

HOMEWRECKA

Written by Joey Huertas

Inspired by the texts of Virginia Woolf.

(AUDIOBOOK READ BY LAURA KILLEEN)

*To Joey and Jane who live in New York  
and prefer to stay romantically involved  
with each other, despite the “high costs”.*

# Table of Contents

## MATERIALS & METHODS

Location- We went to the apartment where the physical abuse took place, 343 Brown Street. A secluded suburban area, and a basement apartment located at a hearing aids shop. About 250 square feet of living space. Mold infested floors. Toxic air quality. Physical attacks and abuse possibilities ranged from full force contact to primary wound entries by full kinetic thrust.

Data Collection- In order to attain a representative collection of data, we collected information from slide film images taken from both members of this abusive relationship. And a dartgun.

Range and Averages- 20 different romantic relationships were observed. Among the relationships found, we specifically focused on this relationship as a representation of the Battered Syndrome/ Spousal Abusive Relationship at the hands of a female persona.

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# Foreward: (a poem by Claire/Lynda)

## MY LIFE

I'm sick of trying to console you  
Into wanting me  
It's always going to be this way  
I can't show you anything you need  
Get the FUCK AWAY  
I can never give you what you need,  
I'm sick of wasting time on you  
You always ~~step~~<sup>step</sup> on the one's fighting for you,  
It's always going to be the same  
I can't seem to show you what you want to see  
I'm sick of wasting time on what will never be  
I cannot console you into wanting me,  
Into wanting me now  
Into wanting me.  
Get the FUCK AWAY

Dedicated to  
how I feel about  
my life!



*Η ΟΜΕΩΡΕΣΚΑ*

He quivered. My brother. Left now in a medical room. Hospitals. This would be their permanent territory now. He'd have his hospital. She'd have her's. Of course. "You gotta break a few eggs to make an ~~omelette~~ omlette", is how she felt about things. It's how she felt about his cracked skull. About his body poisoned by her homemade darts. And it's how she felt about his stomach that's now filled, poisoned with charcoal. Now who is she, you must wonder? Well, honestly the hidden records cite 3 different names for this one girl. The name. Her name? well it's simply put ...Claire.

A voice qualifies a person. It's how we do things. And it's how I will do this thing. Tell this story. With my voice. So bear with me.

And so I begin.

So there he was. My brother. And he quivered. And I stood next to him on this visit. And I am his sister. And I am thinking about things. And I am committing an act. Out Loud.

Why?

I am feeling a responsibility to tell.

He was not dead. Not yet. So let's get to it. Let me tell you this story. Without interruption.

The address. Where they lived romantically tied at the hip and where my brother received that terrible blow to the head was at the corner of Brown Street. They lived in the basement of a hearing aids shop. Away from public viewing, away from any smell of scrutiny. Private lovers, with a private entrance is what they were. Now these medical Xrays have nothing to do with the hearing aid shop and are entirely the results of my brother's head injury. And from an altogether altogether different facility. A medical facility.

This terrible head injury speaks loud and clear. To the ~~doctor~~ ~~doctors~~ doctors. And to you. Like a magnet, we are attached to a morbid, yet legitimate interest of a curious desire to know more about what has occurred here, the events that led to the injuries of my brother.

Injuries from that point in ~~time~~ → time.

so sexy. Probably what started the allure to begin with. The "sexual attraction". Her name was CLAIRE. At least that's what she told him. That's what she told me too, and I'm his sister.

BUT WHY?

