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letters from wartime



Dear Jeremy—

August 3

Hi!! How are you? I'm doing okay, but I'm really kind of bored. You see, I have a lot of work to do and all, but I really just don't feel like actually doing any of it. All I want to do is lay down in my bed and put my head on your shoulder, and feel you holding me.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that I am still thinking of you. Really. I want to see you in October. My money situation may be a little tougher than I had originally anticipated, but I still want to see you. Okay, I'll walk across the country to see you. That's probably the cheapest way to go. I'll find a way. Dreamy eyes misses you—

Dear Jeremy—

August 28

Hello... I'm bored again. It's not as if I only think of you when I am bored, honey... don't think that... It's just that I try not to allow myself the privilege of thinking about you too excessively when I have a lot of other things to do. Right now, it just so happens that even though I have a lot of things to think about, I can't help but think of you. Okay, okay, so I'm babbling again.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed your trip. I hope you didn't think that I was a crab for part of the trip— in fact, you were the one thing that made me feel better. You have a knack for doing that. Anyway, thanks for the flowers. And the meals... And everything. I really had a great time with you. I enjoyed sharing the champagne with you, and I really enjoyed sharing the grapes with you. Dreamy eyes already misses you. I don't want to have to resign myself to merely writing you letters again. I have to see you again soon. Okay, I'll drive. Well, maybe, if I can't afford a plane, I can take a train. Fine— I'll walk— just as long as I see you. dreamy eyes misses you—

Dear Jeremy—

September 1

Hi, honey. How are you? I'm okay— I talked to you last night, when you first found out about your ex-girlfriend's car accident. I want you to know that I really am sorry to hear about it all. I know that it has to hurt... a lot. I could just imagine what I'd be going through if something happened to my ex-boyfriend. I'm sure I'd be a wreck— crying all night would be just the beginning of it all. Wow. It would really be a messy sight, if someone I cared about was hurt— especially if I was all alone. Wow. Really messy. You better not let anything happen to yourself. I don't know what I would do.

And I want you to know that I think it's okay to talk about it— to talk about your ex-girlfriend— and even to me. First things first, Jeremy— I'm your friend. Don't you forget it. And if anything ever happens to us (which, by the way, I'm kind of hoping that nothing ever does happen to us— I'm beginning to grow attached to you, you know), I want you to always know that I will be your friend. You can talk to me, Jeremy— and that means about anything. The first thing that I'm concerned about is your happiness. So I'll listen. And you don't have to worry about hurting my feelings or putting any stress on us or on our relationship, because— well, you're not. I really don't mind talking to you when you have a problem— that's what I'm

here for. Even if I'm just listening to you talk about your ex-girlfriend... besides, right now you have a legitimate reason to want to talk to someone, or to have a shoulder to lean on. Actually, I only wish that I could be there to give you that shoulder to lean on, and not resign myself to merely trying to make you feel better by talking to you on the phone. I wish I could be there to make all of the hurt go away.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that. Dreamy eyes misses you. Misses you something fierce, Jeremy. Talk to you soon—

Donna—

September 9

I don't know, I just feel lonely. I get so insecure without a guy. Jeremy doesn't help when he's so far away. I want things to work out for us— I really do— but we've known each other for less than three months. I can't base any sort of future on that. I can't count on that. So I look for people like Eric, just to keep me occupied in the meantime. But that doesn't even seem to be working out... and, by the way, it's not because I'm thinking about Jeremy or anything. Something seems wrong at his end— I don't know, maybe he doesn't want a commitment, maybe he doesn't want to get too close... But then I start wondering if there is something wrong with me— I get the mentality that there has to be something wrong with me if someone doesn't like me. It has to be my fault. It gets depressing.

Anyway, I really should be going. Write back soon— I don't know when I'll be able to visit again—it may not be October, but January, but I will let you know. I would be very happy to see you again, honey... I could use it.

keep in touch—

p.s....Yeah, things were good when Jeremy was here. We had a few little arguments in the last two days— I think it was because we in such confined living quarters and spent nearly every moment together for so long (how does the saying go— guests are like fish— they both get old after three days?). But it was so nice to feel like I was actually worth something for a couple of days. What a refreshing, comforting feeling...what a foreign feeling...

Dear Jeremy—

September 10

Hello, honey... how are you? I'm all right... It's 7:50 in the morning, I got up early just so that I could write you a letter and send it out in the mail today, so that you wouldn't feel like you weren't getting much mail... hint hint...

Anyway, there was actually a reason that I wanted to write you a letter this morning. I got to thinking last night... granted, I've only had three hours of sleep last night, and I'm kind of weary, but I got to thinking last night. About you. And me. And this whole distance thing— okay, I know that we both want to give this a good try— at least I know that I do. But I've been in these long distance relationships before, and I've been trying to figure out for the life of me what I've been doing wrong in all of them (obviously I've been doing something wrong in all of them, or they wouldn't all be over with now...). Now, you'll agree that long distance relationships are pretty unorthodox, and therefore probably require pretty unorthodox rules to go by in order for them to work... Well, I probably sound like I have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about, and that I have no point whatsoever. I'm working

on it... I just think (now, this is the rational side of me talking, and surely not the emotional side of me talking, which is the side that will probably hit me on the head once I send this letter out) that maybe you and I shouldn't be so closed-minded about seeing other people. Maybe you're not... but I just started thinking that it's really unreasonable for me to think that you should be 2,000 miles away and totally faithful. You have needs, and there is no reason why I should interfere with you doing what you would be normally be doing if I wasn't in the picture.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I don't want you to be unhappy. I don't want you to be stringing yourself along because you feel compelled to because "you're going out with someone"— even though she's 2000 miles away. I don't want you to feel burdened because of me. Granted, if you really don't want to go out with other people, please don't feel the urge to go out and screw some slut because you thought that that was what I wanted— I'd be happy to know that you were waiting for me, it's just that I want to be sure— and I want you to be sure— that you're waiting for me because you want to be waiting for me.

I don't know. I guess I'm just babbling. I just don't want you to ever feel like I'm an inconvenience or anything. You're my baby. I don't want to lose you. Dreamy eyes misses you... something fierce. I just want you to be happy. A big part of me hopes you can find that happiness with me.. it may take a little more work to be happy, then, but I only hope it's worth it. I love you—

Dear Jeremy—

September 10

It is an hour before I'm supposed to talk to you. I decided that I had to get out of my sweat-box of an apartment, before I passed out from pure exhaustion from the heat... Granted, I've only had three hours of sleep, and that would be another reason that I would want to fall asleep before 1:00. I told you that I wouldn't be asleep by the time you called tonight...even if it killed me. I know how you must just hate having to deal with talking to me on the phone when I'm nearly comatose... I know that usually a speeding train can go through my room when I'm asleep and it won't wake me up. I'm a really heavy sleeper, to say the least. Please forgive me.

