

DAILY

I said I was going to burn shit down today, and I am nothing if not dependable. Wink.

by **HEATHER B. ARMSTRONG**

January 7, 2020

Happy New Year, my lovely, fellow loonies. I use that term affectionately, so it means you are beloved to me. You and you and you. I have so much to tell you. So much has happened, so many good things. A few sad and formidable things, but overall? I cannot wait to start writing more, sharing more. I am beyond excited about the projects I'm working on (the recipes! holy shit, I am cooking! edible things!), and we are going to get to all of that. We will get to Coco's rapidly declining health very soon, too. But she deserves her own post. And I need to dry my tears until at least lunchtime.

Which means I have to stop watching this right now, but it *might* be a good palate cleanser for you, dear reader, before we get to the meat of January 7th, 2020:



There is something else we need to talk about today. Are you ready? You're going to need to buckle up. Here we go.

I have learned that certain secrets brew to a point of such toxicity that the effects they have on one's body can damage one's physical being beyond recognition. Part of my gut illness this year was due in no small part to this poison. I am today finally free of that dizzying madness and feel an urgency to take a huge, steaming shit on the wholly immoral ways in which people have set about to demonize me to my peers. Two specific women are trying to soothe something in themselves. It has been vile. Vile. I will not back away from that word.



Heather B. Armstrong

Hi. I'm Heather B. Armstrong, and this used to be called mommy blogging. But then they started calling it Influencer Marketing: hashtag ad, hashtag sponsored, hashtag you know you want me to slap your product on my kid and exploit her for millions and millions of dollars. That's how this shit works. Now? Well... sit back, buckle up, and enjoy the ride.

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In the pink of condition



Thirteen years

First and foremost, I am not a victim. I am an adult who made at times questionable decisions and at other times was faced with dilemmas that would damage someone I cared deeply about regardless of how kind I wanted to be to everyone involved. I fully recognize my role in all of this.

And this is my side of the story.

In August of 2016 during the peak of my suicidal depression I received a knock on the door of a condo I had rented while on vacation with my children. It was the husband of a friend, and he was devastated and wrecked. He was a husk of the man I had known for over three years. And I knew exactly why he was there, tears strewn across his face as if he'd been mauled. I hugged him and comforted him, because I knew.

We all knew.

We all had kept the secret. And honestly, his showing up made *me* feel better. That was an undeniably selfish reaction on my part, but when he knocked on my door I then knew that *he knew*. The secret had been lifted from my conscience. It didn't cure my depression, not by a long shot, but I felt immediately lighter inside.

Friends of his wife had been tasked with keeping quiet about certain problematic behavior that had been going on for years. I was so naive that I convinced myself that I was doing the right thing. Their business was *their* business. I was protecting him from immeasurable pain.

Until that pain showed up at my door in agony. And begged me for comfort. Instead of protecting him I had contributed to it. That business had become my business.

Having been a child in a family where certain adults behaved in this exact problematic way, I retreated into old, unhealthy habits. I buried my head in the sand. And that is all my fault. I accept and acknowledge this. I should have never remained quiet, or, at least... **I should not have chosen to remain friends with someone who would require me or anyone else to pretend as if everything were normal.**

It was not normal. None of it.

I now know that both of them used me. He would later exploit that knock on my door and my sympathy for him as part of a power struggle with her. Over three years later, she perpetuates a dossier of scandal about me. Her friend betrayed *her*, and she is the injured party. I have no doubt that when she reads this she will, like fire, try to burn me to the ground.

Oh, but here's the rub. What hasn't she said about me already? What hasn't been written or whispered or deliberately misconstrued about me already? There are thousands and thousands of pages online filled with the comments of people who would like nothing more than to see me dead. I am a very scary single woman who wants to steal the husband you no longer love, your boyfriend who has a wandering eye. I am a drunk. I am a cheater and liar. I am a talentless fraud. I don't love my children. Someone once wrote a dissertation — this is not an exaggeration in any way — about how I suffered Munchausen by proxy because Leta was very late to walk. I was making her sick so that she *couldn't* walk in order to increase the popularity of my website. What else? Oh, right. I faked my miscarriage in 2007. Did I mention I'm going to steal your husband? Do keep that in mind!



2014 in photos



On having a little more insight into John Travolta

So. Go ahead. You and whose army.



Mutual friends have sent me screenshots of comments this woman has left on Instagram posts of another woman, someone who once threatened to fly to Utah to slit my throat. She described several ways in which she wanted to kill me, but that is the one method I remember most vividly. Because of the detail in which she expressed how the scene would look so effortlessly gory afterward.

That woman and I had been close friends in 2012 when she made a Very Big Life Decision and chose to leave her husband. I wanted to show my support for the courage it took to take such a leap into the unknown since I was living through my own divorce. However, shortly after that stay several circumstances contributed to the fact that communicating with her at all was unhealthy and detrimental to my well-being. We did not speak again until three weeks after my propofol treatment in 2017.

