

Letters to a Stranger

A. Yeargin

1/16/06

Dear Stranger,

I don't know where you come from exactly or who you are. I guess that's what makes you a stranger, huh? Maybe after time I'll know all these things about you, and maybe you'll know those things about me, too. That's usually what happens in letters, but as for right now, that's not going to happen. You see, I'm different. I'm really different, so I'm not going to tell you anything about me. I'll talk about my life though but nothing more. Then, you'll see how different I really am.

Well, to start off, this morning I woke up to my radio and lazily got into the shower. I think I got some soap in my eyes, but I can't remember. After doing it every morning for over one hundred days in a year, you tend to lose track, you know? Then, I skipped breakfast again. I wasn't hungry enough to eat anything, so I laid on my bed wanting to sleep more. I bet this is boring you completely. That's good. I can't start off too exciting, not yet at least. That wouldn't be much fun, but I suppose neither is this.

Anyway, when I finally did get to school, there was some drama, as usual. For a small school, there's a lot more drama than you think there'd be. I bet it's because there's just nothing more to do than gossip in this sleepy town. One of my friends, Katie, did 'something' over the weekend, and her boyfriend, Seth, found out about it. Neither of them would speak to each other. I still don't know exactly what it is she did, but I can't imagine that it was something easily blown off. She was pretty emotional today. ~~I didn't want to have anything to do with it really.~~

Later during P.E., which usually sucks everyday, we had to do our usual routine of weights and running. However, we had to run in the gym stands today because of the weather. It's a shame really. It rained just hard enough for us to go inside, yet it wasn't ~~stormy~~ rainy enough to cause us to just do some yoga or something. I came home tired as usual, but after having my regulation two sodas, I perked right up. My mom's computer isn't working though, so my laptop is the only computer we have now. I get a little bothered when people want to use my laptop, because it's so personal to me.

Anyway, I should leave you there. I didn't want to leave you with a cliffhanger or anything. No stress. Things will pick up, I promise. ~~Tell me about yourself.~~ Have a lovely day, sir...madam...mysterious creature.

With some sincerity,
Anonymous.

1/17/06

Dear Anonymous,

Just out of curiosity, do you ever listen to yourself speak? Or perhaps, read what you write? You sound not only insane but almost completely mentally obsolescent. Do you know this? Maybe that's what you were trying to do. Hell, I don't know. You seem awfully confident in yourself for someone who doesn't lead much of a life. I mean shit, all you could tell me was that some bitch did some shit,

and now her boyfriend's mad. If I was that guy, I bet I'd be mad too; probably serves her right for whatever she did.

Anyway, back on to you, like I was saying, you're completely uninteresting. I bet you're wondering, "I'm completely uninteresting, yet this stranger still writes back to me?" Yeah, I had to write back to tell you how boring you are and to tell you about myself. You had asked me but retracted it. (I have a skill for reading anything scratched out. Use pencil next time, idiot. What the hell's the deal with the goddamned purple ink anyway?) So anyway a little about me...

...tch, I ain't telling you anything. Oh, by the way, when you said you wouldn't tell me anything about yourself, I now know several things about you. I know you live in a small town with a small school. I know that you are friends with Katie who was/is dating Seth, and I know everything else about you that you told me. You technically did tell me about yourself. I could hunt you down right now and slice your throat if I wanted to. Luckily for you, I have better things to do. When I get bored though, I might give it a try. Better not bore me so much in the next letter. Then again, I'm not so sure I want you to actually write back. Maybe I'll see you in hell. Later, bitch.

100% Sincerely,
Synonymous.

1/18/06

Dear Synonymous,

I agree with all of the things you previously told me, and I think you're completely right. I **am** boring. I don't have anything interesting to tell you about myself, well, because I won't tell you about myself. You know, if I was really **not** going to tell you about myself, I would make up things about my life. For all you know, Katie, Seth, and gym class could all be figments of my overly active imagination. You, of all people, should have thought of that.

Anyway, now I shall proceed to invent friendship drama, my school, and a crazy janitor with a mullet. This janitor, with the mullet, never talks, and she's a pretty big woman. I've seen her in the kitchens sometimes too. She had a mullet, but she just recently shaved it. It's a shame really. Oh, she's a lesbian by the way. Not like it bothers me really.

So about you, well, I guess there's not much to say. The only things about you I can think of are that you have good handwriting, you're very critical of others, and you like cussing, which may possibly project an anger issue. That's just what I gathered from your letter. Of course I won't stop writing. I'm a bitch, as you had perfectly said. I won't just **stop** writing. That would make **your** life better. That's not what I'm all about. You should know that, but then again, you don't have a very high opinion of me. Maybe you just don't have a very high opinion of yourself? That tends to happen to people.

