't know how much you'd care if you did, but regardless of all that I have a lot I'd like to say to you and this seems the most logical way to do it. First of all I want you to know how much of a coward you are. I don't care how drunk or high you were, or if you were at all since you and your lawyer can't seem to keep your story straight. I'll never understand how you could have seen what you'd done, the blood the tread marks, a body laying in the street and the scared eyes of an eleven your old boy as he sees his mother lying in the road, I don't get how you could want to be alive in that moment let alone feel no remorse at all. I don't know how you could do that and see it all and just jump into the passenger seat of your car like somebody else would magically show up to take the blame that was rightfully yours. I'll never understand how anyone could take so much from so many people in an instant and not feel anything.

I heard that your daughter was sobbing in the court room during your indictment and that the whole reason you'd been so far from home in the first place is that you were looking for her. That honestly makes me sick to my stomach because if you even think that she's feeling bad you have no idea what bad can really be. Bad is an eleven your old boy who will spend that rest of his life looking for a mother that you took from him and a brother he'll never know; it's a mother who spends the rest of hers searching for the daughter you stole or the grandson she'll never meet. You've taken away something you could obviously never understand because it's more than clear at this point that you only care about yourself. I want you to know that I don't feel sorry for you though I hope you don't feel half as bad as you should because no one deserves to feel that bad...

I saw you on the news after you were sentenced, by the way congratulations for the slap on the wrist and the marvelous acting. Everybody bought it...how you felt so bad for her son because you'd lost your mother at a young age, how you were so distorted about your terrible "accident" and you were so sorry for the family. I wanted to vomit. I wished that you would rot away in jail forever; I thought that after losing his mother he deserved that much when it was all he had asked for. I wished that you would just die and then I apologized to God because I felt bad, not for you, never, but that I'd let someone make me that hateful.