

v_letter.txt

The following is a transcript of a letter found in my car 9-10-2001 from earlier in the year. It was written after I left Veronica when she cussed me out in front of Alexis, as she did 9-7-2001 at ~5:00 pm.

<veronica wrote - by hand>

The thought of everything ending like a bad dream is disturbing. Emotional turmoil and conflict. Crying endlessly, because, I know, I will not be happy without you. Co-Dependant? PERhaps. Deeply in love with you, definitely. I had a dream you left me at my moms, a tornado came, took Alexis away, and tore me limb from limb. I hurt inside, I feel like an emotional tornado ripped my heart and soul apart. Then later this morning I had another dream I lost the baby, and you were happy to finally be free from me. I guess my leaving, and staying away will be the best thing for you. I don't know what to do to make amends for being me. I know that you can't handle my depression. I suppose I have been depressed for years. I am like a gas leak at times, just waiting for a spark, then boom, I'm gone. I turn into Mrs. Hyde. I don't even recognize myself at times. I should have never become a mother. I'm too fucked up to raise anything but screwed up children. Mostly I thnk that they woudl turn out much better without me around. I know that I make everyone around me unhappy and uncomfortable. I know that you don't want to be with me, because I can't change my anger overnight. I don't know what to do. I get so mad that I don't know what I am doing or saying. I know this is unhealthy for me, and all of those that surround themselves by me.

Just let me know what you really want. I know or feel that you don't want me around you, or our baby. I don't think I will fight you on that. I can't tell you now though. He will be a part of me too. The bottom line is, I don't want this to be over. I know that you have said you don't want to be with me like this. Since I can't help myself, I don't know what to do. I suppose that means that this is the end. I can't really finish the letter that is, my hand hurts. Here is half of my thoughts.

<James Replied in the margins later...>

Honestly, I don't know what to do, because doing the 'right' thing has always landed me in misery and despair with everyone against me. So I am left only with the 'wrong' thing, or the option to do nothing at all. I elect to do nothing, in the hope the world will do otherwise.

If I open mymouth to say anything to you, it will be "I love you." I don't know if thats the best thing for me right now, or for Lexi. I have not had much on my mind beyond that all night. If I told you about the club or my thoughts there, you would only get more insecure, failing to believe in me and what I feel.

" "

P

Initially written in 2000,
original destroyed by V.P.
ja