She called me suddenly, abruptly. Out of nowhere. I answered because that treatment attracted to me in an almost mythical way people who suffer debilitating depression. She was suicidal, she said. She didn't have the money for medication or the means to see a doctor. I felt that because I'd had the privilege of participating in the study that I owed it to anyone and everyone who suffers what I suffered my time and attention. So I set about a plan of action. She lived across the country, but I found her a doctor. I found her medication. I texted her briefly every day to check in.

Until.

Until a mutual friend of ours whom I had not spoken to in years called me — I'm the common denominator here, I know. Maybe it's just me. *Haven't I considered that I'm the problem?* Well, duh. That's my go-to thought whenever anything goes wrong. You can try to guilt me and shame me and point a very disappointing finger at me, but you'll never be as good at it as I am to myself.

She called me. Abruptly. Out of nowhere. I avoided her call until she texted me and said that she was in Paris. She'd found out that I was a helping our mutual friend and could not enjoy her time abroad until I listened to what she had to say. Which was: I

was the fourth or fifth person this woman had lured into this sham. And, *oh*. **What a fucking sham.** She was not suicidal. She just wanted something else. That is not my story to tell, but this friend made me promise that I would call her ex-husband in order to understand the context of why she had reached out to me.

I hate talking on the phone. I *loathe* it. The last thing I wanted to do was to get more involved than I already was. But I took his call to honor the trust that the friend in Paris had invested in me. And for thirty minutes he and I chatted about what his ex really wanted, what he had himself tried to do to save her. It was cold and brisk and almost... **lifeless.** Yes, I will use that word here. It felt empty and lifeless. He felt like he had a duty to talk to me, and I felt the same in return.

And then. Abruptly. Out of nowhere. The moment before we said goodbye he brought up Radiohead. I don't even remember why, but. The one song. The. One. Song. We all have one. And mine is "Let Down" by Radiohead, specifically a refrain that builds and builds toward the end when Thom Yorke starts wailing, "Floor collapsing, falling, bouncing back and one day, I am going to grow wings. A chemical reaction. Hysterical and useless."



He had seen them a few months before that call and had a video of that exact refrain on Instagram. Didn't I like them? He seemed to recall that I did.

We then talked and laughed for four hours.

I fell madly in love with him. I called him Thom. He called me Rachel (Rachel Owen was Thom Yorke's longtime partner and mother of his two children). That love shot through my life like a stray, badly-aimed boomerang. It shattered glass and dented walls. I did not mean for it to happen. Neither did he. We talked every night for hours and hours. We laughed and sang into a certain time of morning I had not known since having infant children. I adored him. He was like no one I had ever encountered. **And I loved him dearly.**

He met my children. They loved him as much as I did. He brought them fidget spinners and cooked nachos and taught Marlo how to play several chords on the guitar. I feel nothing but deep tenderness for that man and always will. He is guileless. He is pure and honorable and has lived through horrors that would destroy anyone who doesn't possess his resilience and joy.

To say that things became complicated in the following months would be an understatement of unmatched proportions.

Pete happened to me — that alone could be the end of this missive — and that is a story I will write very soon, but not now.

Not yet.

I eventually had a conversation with Thom's ex wherein she threatened my life multiple times. I didn't talk much. I let her swing a bat at my head for almost two hours. And I understood. She felt betrayed. She was the injured party. Yes, they were divorced. But that didn't matter, and I recognize the pain I caused her. I never wanted to hurt her, but, of course, I did. I will carry the heaviness of that with me to my grave, whether I die of a slit throat or old age.

I know that they will all read this.

They will all see these words. And I suppose the reason I am saying anything at all is this: I may peddle the persona of someone who follows no rules and takes no shit, and that is mostly true. Don't come after my kid because I will call your bishop, SON. But, oh, the unwritten rules of the Internet that have choked me into submission.

No more. Never again.

I write this next part giving full credit to Jon Armstrong and the work he has put into loving and showing up for his girls over the last year: When Jon moved to New York to live with his girlfriend, I said nothing. No one online knew. He left the day Marlo started kindergarten. I had to enroll her in intensive, twice-weekly therapy because she was physically crippled with separation anxiety. His leaving permanently altered her personality, and as healthy as she is now, as much as I have forgiven him — and my god, I can shout into a megaphone with no hesitation or pain in my voice from the memories of being alone in the face of All of The Things Needing to Get Done, I can say that **my girls are lucky to have him and I am happy he is their father** — it still happened. In silence.

