

A Kiss-O-Gram from MELANIE



A Letter To My Daughter
Written On My 15th Birthday
To Be Opened On Her ~~15th~~ Birthday
By Melanie Hitten

~~14th~~ ~~13th~~ 12th

Dear Daughter,

I'm writing you this letter so that when you're 15 you will know how I felt when I was 15 and maybe it will help us relate. And also so that you can benefit from what I've learned in life. But if you're 15 already then maybe you've already made the same mistakes as me so maybe it would be better if you read it on your 14th or even your 13th birthday so you can plan ahead. I'll have to think about that.

Anyway... so how are you? How's the future? Is there still a GAB? I bet the world is really different. I bet all the stores have computerized checkout. Am I right?

If I don't get the abortion, I think I'll name you Emma or Courtney. I don't think I'll get one but I don't think I can keep you either (I don't even have my own room now!!!) And even though my mother (your grandmother) always says that all babies are from heaven, I think that in this case she'd shit! I guess we'll just have to go away for a while. Maybe we can go to Orlando. I bet there are a lot of jobs there. I wonder if Disney World has day care?

I've also been thinking about adoption. If I give you up don't be pissed, ok? It seems really freaky that you would live with strangers but I guess they wouldn't be strangers to you and you'd get to live in a much nicer place than this (it's ok for a burb, but we live near the water tower which is very uncool.) Then I figure they get to name you whatever they want - if it's something lame like Joam or Darlene just remember that it's what's inside that counts. Do not get down on yourself and have a bad self-image, even if you are fat and no guy likes you except some shrimp from the A.V. Squad. Just so you know - I am middle popular but I try not to snub. (New color! My pen ran out!) If I have to give you up for adoption I'll tell them to

give you this letter and I swear I will not yell at you if you come and find me. So anyway, here are some really basic things I've learned. ① No one really knows anyone else totally. ② Long Island Ice Teas don't taste like they're all that strong but they are. ③ THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT! PAY ATTENTION! If you get dumped by a really cute guy like Andy Codazzi don't go out on the rebound with a loser stoner like David Rindner just to have a boyfriend. (I guess he could be your father so I take back that part about his being a loser.) ④ Saran Wrap doesn't work. ⑤ Money doesn't buy happiness. I know this because I hung out all day Saturday with Lucy Fisher and she was really depressed the whole time and they have a pool and everything. ⑥ I don't know if there's a God but I do know that I prayed about Andy Codazzi and it didn't help. ⑦ There are people who will act like your friend but it's all a facade. A real friend will listen to your problems and not run out and tell half the school. (I wonder if things were always this way even in cave times. Were people two faced then too?) ⑧ Sometimes life is like buying chicken McNuggets to go and you get home and they gave you the wrong dipping sauce.

Hold on. I have to go check something. (sp?)

I'm back!!! Well, I guess I was having a kintuption fit for nothing - I was just late. What a cosmiddyummy! But I'll save this letter anyway because I figure I'll have you eventually. I think all the stuff I said applies even though I'm not pregnant after all. Except that I take back taking back that David Rindner is a loser - he is!!!!

I just realized that you could be a boy but if you are then I don't know what to say to you.

Love and XXXX's
Your Mother,

Melanie

Sorry
Sloppy!