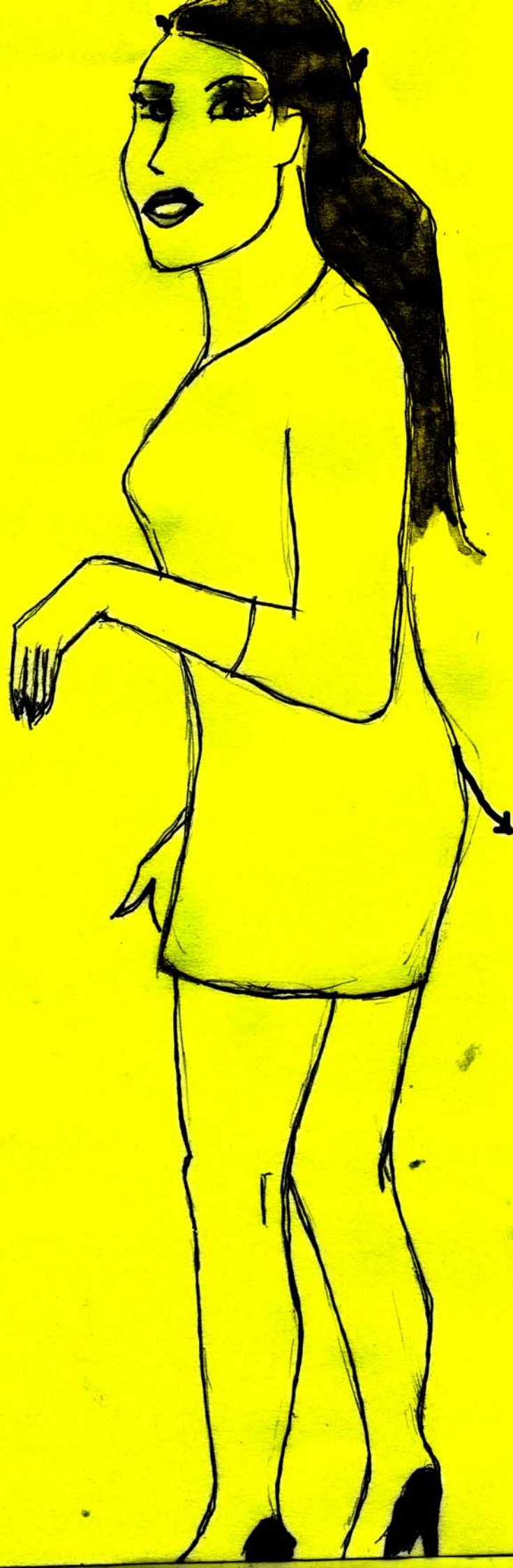
Well, because ~~that~~'s probably what she most probably told herself. I truly believe that CLAIRE was the name she had always wished for herself. CLAIRE was the name she truly believed would, and could, be all her's. It was this type of possession that was key.

But her birthname, according to records released after the ~~hospitalisi~~ hospitalizing attack was...LYNDA.

So apparently she had Americanized it to CLAIRE. It's my opinion. So now say to yourself, inside of your head over and over again... like 'COMMANDING VOICES' ...- 'are you CLAIRE or are you LYNDA,

is it 'CLAIRE' or is it 'LYNDA', do you write down 'CLAIRE' or do you write down 'LYNDA'?...is it 'CLAIRE' or is it 'LYNDA'?...







CLAIRE was a charmer.

She had absolutely no difficulty making people like her. Even speaking of her now, I can feel her great power. She was an absolute ~~formidabi~~ formidable ything. She used the torch of her beauty to engage.

Many, a sexual creature, would simply touch themselves at the mere sight of her. Of that energy that she carried everywhere that she went.

CLAIRE and my brother? = They were in love. That's why they fought. Don't you think?

It's a reasonable conclusion.

Consider this. ..They had EMERGED themselves. They did not share a gene pool. And your right, they had no children. But they had these terrible and vicious arguements. And it was arguements that connected them at the hip.

It was their special kind of love. Of course.

It was this love for her that brought physical injuries to him.

So as she slept one day (she had hit him many times the night before),

off he went, my brother, for a long and lone drive. Carrying a camera and taking these so-called secret happy 'pictures' for her. And even with the black eye, he set out to create a collective photographic gift that would be able, in his opinion, to capture a raw and natral honesty that he could actually show to her. To Lynda. Or to Claire. However you want to think of her. At this point, I'll let you choose the name. These images was his gift to her, pictures that simply could not lie.

So here we are. Again. At the height of the story. These images he took made him feel just so 'happy'. That HAPPY must be contagious, because frankly I feel happy right now at the thought of it all. At the effort made by him. This honest effort for a kind of unpremeditated reconciliation. Honestly, 'honesty' is something rare these days. So I feel he was really on to something. There it is.







