

Chapter 11



**Gotta get out of here
(Going from Colorado to Miami)**

I wanted to forget who I was and where I came from. I started doing coke at work playing around with it really, a manager I worked with told me that I should do something with my life, that the way I was heading wasn't the right direction. So I went to school I decided to become a medical assistant, I enrolled at Parks Community Collage in Denver Colorado. I finished one semester and couldn't catch up on my bills so a girl at work said that if I watched her kids and cleaned her house I could stay with her till I finished out the next semester, that lasted all but a week, as soon as she started fighting with her boy friend I was asked to leave. I couldn't believe that I put myself in such a compromising situation, I left and lived out of my car, which at the time was a small Honda, the only things I could fit in there were a few clothes and books. I went to a shelter asking for help.

I asked to speak to one of the staff at the shelter, I sat down and as soon as I did I started crying I couldn't believe my circumstances. As soon as I started to explain my situation.

Staff: I have to cut this short I have other things to do. But you'll be fine your young.

And then she stood up opened the door for me to leave. I couldn't believe it. She didn't hear a word I said. I was seventeen and completely aimless. I walked over to where there were a few homeless guys playing cards. "Come on over here and sit down girl" one of the guys waved his hand as a gesture to sit down next to him and I did. I watched them play cards and just waited till they served dinner. It was a cafeteria setting and we stood in line

just like it was high school. When it was bed time I looked around for a bed to sleep in. While I was getting the bed ready I felt a tapping on my shoulder.

Brenda: Mouse!

Me: Oh my God what are you doing here?

It was a girl I lived with in Lock Up.

Brenda: I am here with my girl friend we got evicted from our apartment because we couldn't catch up on the rent. We were working for a carnival. Well you better sign the sheet so you'll have a bed for tomorrow.

Me: Thanks for the advice.

After breakfast everyone was asked to leave the building.

Me: Where does everyone go?

Staff: Anywhere just not here. We will be open again at 5 pm

I had no choice I went back to dancing. I talked to the manager who told me about going to school.

Manager: You can stay with me till you finish school, but if you quit your out.

I agreed. But I dropped out anyway. I just couldn't catch up with the class I had missed too much time. I talked to the school dean he was so nice to me. He really cared.

Dean: Don't give up on your future Michelle. It's a tough world out there without an education. You'll never make it. You're a good kid please don't quit.

I cried as I signed the papers.

Me: I have no choice.

I told the manager that I had to drop out of school and he told me I had to move out. I called my friend Michael and asked him to help me get my clothes.

Michael: You can stay with me Michelle.

As I was leaving the managers house in the middle of the night I grabbed a case of his beer and handed it to Michael.

Me: This is for helping me.

As we were leaving I thought to myself why would I be mean the manager only tried to help me. I was so angry at the world. It was pissing on me and I didn't have a rain coat.

~O~

While dancing one night I met a girl named Tina who had just arrived from Miami. She had the most beautiful tan I thought she was from California. Little did I know that this conversation would change the direction of my life forever.

Me: You must be from California.

Tina: No. I'm from Colorado. I just went to Miami for spring break, and it was killer.

Me: What's spring break?

Tina: That's when all of the college students take their vacation.

Me: What does Miami look like?

Tina: It's so beautiful and tropical. There are palm trees every where, And the people are gorgeous there is every kind of person from every single country you can think of. Every one is walking around half naked in bikinis. And it's hot all year long. No snow just fun fun fun.

And the drugs let me tell you, they are pure right off of the boat.

Me: Is it easy to get hired there?

Tina: Oh Yeah, I worked at a place called Easy Pieces. Trust me, you'd get hired on the spot.

After my shift I ran to the apartment to tell Michael the news.

Me: I've got to get the hell out of here. If you want to come with me, that's fine. If not I'm going it alone. I'm not staying here in this nowhere city anymore. I've had it here.

Michael: So where do you plan on going? And with what money?

Me: I have \$24 in my pocket and a thumb for transportation. I don't care if I have to thumb a ride all the way to Miami.

Mike: Miami?! Why Miami? Why not California? It's closer.

Me: No, I want to go to Miami. It's the place for me; I can just feel it. Even the name feels like home. Plus the drugs suck here, and I hear the coke in Miami is delicious.

Michael: You want to go to Miami for drugs?

