

go ask
ogre

If I died, would you come to my funeral? I'm serious. If I were to die in a freak accident and had a friend send you an invitation would you come? Would you care?

27 June 1987

Ogre,

Yes, I'm still hanging out with Jonathon. He's still lovely. I haven't written you lately because I've been so busy. I have been thinking of you though. I'm not taking those pills anymore. They really fucked me up and I just can't handle that. For a while I felt really great, but artificial happiness is pure bullshit. Of course alcohol isn't all that bad. Jonathon bought me peach schnapps. My mother doesn't even mind me spending the night at his house. Isn't that crazy?



I hope there's not a point when you quit reading your fan mail. I don't consider my letters fan mail. I consider them cries for help and attention. What do you think?

Jonathon thinks I put myself down too much. I'm going to change myself for him. He doesn't like me being obsessed with death either.

3 July 1987

Why do I hate people? Could it be because they're insincere, stupid, money hungry, selfish, and boring?

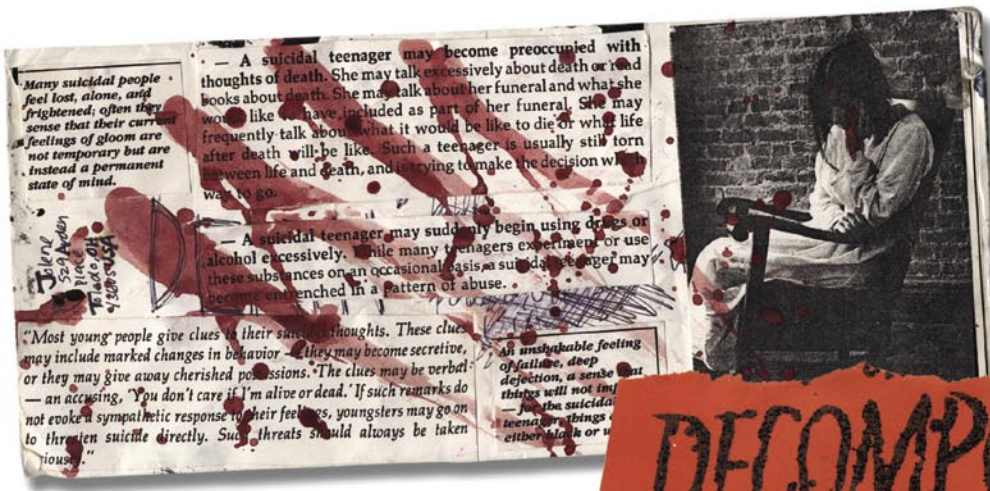
I'm at work and of course I'm in a very hating mood! This music is driving me crazy! It's the elevator mix of a Phil Collins song. SCREAM! I've been rude to just about everyone tonight, but do I seem to care? NO!

"I bet you don't know there is ice all over the floor?!" I bet I do know and I bet I hope you fall and crack your stupid head open!!!

I can't laugh at life anymore! It's too hard! I don't take chemicals in anymore. I drink sometimes, but it's a long story and I'm too embarrassed to tell it! I'm tired and I want to end this shitty day.

Just tell me to shut up!





August 1987

Well, almost every other day I seriously contemplate suicide and I'm scaring myself to death. Fucking death. Death. What's the matter with me? I almost hate life. I'm scared, confused and plain fucking lost. Ugly.



Nivek,

Hell O. When I cut my arm for you, Joelle said that you wouldn't care. Did I tell you that? Smile. Are you smiling? I didn't think so.

All I do now is take speed and drink. That's all right isn't it? Today when I was at the supermarket, I heard a little boy ask his mother if "bastard" is a bad word. I almost laughed. When I was young, I asked my mother the same thing.

Death is cool when you think about your own, but when you think of someone else's it's depressing. Especially if you know them. Oh, I don't know. Would you be sad if I died? Actually I did die and I'm writing to you from HELL.



Isn't it weird when you look at people and think, "Wow, they have hearts and brains and lungs?" I know it's a strange thought, but it freaks me out.



KEVIN OGILVIE ONLY PLEASE

Ogre,

I almost killed myself.

I cut my wrists. I can't take this anymore.

