



Seeing Other People

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I think it's a good idea! Your idea, the one where we start seeing other people. Oh, okay, you got me! I guess you didn't say you wanted to see other people so much as you said you specifically didn't want to see me, but this could be good for us!

I think it's probably going to bring us closer. I guess you had felt sort of far away recently. You know, avoiding my calls, avoiding my texts, not answering the door when I knocked, not writing me back when I wrote you that note...what was it? "I KILLED MR. SNUGGLES AND YOU'RE NEXT. P.S. I LOVE YOU, COME BACK, I'M SORRY I'LL BE GOOD THIS TIME." It's okay. You never really were one for romance per se. I'm not offended, nor am I hurt. I don't want you to be worried that I am, Honey Bunches. I'm a grown woman, and I know a good idea when I hear one.

It's probably the timing, isn't it? The timing seemed really bad. From the start it seemed bad! When you hit me with your car: perfect example. I told you I was never going to leave you, and you said, "Jesus Christ, what do I have to do to get you out of my life? Hit you with my goddamn car?" And then you did.

I mean, I forgive you. I'm not bringing this up as some sort of a guilt trip. I guess when I hit your mom with my car, that got her out of our life. For good. She was kind of a drag, though, wasn't she? Always saying those negative things about me. What a Debbie Downer she was! Blood is thicker than water—what the hell does that mean anyway? We all bleed, that's just a dumb cliché. Well, I don't think of the glass as half empty anymore now that she's gone. Nope! I just think I'm glad that bitch didn't scream for long.

Hey, did you want your clothes back? Your clothes...the ones I stole? Sorry, I guess I never really told you about that, did I? Yeah, when you commented that it seemed like your wardrobe seemed sort of sparse recently, I guess I meant to tell you that's because I'd been stealing your clothes.

I don't even really know why I did it. Oh wait, I do know. I've been building little mini-you's and making them act as my slave. Every time you ditch me, stand me up, or whatever, I punish them. It's easier than punishing you, especially since I don't know where you live now. I thought you said you loved Chicago! You said you'd never leave! I guess that just goes to show what a liar you are. I drive by your old apartment once a day, just in case you come back.

I slept with three of your friends, did I tell you that? I mean, I guess if we're seeing other people, that's not technically cheating. So, I mean, you have NO RIGHT to be mad. Did I tell you I chopped off their cocks afterwards? They might have told you that. They were yelling lots of crazy things from the basement, I don't know. You

might have heard them yelling something crazy like, "YOU SLUTTY PSYCHO LET ME OUT OF HERE I CAN'T BELIEVE AHHHHHHH!!!" and you might have recognized their voices and wondered if I slept with them, and...I did! I'm a free woman and I can sleep with whomever I choose, buster.

I guess that was pretty immature of me, but I'm just really emotional after our break up, and I don't know if I can be held accountable for my actions. You broke my heart, man. Broke me right in two. Hey, speaking of which, I have concert tickets to Le Tigre this weekend, do you want to go with me? It will be fun. It will be just like the old times. I'm dying without you. I need you! Call me, okay?