I got a letter from you today— right after I dropped that other letter of mine in the mailbox. I feel like a real idiot for writing that letter— and I feel like an even bigger idiot for mailing that letter, even when I knew that mailing that letter was a stupid thing to do. Please take my mood swings with a grain of salt. With a fifty pound block of salt. No, this isn't PMS... this is just me. I go insane from time to time. For the last week I've been pretty much depressed and sad, and very tired. You know how I get down on myself so easily— well, I was just thinking that everything that was going wrong in my life was ALL MY FAULT, and it was just all of these inherent deficiencies within me that causes all of the problems that I seem to get in my life. Then for a few days I was pretty happy, kind of like a more content feeling than being joyously happy... I think it was partially because I was working full-time for a few days, and I was starting to feel a sense of accomplishment. I think it might also have had something to do with the fact that the weekend had sprung upon me, and I was free to go out and get plastered with my friends. Then this morning, I suppose after so little sleep, I went nuts. You would have thought that I just would have

been overly tired or something— that would have made more sense— but I went to sleep after four in the morning, and by 7:40 I was up, dressed, and writing you a psycho letter. For the rest of the day I was going nuts, too— I was arguing with some people today, saying that they were the yuppie type that would have a kid and send them off to day care and expect some organization like the PMRC to regulate what their children can and cannot hear instead of regulating and explaining these things to their children themselves. I was freaking out.

But now I think I've come back down to earth... Maybe it's just because of the lack of sleep that I'm experiencing right now... You know, my eyes are really sore. They've been open for far too long, without much of a break.

Anyway, I really should be going. If I don't end this letter soon, I'll miss your call. And hell, that's the whole damn reason why I'm staying up in the first place, right? Well, happy birthday, my love. I wish I could be there to share it with you. I love you. Dreamy eyes misses you.

Dear Jeremy—

September 14

Hi, honey... How are you? I'm okay— actually, I'm in a much better mood than I have been in recently... I just found out that I got the account I wanted for my business... I mean, it's one thing to have a part-time job and make money the way that everyone always does, but it's entirely another thing to create your own business and set your own rates and make money ENTIRELY ON YOUR OWN. I don't have that much work yet, but I really don't have the time for much work— and the work that I'm doing is very easy for me and very fun, as well. For the time I'm putting into it, I'm making about \$20.00 an hour, and it's doing something that I really like...

So, in other words, at least for my business— things are going really well.

But I'd much rather be seeing you... which is what I want to do in the beginning of November. I first thought that it would be good to see you near the end of October, but then I realized that I have too much going on. I think it would be better to come and visit you on the first weekend of November. I hate to have to wait that long, but it really seems like the best thing to do.

But I know that I'm going to see you in January— if it kills me. Right after some of my Army friends' troops are sent out— I'm going to need to see you. I'm going to do it. I miss you, Jeremy. Dreamy eyes misses you. Various organs in my body miss you. I will see you soon— I love you—

Dear Tim—

September 16, about 7:00 p.m.

I miss you a lot. I really miss you. I don't know why. I have to admit that there is something that makes me miss you— a lot. Maybe you can explain it; maybe you can explain it to me.

Maybe I'm just babbling. That's probably it. I'll try to shut up now.

I hate men. I hate them all. I mean it. They're either geeks, or... They either want to use you or they want to "just be friends". Fuckers. I hate them all. I mean it. I can't find one, I mean ONE, out there. What is my problem?? I'm ugly, I know, but I didn't think I was THAT ugly. And plastic surgery is out of the question.

But I'm going to beat myself into a floundering pile of flesh if I continue to talk this way. So I guess that this is all for now— I miss you—

p.s.: Do you know if Steve is going out with the first batch of troops? I never see him anymore. Maybe I should visit you guys in Iowa, just in case he's leaving.

Dear Jeremy—

September 16

Hi, honey... How are you?? How are you??? How is one of the sexiest men in the universe?? I'm feeling a little better, as you might be able to tell...

Sorry. I'm being really weird, aren't I?... Whatever. That's just my style. I went out last night... and I stayed out until after four in the morning. Ouch. I was out the night before, too— until after three. Shoot me now. It's weird, though— I never get hangovers. Not even a headache. It must be from all the sex I'm getting... JUST KIDDING!!! Geez— can't you take a joke? Actually, I've been getting pretty lonely over here, and horny as all hell. You better come and visit me.

Better yet— I'll come and visit you. How does the second week in November sound? I just checked the rates, and they're about \$220. I think I could easily cover half of that— If you could cover the other half, I could come and visit. I hate to do this to you, but if I'm going to be taking two more trips before February, I'm going to have to save my money and really budget myself. I don't have a job where I know I'm going to get any money at all.

And if you can't come up with the money now (you know, that really makes it sound like a ransom or something), I can cover it for now, as long as you promise that you will eventually cover me. How does that sound??

Here are the pictures from when you came to visit. I thought some of them were cute, and I gave you extras of the ones of you so that you could give them to people like your mom or something. Mind you, I don't want you giving any of these pictures to any other women. I don't want anyone else to even have a photograph of you to admire.

Anyway— I should probably get going. Dreamy eyes misses you. Write me soon— and if you want, I really don't mind if we limit the calls for financial purposes. Actually, I do mind, but I also understand. I just need the occasional reminder that you still care about me. I love you— keep in touch—

Dear Jeremy—

September 20

Hello, darling.

I'm in a weird mood. Last night— after I talked to you— my friend Christine came over and we had dinner. She's the type of friend with whom I only do things like have dinner with— I don't know, she just isn't the "going-out-and-getting-really-drunk" type. So we had dinner, and talked about our love lives— you see, she's starting to go out with this man from Seattle, Washington, so we're kind of in the same boat. She's not so crazy about Bob, however, the way that I am about you. Anyway, then Christine left and I went out with my friend Tara (she used to be my next door neighbor— she's really cool, I like her a lot...) and a bunch of her friends that I didn't know. Then I saw my friends Jessica and Rachel, and I eventually left the bar at close and hung out at Jessica and Rachel's place for a while. Then they walked me

home and stayed over and talked— until about FOUR IN THE MORNING. It was like they would never leave.. I was about to fall asleep while they were over. But it was neat to talk to them... I think I'm going over to Tara's place for dinner tonight. This has really been a pretty busy weekend. I thought it wouldn't be, being Labor Day weekend and all, since everybody usually goes home. Maybe I'll even get the chance to go out tonight!!!

Oh, and another thing, young man. Young, virile man. Young, sexy, strapping studly man... Sorry, I'm getting carried away again. I was just going to say that you don't have to worry about being jealous over me. I mean, it's cute when you say the things that you do over the phone, but I really hope that you not really worried that I'm cheating on you or anything. First of all, if I was going on a date with somebody else, I surely wouldn't tell you— unless you specifically asked about it, of course. So when I tell you that I'm going out with somebody who is just a friend, you don't have to worry about it. I don't want you to worry when there is nothing to worry about. Secondly, I think I like you just a bit too much to really think about looking for some other stud muffin to hang all over— maybe that will change in time, I don't know, but right now (if you don't mind me using stupid, tiring, worn-out cliches), I only have eyes for you.

