



He married my mother to benefit his image. Even at an early age, I knew there was no love in the relationship.

They played the part, and when I accidently came along, continued their theatrical engagement playing the happy parents until I was in second grade.





Because of the lack of love and attention I had from my parents, the staff at our Central Park penthouse became my surrogate family. This led to a lot of unnecessary confrontations between me and my parents.

I always lost the fight.



At prep school I took my frustration out on those around me.

I was different and they knew it.

I had no friends.



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Week after week my parents had to pay off the school and others kids' parents not to press charges against me for my "episodes." Rather than dealing with me, they took the easy route and dealt with what I left behind, which caused me to lash out even more.





Don't think I really understood why at the time, why I started that fire...



But it burned down the entire building and two people died in the blaze.

I was taken away and brought to a new place to live-one without my parents.























