

Please hear with me... so many things are eating at me that I get real shitty ~~when~~ when I realize that I'm facing all this without you... you are the only person I want to talk to and it's so hard at school. The way we play off each other is so instinctual... so natural... I can't help but think of our potential. I need you to be a friend... I rely on seeing you... talking to you... caring about you... The thing makes me mad... it should be me... but I'm here for you... no matter ^{what...}

I still need a chance to talk to you... alone... no distractions... Sunday... (Pager... pager...) I'm sorry the way I was today... I just got over withdrawn... it hurts at you... no one cares more for you. no one...

Remember, I have worshipped you so long... and then had you... now I lost you... and my other problems... you are my best friend... so much fun to talk to - we are so good around each other... and sometimes it hits me... I'm sorry... please let me know about Sunday - even visiting you, Bridget? for lunch would be fun... Always for you... ☺

love to lunch at the club!