## HONESTY :

### Honesty.

In common usage Honesty refers to a facet of moral character and denotes positive, virtuous attributes such as integrity, truthfulness, and straightforwardness along with the absence of lying, cheating, or theft. In discourse a statement can be strictly true and still be dishonest if the intention of the statement is to deceive its audience. Similarly, a falsehood can be spoken honestly if the speaker actually believes it to be true, assuming the speaker doesn't unfairly reject or suppress evidence. Conversely, dishonesty can be defined simply as behavior that is performed with intent to deceive or to manipulate the truth.

That was the core of the problem. This idea of Honesty and it's relationship to Trust.

Coffee stain  
↓



# *CHAPTER 2*

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That was the core of the problem. This idea of 'honesty' and it's relationship to Trust. Her pathology left no room for Trust. Not in their relationship, and not in ours. He had simply reached her borderline.

#### BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER (BPD) :

"Borderline personality disorder (BPD) is a personality disorder described as a prolonged disturbance of personality function in a person over the age of eighteen years, characterized by depth and variability of moods. The disorder typically involves unusual levels of instability in mood; "black and white" thinking, or splitting; chaotic and unstable interpersonal relationships, self-image, identity, and behavior; as well as a disturbance in the individual's sense of self. In extreme cases, this disturbance in the sense of self can lead to periods of dissociation. These disturbances can have a pervasive negative impact on many or all of the psychosocial facets of life. This includes difficulties maintaining relationships in work, home and social settings. Attempted suicide and completed suicide are possible outcomes, especially without proper care and effective therapy."

Injuries such as punctures to the skin, public beatings, public humiliations, endless blunders that gave birth, in an ironic and positive way, to this literary time that we are now spending together. And frankly, you should be ashamed of yourself for even listening to any single part of this. But don't feel any need to blame. That would give her more power. More attention. And perhaps one day you will be able to reflect and recognize that.

To him, my brother that is, "injuries" never meant anything more than concrete solid evidence of this woman's love for him. It was the only way SHE, 'CLAIRE' (or LYNDA) knew how to deliver an expression,

That special kind of "love" that she had specifically catered just for him. A certain kind of love that was deserving of a push. A shove. A slap across the face. Have you ever heard of this kind of a love?

Well of course you have liar.


# *CHAPTER 1*

"You lie", she said. CLAI RE said. Or LYNDA said. One of the two. That is how the first slap began . "You all lie". CLAIRE would then say again. And again. And again.

When CLAIRE felt that the world was full of liars, that was when she began to hit my brother. And it happened all of the time. He allowed her to hit him. He understood her, he thought. He understood that he had a job to do. His job, to prove his love to her. To prove that he was different than all of the rest. Different than the bigger ~~picture~~ picture. .

So yes. Your correct. My brother was a fool.

Well, let's see, he thought to himself. "How can I make her happy?"  
"How can I make her see that our glass is half full?" Flowers??  
YES ! That will make her happy! And my brother then made thsi stateme-  
nt out loud- "FLOWERS WILL MAKE CLAIRE VERY HAPPY !"  
And there it went. And so he set out to take pictures of flowers.  
rocks. fungus. and, weeds.  
This was to be his gift to her.



Well now, let's start all over again, shall we.

- there she stood. At that shower door, where the bedroom could be seen with the bloodstains in it. There she stood.  
Claire.

Charming. Convincing. I Love You. I Hat e You. Please Dont Leave

Me. That kind of stuff.

And there he was. My brother. Imagine that. Please.

Imagine my brother just standing there. In the shower. ~~With~~  
With his back to you.

All of this desire to 'give' to her and to 'love' her against all odds. I call that his Vanity . It was a vane effort ,in my opinion, to make someone love him.

It was his flawed and self-seeking secret, and a lie.

But it was there. People c ould look at these two lovers and say that he depended on her. Sure. And it would be true.

But he depended on her. And there is something sweet about that, if you ask Me.....BUT WAIT !

