

My name is Elizabeth Ann Jape. I am the daughter of Dan and Barbara Jape. I am seventeen years old. The account I am about to tell is not a pleasant one; it will not warm your heart or make you laugh. It will not make you believe in true love or happy endings. It will not make you wish you could have been there to see it. What it will do is convince you of one thing – my father is a bad person. His actions in the past four years have been the cause of many dreadful things that have happened to the part of my family that matters, my mother and my brother.

The sudden change in Dan didn't happen overnight, it didn't take place out of the blue. It was a slow and agonizing path to the bottom for him. Regrettably he insisted on dragging everyone around him down as well. He felt the need to devastate numerous lives and ridicule loved ones and enemies alike, purely because he felt his own life had been broken past repair.

At first it was he and my mother, constantly fighting in their room, something that troubled me but did not worry me too much because I assumed that if they truly hated each other – one of them would move out. I began to observe that he seldom, if ever, went to work. He was losing large amounts of weight. I noticed the difference right away. My father is anything but unpredictable, so it wasn't difficult to see the dissimilarities.

Then he moved into the basement. I thought this was very peculiar, but it ultimately became ordinary, just like his extreme mood swings did. It was during this time that he drove me to school in the morning and home from school regularly. On a number of occasions I glanced over at him to see him nodding off, precariously close to falling asleep. He often endangered me on these trips, whether it was on purpose or not doesn't really matter; he risked my life because he hadn't slept in a few days and the drugs were affecting him. This typically occurred the day after nights when he would come home at three AM, sometimes much later. He also took me for rides on his motorcycle and I noticed the same problems.

He eventually moved upstairs, into the room next to mine. I expressed my distress about this many times to him, but he was becoming more and more difficult to talk to. He seemed to be in and out of reality most of the time. He would spend all night and all day in the room, listening to depressing music very loudly and, as I later found out from him, smoking methamphetamine.

He used to come into my room at night and rant to me about his life, the good and the bad. Sometimes he told me things a parent should not tell their child, personal particulars about the separation and his foolish theories about it. Some of it was so out of touch with the truth that I began to comprehend how far gone he was.

The police were watching my house for sometime and following me to school because of Dan's involvement with several large meth dealers, but Dan is the one who told me that, so it could be false information. He also spoke of the Pagan Motorcycle Gang, saying they were after him.

During the very intense fights that Dan and my mother would have, he would sometimes get physical. One time in particular, he hit my mother, so I went up to him and yelled at him and he pushed me out of the way, into the wall. My mother has pictures of the damage he did to her face. Those images will appear in my mind