And one other thing, my beefy burrito of love... I'll probably get so jealous if I even suspect that you're looking at another woman, that I'll hijack an airplane or something, come down to Arizona and teach you a thing or two about trying to cheat on me. It won't be a pretty scene...

Now that I've just succeeded in sounding really stupid, I'm going to get going. Dreamy eyes misses you. It's true. No, really. I mean it.

Dear Donna—

September 23

How are you?? Thank you very much for the very nice letter...

I want to make a little note before I go on with this letter. This letter is confidential. I don't want a word of this getting out to Jeremy, do you understand me?? As soon as you read this letter, I want you to throw this letter away... No, don't do that, because it could then be found in the garbage or something. I want you to eat the letter. No, better yet, I want you to burn this letter when you're done. Burn it, and then eat the ashes. It's that important to me. Do this favor for me.

It's weird, but I have been so busy in the past week that I really haven't had the time to be too depressed, so during this past week I've been fine. But this weekend, as soon as I had the time to think about my life, I got mortally depressed, and for the past day and a half, if I haven't been crying, I've been wanting to cry. I've already dumped my depression on two of my friends in long talks— I probably would be bothering more of my friends if so many people weren't out of town.

Friday night I got really depressed. I was okay when I woke up Saturday morning, but then I started getting depressed. I cried. This is the way that I've been lately.

And I can't even really explain why I'm feeling this way. I've been getting along with Eric pretty well (and I do say PRETTY well for a reason... it just seems that even though we go out a lot and get along well, we're just not very close. I need closeness,

I suppose...)... I guess I'm just thinking about all of the things that I think are wrong with my life, and I'm thinking about all of the things that I could like to change in my life, and I'm thinking about all of those things which I cannot change... and it just all seems so damn depressing.

I start thinking, for example, about my last relationship, and I start wondering what went wrong there. I just keep thinking that I had love once, and I let it go. I HAD to let it go... but I let it go nonetheless. I just keep remembering that I was once happy, and I keep wondering if I will ever find that kind of happiness again.

And then I start to realize that the only thing I've been doing in my spare time is getting really drunk. What the hell kind of life is that?? I remember last year when I was spending wasn't unattached... I had BETTER things to do with my spare time than getting drunk. I had nothing to escape from by drinking. Now all it seems that all I'm doing is escaping. I want to find something in my life that I won't want to escape from.

But then at the same time, I find myself sometimes pushing people away from me. I wonder if that might be because I don't want to hurt the way that I did when I lost love. Maybe I'm just starting to feel like I'll never find it anyway, so there's no point in getting myself in any sort of situation where I might feel vulnerable. I don't know.

And then I keep catching myself holding a glimmer of hope that something might work out. I catch myself thinking that Eric might actually open up to me once, or that he might show me that he cares. All of the other guys he is friends with keep calling me his girlfriend. All of his close friends keep trying to reassure me that he actually does like me. But the thing is, why do I need his friends to reassure me? I shouldn't have to be reassured by his friends that he likes me. I should be able to know. He should be able to tell me. But he doesn't. You know, come to think of it, some of Dave's friends kept telling me that HE liked me... They kept trying to reassure me... and Dave turned out to be the biggest ass-hole... I wonder if there is any sort of correlation there...

And I don't even want to think about Jeremy right now. It's not that I don't like him or anything, but... well, there are two reasons why I'm thinking this right now. The first is that he really doesn't fit into my life right now. He can't make me happy from 2,000 miles away, and there's no point in getting all depressed when there's nothing I can do about the situation. The other reason is that I don't want to get myself too close to someone that circumstance says that I can't be too close to, because then I'll only get hurt. The less I hurt, the better right now.

So here I sit, dating Jeremy from afar, while trying to salvage this miserable relationship with Eric.

Sorry that I've been babbling all of this time, but I've really needed to get this all out, and there really is no one around here that really wants to hear all of this. I know that none of this probably makes any sense to you whatsoever, but at least I got it out— somewhat... I hope this helps out.

Anyway... Please don't tell Jeremy about ANYTHING that I've been writing. I'm probably just an insane woman babbling right now, and I'll probably change my mind in about ten minutes or so. Sorry again— and I hope that things are going a

little better for you— keep in touch— thanks for everything—

ps— and how ARE things going with you, anyway?? I don't mean to sound so self-centered when I write my letters and never ask about what is going on in your life... I know that you know that I want to know all of the gory details. Keep in touch— love you—

Dear Donna—

September 24

Hi... It's 12:37 in the morning.

And here I am again, just babbling. I'm in a bad mood. I got some great news today— Eric just broke up with me. Yes, I know— I wrote you that whole letter yesterday and now we're "just friends". Aren't those words really awful? And the thing is, he says that he likes me, and this all has nothing to do with me— it's just him, and he doesn't know if he wants a relationship at this point in his life. So here I sit.

I guess I have Jeremy. But what good does that do me?

No, I haven't cried. I kind of wanted to, thinking that it might just get it out of my system. But I haven't. If anything, I've wanted to cry because I hate feeling sorry for myself, and I hate having to feel like I need someone in my life in order to feel important, and I really hate not liking myself.

I think I'm going to stay away from all men for a while. In fact, I think I'm going to stay away from all people for a while. I'm tired of this. I'm tired of the system. I'm tired of me, and maybe I should just try to get all of the work in my life in order — just devote myself for a while to doing my work, getting myself organized.

Well, I've got to go. Life goes on. Talk to you soon—

Dear Jeremy—

September 25

Hi. I just got one of my letters back that I had sent to you (all of the preceding pages, in fact). It seems that the Post Office didn't like how I put the stamp on the damn envelope or something. Don't blame me...

Anyway— I have to make this letter really short and sweet. I'm really busy—

I've been really down all week. I can't help it. I have never liked myself. Not at all. I've just deduced that I don't want to hear that other people don't even like me, when I can't even like myself. It's a pretty simple theory. Pretty straight forward.

Anyway, on that pleasant note, I'm going to get going. Keep in touch, jeremy. Dreamy eyes misses you something fierce. Just a thought... i love you—

Dear Donna—

September 25

Hi... It's 7:20 in the morning. I went to bed at about 2:30 last night and set my alarm for 5:30 in the morning.. So yes, I've been asleep for a whole three hours... Other than the fact that my eyes hurt a little, I'm really not tired. I think I have too much on my mind.

I talked to a friend of mine for a while last night— Lori— and I ended up chain smoking and eating pizza at about 11:00 last night. Not very healthy. I figure I need all of the help I can get if I'm going to try to make myself look good again. I can use this little break-up with Eric that I now have under my belt as a sort of fuel-for-the-fire. I think people would call this a positive way to burn negative energy. I

don't know what I'd call it.