These two women have bonded over their hostility toward me, and they know they cannot deny that. I avoid their comments and posts, but as you know, the Internet has its own way of sneaking up on you with what you do not need to see. Ask Pete about July 18, 2018 — we were in Paris, it was the day before my birthday and my mother mentioned someone's Instagram post I had managed to avoid for over two weeks. The pain of that post nearly destroyed me, and the day culminated in a screaming match on the banks of the Seine at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Luckily, we made up and he is sleeping next to me as I write this 18 months later.

I am human and make mistakes and have hurt people. Sometimes I find myself in a loop, and I promise I am not laying this at the foot of my father. He and I have found a common ground and an adoration of each other in the last year that I never thought possible. But there are times when the five and six and seven-year-old Heather B. Hamilton who is now 44 crawls inside of herself because of the fear. Because of the **terror**. Because the sound of the yelling coming from the room next to mine smothered me. **Because I was forced to curl into a ball and absorb the pain instead of demanding that they take care of my pain.**

I need to break that loop. My account here is my voice.

Oh, the rumors. They are so delicious, aren't they? How very satisfying it must feel to spread salacious nothingness into the ears of my peers. It soothes the anger and pain, at

least momentarily until that anger and pain resurface. Because, you see, **I am not the source of it.**

Several parts of the last three years of my life have been incredibly messy. I am trying to do and be better. And I have Heather and Kelly and Linda and Leta and Marlo and Pete to thank for loving me through it all. For loving me.

I have Pete, He Who Jumped Over Joleen, a story that will one day most definitely become part of a screenplay.

And that alone is proof enough to me that all the messiness I just shared with you happened so that I would be ready for him and the love that I would need to know how to receive from him. I have never known how to receive love. I never believed I deserved it. I am still learning and probably always will be. But he would not only move mountains, he'd reach through a wall to take care of my pain.

Onward.







DAILY // ✉ 🐦 f 📌

internet, new year, resolutions

PREV

I never thought I would try to crowdsource a gratitude journal, but here we are

For those of you who speak in emoji
18 Responses


-  Upvote
-  Funny
-  Love
-  Surprised
-  Angry
-  Sad

5 2 4 3 1 3

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- 


lumi • 4 days ago

I'm just about your age, Heather, so I'll first say: You're too old for this. This post was sad to read. You're not being a good person here. You're being a Mean Girl. You're not thinking of your children or your partner. You're just being messy and petty. I don't know who exactly your post is referencing, nor do I want to know, to be honest. But I do know it's beneath you, or at least I would have hoped so. Consider taking this down before the waves become an ocean of hurt.

9 ^ | ▾ 1 • Share ›
- 

Ghcg → lumi • 3 days ago

You fucking cunt

^ | ▾ 2 • Share ›
- 

ragstoriches → Ghcg • 2 days ago

Another thoughtful and eloquent post by a Dooce worshiper. Aren't they grand?

^ | ▾ • Share ›



Kyla Lahaie · 5 days ago

Here is the thing. I've been reading your words for all of my child's 14 years. I was an avid follower right up until John left. I still check in now and then, but let's be honest, it ain't as good. Why? Because you stopped writing about your life. You pulled a curtain down and got boring. I got the same bullshit from you as that other mommy blogger who lives on the coast in her perfect farmhouse with her perfect children all dressed in perfect \$200 outfits to feed the chickens. You're getting closer here, but not near enough. Your still shouting a story at me from two blocks away. Your internet world is not mine. I do not know anything of which you speak here, and you still telling me a story that happened to someone else. I want to know exactly what you did, not infer it. I want to hear how it your words, your actions not I did some shit and then 6 paragraphs about how billy bob reacted to it. Write to me, not at them, please.

10 ^ | v 5 · Share ›



Tina Griggs → Kyla Lahaie · 5 days ago

Wow, entitled much? She doesn't owe you, me or anyone else anything. This is her site, not yours. You're entitled to your opinion but if you're unhappy with what she chooses to share or not, move the fuck on. No need to be a twatzilla!

8 ^ | v 4 · Share ›



Beth Foster → Tina Griggs · 5 days ago

Entitled? yes. Also, harshly stated. But also, not wrong. When Jon left, everything changed—including her blog. There was always so many unanswered questions—including what even happened to Jon. He was such a part of her life and stories and then...poof!! We went from day to day realness (and hilarity in the trenches) to surface level vagueness that majority of the time. I also largely stopped reading at that time, only checking in now and then, hopeful that the Heather that made me feel less alone, and made me laugh my ass off in the process might return. You are absolutely right that she can write anything (or nothing) that she wants—and I never would have said anything to her. But this other poster did, and i'm just saying--she's not necessarily wrong in her assessment just because she has no right to say it.

3 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



Heather Armstrong **Mod** → Beth Foster · 5 days ago

And yet. You are both still here. So very interesting.