Me: No, silly. I'm just tired of the same old shit. I want to go to a real city. I know Denver is a city, but I want to experience something different. I want to get lost, I want to be free from my past and who I am here. I want to be surrounded by people who don't know me. People who are different than the people in Colorado. I don't fit here. I don't know why. I just don't. So tell me, do you want to go or what?

Michael: Well, when do you plan on leaving?

Me: Does now give you enough time to decide?

I got up, walked to the closet and pulled out all of my stuff.

Michael: You need to plan things like this. You can't just up and go. You don't know the first thing about Miami. What are you going to do once you get there? How are you going to support yourself, and where are you going to live?

Me: I don't care. I'm going with or without you, no matter what the risks. Listen, tell me now, or forever hold your peace, 'cause I'm out of here.

Michael: All right, all right, I'll go but it's not going to be easy.

Me: I know I don't expect it to be, but I've got to do this, I'm not happy here.

I sifted through my things, picking and choosing what I was going to leave behind and what I was going to take with me. I thought to myself, I'm going to need lots of tapes to listen to on our trip, and some clothes. I'll leave my high school diploma and the picture of my biological father here, because if I take them, I might lose them. I thought we would have it sent to us once we got all settled in. Little did I know I would never be coming back.

~O~

We filled up the gas tank and we were off. We found a strip club off the highway in New Mexico, but they wouldn't hire me because I was under age. So we kept on going. Until we ran out of gas. We pulled over and searched the trunk for a gas can. Luckily Michael kept one just in case of an emergency.

Me: I think we should keep going in the same direction, because the last exit we passed is miles back. There should be an exit up here shortly.

Michael: I'll thumb a ride to the next exit.

Me: No, I think we should stay together.

We started walking with in minutes a little old man in a truck picked us up.

Old Man: It's a little late for you kids to be out here walking, don't you think?

Me: Yeah. We ran out of gas.

Old Man: I see that. The station is only a couple of miles down the road. Hop in. I'll give you a lift. This is a dangerous stretch of road to be walking this late at night. In fact, just the other day, some guy was found dead beside this same road, and a couple days later, two hitchhikers were found driving around town in his van.

Me: Wow, that's crazy. We're not like that, so you have nothing to worry about.

We pulled into the gas station and filled up the can.

Michael: Well, we appreciate the ride, sir.

Old man: I'm going to drive you back before they strip your car.

Michael: What do you mean, strip our car?

Old Man: The Mexicans, they wait out by the highway, and when they see an abandoned Vehicle they strip it of all it's valuables within minutes, including the tires and stereo.

I was so nervous, I was tapping my fingers on my knee anticipating what we would find once we got back to the car. Would we find it as we had left it, or would we just see a skeleton? Once we reached the car I was relieved to find that no one had disturbed it. We thanked the old man and offered him money for helping us, but he kindly refused and wished us luck.

~O~

We made it to Odessa, Texas, I was hired on the spot. I danced and made \$70, which was enough to get us through Texas.

On our way to Louisiana, Michael fell asleep behind the wheel. I was sound asleep in the back seat. I was so tired after working all night without food or a shower, all of the sudden, I was jarred awake. When I looked to see what it was, I saw that Michael had swerved off the highway and was heading straight into a building.

Me: Michael wake up! Michael wake up! Michael!

But it was no use. He wasn't responding. So I leaped over the seat and took his foot off of the gas pedal and stepped on the brake. I turned the wheel to the right, just missing the building. I took a moment to collect my thoughts, and then I drove us the rest of the way to Louisiana. As soon as we got to Lafayette Louisiana we were out of gas again this time we didn't have any money. I suggested that we switch license plates and siphon some gas. I looked around while Michael did the work, but we got caught before we even had a chance to leave the parking lot.

Michael went to jail, and I was told to leave the scene immediately or I would be arrested too. I just walked away with a pair of jeans, a blanket, and my work bag.

I thought. How could I have suggest such a thing? Now what were we going to do? I was so scared, and I'm sure Michael was too. The car was impounded, and I was stuck walking. I saw two guys in a parked car watching this whole thing go down. They spoke to me while I was walking past.

Kilo: Hey girl, what happened?

Me: The cops are taking my friend to jail.

Kilo: For what?

Me: Siphoning gas.

Kilo: So where are you headed?