I think I'd call it feeling really bad because I hate being alone and I hate hating myself that I want to get my frustrations out on something. Maybe it doesn't make too much sense, but then again, nothing I ever do makes too much sense. Such is life.

Well, I'm going to go. I look like hell. Granted, I have no one to impress... Well, enough of that. Keep in touch---

Dear Jeremy—

September 26

Hi, Honey! How are you? I'm alright— especially now that I just got a card AND a letter from you today in the mail!! I was in an okay mood, at best... So when I got back today and found that you had sent me all this neat stuff, I was really excited. Well, not that excited— I reserve those feelings for when you are in the same part of the country as I am...

I hope you like the birthday card. It was one of three (at least) that I wanted to get, but since I couldn't afford them all, I had to choose only one of them... Maybe I'll go back and get the rest of them another day. I just kept picking out the perverted cards and saying, "I want to get THIS one... and THIS one..." I really couldn't help myself.

Anyway, I just wanted to thank you for all of the attention that you have paid me. I know that sounds kind of queer, and I know that you're thinking that I don't have to thank you or anything, but I want to. There are times when I'm feeling awful, and then I'll find a card from you in my mailbox that says something like, (and let me quote from your card) "besides, I love you something fierce!", and I won't be able to help but feel better. If nothing else, those little cards and letters and phone calls keep me just a little more sane— and it seems like I need all the help I can get these days...

But it's not as if that is the only reason that I like the cards and letters and phone calls— not only do they help me feel just a little closer to you, but they also help me to believe that you really do care about me. And I need that. It's also nice, by the way, to know what's going on in your life... I just wish that I could be more of a part of it.

And I hope I can do the same for you with my letters and cards and phone calls. I hope that when you need someone to make you feel better, my letter gets dropped in your mailbox. It's the least I can do for someone I love.

Anyway, I should go. I've got so much stuff to do. Dreamy eyes misses you— especially at times like this. Keep in touch, love, and keep thinking about me—

Dear Jeremy—

September 27

Hi, honey... I miss you. I've been really down lately. I don't know why. I don't even want to spend time with other people at all anymore. It's strange, how I can make a turn around in the way I feel about everything so fast.

I just wanted to drop you a little note and tell you that I thought of you the other day.

Well, I think about you every day, but this one time stuck out in my mind. I

was thinking that I wanted you to make love to me again. But I was thinking that I didn't want it to be kinky, or really horny, or very creative. I just wanted you to make love to me. I wanted to feel your love again. It didn't have to be anything special—just the fact that you were making love to me would make it special.

That's what I was thinking. Dreamy eyes misses you.

Dear Tim—

September 30, about 8:00 p.m.

I'm always doing things for other people. I'm nice. Too nice. Why am I so wonderful? No, you're not supposed to be laughing. Okay, okay, so I'm getting a little carried away, but I can't for the life of me figure out why I'm so nice to people. People just use me.

But of course... I forgot... That is the story of my life... Things just can't go well for me... that's just the way it is...

I hate people.

Oh, the guy that I'm spending time with used to like me, so now I'm worried that he wants to rekindle the flame. Oh, there's this geek on my back and I can't seem to shake him off. Oh, I like this guy, but he doesn't seem to like me, so I'll just sit here and stew in my own juices. I'm sick of this. I wish people could be open and honest with each other. I wish I could be open and honest with other people. Such is the price for living in a society such as ours.

Do you feel like you can be honest with me?? I really hope that you feel that you can. I think that people, because they are too afraid to open themselves up (for ridicule, most think), they never get the chance to really live. I think nobody lives on this planet. I think they're just going through the motions. I don't want to just go through the motions. I want to live. But I'm afraid. I feel like if I don't break out of my shell, I won't see what the rest of the world is like.

I wonder if I really want to know.

My mind strayed from the real point that I was trying to make in that last paragraph, and that point was that I hope that you feel that you can be honest with me. Openness and honesty is so important with me. You should know these things about me, but in case you've forgotten (or are just trying to forget), let me remind you. I'm not the type of person that makes fun of another, and I'm not the type of person that would cut down what another person thinks. If someone tells me what they feel, even if I don't like it (which usually isn't the case), I'm very flattered that they felt that they could say it to me, that they could share it with me, that I'm never disappointed.

I think I'm losing the point again. Honestly, at this point, I don't know what the point is. I think I'm just tired of dealing with people who won't be honest with me. Honesty is all I ask for.

I think I'm going to go. Thanks for reading my babble, and making me feel as if someone really cares about how I feel.

Dear Jeremy—

October 10

Hi, honey... how are you? I just wanted to send you a little note (it's 12:20 in the morning— it's about the only time that I ever have to write you letters...) and let you know that I still care about you. Honestly, my feelings haven't changed for you

at all, and I don't want you thinking that they have. I'm still looking forward to coming to see you in November... it's just that I've been so busy lately and I've been so worried that I really haven't had the time to think about writing you letters, and all of the problems I've been having lately have made me, well... very edgy, to say the least. And I don't really want to talk about it— and there is nothing to talk about, since there are no problems— but it just had a bad effect on me because I was so worried. Please bear with me. I don't need any more complications in my life right now, that's all.

Maybe it's part of this defense mechanism that I use to make all of the hurt in my life seem a little less severe... maybe I just want to distance myself from people, because it's usually people that hurt more than anything else. You're a wonderful person, Jeremy, but it really hurts when you're 2,000 miles away, and maybe I've been acting the way I have been because I want to emotionally distance myself from you so that I hurt a little less from missing you. It's just a theory...

But I do care about you. And I don't want you to forget that. I wonder if I push you too far at times. I hope I don't. I hope you can stick with me.

p.s.— I love you. really. It might not seem like it at times, but I do love you. I miss you...

Dear Donna—

October 10

I just wanted to let you know that there is nothing to worry about concerning my health. I don't really want to get into it— I hope you're not taking offense or anything, because it has nothing to do with you— but... well, I was really scared. I just thought that there was going to be some major problem with me. Thank God that there wasn't, but I was still worried. I've never had a problem with my health before— hell, I've never had a broken bone. So I guess I've taken my health for granted, and when I thought that there was something wrong with me, I went crazy. I've really been on edge lately.

And I don't want Jeremy to think that I'm mad at him or anything. I mean, when he was on the phone with me before he was pressing things when I told him not to, and I wasn't really in the mood to battle with him on the phone. It just seems that lately we've always ended up in an argument by the time we get off the phone. I don't need that, and I don't want that.

I don't want to argue with him. I don't want us to have any problems. But I think that when there are no problems, then I just miss him a lot and feel miserable. Why feel like something that you want is just out of your grasp? I don't know... I guess that I just feel that right now I have other things to worry about instead of thinking about Jeremy and merely adding to my misery.

