Dad  
Well, if I may say so ...   
I have always heard many people say how ugly it is to lose a father, and constantly when I meet someone they ask me about my parents and I always answer that I only have my mom, a wonderful woman who is very afraid of being wrong and that I do not get to fulfill my dreams, it does everything to be able to get me ahead and for that reason is the best one. But when they ask me what happened to my father ... I do not know what to say because you can explain to someone that the most important man in your life I abandoned to the few days of my birth leaving my mother with depression and without money and then 10 years old interested in me or rather I look only because I wanted to return with my mom not me, making thousands of illusions to a ten year old girl that all I wanted was a dad and you denying me all that and making my brothers They will stop talking because you told them very ugly things about me. I will not say that I do not miss or I missed because of course I felt your absence, as in some Christmas where I saw all my cousins ​​playing with his dad or some festivals of the primary where he left, of course I missed. Thanks dad, for being the first man to break my heart.  
And maybe you will see more places where I would have liked you to be like the day I got married or when I graduated from university, many places, but when that happens I want you to see me triumph you see me being an important person and you Regrets of having abandoned me and excluded from your life with your family. Maybe you expect a positive response from me but there is not, I want to say that you never recover from it; You will see how all this accumulated disappointment is projected in every aspect of your life, sometimes something disguised but it is always there.

I have tried to understand it, to sustain all this lie that despite everything that did not give me still remained my father. It's true "Dad", I owe you everything, that's why I want to thank you and tell you that you were the first man to break my heart. Every time you ignored me, I cried slyly for a little attention; Every college reunion that you did not attend to, I was subjected to a disappointment that I still do not disagree with; Every good-night kiss you did not give me made me less dependent; Every lie you uttered, showed me to the person I never want to become again; Every "girlfriend" in turn that you prioritized above me, made me understand that nothing and nobody cares more than you. And for some reason to date I can not be well, because every time someone says nice things to me or gives me affection I cling to it, because I feel a void in my heart which I can not fill and whenever I try to fill it It's getting bigger.

Because I always wonder if you could not love me, you for being the person who gave me life would have to love me and be the best, but I'm not, you never wanted me or gave you love, how can I wait for someone else to love me If you could not love me. I would like to be able to give you this letter but I can not because you have blocked me by all the social networks and I do not have your new number which you changed after the last fight in which you told me that you did not want to know anything more about me .