Me: Well, we were going to Miami, but now I'm not sure what's going to happen.

Kilo: Well my name is Kilo, and this here is Duke.

I decided that my name was going to be Christine from now on, I let go of Michelle.

Me: My name is Christine.

Kilo: Listen there's a pancake house right up the street Christine, Why don't you come with us and have a cup of coffee and just relax?

Me: I would, but I don't have any money.

Kilo: Don't worry. I've got you covered.

Me: Okay, why not? I have nothing better to do.

Kilo: Where were you coming from?

Me: Colorado.

Kilo: Well, you're about halfway there. The cup is half-full.

We pulled up to the cafe and had breakfast. It seemed like everyone in the place knew Kilo, and he knew them. During our breakfast, at least a dozen people passed by our table greeting him with either a good morning or a how have you been.

Me: Where are you from Kilo?

Kilo: Tennessee, can't ya tell?

Me: Yeah, a little. Say, why were you guys just sitting there in your car?

Kilo: We're truck lumpers. When a trucker comes in from a long haul, he usually hires a couple of guys like us for 20 bucks or so to unload his truck. Since we're not the only guys out here trying to earn a living lumping trucks, we get out here nice and early, about five in the morning, and wait for the trucks to ride in.

Me: Damn. Five o'clock is pretty early.

Kilo: Yeah, but the early bird catches the worm.

Duke: What do you do for a living?

Me: Well, you may not believe this, but I'm a dancer.

Duke: What kind of dancer? Are you a go-go girl?

Me: Yeah, in fact I need some place to work tonight.

Kilo: Well, why don't you hang out with us till tonight. I'll take you to a couple of clubs around town. You don't have to worry about us, we're harmless. And since you're going to be hanging with us, you're going to need a CB handle. We'll call you "Double D."

I thought to myself, I don't have much of a choice. I need a ride, and I have no idea where in the hell I am. So I agreed to go with them. Once we got to the apartment, Kilo told me to make myself right at home, but that was hard to do. I was in the company of two perfect strangers. All I wanted to do was take a shower and relax. I think Kilo read my mind.

Kilo: If you want, you clean yourself up. We ain't got no shower head, but we do have a bath tub that works just the same. And then you can take a nap if you want so you'll be well rested for tonight.

He then got up and walked to the bathroom, I followed him there.

Kilo: You can lock the door behind you if you want, and the bath stuff is right here on the ledge next to the tub.

Me: Thanks.

I brought all of my stuff into the bathroom with me. I didn't trust them. I filled the tub up with warm water and slid right in. It was the most comfortable feeling I had ever experienced in my life. I just laid there feeling both the warmth and the soothing effect of the water that

surrounded me. I could feel the emotions I had been stifling for so long forcing their way to the surface in the form of pressure in my throat. I couldn't contain them anymore, and as I melted into the water, so did my defenses. I cried such deep tears of both grief and relief. I tried not to make any noise. I didn't want them to hear me crying. What would they think of me? I struggled to keep my composure, though I allowed myself the freedom to empty all of my tears . I know I was in the bathroom for quite some time, but I wasn't about to leave that room until I knew for sure that I had control over my emotions.

Kilo: Wow. We thought you had drowned in there.

He packed a pipe with some pot.

Kilo: Want some? It'll help you relax.

Me: No thanks. I don't smoke pot.

Kilo: Suit yourself. If you want to you can go take a nap. We're planning on going out for a bite, but we'll be right back.

So I did. I was so tired. I must have been asleep for some time, because by the time Kilo woke me up, it was already dark. I worked that night, but I didn't make any money. I walked out of there with about \$20.

I couldn't believe it. This club was so different than what I was used to. I was even propositioned by a customer in front of another girl. He handed me his business card and told me to call him if I wanted to make money. Needless to say, I never went back.

Kilo picked me up after the shift was over.

Kilo: So how did it go?

Me: Not good.

Kilo: Well, Dorothy, this ain't Kansas.

I told him all about my evening, and he just kept making light of the situation. He took me back to the apartment.

Kilo: You can stay here as long as it takes you to get on your feet.

Me: Thanks.

Kilo: Get some sleep. You can sleep in my bed. I'll sleep on the floor.

Me: I'll sleep on the floor. I don't mind.

Kilo: No I insist. Good night.