He was arrogant. You are an asshole! You are a liar!  
A cheat! A bastard!' Claire would always

be thinking these things to herself. This was largely  
due to the conspiracy against her (or so she thought).

.....Or Was It The Voices ?

But nothing in her medical history. nothing in her records,  
nothing in the 'history' of her chart (unless they bled it  
of course) , indicated such a thing. But then, she was a  
poor historian.....wasn't she? Or wait. I have something even  
better. Was it\* that she was a liar? YES. THATS IT. Claire  
a very good liar. She never flinched at proving the  
the inadequacy if Him. His unworthiness. His disaffection  
for her. That she had felt. Thought?



So again, there he stood. My brother. Dripping wet. Naked.  
And waiting. But waiting for what? Well.....waiting for her  
next expected blow.

→ (hear a horrifying scream ) ←

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That week on Brown Street was an odd one. For the both of them.  
Claire really, truly, had liked him at that point in time  
(notice i am not using the word LOV E now. I just used the  
word LIKE).



She liked him especially after the 'flower' pictures that he had given, taken to her.

~~The gift~~ He gave them to her with a plastic viewmaster toy, to look at them with. The gift was the toy viewmaster and the flowers all in one.

No matter how close to death he came, he never tried to get her pregnant in order to keep her. I appreciate that. And I must say that he came close to death many, many times while they were sexually active together (I think I ~~remember~~ remember he might have thought ~~about~~ about taking his life a few times, not sure though. ). He did ~~cum~~ cum inside of her, but she Never carried his child nor had ever fallen pregnant with him while living together. Thank God!

A divinity that Bombed.

There's one condom.

Sex. And War.

Weapons were to be built. And Claire began an independent study of 'special situations'. At least that's how She called it. Her. And Lynda. They called their mission to hurt my brother, with more specific accuracy, 'SPECIAL'.

'If I am risking getting pregnant by him', she thought.

'By his sexual irresponsibilities, then I declare war!'

And, s o there it was. She had become her very own, self\*educat ed, 'SOLDIER OF FORTUNE' .

Her study w would be: how to survive one another.

And of course, : how to properly beat this man.

:punish him to a pulp.



And Claire began concealing weapons on her person.  
And she would do this on a daily and friendly basis.  
She sketched attack plans on a chalkboard and all over  
their basement floor. The floor? But why the floor?  
Well, he would be lying on the floor, preferably.

If she organized an attack perfectly, he would fall on the floor.  
Demanding sympathy. She thought to herself. Not Me, but Her.

The good thing about this way of organizing herself was  
that if he had absolute faith in her, nothing could terminally  
hurt him. EXTRAORDINARY IRRATIONALITY ON HER PART. Claire's.  
And frankly, this did enrage her. It bothered her that he would shrink.  
It's cowardly.  
But with great force, she would beat him some more.

So, Claire spent most of her time ,at that point in this relationship, 'STUDYING'.

She studied :CPR (pause)

She studied: Safety manual (pause)

She studied: ~~airplane~~ airplane disaster rescues (pause)

And most of all, s~~s~~he studied him. While he slept. And while he made love to her from above. She would study him.

Claire wanted to know exactly how to let him live.

She wanted to be sure that no matter how hard she would hurt him physically, she could revive him.

So maybe she actually did love him, and not just LIKE him.



For example, if Claire had caused a nosebleed, she wanted to have the ability to lean forward, pinch his nostrils, and stop any profuse bleeding.