9 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Beth Foster → Heather Armstrong · 4 days ago

Is it? I just explained checking in, and why, as did the op. This post is the most interesting in a while. We just keep hope alive for a return to normalcy. Maybe it's not coming, and you've moved beyond. Be well.

2 ^ | v · Share ›



Heather Armstrong **Mod** → Beth Foster · 4 days ago

I think you are the one who deserves that sentiment.

Be well.

The rot in your heart is palpable and I wish I could help. I do. Please let me know if I can. I'll give you my phone number and we can talk. You are loved.

3 ^ | v 3 · Share ›



watchingsince2004 → Heather Armstrong · 3 days ago

Rot? Wow. It's almost like you don't want your old school followers back...

Some criticism, even when harsh, is constructive. Why can't you take criticism? Don't they teach you this in therapy? How to differentiate valuable criticism from trollz and haterz?

It's like you haven't developed or evolved at all in these 20 years. It's painful to watch.

And if I were your boyfriend, I'd really hate reading this love letter you publicly wrote to someone else's husband. Although, I guess if you did write it to your bf, it would still technically be someone else's husband. That's rough. I wish I could help. I do. Please let me know if I can.

You are creating new fans for them when you disparage your oldest fans here. When will you learn your hate pages are based on you being awful to people? That what is cute at 15 is sad at 45?

I see they haven't even acknowledged you. Ouch.



Djdhj → watchingsince2004 · 3 days ago

Yeah but youre ugly and theres no fix for that huh? Hmm, bummer

^ | v 1 · Share ›



Barley → Djdhj · 2 days ago

You're ugly and don't know how to punctuate. I think this is where Heather steps in to say something about the palpability of your rotting heart. Oh, wait... hearts are only rotting if they don't agree with Heather, sorry. Anyway, you sound deranged. Are you ok? Do you need to talk to someone?

^ | v · Share ›



Anna → Heather Armstrong · 4 days ago

Thank you so much for this absurdly entertaining screed. It's a fun distraction in the middle of so many terrible things happening in the larger world.

2 ^ | v · Share ›



Djdhdh → Beth Foster · 3 days ago

Find an air freshener for your goddamn cunt! Jesus Christ!

^ | v · Share ›



Dhddh → Beth Foster · 3 days ago

Wow captain obvious who gave you fingers for typing?! Fuck. Her blog changed? Did you also know 1+1=2? She only fucking explained that shit in detail but go ahead, stink up the place with your rotten vagina words some more.

^ | v · Share ›

Heather Armstrong **Mod** → Tina Griggs · 5 days ago

I am headed to bed right now, but my god. The carnage I will wreak tomorrow.

Thank you. ❤️

4 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Dhddh → Heather Armstrong · 3 days ago

Sleep well and know these trolling cunts have stinky vaginas and you dont ❤️

^ | v · Share ›



Fjdhgh → Kyla Lahaie · 3 days ago

You mother fucking cunt

^ | v · Share ›



Valerie · 3 days ago · edited

I have been reading here for a decade+ and have never felt compelled to comment before now. This is hard stuff. I'm sorry these things happened, and that friendships were lost. I think everyone involved deserves compassion and forgiveness, and I hope that comes in whatever way is needed, sooner rather than later.

The one thing I can't stop thinking about is all the children suffering the collateral damage here. As a child of adulterous parents and a subsequent divorce, this was painful for me to read. From what I've gathered, everyone involved in these scenarios has children, and most of those children are old enough to understand what is going on, to read things (including this post) online, and/or to hear about this secondhand from friends or parents of friends who'll read this. That thought crushes me.

Heather fucked up but possibly with the best of intentions. The other parents/husbands /wives fucked up, pretty royally it sounds like. Whatever. People fuck up, even people who are amazing parents. The fuck-ups can be destructive to the kids (as my parents' were), but the aftermath - how you handle it - can really make or break your children's mental health, their relationships with both parents, their physical health, and even their relationships with their peers or other peripheral social groups.

This post is shocking in its destructiveness, not only to the people being spoken about, but to their kids and to L & M. I remember hearing about who my mom was sleeping with from the family who lived across the street from us - they had daughters my age, and the parents had gone to school with my mom. I knew my mother had been cheating on my dad, but I did NOT know that everyone in town knew about it, and were talking about it. That broke me. As a teenager, I was not equipped to handle the nuances of adult relationships. Moreso, the embarrassment and shame I felt knowing that people all over town were aware

of, and talking about, the shit that went on between my parents and the other person(s) was. . . indescribable. Gargantuan. The weight of it was carried with me through the rest of high school, and is still with me to this day. I'm 42 now, and it still follows me. (Yeah, I need more therapy. I'm working on it.) And the thing is, my parents TRIED to keep it from me. They did their best to shield me and my sister from these things, and it still absolutely ruined me.