When I woke up, it was morning and kilo wasn't there. I walked into the kitchen, and there stood Duke.

Duke: Would you like to take a walk with me around town?

Me: Sure. Why not?

We walked all over. It was beautiful. So many pretty flowers hanging from the trees, and the small shops looked so colorful. We finally ended up in a graveyard. I was surprise to see that the caskets were above ground.

Me: Why are the caskets above ground?

Duke: Because the soil is so moist, the caskets just sink into the soil and rot away, and the decomposed bodies become fertilizer.

Me: Why are some of the caskets broken into?

Duke: People say that Satan worshipers use the bones of the dead to perform their rituals. I think it's just thieves stealing jewelry from the corpses, like wedding rings, clothes, even gold teeth, but hey, who knows?

Me: Damn. I can't believe people steal from the dead.

Duke: Yeah, well. So ... do you have a boyfriend?

Me: No, not really.

Duke: Yeah, well, I'm single too. It's hard to find a girlfriend here cause all these girls are turning into dykes.

After that comment I just stayed quiet. I started to feel very uncomfortable.

I think he could tell, because my mood became noticeably different.

Duke: Want to go back to the apartment?

Me: Yeah. Let's see what Kilo's up to.

When we got back to the apartment, Kilo wasn't there. Duke walked back into his bedroom and called for me.

Duke: Chris, come here for a minute.

I walked into his room and saw him lying there on his bed while patting the pillow beside him.

Duke: So was that your old man that you were traveling with?

Me: Yeah, kind of, why?

Duke: Just wondering. Would you like to lie down and take a nap with me?

Me: I'm not really tired.

Duke: Come on. Just for a little while until Kilo comes back. Please?

Me: I don't know. Just for a minute, I guess.

I laid there first on my back, but when I felt him getting uncomfortably close to me, I turned my back to him. He put his arm around me, anyway. I just laid there not knowing what to do. I felt my skin crawl, until ...

Kilo: Hey, guys! I'm back!

I heard Kilo yell from the kitchen. I jumped up and ran into the kitchen.

Kilo: Christine want to go with me to the bank?

Me: Sure. Let's go.

Kilo: See ya later Duke.

He drove us to a big white building.

Kilo: Okay, this is it.

Me: This is what?

Kilo: This is the bank.

We went inside, and there were nurses taking people into a room after calling out their names.

Me: What kind of bank is this?

Kilo: A blood bank. They give me \$5 for my plasma, and then we can buy some groceries. We've got to eat, don't we? I'll be right back.

Once he was finished, we got into the car, and he turned on his CB. He introduced me to all of the people he recognized by voice as he flipped through the channels. He'd put the microphone to my mouth and squeeze the receiver.

Kilo: Say hi, Double D.

Me: Hi. This is Double D.

After Kilo talked to his friends on the CB for a while, he took me for a short drive around town. Kilo made me feel so comfortable. We dropped by the store on our way to the apartment. There he bought some bread and beans. He cooked a great lunch. I was surprised at what a good cook he turned out to be.

After lunch, he asked me if I would mind walking to the store for him, because he forgot to pick up a pack of cigarettes. Without hesitation, I walked out the door. I felt it was the very least I could do after all of the kindness he had shown me.

As I walked to the corner store, I had a pleasant surprise. I saw Michael in the distance walking toward me on the same side of the street. What a coincidence I couldn't believe my eyes.

Me: Michael! I can't believe it's you! How did you get out?

Michael: My mom wired me some money for bail and to get my car out of impound. I think I'll have enough money to get us to Florida.

Me: Wow. I can't believe we bumped into each other like this. You would

have never found me.

Michael: Well, let's go. Where's your stuff?

Me: At a friend's house.

We walked over to get the car out of impound, and then we drove to Kilo's apartment. As we walked up the driveway, there stood Kilo at the door.

Kilo: Well, this must be your friend Michael.

Me: Yeah. I just came to get my stuff. I'm going to miss you. I'll write.

Kilo: Yeah. That's what they all say.

I grabbed my bag and hugged him goodbye. I got his address and phone number and had every intention of calling him. Once we got to Florida, I danced in a club that didn't require me to take off my clothes. I couldn't believe it. I was getting paid to only dance, my dream come true. And I still made money. What a shock! After finishing the shift, we drove the rest of the way to Miami. We didn't stop driving until we got to the beach. We went straight to the ocean. I couldn't wait to see the water, It was everything I expected it to be. We stayed there on the beach all afternoon. I fell asleep right there on the sand.