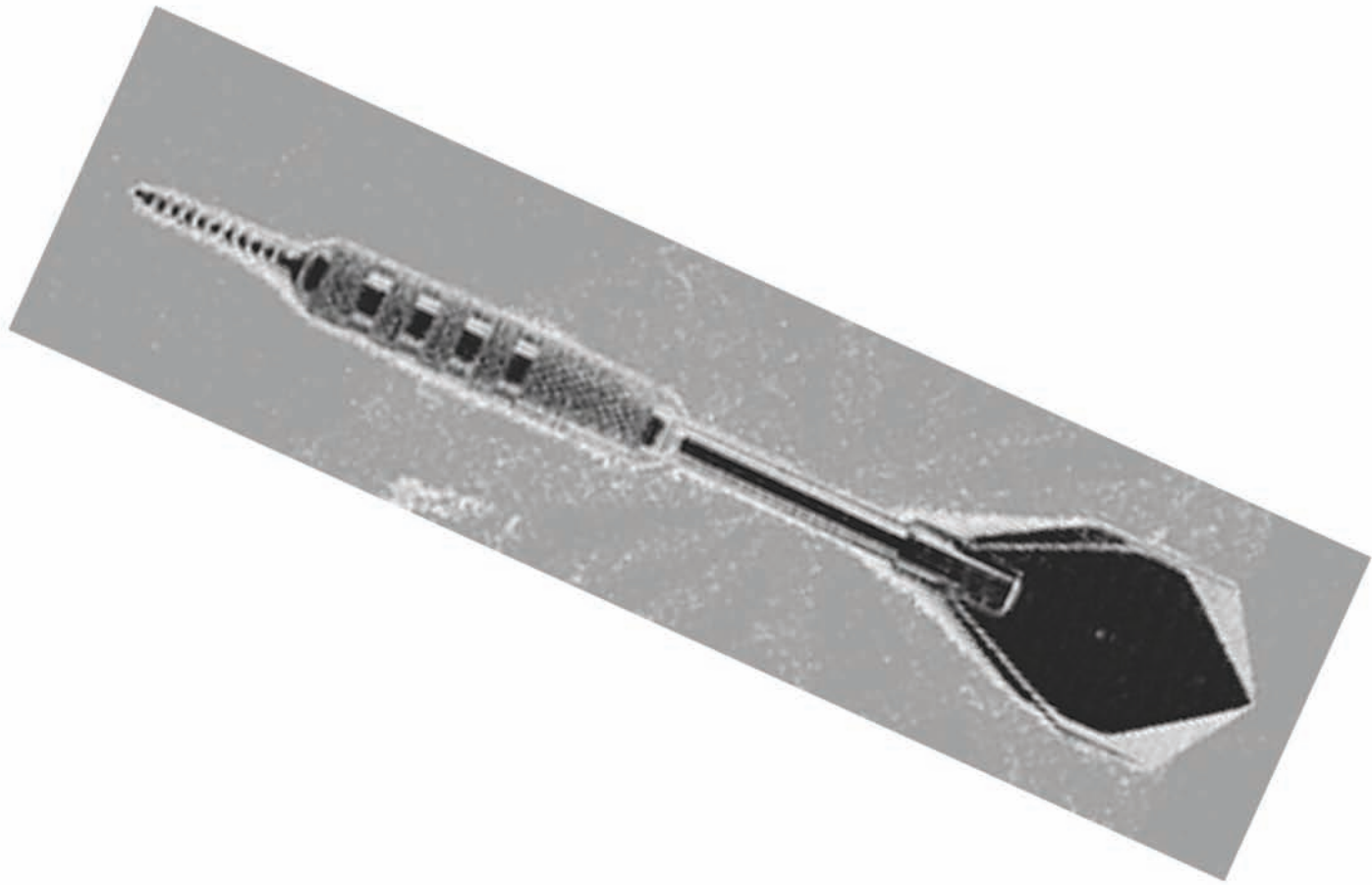
If an object were to be used, like a DART, a poisonous DART that could be shot and embedded into his body, she wanted to know how to properly remove it. She could, with these studies, heavily bandage a wound with bulky dressing and support the dart in place. Like a magician, she could control any tricks.

So let's talk about these darts that I have just mentioned.  
I'm excited.

Yes, the poison darts. They were made with treacherous  
poison in them. Homemade. And sharpened with possession.  
She would, of course, use these DARTS to shoot at him with.  
To shoot my brother with after a good hard beating.  
And after a good hard lie she felt that he had thrown her way.  
Again, Trust was her issue.  
But that was a problem that she had with every single person  
that she engaged with. Including Me.

'Why didn't she just learn how to cook?.', is what the police  
officer kept telling inside the ambulance.

The DART plowed straight into the back of his skull.



