

Trailer Park Boys

TW: drug use, physical assault,
watching physical assault, COCSA,
parental abandonment

The Family

0-2.5 years old

Sammy was with me almost from the time of my birth. My parents told me about this, about how they laid me in his small arms and he stared at me like I was precious. I like to believe this story, whether it is true or not.

Sammy and I lived in the trailer park. Well, he lived there, and I would visit, but when I was there, it was like I'd never left.

I didn't like his father. He was a fat man who'd sit around in his white briefs all day, unshaven and with bloodshot eyes half the time. Sammy's momma worked somewhere, a wasted-away girl with yellow fingernails and teeth.

Their trailer was always filthy. Lots of used needles and those rubber tourniquet-not-torniquet things. Smelled like tobacco and meth, that distinct smell that's completely unmistakable from anything else. I can never describe it right. (Sweet and chemical and toxic and acid)

Sammy and I had a little corner to play in. It had some poorly cobbled together bunk beds shoved behind a curtain. Sammy and I would play with blocks and markers and scraps of paper and interesting sticks on the bottom bunk. We slept huddled up next to each other during the night, listening for interrupted snoring.

His father liked to rage at us anytime we got in the way. He'd beat on Sammy and make me watch. I could never help, too petrified that the big man would turn his wrath on me. I didn't know that touching me wasn't allowed. If he wanted to get money for his drugs, he couldn't lay a finger on me.

Sammy helped his momma get high, sometimes. He'd give her the shots and take the needles and rubber tourniquets away. He'd make sure she was comfortable.

He showed me how to do it once. I don't think there was drugs in what we played, but he showed me what to do so I wouldn't be scared when the needles came out for me in training.

I sometimes showed him what I was learning at home. I didn't know no better. I thought we was loving each other. He never seemed scared or to mind. He told me no sometimes but wouldn't when I really needed it.

When I was older, we took him home with us. I remember my daddy counting out big bills to his father while his momma gave him a backpack full of his things. She hugged him tight until it was time to go. I didn't think she'd let go of him, but his father made her. Sammy got in the car beside me in my safety seat, and we made the long drive home. We never went back to the trailer park.

Sammy taught me how to skip rocks on the water and how to play hide-and-seek, the fun way and not how we did it when we were older in the Family. He taught me how to pretend, which was an essential skill for me when it came to some of the more esoteric/occult things we had to do later. I'm pretty sure he wasn't intentionally teaching us these things for the night time side of our life. It was simply the natural play of children.

He showed me how to scavenge, both in the little forest near the trailer park and out of the trash cans beside other people's houses. We had to watch each other's back for that second one because people would come out and yell at us if they caught us, but it wasn't scary like with his daddy. We used to run away with our treasure, giggling up a storm. I miss those days.

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