

Dear Friend,

I have come to visit once again. I love to see you suffer mentally, physically, spiritually, and socially. I want to make you restless so you can never relax. I want to make you jumpy, nervous, and anxious. I want to make you agitated and irritable so everything and everybody makes you uncomfortable.

I want you to be confused and depressed, so that you can't think clearly and positively. I want you to feel guilty and remorseful for the things you have done in the past and you'll never be able to let go of. I want to make you angry and hateful toward the world for the way it is and the way you are. I want you to feel sorry for yourself and blame everything but me for the way things are. I want you to be deceitful and untrustworthy and to manipulate and con as many people as possible. I want to make you feel fearful and paranoid for no reason at all. I want to make you wake up all hours of the night screaming for me. You know you can't sleep without me, I'm even in your dreams. I want to be the first thing you think about every morning and the last thing you think about before you black-out.

I'd rather kill you, but I'd be happy enough to put you back in the hospital, another institution, or jail. But you know that I'll be waiting for you when you get out. I love to watch you slowly go insane. I can't help but sneer and chuckle when you shiver and shake; when you freeze and sweat at the same time; when you wake up with the sheets and blankets soaking wet. It's amusing to watch you ignore yourself; not eating, not sleeping, not even attending your personal hygiene.

Yes, it's amazing how much destruction I can be to your internal organs while at the same time working on your brain, destroying it bit by bit.

I deeply appreciate how much you are sacrificing for me. The countless good jobs you have given up for me; all the friends that you deeply cared for, you gave up for me.

And what's more, the ones you turned yourself against because of your inexcusable actions. I am eternally grateful, especially for the loved ones, family and the more important people in the world that you have turned yourself against. You threw even those away for me!

But do not despair, my friend, for on me you can always depend. After you have lost all these things, you can still depend on me to take even more. You can depend on me to keep you in living HELL, mind, body, and soul. For I will not be satisfied until you ARE DEAD, my friend.

Forever Yours,

Your Addiction