It had been a long time since we had slept, I fell into a deep sleep listening to the sound of the rolling waves.

Michael: Chris, wake up! We've got to get you into the car. You're burned. You don't feel it now, but you're beet red. We've been out here for hours.

Me: What's the problem? Why are you so nervous?

Michael: I think you have second- to third-degree burns.

Me: What are second- and third-degree burns?

Michael grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me to the car. As we got to the car, my legs started giving way. He laid me on my stomach, and then the pain caught up with me.

Me: Oh my God, I'm on fire! The pain!

I just clenched my teeth and laid there moaning. There was nothing I could do. Every movement I made sent sharp pain through my body.

Me: What are we going to do, Michael?

Michael: We're going to find a hotel.

And we did. One of the cheapest in North Miami, "The Raffy K Motel" It was dumb luck, because we had no idea where we were. Michael helped me into the room, and out of my clothes, he placed me face-down on the bed.

Michael: Just sleep Chris. That way it won't hurt so much.

I trusted him. When I woke up, I called out for Michael, but he wasn't there. Maybe he went to the car. Maybe he's outside, I thought, as I raised my head to look around the room. Propped up on a plastic cup, I saw a letter.

Michelle,

I'm sorry, but I can't take the humidity here, so I'm going back to Colorado. You'll be fine. You're the strongest person I know. You'll figure things out.

Take care,

Michael

Next to the letter was \$20 and change.

"NO, NO Michael, NO!" I screamed and cried. "What am I going to do? What am I going to do?" I whispered as I cried myself back to sleep. I woke up to someone knocking on the door.

Me: Wait a minute I'm coming.

I gently maneuvered myself out of bed. It was a struggle to put my clothes

on and walk to the door.

Hotel clerk: Hi, miss. Your friend paid up your room for another two days, but you're going to have to switch rooms. We have to do some work in here. He then pointed to a room across the driveway.

Me: Okay. I'll get my things.

My things consisted of some tapes, some T-shirts and a couple of pairs of jeans. Once in the next room, I took off my clothes and stepped into the shower. As I stood there letting the water fall ever so softly over my skin, I saw a lizard climb out of the drain. I had never seen a lizard before and surely never expected one to pop out of a drain. I patted myself dry and twisted myself just enough to see the damage on my butt and my legs.

Me: Oh my God. How am I going to work?

My legs were reddish purple with bubbles all over my skin. On my back side, I had an uneven tan line. One of the legs of my shorts was up while the other was left down. I paced the floor back and forth, back and forth.

I thought, "How am I supposed to work now? What am I going to do?" I threw myself on the bed and cried and cried and cried, and then all of the sudden, I started talking to myself.

"You've got to get yourself together. Michelle, I need you now. We've got to do something. You can't just lie here. Get up!"

I walked to the front desk and spoke to the clerk for quite some time telling him of my dilemma.

Me: I need to find a dance club called Easy Pieces, some girl told me about it while I was in Colorado.

Clerk: You're with in walking distance.

Me: Really? Where?

He gave me the directions, The club was only eight blocks from the hotel. I couldn't believe it how on earth did I end up so close to the club?

I grabbed my bag out of the room and walked to the club. Once in the club, I spoke to the owner and dropped the name of the girl who told me about the place. After a brief audition, I was hired without further questions. I was surprised that he hired me until the next day when I actually started working. I saw that the girls weren't very attractive. In fact, one girl had sores all over her body. One of the customers told me it was VD.

I worked there for a couple of weeks before I decided to call my mother. I didn't know what else to do. I was scared, lonely and lost.

Mother: Hello?

Me: Hi. It's Michelle.

Mother: Where are you?

Me: Miami.

Mother: Why did you go all the way out there? If you wanted warm weather, you could have gone to California, It's much closer.

Me: I don't know. I just felt Miami is where I'm supposed to be. But I ran into some trouble. Michael left me here with no money.

Mother: Why don't you find a rich old man to help you? I'm sure there's lots of them there in Miami, you're a pretty young girl.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I didn't say anything for a moment. I just heard her voice I could no longer make out what she was saying. My heart sank to my stomach, I listened to her ramble for a minute more about the mundane details of her life and then I cut the conversation short.