Anyway, I should go. Right now, I'm in English class. My teacher, who's really not there, is saying I should start reading. I just asked my imaginary friend if he thinks I'm over confident. He says no, but then again, my friends tend to suck up to me. Oh well.

Uninterestingly,
Anonymous.

P.S. What are you 'Synonymous' with?

1/20/06

Dear Anonymous,

To be honest, I'm surprised you wrote back. You were just slightly less boring this time, yet I was hardly amused by anything you said. Why would you make up friends? Have trouble finding real ones?

Anyway, all the things you said about me are true. You know that much about me, but guess how many other people out there are like me? A lot. You better believe it, bud. However, you? I sure as hell hope there's no more people like you. I think there might be unfortunately. To be honest, you seem like a bitch, a dumb one at that. That's just what I think, but of course, you know that I am critical of people.

What the hell's the deal with the mullet janitor? Why would you make up something like that? I can't honestly believe you. That's most likely the dumbest, or next to, thing I have ever heard. I hope you just plain don't reply back. By the way, what the hell do you think I'm synonymous with? You can figure that one out. And again, don't bother writing me back.

Waiting for you in Hell,
Synonymous.

1/23/06

Dear Anonymous,

Hello. Hope you had a nice weekend. I was gone most of the weekend, and I was surprised to find your letter awaiting me. It was sitting on my desk, like an assassin waiting to kill me or something. I wouldn't be surprised if you laced your letter with anthrax or something. That stuff must be extinct now. It didn't work back when it was a hot button.

So, back to my life. I was away for the weekend, as I had previously mentioned. I visited my friend who lives a few miles away and spent all weekend there. He's a cool guy, but he tends to be a little too friendly with girls, if you know what I mean. I'm sure you do.

Anyway, about the mullet janitor? She's real. So is gym class. There, I just told you two things about myself. You repay me the favor, if you like. I never really ask for a lot of people nor do I judge them based on a first impression. First impressions go both ways you know. I think people need more perspective on life too. Maybe that's what you need, but what do I know? Not much obviously. Shed some light, won't you?

Inquisitively,
Anonymous.

1/25/06

Dear Anonymous,

Wow, you are a persistent bitch. I damn near choked on my Dr. Pepper when I came upon another one of your letters. It's one thing if I'm getting letters that I don't want from someone who actually has something to say, but it's another if I am getting letters from someone like you. It somewhat puts a damper on my day, really. I think you should just let go and give up already. You have problems. Period. Goodbye. Don't write back.

Quite sincerely,
Synonymous.

1/26/06

Dear Synonymous,

Well, I learned a few more things about you. I now know that you drink Dr. Pepper. Perhaps you don't regularly, but I do know. I also know that you live close to me, real close. That could be good or bad. No telling.

I do have problems. See, people keep spreading rumors about me and this guy. I really get sick of that kind of crap, but people are ignorant by nature, I suppose. They're all saying some pretty bad stuff now. I'd like to ~~slice their throats~~ wring their necks seeing as it's all untrue. I suppose that's how all high schools are like. Just so full of drama. It's really a pain. That's why I don't date anyone from school ever. It really fucks things up, you know.

You can ~~quiet~~ quit trying to be a badass already. I know you hate me and everything I am. That's no reason you shouldn't speak to me, pal. (That's for calling me 'bud', jackass.) I can cuss too. Who gives a flying fuck? Man, you're more of a waste than I am, brother. (That's to one-up you...) Ciao.

Unregrettably,
Anonymous.

1/28/06

Dude, Anonymous,

What...the...fuck? I specifically told you not to write back. Did I not? Do you need reverse psychology? It's like a stray dog you find on the street, and you have to kick it in the face to make it stop begging you. That's what you're like. You just keep writing just like that dog keeps begging. Wow, so you can cuss. Christ, what a bitch. Just leave me the fuck alone already, chum.

Honestly,
Synonymous.

1/29/06

Dear Synonymous,

The odd thing is about this whole mess, you know, is that you keep writing back. I think you're egging me on. You **want** me to do something drastic. I bet you're testing me. You seem like you would do that. You're only toying with me, and perhaps I am just toying with you. I think we could be great friends if you'd just cut out the bullshit already. Until that time, I'll be just ever so persistent.

Anyway, things have cooled down a bit. Kate and Seth are still together. The rumor about that guy and me have died down, after a few firm death threats of course. The drama is calm right now, and I'm glad. I know that it will start up again very soon. This school practically **thrives** on drama. It's crazy. So, I'll write you later, because I know you'll write back.

With a smile,
Anonymous.

2/2/06

Dear Synonymous,

Haven't heard from you. I bet you're still playing with me. I bet next you'll tell me that you didn't even read my last letter. You threw it in the garbage or the recycling, or even burned it as a symbol of your dislike for me and my letters. They'll keep coming, my friend. Have no fear. (As if you would.)