Anyway, I should be going. Have a good week... (couple of weeks, knowing the way YOU write)... hope that your time with your boyfriend goes well... keep in touch—

Dear Jeremy—

October 12

I know, I know... I haven't written in a while. Sue me. Honestly, though, I've been having some medical problems lately, and besides the fact that I'm in and out

of the doctor's office, I've just been really preoccupied with the notion that something is wrong with me. Don't worry, honey... Nothing is wrong with me, as far as I know. It's just been the new emergency lately, and that's why I haven't written to you until today.

You know, I think I've just decided that I don't like being around people anymore. I think I've gotten really tired of it. I don't want to go out in big groups anymore. And unless I'm really in the mood, i don't think I want to even go out to crowded places (like bars). I don't feel like drinking anymore. Actually, I don't really feel like doing anything anymore. I just don't think that I like people right now. Does that make any sense?

It's just that everything is so superficial to me. I think I don't let anybody in to see me, or to actually be a real part of my life here. I talk to people, I get close to people... but I think that the only person that I can count on is me, and I think that right now I just need something that I can count on. Most of the time, I care about what other people think of me, and I would therefore care about whether or not I was close to people. But right now I think I'm just looking for something that I can really lean on, something that will never let me down, something that will never desert me or not be there for me... and the only thing in the world that fits all of those descriptions is myself. So I think I'm going to be staying home for a while, not going out, not talking to too many people.. Just listening to what I need and acting on that. It's not selfish, I don't think. It's just what I need to do right now.

Okay, Okay, I'll shut up. In fact, I'll get going— I have to check to see if my laundry is done. Dreamy eyes misses you—

Dear Tim—

October 12, 11:33 a.m.

I found a map, so now I can figure out how the hell to get to your house. That should be exiting— I'm imagining either a National Lampoon's Vacation thing here or an Ernest goes to Iowa thing. Ernest probably IS from Iowa. Whatever. It'll be good to see you and Steve again.

Dear Jeremy—

October 14

I just wanted to say 'hi' to you, because you think that i never write you letters anymore.. well, actually, I don't write you letters much, so I suppose you're right, but it just seems like there's nothing of any value going on in my life to write about.

I just had people over last night for a little get together in honor of halloween, I guess... I think I told you that I was having a 'shindig'... By the way, it was Doug's birthday yesterday, so the party last night was also kind of in Doug's honor. He just turned 20. I feel so old. It's disgusting.

Anyway— I should be going. I have to wash all the dishes from last night sitting on my desk in my apartment... It's pretty gross. It should take me a while. Miss you, honey—

p.s.— thank you for you last letter. It was sweet. I liked the poem. What would I do without you?? Dreamy eyes misses you— I can't wait to see you in November—

i love you, honey— call me, or write me a little note. love you—

Dear Tim—

October 26, 6:40 p.m.

I don't want to do anything anymore-- I'm so hyper about going to Iowa tomorrow that I can't do anything. I went out last night to the bar Gully's, and me and my friend Doug sang Happy Birthday on a mike to the entire bar for the radio station that was playing songs for the bar all night. For the embarrassment, we each got Peter Murphy's new tape. I haven't even listened to it yet. Today I went to Eddie's to meet my friend Tara-- Eddie's is a restaurant attached to a bar that will serve infants, I think. We always get ice cream drinks there. I had an Oreo shake today-- with creme de cacao in it.

Anyway, I should go—

Dear Donna—

November 14

Hi, honey!!! How are you? Oh, I'm getting by. It was really nice to have a little vacation during the year— and it was really nice to be able to see Jeremy again. It had been far too long. He just left a few days ago, and I can't wait to see him again. I know you keep asking me over and over again how I feel about Jeremy, and I know I keep pussy-footing around the subject by saying "I like him, but there's no sense because he lives so far away, blah, blah, blah..." But now I'll give you the whole scoop. I think the reason why I kept saying that to you is because I didn't want to admit to anyone— especially myself— that I really liked him, because then I would only feel crappy that I never was able to see him. Well, all of that has changed. Now that I've seen him again, I've realized that there's no way that I could ever try to lie to myself again. I'm afraid that you can probably guess what I'm about to say, honey... Yes, I'm in love. At least I think I am. I could really see a future with this man. And I could see it being a pretty damn happy future, too. Going out with Eric again was such a stupid idea— and I know you told me it was— so I broke it off with him yesterday, within three days of being home, and I don't have the tiniest regret about it. I wear that ring Jeremy gave me all the time. I don't know... I'm always the one that's always so pessimistic about our relationship, but now I can't help but think that one day everything will work out perfectly and we will be together and I can actually be happy. But today I just got a letter from Jeremy, and he was saying that he didn't want us to get our hopes up because he might not be able to find a job near me. It was kind of depressing, especially when he's always the optimistic one and he has to pull me out of a slump. If he begins to lose faith... what will we have?

Then the frightening part is about my friend Tim...

I went to visit him Halloween weekend, the weekend before I saw Jeremy. Just friends, friends for years. Wanted to see our friend Steve, too, who lives out in Iowa near Tim, since he is leaving with the first set of troops in January. So then we drank too much, and Tim and I fooled around. I can't believe I did this. I could tell Tim was miserable after the fact, too— we didn't even want to look at each other the next morning.

So now I'm wondering if I've lost a friend. And I had to do this just before I saw Jeremy. I hope he didn't suspect anything.

I don't know if this is sounding all weird or something. I can't help it. The

whole situation is pretty weird, if you think about it. Now I just think of Jeremy all the time. I can't visit Jeremy in the end of December/ the beginning of January, the way I had originally planned (all of the flights are booked). That really depresses me, because I'm going to be sitting at home by myself for two weeks wishing I was with him. I figure that I can visit him in a weekend in January, but it's a real shame that I have to squeeze in this short amount of time when I'll have so much time to kill two weeks before hand.

And he doesn't even know if— or when— he'll be sent off for duty.

I hate war.

Everything else is all right— I've got most of my work out of the way. I just found out that my father is going to be in town for Thanksgiving weekend, so now my visit home will be a complete dysfunctional family gathering. It's just yet another thing in my life that I'm not looking forward to. Like the doctor's appointment I have in an hour and 20 minutes... I'm scared. Scared as all hell. And on that note, I'm going to go.

Dear Eric—

November 18

Hi. I'm writing this letter because I've been thinking a lot about you lately, and I've been thinking especially about the conversation we had when we broke up. I think there were some things that I wanted to say to you that I didn't know how to say at the time. But I want them to be said.

I wanted to learn about you. I really did. I often try to act aloof and keep people at bay, I know I want to do that, and you might have had the impression that I wasn't interested in you as a person. I'm telling you now that I wanted to know about you. A part of me still wants to know. But I suppose it's too late by now. If there are some things you still want to teach me, I would love to be your student. Just don't laugh at my ignorance, and don't be amazed at how different I am from you.