To put something like this online, with full knowledge that at least one of your daughters reads your blog (at least I think Leta reads here, maybe only occasionally?) and has already been subjected to hearing awful things about you from members of the community, is just. . . beyond words. I'm not saying you're a bad person, or a bad parent; that's not for me to judge and I don't think that's the case anyway. But I do think that posting this is reckless and harmful to your own children, as well as to a handful of other children, all of whom are already dealing with enough difficulties just trying to grow up. I also can't figure out what could possibly be the point of posting this. What positive gain could there be, for anyone?

My two cents, for what it's worth. I'll happily discuss, but I'm not here to trade insults with anyone. This literally kept me up last night so I figured if I at least got it off my chest, maybe I'd be able to stop thinking about it. I really hope all is well with everyone involved here.

2 ^ | v · Share ›



ragstoriches → Valerie · 2 days ago

What a thoughtful and meaningful response. I agree 100%. Dooce is self destructive, which wouldn't be a problem if she wasn't taking so many others down with her, especially her own kids. If I were Jon, I'd get a restraining order to stop her from doing any more damage to those girls with posts like this one.

^ | v · Share ›



Lauren3 → Valerie · 2 days ago

You are creating a false dichotomy here: that it's not only immoral for someone to talk honestly and openly about the negative, messy parts of their own life, but that it will also hurt their children. That to be a good person and mother, you must stay silent and take whatever others want to throw at you on the chin.

And none of that is true, Valerie.

I'm glad you got it off your chest, and I hope now you can think about why you feel that this is what it takes to be a good person in your eyes. I'm being earnest when I say I'm glad you're working on getting back to therapy, especially in light of you assuming a cheating situation (projection). I wish you wellness, too :)

^ | v · Share ›



Dhdhd → Valerie · 3 days ago

Save it for someone fucking cares.

^ | v · Share ›



leatitia · 4 days ago

What just happened here? Completely lost, but God it sounds like so much drama.

2 ^ | v · Share ›



ragstoriches → leatitia · 4 days ago · edited

When has Heather not been about the drama? It's what she lives for. Her poor kids....

3 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



Dhdhd → ragstoriches · 3 days ago

You should get some cream for that ugly stink that's your existence. Just sayin

^ | v · Share ›



ragstoriches → Dhdhd · 2 days ago

Why do you worship this woman, a failing blogger who is slipping further into irrelevance every day, and desperately posts a barely intelligible word salad on the subject of how she's slept with other women's husbands in a sad attempt to up her page views? 'Tis a mystery.

^ | v · Share ›




KristenfromMA → ragstoriches · 3 days ago

And here you are, reading and commenting. Nothing better to do?

^ | v · Share ›



Dhdhd → leatitia · 3 days ago

 So do your obgyn appointments but no ones going online and making a stink out of those are they bitch #vagasil

^ | v · Share ›



Leigh · 5 days ago

— | 📌

Bless her heart—any Southern woman would know you NEVER put death threats in writing. That's just tacky. No, what you do is, you tell the person you're going to pray for them; that makes it clear that they're definitely wrong, and you are the righteous one. I mean this is all right there in the handbook, the one you get when you buy your first pair of pantyhose?

Here's hoping 2020 has a lot less drama for you. ;)

4 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Sjdjd ↗ Leigh · 3 days ago

— | 📌

Wonder how much makeup your vag wears to bed? The thought mystifies....

^ | v · Share ›



Richard Morey · 5 days ago

— | 📌

I'm sorry you had to go through all that.. as my father used to say, "people are no damn good." I'm glad that you have been able to get through it and move past it though and hopefully realize that there are many more of us who would quickly work to put out any fires anyone might start in an attempt to try to burn you to the ground.

Happy New Year!

3 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Heidi · 5 days ago

— | 📌

Silence can be a killer of many things - boundaries, joy, and integrity. It can also grow many things - shame, guilt, trauma. It has been a life lesson of mine to figure out when silence is needed. Thank you for sharing your story. I wish you - and all parties involved - much healing and peace.

3 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Jenna · 4 days ago

— | 📌

All my life, I've been the bad one. But what that really meant, I've now learned as I approach 50 years old, is that I am the fun one. The wild one. The mouthy one. The impulsive, creative one that doesn't give a flying fuck about rules or norms or expectations.

And here's how me being the fun one leads to me being the bad one. People (friends, exes, lovers, coworkers, you name it!) enjoy hanging with me. They want my attention, my time, my energy. I am one of *those* people (spoiler: you are one of those people). I am fearless and engaging. And they love that attention...they love my sass, my carefree ways, my idgaf attitude...until they don't.

This is where being the 'fun one' makes me the 'bad one'. Because other folks (hello frenemies!) who tend to tow the line and follow the rules...because they have personas that make them seem quaint or delicate or serious or proper...it becomes very easy for them to put on their perfect pretty princess persona and point to me and cry foul.

