

Dear Matthew,

Lately, you've been on my mind, so I decided to write you a letter telling you how I feel. Everytime I think about what happened at your "Grandad's" house in February of the year before last, I get so angry. At myself, at Neil, your Dad, your "Grandmom", at just about everyone but you and Laura. There was so many things I could've done that night, but didn't. Things happened so quickly and so astonishingly, I got weak and froze up. Looking back, I can think of so many different things that I could've done. I could've fought Neil, I could've made a scene, I could've ran and told a neighbour, I could've called the police or 911. There were a million things I could've done. Although hindsight is 20/20, I still can't help thinking about all of the things that I could've done, but didn't. I didn't call anyone or run to anyone or even make an attempt to stop Neil. I ran into the back room crying like a helpless dog.

I'm sorry for the way that I reacted that night. I know you probably think that I have nothing to be sorry for because there was nothing that I could have done. Contrary to what some people have told me, there was something that I could've done. Anything would've been better than nothing. Nothing is exactly what I did. I know that it hurt you physically, but it hurt me emotionally. You actually were defense-less. I wasn't. I could've very easily done something, but I didn't. The fact that I didn't will haunt me for the rest of my life. Once again, I'm sorry.

I know that you and Laura are living in abuse right now. Sometimes, if I thought it would bring you two back to Mom and I, I would do anything. By anything, I mean kill, be killed or anything. I don't brake promises, and I PROMISE YOU, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES, MOM AND I WILL GET BOTH OF YOU BACK TO US.

I love you both and as I write this letter to you, we are working on a way to get you back.

Love, your brother,