Me: Well, listen, I've got to go.

Mother: Okay, well, take care of yourself, and keep in touch.

She never helped me before, what did I expect I knew she didn't love me. I had to accept the reality that I was alone.

~O~

I met a drug dealer after working at the club for awhile. He opened my eyes to the realities of the city.

Juan: Hi. My name is Juan, and what's yours?

I hesitated for a moment.

Me: My name Christine.

Juan: You're not from here, are you?

Me: What gave you the first clue?

Juan: You've got an attitude, don't you?

Me: So?

Juan: Here, I've got a little present for you, and plenty more where that came from.

He handed me a crumpled up \$20. He whispered into my ear,

Juan: Open it in the bathroom, Make sure no one sees you.

And so I did. To my surprise the \$20 bill was filled with coke.

Me: Damn (whispering)

I took a bump and practically ran back to the table where he was sitting.

And after my shift I left with him. We went to my hotel room, and I grabbed my suitcase. I hadn't paid for that night, and I wasn't sure where I was going to end up. We went from the hotel to a big gray building. He drove so fast, as if he were running from someone, constantly looking in his rearview mirror to see if anyone was following.

Juan: Don't tell anyone what you see.

Me: I won't.

I was shaken up by the directness in his voice as we went into the building. He put a gun on the desk in front of me, and he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a large bag of coke. Oh my God. What have I gotten myself into?

He told the guys in the office that they could leave for the day, and when he and I were alone, he took out his wallet and showed me a picture of two little boys.

Juan: These are my sons.

Me: Wow, that's cool. Where are they now?

Juan: Peru. I don't spend any time with them.

Me: Why?

Juan: I just can't. ... Let's get out of here.

He drove us to a hotel. I sat down my bags as he filled an ashtray with coke. "Help yourself," he said, and so I did. I kept snorting until my eyes were practically popping out of my head.

Juan: Are you sick?

Me: What do you mean by sick?

Juan: You wouldn't tell me even if you were.

He laid on the bed and I sat at the foot of the bed.

Juan: Can you speak Spanish?

I shook my head, as he made a phone call. He paced the floor, never taking his eyes off me. After he hung up, he pulled out his gun and pointed it at me.

Me: Are you going to kill me?

I looked into his eyes. He shook his head and walked over to the door.

**Juan: I've got to go, but I'll be back. Don't go anywhere.
He closed the door behind him.**

I've got to get the hell out of here! Where am I going to go?

A few minutes later, Juan called to make sure I was still in the room. When I hung up, something inside of me said, "Get out of here!" I reached into my pocket, and pulled out a phone number that belonged to a customer that had been very nice to me.

Nick: Hello?

Me: Nick, it's me, Christine. Will you come and get me?

Nick: Are you in trouble?

Me: I need help, I have no where to go.

Nick: Okay, honey. Where are you?

Me: Can you get me now?

Nick: Yes I will be there as soon as I can.

I looked at a matchbook cover and gave him the name and address of the hotel. Within minutes, he was in the parking lot where I was waiting with my bags in my hands.

Me: I'll tell you everything once we get to your house.

And I did. I told him everything, not only about the drug dealer, About my whole situation. Where I came from, That I had no family, and that I was a lesbian.

Nick: Why don't you stay with me? I'm not going to hurt you. You'll see. I'll help you.

I stayed with him, and for a couple of days I was in so much pain, suffering hot and cold flashes, from all the coke I had put in my system.

Nick nursed me back to health. I slept on his couch for about a month, and he never so much as touched me. Eventually, I did start sleeping with him, even though I still wanted to be with women. I told him over and over that I was a lesbian, but he didn't seem to care. He still wanted to be with me. I couldn't understand why. He was financially secure, young, tall and handsome. Why was he wasting his time with me? Nick kept me stocked up on cocaine and wine and whatever else I needed, so I never left the house. He insisted that I stay home and hang out at the pool to improve my tan lines. Whenever I wanted to go out, he would take me to a lesbian club. I would dance with a few girls and occasionally exchange numbers. I soon started seeing girls while Nick was at work. He eventually caught me in bed with them. He put up with everything even though it hurt him, He told me that he was in love with me. I moved out because I knew I was hurting him. His love wasn't enough to change me.