

# **LIFE WITH OLLIE: The Story Of An Only Child Of A Single Narcissistic Parent**

**by Donna Bourgeois**

## **EXCERPT**

Mom and my stepdad had just bought a cottage in Muskoka, so we would only see them on their way to or from the cottage. Mom was in pretty good humour now that she had the cottage to brag about. We sometimes went up to the cottage for the weekend and Mom would always have a list of things for John to do. My stepdad didn't know one end of the hammer from the other.

There are a lot of great stories from the cottage, but I will only share a few. I bought my mom a cuckoo clock and she hung it in the dining room. If she was giving one of us heck for something or other, the damn clock would cuckoo every time. We would all laugh and she'd say, "I'm going to burn that clock one day."

In another favourite story of mine, my mother and stepdad went fishing. Mom always drove the boat—good ol' Captain Ollie. My stepdad didn't have any experience with boats, whereas Mom was used to driving boats at the lighthouse. So, Mom found a good fishing spot and yelled to my stepdad to throw out the anchor, which he did: the only problem was he hadn't tied it to the boat. It was nylon rope so it was floating just below the water. My stepdad couldn't reach it from the boat so he got in the water to grab it. A breeze came up and the boat started drifting away. Mom got all in a dither and flooded the engine. My stepdad yelled, "I'm getting tired! Throw me something to hold on to," so my mother, still in her dither, threw him a paddle and hit him square in the forehead with it.

I believe my husband became jealous of my relationship with my son and that is when the trouble started. He began to exhibit some of my mother's behaviour. Although he didn't yell and scream, he was fond of giving me the silent treatment. As an empath, I could feel his anger attacking me. I would ask what was wrong and he would always say "Nothing." This would leave me walking