When we were going out I didn't want to stress our differences. You did that enough by breaking up with me every other week, I wanted to do everything I could to underscore our differences. Although I wanted to learn, I also didn't want to lose you. Not earlier than I had to.

I wanted to think that you were willing to spend the rest of your life with me, that you thought I was worth it. But you didn't, and I guess I wanted to blame something, or to fight it somehow. I didn't know what else to do; I was in a losing battle.

A part of me thought you thought less of me. That you didn't respect me. I started to feel alienated. I hope you don't think I blame you for it, though - I didn't, and I don't, although I think I wanted to, just so I'd have something to blame other than circumstance.

But I couldn't blame you. The things I loved about you were the things that kept us apart. If you didn't have your personality traits, you probably wouldn't be as driven, as passionate, as successful as you are. You wouldn't have the strong moral background you have. And I loved and respected all those things about you.

Oh, there was something else I wanted to say in response to that evening we talked. I had asked you if you loved me, and you ended up saying that you did, and you still did, and you always will. I wanted to hear that so much, I don't know why.

Maybe because I felt the same way, and I wanted to know that I wasn't alone. I wanted to say it back to you that night, but the timing seemed wrong, or something. But I love you, and I always will.

I don't know what writing this is accomplishing for me, I don't know why I'm doing it, but for some reason I thought it had to be done. I know I didn't do all the right things when we were going out, but I guess I just wanted you to know that my intentions were good, that I really did care, that I wanted it to work out. A part of me still does want that, and always will.

Oh, great. Now I'm sounding like an idiot. I didn't want that. I hate losing face. I guess I just wanted you to know how much I value you. And if I can't have anything else, I at least that won't change. Thanks for listening.

Dear Tim—

November 22

Hi, honey.... Thank you for writing. I understand exactly where you are coming from. I am so glad— and I mean SO glad— that you were as honest as you were with me. You know I like honesty and openness, and I am so glad that you said what you have to say. Now I feel I can be honest with you.

Obviously, I knew that it wouldn't work out. I was even surprised when you kissed me goodbye when I was in the car. I just thought of you as a friend— a good friend— cute, maybe, but just a friend.

When I came to visit you, you hugged me. When we walked down the stairs, you made a point to make sure that I didn't step on the glass that was broken in the stairwell. You picked me flowers from (i think) every flower bed that we passed by. You acted differently than I have ever seen you act, Tim. I couldn't figure out why.

I think it was just circumstances. I'm not trying to make any excuses: you're cute, smart, interesting, talented— honestly, I'd have to admit that if I were to go out with a guy, he would probably be a lot like you. I do like you, you know that, but you must realize that I like you as a friend. I feel the same way as you do, Tim. And I'd never want to lose your friendship. Most importantly to me, you are my friend.

I never, never want to lose you as a friend. Remember that. I think we can forget about this— or even look back on it without remorse. It is just something that happened— that probably shouldn't, but did anyway— and I can live with that. I hope you can, too.

I knew that it wasn't ultimately right. That's why I stopped us before we got too far. But there is a part of me that thinks that what happened that night brought us a little closer. If nothing else, it can be a good sign, a good test to strengthen our friendship.

You're my friend. My close friend. My good friend. That's what's important to me. And more importantly, I don't want to lose that. I'm worried that I will. But I think you were worried about that, too, and we're actually worrying about nothing. I think that, if you want it to be, everything will work out fine.

I love you Tim. I love you as a person, which in my opinion is more important than any other way a person can be loved. Remember that.

I know what you mean when you say that you need a relationship. I do, too. A real one. But I also need a friendship. And that can last over the distances. So—

what do you say?

Dear Donna—

December 1

Just got a letter from Tim. Said he just wanted to be friends, that what we did shouldn't have happened. What an ego boost.

I just wrote him a letter back saying "friends is good." Like I need another long distance relationship. Like I need another relationship with someone who isn't really interested in me. I've had too many of those.

p.s.: Managed to get a Christmas airline ticket to see Jeremy. Finally got something I wanted for Christmas...

p.s. again: I know what you're thinking, so... No, I didn't sleep with Tim. I wasn't that drunk...

Dear Jeremy—

December 5 2:30 p.m.

Hi, honey. I've been sitting here working for 2.5 hours, but I haven't gotten anything done. God, I love work. Really. I just love it. To pieces. Little tiny pieces, hacked up with a big knife. Love it.

I just thought I'd write you a note while I was working to tell you that I love you... and something fierce, I might add... so write back soon. I love you. I miss you. I can't wait to talk to you again tonight. keep thinking of me—and I can't wait to see you at Christmas—

Dear Donna—

January 13

Hello, love. How are you doing? Thanks for the card— it was so nice to actually get some mail. I'm glad i got the chance to see you while i was at home for the whole four days.

Anyway... I have to tell you about how things went with Jeremy. He brought me to this apartment. He prepared a candlelight lasagna dinner, champagne— the works. It was so incredibly romantic... and then we exchanged Christmas gifts... I got him a bunch of stuff, and he got me some stuff and a RUBY HEART PENDANT AND A GOLD NECK CHAIN. I think there's about 18 rubies in this thing. He even wrote me a poem to go with it. Donna, everything is so wonderful. I want to tell you all about everything....

In person. So come and visit me-

p.s.: I'm still waiting to see if Jeremy is called for duty. They're sending the first troops there in two days, if nothing else works. I don't want to see my friends go. The government can tell me it's for the good of the whole, but they're not losing half of their friends. They're just signing their name and killing us.

Dear Jeremy—

January 17

Hello, angel. I love you.

Sorry. I just wanted to get that one out. I'm writing to tell you about a dream I had last night. I was on the phone with Donna, and you were there. She said you would call back in two minutes. It was just like when I was waiting for your call the night we went to war. You didn't call. So I waited and waited, and finally I called

back. Donna answered the phone. She seemed hesitant about giving the phone to you so we could talk. She seemed like she was hiding something, and it was scaring me. I started pacing the floor, biting my nails. The middle finger on my left hand had a short fingernail, so I started biting it. She then told me that you were busy and that people were over. She gave me the impression that you were there with another woman. I started bombarding her with questions until she told me that you were there with an ex-girlfriend of yours— I think her name was Julie. I was sobbing on the phone.

I don't remember what happened next, but I remember in the dream that I never bothered talking to you on the phone. I sobbed. I remember that when I got off the phone I went to sleep.

Then I woke up, and it was about six in the morning. I was trying to remember for the life of me what was real and what was a dream. I remembered talking on the phone last night, but everything was a blur. Then I checked my left fingernail. The only way I knew that I was just dreaming was that my nail wasn't bitten.

I miss you. There better be no Julies in your life, young man. You'd be giving up a pretty wonderful thing if there were. I love you.