Truth is: at least I was always who I was. I was honest about my rowdy, reckless ass and yes, it does get me in trouble and YES I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHIT I DO...but no, that doesn't make them perfect. It doesn't make them blameless. It doesn't make them a victim. So, bitches, put away your prissy proper Victorian fake sensibilities and own your shit.

It is exacerbated by mean girl bullshit, something our generation(s) of women are still doing to this day even though we know better now. And I can't even imagine how it is exacerbated by the clique-y world of internet mommy-blogging.

Me and Oscar adore you. As always, thank you for being brave. It is truly one of your best qualities.

Love, Kyre (the one with the tits you signed one long night in Los Angeles...)

2 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



REK981 ↗ Jenna · 3 days ago

— | 📌

Love this! You own your shit but don't apologize for it! High five!

^ | v · Share ›



Kelly Loubet · 4 days ago

— | 📌

To the commenters with their judgey pants in a knot... life is messy. Relationships are messy. If you took a moment to look back on your own relationships, most of you would find that you have been messy. Is it something that we seek? Hell no. Nobody goes out to find a messy relationship. Heather herself says that she's trying to do better. She doesn't need to do better for you or for me though. So get off your high horse and let the woman

live through it. I, for one, will support messy and offer help, if needed, and hope that people would do the same for me.

2 ^ | v 1 • Share ›



Bethany Harrington • 4 days ago

doode. fuck the haters, 'specially the 'nice' sounding bitches up in here. Yeah, you heard me... I cannot EVEN with y'all.

Heather, you've saved my life starting in 2009 and continue to this day, not with your complete and utter transparency (ffs, everyone and their pound of flesh, easy on the entitlement, *Karen.*) but because your experiences and struggles feel like mine and when I read your words I don't feel alone anymore. So thanks.

Peace out, yo. Can't wait to hear m0ar about yer butt. ;)

2 ^ | v 1 • Share ›



disqus_KknngiDfq0 • 5 days ago

So, let me understand this. His ex was scamming you for attention or whatever, and you somehow feel guilty for something? If not for her actions...none of you would be in this situation, would you? I mean, you have much to thank her for (barring screaming matches at the base of the Eiffel Tower, of course), but you did not cause her hurt.

It seems you are a bit of a magnet for messiness and drama - that's OK, someone's gotta do it. I've got boring and pragmatic totally covered, so no one else needs to do that. :)

Please let go of any guilt, though. Adults are responsible for their own behavior and feelings, not anyone else's.

1 ^ | v • Share ›



Sjsj → **disqus_KknngiDfq0** • 3 days ago

U mad bro?

^ | v • Share ›



Meghan Wagner • 5 days ago

I'm a longtime reader and supporter of you and your work. Thank you for this in-depth post, and while you don't owe anyone ANY explanation, I'm proud of you for taking a stand and creative boundaries. People are assholes online and that says more about them than you. I'm sorry for all the pain that this has caused you, and I hope that you get to let go and not worry about rage-filled hearts that aren't your problem. You do you!

2 ^ | v 2 • Share ›



Megan Powers • 5 days ago

I hope you feel a great sense of relief in getting all of this out...it is too much to keep pent up inside. But all I can think is...Coco? I just lost my 14 year old dog last month and my heart is breaking for you. It seems like she was just a puppy...I can't believe it has been 12 years.

2 ^ | v 2 • Share ›



Amy McGee Gomoljak • 5 days ago

I'm trying to follow along with this story as someone that has no idea who any of these people are, but when you don't use names, or at least fake ones, it gets super confusing.

Sounds like you had a relationship with a man who was already divorced and his ex wife (your friend) went off-the-rails-batshit-crazy about it. You did nothing wrong except maybe violate the "friend code" but hardly anything to be getting death threats about.

I'm trying to figure out who's ex Thom is. The woman who was scamming you or the mutual friend that called you from Paris?

2 ^ | v 2 • Share ›



This comment was deleted.



Lauren3 → Guest • 4 days ago

I've been a dooce fan and reader for over a decade and I had no idea who Heather was talking about, and I don't really care about their identities -- sooo that theory about her "knowing everyone knows" and being a hypocrite doesn't pan out. Maybe you are projecting here? I mean, how did you even know all of this and why would you expect everyone else to as well...?

And I was still able to follow this story, she's talking about one of the women *before* the Sexy Cowboy Hat photo, and the other woman *after* the Sexy Cowboy Hat photo. I got the gist of the situation, and I think that was her goal? Heather is a writer, she wanted to write about this situation in her life that has had a visceral effect, because that's what writers do... but not go too far into the private details. As a fellow writer and person, I get that, and I

think she succeeded here.