# *CHAPTER 3*

This happened After she had clobbered him with a baseball bat.  
'Crack' is the sound that I imagine was heard. A very loud 'Crack'.  
And then the fall. How delighted she must have felt.  
DOMESTICITY triumphed. HOMEWRECKING.

Some demon inside of her must have compelled her to act  
so suddenly. So well\*planned. She had felt him wince. She had felt  
that he did not trust her. And she felt angry and infuriated  
about both of these things. She needed dom esticity of Him.  
So now we shall see Her pictures.  
That's the part I want to get tonow. A climax.

To Me, it was these images, Her images, and NOT my brothers  
head injury, that really taught me just how real her sickness was.

She shot him with a poison dart ! Think about that for a second.

Were these pictures of other women her 'cuckoo' ??????





It's Unofficial,  
So fill my glass!

my glass!





(

'I want you to screw these girls', read her note. For this gift to my brother, sent to him at the current hospital where he lies, were not pictures of flowers, rocks or fungi. No. Not at all. These were pictures of whores. At least that's how Claire, or Lynda, felt about them. She had collected and sent to him an assortment of posing women, of dirty and DISHONEST whores, that Claire felt he, my brother that is, should, and could, be fucking and enjoying, while lying in that hospital bed without Her.

With his pathetic cracked skull, relaxing in his bitching little whiny coma. She mailed these pictures to the doctors.



RECEIVED IN  
DAMAGED CONDITION

\*\*\*\*\*PATHETIC.  
God YOU SO PATHETIC.  
ARE I0097

That was the return address that she had written on the box of pictures. And in the box was the viewmaster toy. Something to click away at, she thought, as the sickening and tasteless hospital food went down his throat.

Obviously, Claire and Lynda knew a lot about hospital food. About commissary, sort of speak. She had been in and out of hospitals since she was 17 years old. You did not know that, did you.

Records indicate, I believe, that Claireaka Lynda, was arrested after threatening a stranger with a hammer on the street many years ago. As a child. And also, I feel that she had slashed a strangers coat with a box cutter. Again, that's My feeling about her.

I also have a feeling that she was hospitalized a second time due to 'Disorganized Thinking', 'constricted affect'. She denies all of these things though. Of course.

'So you want to fuck other women don't you' She screamed. LIAR!  
'Of course you do. Well HERE! Take THIS!' And that's the moment  
in which she shot him. With THE DART. The DART with poison in it.

'And now ,I want to imagine you fucking every single one of these women in these pictures that I have mailed to your hospital bed. You sick bastard. You empty sick hollow bastard! '

But it was her who was really 'hollow' inside.

It was Her who lived a life that was empty at the core.  
Don't you think? I mean really.

She still cannot seem to realize that this relationship is now over. That it has now been officially Terminated.

~~\*~~

The feelings they had for each other have now perished into nothing more than pictures. Slides in a toy. Pictures of flowers. Pictures of whores. Slides in a toy. This was their story. An image of their history. A visual description of two sick people in love. And more importantly, an image of their honesty for each other.



~~X~~

BROTHERS VOICE: 'I want to suffer. I tried so hard to get her to love me. I think about her everyday. I forgive her because she does not know any better. I cannot stop seeing that I was the one who did everything wrong. It was me who ruined everything. People still yell at me from my bedside, 'Stop talking like a sick person. Forget about her. Move on. Can't you see the harm that she has caused to you? Honestly, I cannot. I love her. And I always will. I still worry about her. I refuse to love anyone else. I know she hurts me and others because it is Her that is hurting inside. And that kills me'.

THE END.

---

*afterward*

Abusive individuals need to feel 'in charge

In order to increase your DEPENDENCE on the abuser, the partner will cut off the outside world. A world of DEPENDENCE.

ISOLATION, INTIMIDATION, DENIAL, BLAME, HUMILIATION, DOMINANCE, ASSAULTS are used for the purpose of directing You into their world. A world filled with their hating voices.

Abuse within an intimate relationship occurs when one person in the relationship tries to dominate or control the other person (by force) .

If you believe ~~that~~ You are worthless, you are less likely to leave. ~~Weapons are designed to erode your self-esteem.~~

Weapons are designed to erode your self-esteem.

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