

Did you know I used to break into houses as a kid?

Mmm. I mean, I wouldn't I wouldn't take anything. I just, I'd I'd have a beer or two.

So I guess I did I guess I did take those, but God, it was so liberating. Just feeling like someone else. I would I would stretch out, I'd stretch out on these big, wrap-around couches, and God, I'd feel the just this clean fabric underneath my my arms and my legs, and, oh, my God, it was just it was so comfortable. And And then I'd be hit with the hard reality that I didn't belong there. I just didn't belong there. And so I'd I'd act out a little bit. I'd I'd move picture frames around, I'd I'd turn toothbrushes upside down. I'd put blue food coloring in the milk.

[chuckles] And for some reason, lately [sighs] that's how I've been feeling. Just like a fraud.

And that's been happening since before the accident. Which is okay.

I mean, I've been able to handle that, because I always knew I took really good fucking care of my kids, and now, I can't even do that.