Dear Jeremy—

January 18

Hello, love. I just got back from work and I've got a little time to kill. We all went to C Street last night (that progressive bar that you'd probably hate), and Joe seemed to emotionally flip out while we were there. I'm sure it had something to do with me, so I think we're going to talk for a little while about it. I'll let you know how it all went.

This afternoon I'm looking at an apartment. I'm looking at a few more apartments tomorrow. I have to decide soon. If you're going to move here next year (if, by chance, the job that you end up getting enables you to do that and you decide to), I'm still going to live alone— sorry— especially when I have to sign a contract soon. Besides, it would probably be wiser if we didn't live in the same place. It's not like we wouldn't see each other enough, right???

I talked to you last night. You were so very depressed... I wish I was there to make you feel better, honey, but as I said on the phone, but when you get back it will seem as if we were never apart. I think that since I was in such a bad mood before because I've been so worried about everyone I care about and the war, I just came to the point where I had to say that I couldn't take the depression anymore and I had to get on with my life. So right now I'm just trying to be happy that I'm alive and that everyone I know is safe— at least for now. A good friend of mine— a very good friend of mine, one that you met— well, his father is a high ranking Air Force official, and he's been briefing his son on what danger he could be in because they are related. He's been told about how he can tell when a package is a letter bomb, and he's been told that he should avoid crowded places and that he should change his route to work every day. He's scared.

And he's been told that because we have an extensive computer system in town that is directly linked to the Pentagon and has access to very privileged information, there is a good chance that if there were to be an attack (terrorist or otherwise), this

town could be one of the first places hit.

So I'm hearing all this, and I should be scared, but I realized that there really is nothing I can do about it all, and if I continue worrying the way I have been, I just might fall apart. So I've decided that I'm just going to keep thinking about you. I'm just happy that I know you're out there, somewhere, and I know you'll come back safe. Just knowing you exist makes me smile.

Which is how I want you to think from now on, Jeremy Stevenson. You have two options: you could either be mortally depressed and end up only hurting yourself, or you could just keep your chin up and let our love for each other keep us strong through these tough times. These are the times that we need each other. You say that you hate not being there for me— well, you are there— you're in my heart all of the time, and I feel blessed for it. Think of things that way, Jeremy, and things won't seem so bad after all.

And just remember, I won't let you down, either. I'll never let you down. I'm always there for you, even if it's only in your thoughts. We're blessed to have what we have. Let me help you be strong when you can't be alone. Dreamy eyes misses you... And I love you.

Dear Jeremy—

January 18 1:40 p.m.

Hello, angel. I love you.

Dan is having a party tonight. I told him I'd go... but I'm not really in the mood to go out and drink. Maybe if I go, I'll only go out for a little while... I'm not even going to happy hour today.

I'm starting to get ahead on my work... I really don't even know why. I can't help but either want to watch CNN or call you on the phone at night. I haven't had my mind on work too much lately.

Dear Jeremy—

January 20 9:11 a.m.

Hello, honey... How are you? I'm getting by. I stayed home last night — I just didn't feel like going out the way I usually do... I'm going to stay home tonight, too. I've just felt like a homebody lately — I don't know why. And I'm still tired, but for some reason I decided to wake up and do my laundry now, thinking that there would be no one else there. I got the last of the washers, and I had to wait for them. I think everyone uses the same philosophy as me, and then they wait for the weekend because they have no other time for doing their laundry. That's why I'm writing this letter now — because I'm waiting for my clothes to finish washing.

I saved the newspaper from the day we went into war. I want to have the front page mounted on a black board, along with the front page of the day when I was on it. I keep thinking about how I'm going to arrange furniture and decorate the apartment I have this summer... I'm so excited about it all. I really hope you'll get back soon, and you'll be there. I can't wait to see you.

Have I told you that I miss you lately? Well, I do, honey, and I just can't wait until I see you again... I just keep thinking of how good it will be when we're together again. I can't wait to be in your arms again... You know, I'm looking forward to when you come home and we just curl up at home and be boring and snuggle up

together for the night. I think anything we do together makes me happy.

Which includes basketball. You would have been proud of me, honey— I turned on a basketball game on TV last night. I wasn't paying attention. But hey — this is a good start. Give me credit.

And I was thinking— we used to go to the theatre to go see french operas and the like, and the symphony orchestra plays there usually every other week, and so we could go to see them perform when we wanted a change of pace. Maybe, in fact, we could go to see some little performance when you came back. It would be fun.

Yes, I'm planning for when you come back from the war. Because I know everything will be perfect when you do.

Dear Jeremy—

10:00 a.m.

Hello, love... Oh— I found the perfect apartment! There's a spiral staircase, there are wood floors and oak kitchen cabinets... The furniture is nice and the apartments are totally new. It's all high security, and it even has an underground high security parking garage. It's got it's own washer and dryer, 1½ baths, and the upstairs bedroom is actually the entire loft; it's about 15 feet long, and it's got a slanted roof... Oh, everything is great, and the guy said he'd even bargain it down to \$650 a month. The catch??? Well, it's basically really far away. There are also at least two bus lines that run by it. But... I've got some heavy deciding to do...

With that out of the way, I can write to you about how much I want you... You know, I really can't wait until I see you again... Until I can get you alone, take off your shirt, kiss your neck, your chest... feel your hand running over my shoulders, your tongue running along my ear... I want to be able to run my hands through your hair again, slide my nails down your back...

Should I stop there? Well, I really don't want to, but I probably should...

I love you to death, Jeremy. Can't wait to see you again. Dreamy eyes misses you...

Dear Jeremy—

January 20 5:00 p.m.

Hello, the love of my life... the light of my nights... the apple of my eye... how are you? I Just thought I'd let you know that yes, once again, I'm thinking about you. I'm thinking about you in your hot tub... you in those cute denim shorts you have...

I love you, honey, and I miss you—

p.s. — I was at Dan's party Friday night, and he made a comment in a group that led me to believe that he didn't know about us (I know I've told him... he was talking about the men/women ratio, and he said "I think you're the only single woman here..." It was weird). So I told him on the phone today. I was always worried because I thought he'd be mad... I don't know, I just thought it would be a touchy subject. But it was over the phone, and it was short, so everything seems to be okay.

I mean, I wouldn't want you thinking that I was trying to HIDE you from anyone, so I'm just trying to fill you in on these things... I love, you—

Dear Jeremy—

January 20 11:45 p.m.

Just got off the phone with you. Why is this happening? I might not even get to see you for Valentine's Day. I know we've talked about this over and over again, but I don't feel any better. I know you don't want to go. I don't want you to go, either.

So, leave. Skip the country. Go to Canada. I'll go with you. We can find jobs there.

I just don't want you to die. Not when we've just begun to live.

Dear Jeremy—

January 22 11:55 p.m.

