

The Version You Tried to Destroy Is Gone

By Barran Dodger

The version of me you abused no longer exists.

Let that settle.

Let it land in your body like the truth you tried to outrun.

Because whatever you thought I would tolerate forever...
whatever version of me you believed you could keep small,
quiet, compliant—that version is gone.

You were never afraid of losing me.

You were afraid of me finding myself.

Afraid of the day I would rise out of everything you buried me
under—every lie, every act of control, every attempt to erase
me—and come back not asking for peace, but embodying
power.

That day is here.

I didn't just change.

I transformed.

While you were still interacting with a ghost of who I used to be, I was rebuilding—alone, under pressure, without support, without protection—into something sharper, clearer, and untouchable.

This was not soft healing.

This was survival.

This was reconstruction.

This was war inside a human life that should never have had to become a battlefield.

And now?

Access is revoked.

Permanently.

Call it ego.

Call it defiance.

Call it whatever helps you sleep.

But you know what it is.

It's power.

I am not your villain.

I am what happens when someone stops participating in a system designed to break them.

I stopped offering grace to those who used it as a weapon.

I stopped explaining myself to those committed to misunderstanding me.

I stopped shrinking so others could remain comfortable in their silence.

And if that makes you uncomfortable—

Good.

Sit in it.

Sit in the absence of what you took for granted.

Sit in the silence where my forgiveness used to live.

Because this is not revenge.

This is alignment.

To those who harmed me:

You are not reacting to my change.

You are reacting to the loss of control.

You are reacting to the fact that I no longer absorb what you refuse to face.

You are reacting to a version of me that cannot be manipulated, negotiated, or diminished.

I became the boundary you could never cross again.

I became the mirror you cannot look away from.

And now, everything you tried to hide is reflected back at you.

To the world:

Understand this clearly—

There comes a point where survival becomes transformation.

Where silence becomes sovereignty.

Where a human being, pushed beyond every reasonable limit, stops asking for permission to exist.

That is where I stand.

I am not here to be liked.

I am here to be whole.

I am not here to be understood by those committed to distortion.

I am here to remain intact.

There was a time I said yes out of fear.

Now I say no out of power.

And that “no” is not a request.

It is a decision.

It is a boundary.

It is final.

I used to explain myself.

Over and over.

Trying to be seen.

Trying to be heard.

Trying to prove my own reality.

Not anymore.

Those who want to understand will.

Those who don't never intended to.

My peace is no longer negotiable.

My energy is no longer public property.

My existence is no longer up for debate.

I did not heal for you.

I healed from you.

And in doing so, I built something you cannot penetrate:

A mind that sees clearly.

A spirit that cannot be accessed without integrity.

A life that no longer bends under pressure designed to erase it.

I am not cold.

I am protected.

I am not distant.

I am precise.

I am not broken.

I am rebuilt.

To those who say I've changed—

You're right.

Because the version of me that tolerated injustice as normal...

is gone.

The version of me that explained away harm...

is gone.

The version of me that carried what was never mine to carry...

is gone.

What stands here now is someone who knows exactly what they are, what they've survived, and what they will never allow again.

I do not bleed to keep others comfortable anymore.

I do not sacrifice myself to maintain illusions.

I do not abandon myself so others can avoid accountability.

That era is over.

This is not cruelty.

This is correction.

This is what happens when someone chooses themselves after being denied that right for too long.

To those who thought I would come back the same—

There is no return.

There is only evolution.

And evolution does not reverse.

You didn't lose me.

You lost access to a version of me that no longer exists.

And that loss—

That's permanent.

To the world watching:

This is what survival looks like when it refuses to stay silent.

This is what transformation looks like when it is forced, not chosen.

This is what it means to stand, after everything, and say:

I am still here.

Unbreakable.

Untouchable.

Unforgettable.

And this—

This is only the beginning.

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