

One of Defendants last communications with Complainant

In the line of dance executive social so



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Dear Carolina,
I have been good. And you?
Thought to myself when I think of us, dance passion and say often if I am feeling this way - then I shouldn't imagine the ways you must be feeling.
I know it has been very difficult for you carolina.
I know this and I feel this.
Why are you different? Why haven't I moved on?
Because you are different Carolina.

I will say something now and not to give you much suspense.
All of my life I've had choices as "3" years of age I remembered discovering plastic plates are not good for cooking rice, I learned myself how to light a fire stove and I figured out at "3" that what fire burning through the plastic plate with rice I sort to cook wasn't something right about it. Instead of screaming or crying I at "3" hastily dashed water into the fire burning plating with rice.

At "3" (I love you Carolina) I sat and also figured out this rice stuck against water dripping burnt plastic red plate was not tasty as what my use to eating from my caretakers.

I toss the red burnt plastic plate outside the old kitchen window.
Many years later I overheard family discussing a mystery red burnt plastic plate found out the kitchen. It was me I said. I was "9" by this time.

Just as how I figured out that our dance partnership in it would become a most wonderful though somewhat virtual - that if you and I commit all the way - you and I would be happier even today.

Are you happy?

Am I?

Here's a retort;

Every and all the bad things anyone wants to think about me in it?

What do you say?

I've done to you bad?

A website? A reverberated email, text, video message of distinct conflicts?

A letter to demise? Or even a phone call to express an intended expletive?

How bad are those things?

Am I yet to use the B word? Or an "H" word?

I have used these words carolina - but not to you.

Most men are quick to use these words in any relationship with a woman who won't give them all their ways.

You are in a row of unentitled women, girls and gals (lesbian chicks) who don't dig me.

The girl who proposed to marry me some years ago? Great she won't talk to me either?

I had my first encounter at - a budding "28". Be it that I started late?

No Carolina?

I've always made choices.

Unless I have learn to understand example - I hadn't figured out why plastic plates cannot be used to cook on open fire - but at "3" I was sure as hell never getting ready to cook using plastics.

But for another 15 years it took me to understand the difference vs importance of plastics and resins.

Today I am still learning as even up until now I am yet learning what is the reason why you won't make me love you and lead you into our dances.

This isn't plastics surely and I am certainly not "3".

Let's us compare ourselves;

Are you super pretty? No. you're not. Am I super handsome? Bet., I am.

Are you smart? No you're not. You're distance even remotely withstanding the slightest version in life's thorough articulation. Am I smart? No i am not. If i was I would have had a one title job.

Being smart is too easy Carolina, for you and for me.

Do we love sharing or caring for each other? Yes we do.

Many men say they're love you. Is that because they say you're pretty?

Beautiful? Sexy-maybe? Smart perhaps?

Maybe many, many more reasons I could not figure out.

If you were to ask me today - of a woman in my life and I answered yes then how much times would you be surprised that over these months I may have, could have had multiple partners in relationships?

Have you looked At [facebook.com/MichaelTango](https://www.facebook.com/MichaelTango) ???

Do you see that Ive been in a relationship?

In essence Ive always been in a relationship. Why?

Carolina., because Ive always have that figured out.

And of all the women who will not talk to me today?

You are not supposed to be one of them.

Jannette Kardashian (says kardashian family) high life business woman in NYC.

Felt in deep for me.

Had me hold her "3" year old daughter into my arms while she folded her craddle.

Invited me to join her 2am says she's got red rose petals spreaded all into her bathtub.

It's on a 25th floor- I apologize. I was polite and ask to take a rain check.

She visited where I was living - she wouldn't take her mink coat off.

She couldn't believe her mind and she offered me money - I said no. I'll be fine.

She saved my text messages and her failed husband read each one of those origins sensational remarks once she left her phone in her bathroom.

He wanted to through her over the 25th floor. We got the police involved- I never slept with her.

Much others Carolina. Do you think I'm into you because you're pretty?

I told you how many Carolinas there are in NYC. Many and sometimes more because we don't dance with each other anymore.

Is there something right or wrong with you? No. nothing is at least wrong.

Make no mistakes - Emily Justiceson is now a proud young doctor - even then I was a gentlemen- did I seduce her? No. even at her age of "19" many of my roommates young cocassion guys were fumigated that Emily sort to bare with MichaelFoster? .???

Today if Emily is in town or dancing tango - NOTHING will derailed her attentiveness to dance and share with anyone how much her connection she adored with me.
Every adult mans dream is to probably seduce a "19" year old gem. Maybe?

Great women Carolina. None of them Ive compared with you.
I've always have a relationship. Because I've figured that out a long, long time ago.

You won't relate with me because of money? Do you believe you've paid me for my worth?
Do you know how much your yet to have learnt? Do you also put a tentative price on that?
How much will it cost you in defense or rather shut me out by asking friends, sisters siblings not to have a relation or communications either with me or my smarts-arts?
How do you know of this unless I would given you the clues to understand and if you'd be patient you'd see. How beautiful even my supposed worst or bad words in rhetoric on a website per se could turn your frogs into a handsome prince's.

How much do you want me to remain in persuit of your affections.

You don't have to tell me that I am not well.
You don't have to repeat my insideoisness so that your friends and families or even kids may presuppose that that guy Michael Foster is a lunatic.
Crazy needs psychological help. How fare is that? Given the options were to exist wherein at least I'd be given an opportunity to explain myself.

Today I am not begging you for mercy. I'm neither not saying you that I am sorry.
Sorry for what? A website? A video messages? Making love to the woman whom I've figured out she's with waiting for?

There's still much to share and teach you.
No life circumstances should have suspended that.

I will tell you one think of lack to my expectancies: it is both trivial and revetting:
Carolina Ive always noted that there's hundreds of women out to be with me.
That's never going to end.
What I've learnt these past fews months and one that which I am also thankful of:
At this time in my life, that I could have and still persevered because if I don't if I did not I would be failing both ways.
If I were to be with you then I too would have cheated on you.
If I were to have excused myself and to say you'd let me go and nothing we have had was true?
Then I too would have made myself a slot (not saying you are) but me. More because I am a guy.
I won't see my periods and I would never become impregnated.

So I reckoned- if ever I were to feel defeated emotionally to the tune of given up on somethings deeply honestly and truthfully withinside of you and I then I would have become in agreeance that you neither I are worthy of each other's affections.
And each demise devotion we are to accomplish with another man you or another dance partner me is too the same degree of certain failures.

Carolina? If this were to become so - I would have been making love almost too many times per week or per night with as many perhaps even in one night of all the dance partners who've sometimes promise more than life to me. Not even petal roses from a rich beautiful woman did it.

What's a few months then?

So yes.

I am sick. I honestly do feel sick. I am too a. Little afraid if I would've been totally honest with you.

I really felt this from the ways your lettered statements did dither from the uniqueness I've earnestly sort to have found in you. And I knew it was you.

Too many things, too many times I said nothing and less over our many, many conversations because the virtues of who we are continually communicated so much more.

I am open to starting again.

Love you - I missed you for that something that's not just a Physical you. The photo below was prepared by you and sent from you to me because I've earned that part into your life. There's NEVER going to be a wrong in that.