As for any personal news, there's nothing to share really. Nothing's happened, and all is fine and dandy in my world. My imaginary friends are happy little guys. They like playing on the slide in my backyard, since it's been sunny out lately. They don't like the rain very much. I do though. There, I just told you something about me. Well, I should go ingest something as per life's requirements. What a hassle. Later.

Waiting,
Anonymous.

2/6/06

Anonymous,

Wow. Go to hell.

Seriously,
Synonymous.

2/7/06

Dear Synonymous,

I would almost say that last letter was a waste of postage. However, at least you **did** send something. Perhaps you have developed an early stage of arthritis and cannot write for long periods of time. I appreciate your commentary on where I should book my next vacation. I have the flights lined up already. Not sure what kind of site-seeing I'll do however. Maybe you have some suggestions?

As always,
Anonymous.

2/10/06

Dear Anonymous,

If I offered to pay you money to either **A) Shoot yourself** or **B) Sever every digit upon your hand**, would you do either? I'm awfully curious, you annoying bitch.

Outraged,
Synonymous.

2/12/06

Dear Synonymous,

To answer your query, I don't think that I would do either A or B. Too sorry. You'll just have to get used to my fingers on my hands, which write these fabulous letters, and the fact that I will not shoot myself. You can't get rid of me so easily. You should know that by

now. You don't need to be so angry at me really. You should only be angry at yourself, because it stems from poor self image...

Or it would if I was your fucking guidance counselor, which I'm not. You need to go ask yourself shit from now on. I'm not always going to be here to solve all **your** problems. I hate you so much.

Spitefully,
Anonymous.

2/13/06

Dear Anonymous,

Saw some fire in that last letter, kind of liked it. You're still a fucking nut-job; save the world now by killing yourself. I'll tell everyone you're a hero.

Earnestly,
Synonymous.

2/15/06

Dear Synonymous,

Who the hell do you think you are? I told you that I hated you. That's the international sign for shutting the hell up. You're why the world has problems. Don't even think otherwise. Your mother hates you, and your father wants you dead. You better believe it. Have a great day.

Antisocially,
Anonymous.

2/16/06

Dear Anonymous,

Wow. I've been upped tenfold, no twenty-fold. I tip my hat to you. Well, I would if had one. In fact, I think I'd rather just shove it up your ass, bitch. Later.

Endearingly,
Synonymous.

2/18/06

Dear Synonymous,

I'll one up you again right here: I got you to talk to me. Faggot.

With a sneer,
Anonymous.

2/20/06

Dear Synonymous,

Ow. You are right, Anonymous One. In all my life, I had never thought I'd get upped this much...by an anonymous person. There are first times for some things, I suppose. There isn't for everything though. If there was, we'd have tried everything by the time we died, which is a physical impossibility.

Wait a second. I just thought of something. Wow, you are a genius. Here, I thought you were just some dumb, angry bitch. No, I was completely wrong. You are, in fact, or should be, a certified genius. In your very first letter, which yes I

still have, you said "Things will pick up, I promise." You also told me that you were different. Man, you're good. I respect you. Later. Please, write back.

Defeated,
Synonymous.

2/25/06

Dear Anonymous,

Don't do this to me. Really. You are killing me here. Just stop being a bitch already. What more can I say?

In wait,
Synonymous.

3/1/06

Dear Anonymous,

I'm giving up hope now. I really am. I'm just not a patient person. You've killed me on the inside, man. Bye.

Finished,
Synonymous.

3/10/06

Dear Synonymous,

Surprise. Actually, I'm the one surprised. I'm shocked that you had given up so fast. Anyway, I wasn't ignoring you. I was in the hospital. I'm breaking more of my anonymous character here, but I have to tell you. It was something like this...

Saturday, the eighteenth, I dropped my letter off at the mailbox to send to you. Then, as I was passing by the gas station in town, a car revved up suddenly and pulled out. The driver either didn't see me or purposely hit me. I was slammed to the ground. The guy steps out of his car and looks down at me as if it was my fault. He then proceeds to take out a gun. I was hardly conscious, but shit, I saw that gun and fucking...I was scared, I'll put it that way. I slunk under the car. The guy didn't really bend over to shoot at me, but just stuck his hand under the car and shot a few random rounds.

He shot my arm. I was shot. It hurt so much. You wouldn't **fucking** believe it. It burned and stung, and I was already in a shitload of pain. It was like burning needles all over my arm. I couldn't move, but I made a noise as if he shot me, of course, because he did. Then, I went silent and acted dead. He dragged my body out from under the car to see if I was dead. As luck would have it, three big guys tackled that man with the gun, and I passed out.

