Twitter Thread by Fake Russian Witch Cunt



Fake Russian Witch Cunt
@Pseudosaurus



The whole “you’re allowed to leave” thread hit me in all the feels. It reminds me of many many times in my life where I felt uncomfortable yet compelled to stick it out.

> Me: \u201cYou are allowed to leave.\u201d
>
> Literally thousands of people: \u201cI wish I knew this when I was younger, it would\u2019ve saved me so much pain.\u201d
>
> Dudebros: \u201cHey whoa, hey now, hey.\u201d
>
> Amazing that so many dudes advocating \u201cbuilding social skills\u201d can\u2019t read a fucking room.
>
> — Erynn Brook (@ErynnBrook) October 4, 2018

When I was 16, I quit school. My mom told me I had to go to college or get a job. I didn’t know at the time that I was suffering from agoraphobia, which had been my reason for dropping out. So college seemed intimidating, since it was right back into the same situation I’d left.

I opted to get a job, which she said I’d have to do either way since I had to pay my car insurance. I searched the classifieds in the newspaper since that’s what we did in the 90s. It was tough to find a place willing to hire a 16 year old.

There was nothing, except this one place called Artworks. I loved art and it appealed to me right away. They were looking for young people with a car looking for an opportunity to work in the “art world.” Exciting.

It said to show up at this warehouse in a warehouse district at 9am sharp on a Monday. I was extremely nervous and terrified of the people and being out around strangers but I had no choice. When I arrived there were a handful of applicants and several long haired grunge bros.

They looked like they should’ve been on MTV. One of them looked like the saxophone player in the film Lost Boys. He was the boss. And he was intimidating and intense.

None of them had real names. They only had nicknames. They were all from out of town. A fly by night?

They were very pumped and very, very pushy. They didn't give you a chance to speak or answer questions and seemed to direct our answers. Very tricky and I was wary right away. But I didn't trust my instincts.

We didn't have a chance to say no when they informed us of the job requirements. We would each be assigned one of the employees and a town. They would load our cars with art prints. We would drive to various offices and clinics and try to sell the prints for decoration.

I knew right away this was scammy. But I felt I did not have an option. I was assigned "Houdini," who was given the nickname bc he had the talent to "make prints disappear...bc he's that good at selling!"

Houdini was petite compared to the other guys. He was less intense but clearly determined to sell his allotment of prints for the day. They assigned us to Baton Rouge, which was almost 2 hours away. I had never driven there and had only been driving a year, so I was nervous.

I felt I could not say no. I felt I did not have the option. I felt I couldn't leave.

Houdini was friendly enough. He tried to make conversation but I was very shy and devoid of things to say in my nervous state.

When we got to Baton Rouge, the stops began. I sat in the car while Houdini tried to make prints disappear. His skills must have been on the fritz that day. We didn't sell any.

The day was MISERABLE. It was uncomfortable. I couldn't stop sweating bc of my nerves.

I felt trapped and wanted to cry. After 6 or 7 hours of driving all over Baton Rouge, we gave up and went back.

I had no intention of doing another minute of this work. I was going to drop Houdini off and go straight home and never leave my house again.

I told Houdini when we pulled up I wasn't interested, but he said I couldn't leave yet. He said I had to sign a release or something and insisted I go in before I left.

I foolishly listened.

I went in this weird warehouse where the boss and his minions were lecturing the other drivers. Houdini whispered into Saxophone Vampire dudes ear and he looked at me.

They brought me into a room and sat me in a chair. He started barking at me for wanting to leave. I said, well you see, my car is a lease and I can only put so many miles per year on it or I have to pay. (That was a lie, but it was quick thinking, proud of my 16 year old self.)

But of course he had an answer for that. I said well my mom probably won't let me do it. He put a phone in front of me (pre-cell phone era kids) and said, call her.

I didn’t call her. I said, she’s going to say no. He yelled, “you’re gonna listen to your MOMMY?!

You gonna spend the rest of your life at MOMMY’S mercy?!”

I said, I’m sorry, it’s been a long day. I want to go home and shower.

He started lecturing me about responsibility.

I finally decided to stand up for myself. I got out of the chair and, my voice shaking, said

IM LEAVING.

I wasn’t gonna drink the head vampires blood.

I was always quite timid, and I could’ve gotten sucked it, but they wore me down TOO much. I was too desperate to go home and shower.

I’m glad I found the conviction. But it was a little traumatic to have a bunch of grown men screaming at me like a bunch of psychos trying to force me into their weird pop art cult. //end