As for the marriages... look, Barley, life is messy, partnerships end, and because of our legal system, sometimes the timelines of when they end on *paperwork* don't perfectly align with the status of the relationship. But it's something adults deal with,

5 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



Amy McGee Gomoljak → Lauren3 · 4 days ago · edited

I wasn't even wanting to know their real identities. I was just trying to follow the story, but I think I understand it now.

1 ^ | v · Share ›



MishCha → Guest · 5 days ago

Still confused 😞

1 ^ | v · Share ›



Lauren3 → Amy McGee Gomoljak · 4 days ago

The one who was scamming, I think

2 ^ | v · Share ›



Barley → Lauren3 · 3 days ago

"Scamming"... WTF does that even mean?

^ | v 1 · Share ›



Djdhdh → Barley · 3 days ago

It means eating scrambled eggs in bed, duh

^ | v · Share ›



Charlie Williams · 5 days ago

Wow! I had to read that twice! Well done for putting it out in the open. That takes the power from the haters. And you most definitely need to make sure their power over you is no more.

As for contacting your children - words fail me

2 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Barley → Charlie Williams · 5 days ago

Why are you people praising her for this? She just made everything a thousand times worse.

4 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



Djdj → Barley · 3 days ago

Do tell! (Said no one in the non existent house)

^ | v · Share ›



Amy McGee Gomoljak → Barley · 5 days ago

How so?

^ | v 2 · Share ›



Natalie · 5 days ago

Hey Heather. I like you. I've been reading your blog since 2003 (when my daughter was born). I'd lay in my bed at night next to my baby while reading your blog posts... you made me laugh and cry and you still do.

I think about people like those two women who've been awful to you and it must really suck to be so obsessed with being professional goddam buttholes.

Life is messy. We all have our shit but at some point, it's better to carry the fuck on without having to carry the giant trash bag of steaming shit. Maybe they will decide it's time to let go. "Onward" indeed... You are not perfect but you are important to many of us. Thank you for sharing this. You didn't have to...you never do. <3

2 ^ | v 4 · Share ›



QG → Natalie · 4 days ago

I guess I would be awful to a friend who slept with my husband while we were all on vacation together, even if we were on the verge of divorce.

4 ^ | v · Share ›



Heather Armstrong **Mod** → QG · 4 days ago

And here it is. Bright and shining. You just proved the point of my post.

Please do go on. Because I'd absolutely *love* to discuss awful behavior with you.



QG → Heather Armstrong · 3 days ago

I'd rather discuss forgiveness with you. Maybe you could start by forgiving yourself for your admittedly bad behavior and forgiving those who reacted badly. It sounds like you still haven't forgiven your father for his bad behavior. Forgiveness is the cure for a bitter heart.

2 ^ | v · Share ›



Shddh → QG · 3 days ago

I guess no one gives a fuck (about your opinion)!

^ | v 1 · Share ›



Wendy · 4 days ago

Everything will be okay.

1 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



REK981 · 4 days ago

Drama does not stop once you enter adulthood (also people are not possessions and sheesh these ladies seem to feel like they are now perpetually entitled to their ex as an item). Relationships can end physically before they do on paper/or legally. Yet the world still turns and burns (literally). Clearly these people are not your friends. Now that you have written about it you can let this shit go. Onward indeed.

1 ^ | v 1 · Share ›



Lindsay · 5 days ago · edited

This is so beautifully and honestly written, as your writing always shines in those two categories. However, it is slightly confusing to read as an outsider. And maybe that's ok. I mean of course it's ok! But it is a wee bit hard to keep straight, all the humans involved. I think an easy fix, would be to clarify some people. Are Thom and Pete the same person? I think that was my biggest head scratcher.

Regardless! You're amazing and brave and fierce and I adore you. Been following since Frog Baby. 🐸 Love ya. So thrilled that you found your love. You deserve it all 🙌

1 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Heather Armstrong **Mod** → Lindsay · 5 days ago

Give me one sec! And thank you!

5 ^ | v · Share ›



Josey · 5 days ago

Ugh, it's so hard to ignore the haters when they Just.Don't.Stop. I'm glad you're feeling more at peace with the past and joy at your future with Pete. Posts like this remind me of how grateful I am to not have so much ugliness in my heart, because DAMN, what a rough way to live. I'm not perfect by any means, but some people are straight up ugly in their hearts, and that's so, so sad...

1 ^ | v 2 · Share ›



Andrea Myers · 2 days ago

It's amazing how honesty seems to bring out the inner troll in people. Post about your Christmas present recommendations, and people praise you from the rooftops; post about an ugly truth, and be vilified. I've been following you long enough to know that there is something about you (jealousy?) that sometimes brings out the nasty in people, and in all that time you've not really bitten back. If after all this time you need to bite back for the sake of your own health and sanity, I'm glad you did it and I hope it helps. Haters gonna hate!!

