

Send To: Stress

By Anonymous

Dear Stress,

I regret to inform you that you have been a horrible friend during this period of my life. I love you for all that you've done. Without you, I wouldn't have been able to get on the swings and jump when I was four. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be able to learn how to ride a bike when I was 10. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have written and filled out the application and be at IMSA.

Stress is good. You are good.

Sometimes you help. And by "help" I mean that you make the difference. You really do. I can't lie though, and say that things just aren't the same right now. I don't know if they ever will be.

All you do is weigh me down. You're this unbearable weight on my shoulders. If I was Atlas, you'd be the sky.

You really are just that bad right now. For me.

You are good. But please, get out of my life.

I hope that when I'm over this, you'll still be there to push me in the right direction.

Maybe I'll miss you.