I came home from school to find that my mother scattered my belongings in my room. Why? Because she's fucking sick! She went on about how I'm no good, stupid, etc., and that she wants me out. She started hitting me, so I came into my room and shut my door but she opened it and continued to hit me. I started to go crazy. She



left my room and I just started crying and I couldn't stop. I found my razor blades. I cut my wrist just enough for it to bleed. I couldn't stop crying. I wanted to be able to dig the blade into my arm, but I kept crying. I wanted to die so badly. I wanted to bleed. I was clenching my wrist with my other hand and I could see the blood gushing between my fingers. I hate it. I needed someone. I went to meet Jonathon, but I missed him so I walked around looking insane. I could smell the flowers at my funeral, but I couldn't see anyone. You think I'm joking, don't you? I bet you think I'm trying to be cool by thinking of death all of the time. You probably think I'm trying to mock you because I like to see my blood. This isn't a joke. I seriously want to die and it seems like no one cares. I want so desperately for someone to care. You, Jonathon, anyone. If you think I'm just trying to get you to write back by telling you about my attempt of suicide, you're mistaken. I need to let my feelings out. You're the one I'm telling. You're the one I trust. I just wish you cared. I really need to write to you.

J



I thought about it. If I tried and didn't go through with it, I'd look really stupid. I'm so alone and it's my only way out. I have to. Please tell me I'll feel better. No one will care. But why, why should I? I'm not the only one with problems. It's just my fucking life. I am no one. I don't exist. I am dead. I have no one to talk to. I'm too sensitive. Life is too hard for me. I can't cope. I don't want to go to hell. But if it doesn't exist, I'll be all right. I feel sorry for her. Grandma and Grandpa will greet me. I love them. I need a hug. Thoughts of death. He can't walk and I want to die. She can't see and I want to die. He can't hear and I want to die. She's a vegetable cause she tried to die. I'm cold. Everyone is so cold. It's just too hard. I'm so confused. I don't have access to a gun.



PLEASE READ

Ogre,

I am so confused. It's so strange. Nothing is the same anymore. Last year at this time I was relatively secure. I knew what to expect (kind of) for my senior year at high school. My grandmother was alive. I didn't have a job. I had the same old friends. Now I'm going to move out. I need a job. I don't live near my grandparents' house or where I grew up. It's hard to take. I'm so messed up. I don't know what to expect. I haven't anything to cling to. I'm so scared and worried. Have you ever felt that way? I realize it's just part of growing up. I'm just not sure if I'm ready. I'm so used to relying on other people; that's why I want to be a kid again. No worries. Why must I be so confused?



Ogre,

Why do I hate this world? Because people, innocent people, can't even live in peace. I'm sure. Nothing is fair. What's wrong with me? Why do I read the obituaries? Why must I feel sorry for these people? Is it good or bad?

I hate these moods. It's almost like I put myself down and I can't find anything good about myself. I think about all of the things that I regret and I get sick. I hate looking in the mirror. I'd really love to give you this letter in person but as doubtful and insecure as I am I'll probably have to end up mailing it. I'll live. Some 90-year-old man died Friday. He got caught in an elevator.

19 August 1987

Ogre,

Smiles. Have you ever thought about how precious smiles are? When I make someone smile it makes me smile because I think I have the power to make someone happy.

The other night Jonathon and I were at work and I was in a VERY bad mood and Jonathon kept going out of his way to make me laugh. I felt kind of special. I said, "You always make me laugh" and he said, "That's all right because you keep me smiling too." That was nice. I don't know what I'm trying to say. It just made me feel good.

23 August 1987

Ogre,

Hello, even though I'm busy, I'm still bored and quite depressed. Death is indeed sad for the living ones. I just can't seem to understand why I am living. Fuck love. Why do I tell you about myself? Who knows? I'm sure you don't care. I need a friend. Actually, I have a good friend. Jonathon is a great friend, but he doesn't know as much about me as you do. Big deal. I always cry. I can't help being sensitive. Any suggestions? Kill myself? Oh, that reminds me. I found some razor blades lying around the house.

Do you ever cry? You seem sweet and sensitive. Crying is painful.

Love,

Your favorite (or least favorite) oppressed little girl.



18 September 1987

Ogre,

Hello. It's exactly 6 a.m. I just got home from work. What a thrilling evening. Anyway, I always get really depressed at work.

There is this one old man who always comes through the drive-thru. He's so cute. The other night our manager decided to close 10 minutes earlier and that man



I need love

the only
people who
love me
are
dead.

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