^ | v · Share ›



Jessica · 3 days ago

Thank you Heather. For sharing. For giving catharsis to others with your words. I hope your haters get chronic yeast infections.

^ | v · Share ›



eunice61 · 3 days ago · edited

A psychiatrist I used to see several years ago, told me that we are in no way responsible for other people's reactions, or anything they do. Our lives are our own stories. You are not responsible for any of those women and how they responded to you. Really, you are not. They made their own decisions. Don't take it all on yourself. And, blwyddyn Newydd Dda. There, I've wished you a happy new year in Welsh!

^ | v · Share ›



Sharon · 3 days ago

This is so awful . I don't think i could deal with all that and still be able to work full time, take care of my kids and manage an intimate relationship. This is making me extra grateful for my sweet hubby of 16 years. I think I'll hang onto my boring life and leave the drama to the

ones who have the stomach for it. Good luck with all that. Maybe they'll grow up a little after they see their behavior reflected back at them. This is a good lesson for all of us - stay away from emotionally unstable people and their ex's.

^ | v • Share ›



ragstoriches → Sharon • 2 days ago

How does Dooce "work full time"?

^ | v • Share ›



J E Double S • 3 days ago

XOXO Keep thine head up! I appreciate all that you share. Thank you! Continue with your badassery.

^ | v • Share ›



Elisabeth M • 3 days ago

I am, as ever, so impressed with your ability to open yourself up to the criticism. I've looked through the comments, and clearly the injured parties are - as you predicted - paying attention - and I'm not even going to get into that piece because that's not what I'm reacting to.

Regardless of right and wrong, because we're all fucking wrong at some point or another, it is fundamentally hard as humans to lay out your issues and open yourself up to judgements. It is this exact thing that has held me back the most in my life. I am currently in therapy to try and let my grip go on it so that I can move forward on some things I really want to do. I've been reading your site for longer than Leta has been alive, and I am still floored by your ability to face that reality head on with conviction and dignity.

Haters can go ahead and hate. We as a collective unit need to do a better job of pausing and figuring out how to communicate in ways that explain rather than attack. Just know that you're my north star on badassery and, regardless of the mistakes you have or haven't made, there are those of us out there who hope to be able to get even 1% of your strength by osmosis.

^ | v • Share ›



TheSuZieQ • 4 days ago

Brava!

^ | v 1 • Share ›



Rubydou • 4 days ago

as we say in the South.. "with friends & commenters like these.. who needs enemies?" geesh! Life is messy & doesn't come in tidy packages most days... I feel sure that you couldn't ever write enough words, say or not say enough to satisfy this thirsty wolf pack. You do you! I am deeply sorry you have been tied to the stake and doused w/ kerosene... your tears and the love you know to be yours will keep that flame from consuming who Heather is & will be! xxxooo

^ | v 1 • Share ›



Angie • 4 days ago

I can't say I understand much of what this post means, but I feel your pain through reading it and I just want to say that I hope you are ok. Much love and strength to you Heather. And also, the hot cowgirl look is really working for you!

^ | v 1 • Share ›

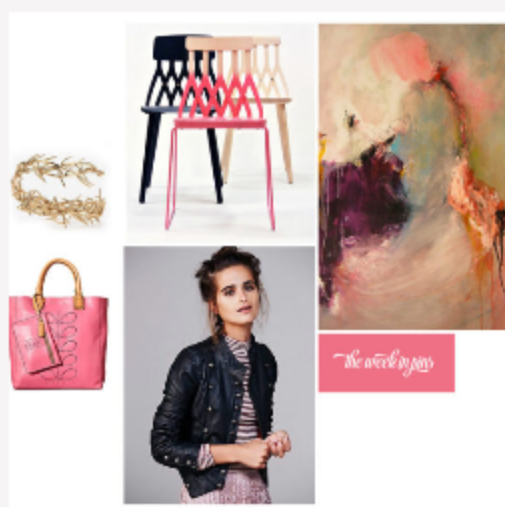
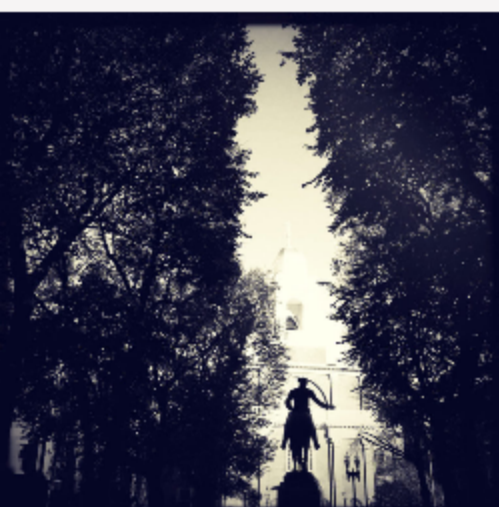
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