Hello, honey. How are you? Doug came over tonight. And when he came over he brought food, and I just pigged out on chips and salsa. He bought french fries, cheese sticks and pepperoni pizza, too. And a diet Coke. Yeah, I just DARE you to understand it.

I wanted to write to you today because I just got your card — you know, the one where you say that you love all the little moments we spend together, too... I just wanted to tell you that your card made me cry. I waited until I got home from class, then I fell into my bed, pulled over the covers, and opened it up. I cried. You're so sweet, Jeremy... and it's funny, but I think we sent out similar cards on the same days, because I figure that you got the card I sent you like that just a little while ago. Maybe we're getting into the same mood swings or something... or maybe it's just that we're both growing to care about each other in the same ways.

I don't know what my problem is right now... I'm acting really strange.... I've been thinking about what I'm going to do with my life...

Who am I kidding? I know what the problem is. I don't want you to be shipped off to war. You leave the fifteenth of February, and I don't know if I can see you before then.

Will we make it?

Dear Jeremy—

January 23 5:52 p.m.

Hello, love. I want to start off this letter by telling you that I love you so much sometimes that it hurts. Really.

Let me explain. I have been feeling down lately about the fact that you're not here, that you're leaving soon. I miss you. It's my turn to be depressed about it, I guess. I even was calling Midway Airlines to see if there was a flight that could bring me out to see you Tomorrow. Well, there is, but it's \$757. No, that wasn't a typo... So I was calling around to see if I could use my Northwest Air voucher. I would have to take two different buses just to get myself home. And I'd get in Friday night (or should I say Saturday morning?) at 12:45 a.m., leaving Sunday morning at 8:30 a.m.. Yes, a whole day and a half. That's how much I want to see you, Jeremy. I was feverishly calling airlines and bus stations, as well as friends, just to see if I could lose a lot of sleep (and a lot of money, too) and see you for a day and a half. I just don't think I can afford it.

I've been trying to keep myself busy, but it just doesn't work. I miss you. I got your message on my machine today — I loved it — in fact, I think I'm going to tape it, just so that I can listen to it whenever I want to. I miss the sound of your voice. I just want you to hold me again. Here I am, about to cry... See what you do to me?

I mean, I've tried to sound happy to you on the phone, because I don't want you to feel all depressed about the fact that we're not together. But I can't help it any longer... Christ, it has only been 16 days since I've seen you. It feels like months.

I just want to feel you kiss me, to hold me. I don't want you to let go of me. I feel miserable. I want to fall apart, or sleep for days, or something. Since I've sworn off liquor, I can't even go out and get drunk over it.

It's just that I don't think you realize quite how much I miss you. Or quite how much I love you. I don't think I can say it creatively. I just want to feel your cheek next to mine when you hold me. I just want to feel you squeeze all the pain out of me when I'm depressed. I just don't want to feel so alone any more, so lonely. I just don't want to feel like a piece of me is missing.

And when you go off to war I'm afraid I'll feel this hole inside of me forever, that I'll never be able to fill this void.

Dear Jeremy—

January 23 7:54 p.m.

I'm feeling a little better, got my mind off my depression. I've been drinking coffee all day. I must be at least on my fourth cup since dinner. I'm not sure. But I'm starting to shake, I think. I can't really tell. My arms feel kind of weird. So does my head. Maybe I shouldn't drink this much.

I want to see you. I want to be able to crawl into bed with you while you're laying on your back, lean my head on your shoulder, put my hand on your chest... kiss your cheek... shit. Why do I keep doing this to myself?? I'm just going to make myself feel worse. I just want to hold you. I want to watch t.v. with you, and sit on the floor with you sitting between my legs... so I can put my arms around you and unbutton your shirt, then your pants... or sit on the couch while you lay your head in my lap, so I can stroke your hair... run my fingers along your jaw... take your hand, kiss your palm, run my tongue up and down your fingers... I want to wear a negligee and come up to you while you're sitting on your bed and sit on your lap, straddling your legs, and kiss you for hours. I want to give you a face massage, so I can kiss you upside-down. I want to wrap my legs around you in a hot tub. I want to take a bath with you. I want to be able to run my hands up and down your body in the water, with a bar of soap... I want you in the shower. I want you to pick me up while we're kissing so I can wrap my legs around you. I want to grab onto the corners of the bed really tightly so you can push yourself into me over and over again, harder and harder...

I have to stop. I'm sorry. I just can't take that any longer. I should go, I have to leave in a half hour. I'll be back in time for your phone call. Take my word for it— I miss you...

Dear Jeremy—

January 24 7:11 p.m.

I have such an awful schedule... I thought I would have an easy time in planning a visit to see you later in this month, but I'm working on the weekends a lot. And everything is so well spaced out that my days feel like weeks.

Well, I'm going to keep this short, since I've sent you so many letters already... Love you...

Dear Jeremy—

February 10

I hope you get this letter before you leave. I don't know how easy it will be for us to correspond when you're stationed in a war zone.

I wanted to get you a Valentine's Day card, but I couldn't find anything that said what I wanted to say. I guess there's just too much to be said.

I wanted to card to be serious, and yet I wanted the card to be funny. I wanted to make you laugh. Because that's exactly what you do for me.

I wanted to let you know that I do notice it when you do things for me. I notice it all the time. You're so sweet, Jeremy, and I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have you to call and talk to. Hell, I'd fly across the country for you.

I think I wanted the card to be funny because we always crack jokes and act funny around each other. But I want you to know that I value you for more than that. You mean too much to me.

I know I say it all the time, but I suppose I just want you to know it. To not have any doubts. I love you. It sounds hokey; it sounds stupid. I don't care. It's just that there are a select few things in life that I have learned to treasure. I may not say it enough, but you are one of them.

I just remember thinking when I was down that I could tell you anything. I value that. I value being able to share things with you when I feel like there is no one to turn to. That means everything to me. If I didn't have you, Jeremy, I don't know what the hell I'd do. I'd probably just fall apart at the seams or something. It would be pretty messy.

I'll put myself on the line for you. I'll hold you when you're feeling down. And maybe, every one in a while, I'll do something even when I don't owe you anything. Just because I love you.

A lot of times I feel lonely, and I get to feeling down about myself and my life. I guess those are the times when it's just good to know that you're there, somewhere.

I like being with you. You make me feel like I might actually be worth something. I need that every once in a while.

And I guess that's why I'm writing this. I want you to know this, to have this, before you leave. I don't think I ever tell you enough that you're special, and that you mean a lot to me. I realize these things every once in a while about you, and I want you to know that I care about you so incredibly much that it hurts sometimes. Maybe you don't realize it sometimes, the way I realize it. So I'll tell you. I love you.

I want you to know that I never want to lose you, and that I love you. I'll always treasure you, and value you. And I'll always be there for you. Let me know if I can ever make you feel as special as you make me feel.

I love you, Jeremy, always remember that. I'll be waiting here for you, for the minute you come home. I love you.

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