I woke up in the hospital with a bandage on my arm and shit. It sucked waking up in the hospital like that. I just hate hospitals. They always **seem** so clean, but they're really not. Then there's that stagnant, stale air that's like too pure to be true. Anyway, I had to stay in the hospital for awhile because of some minor wounds they thought would have damaged my organs or skull or something. It was boring. I should've written you while I was in there maybe. I missed a lot of school. That's also why I haven't written. Damn it. I'm really mad. I'm mad at the man who shot me, mad at my teachers who give me shit, just really mad...

Victimized,
Anonymous.

3/11/06

Dear Anonymous,

Wow. That's one helluva story you got there. Don't know if I believe all that shit. You're one crazy bitch alright. In the back of my mind I always thought, "Anonymous will write back. That guy's just playing around. Anonymous will write back." I suppose I never fully gave up on you. I'm glad you're alive either way. Seems almost ironic that I had wanted you to shoot yourself and you ended up getting shot. Makes me feel almost bad, not quite though.

I'll tell you one thing about me if it helps you at all: I know you personally. It's a dangerous thing to admit, I know. You went to the counselor today. I know that about you. Stay out of the counselor's office, man. She's the one that told me about you. (I wasn't in there mind you, just passing by...) Anyway, I should send this already.

Almost happily,
Synonymous.

3/13/06

Dear Synonymous,

What do you mean you know me? You must go to my school then too. They **made** me go to the counselor's office. In fact, they're making me go everyday this week. They think because I was so violently hurt that I need help. They fail to see that I am in fact fine. Nevertheless, I go. You caught me, so what?

Psychotically,
Anonymous.

3/15/06

Dear Anonymous,

Yeah, been hearing some things. I feel somewhat bad because I know you, yet I leave you wondering who I am. I sit here making you do things, yet you can't find me or see me. Hmm, sounds a bit odd really. You sound angrier than you used to, no longer fun and dumb. I like it. You should feel that anger; yes, it's healthy. You know your eyes shine when you feel that fire. It's nice. I've seen you like that. Well, I'm off to watch you sleep. (Kidding of course.)

Stalkingly,
Synonymous.

3/19/06

Dear Synonymous,

I told the counselor about you. She suggested that I didn't talk to you for awhile. I think it would help me actually. I'm having my doubts about you. I have been for awhile actually. When I hadn't written for a long time, things seemed better, though I was in the hospital. I wrote to you because I was angry. I was hoping you'd help, but you really didn't, I guess. It seems pointless to me. I don't know that you'll stop writing now that you really **know** me.

Anyway, I've been having some problems of my own. At night, I dream of that guy that shot me. I always think of killing him. I think of making **him** pay. It's taking a toll on my sleep, and I really wish I can make them go away. How lovely.

Painfully,
Anonymous.

3/20/06

Dear Anonymous,

Don't listen to that counselor bitch. Seriously, she doesn't know what the fuck she's talking about, and she's trying to manipulate you. I'm sorry you find it hard to sleep. Really I am. I know how insomnia can be. You looked awfully tired today, I will say. Anyway, I'm pretty busy right now. I should get going. Besides, like I have anything else to tell you.

Hurriedly,
Synonymous.

3/26/06

Dear Synonymous,

I know who you are now. I can place a name with a face now. I've seen you around, in all the wrong places too. Well, it was nice knowing you. (Though not really.)

Farewell,
Anonymous.

3/27/06

Dear Anonymous,

You can't fucking quit on me, bitch. Oh no, not now. Just because we know each other doesn't mean we can't still talk. Tell me something, am I all that bad really? I'm the best thing that ever happened to you, and you know it!

Seriously,
Synonymous.

3/30/06

Dear Synonymous,

I really wish to end **this**. To answer your question, you are that bad. Now, I'm on my way to the counselor's. Goodbye.

Also seriously,
Anonymous.

4/1/06

Dear Anonymous,

I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU TALK TO ME!!

Fumingly,
Synonymous.

4/2/06

Dear Synonymous,

You can't make me do anything. Not anymore. I hardly know you now.

Already forgetting,
Anonymous.

4/5/06

Dear Anonymous,

...

Finished,
Synonymous.

Dear Synonymous,

Well, I didn't need a counselor to tell me that you are in fact a figment of my overly active imagination. I almost knew it from the beginning, yet I thought that if I tried communicating with that other side of me (you) maybe you'd leave me alone. I'm fine now. My life is on the right track, or so they say. I don't need to talk to you anymore...which is essentially talking to me. I'll end this now so I can start my 'normal' life. Hmph, Synonymous? The only thing you were Synonymous with was **me**. In fact, just to taunt you, who no longer exists, I'll tell you everything about me:

My name is Alicia Yeargin. I'm sixteen. I have two siblings. I am in tenth grade. I am not a nut-job...anymore. And you? You're anger. You were the anger I felt that I once had never felt. Now, you're a stranger again, nothing more. With that, I end this letter, which you'll never receive...because you're not there!

Sincerely,
No longer anonymous,
Or crazy,
Alicia Yeargin.