

Maxwell Yu
English M138

Dear Thing,

I hope you don't mind me calling you Thing. I don't mean it in a derogatory sense. I just wrote "Thing" because I don't know what/who you are. If you have a name, you can tell me that later.

I don't know if you remember (or if you even did this) but you trashed my room. Well it's a basement, actually. But it's my room. You trashed it. Like my shit is all over the room like some gorilla came in and went all horse-crazy. Gorilla-crazy. My mom came home and saw the mess and gave me shit for it. But I KNOW it wasn't me. I thought maybe it was a burglar or something, but it was only the basement that was messed up. I knew it was a sabotage.

How do I know this?? You left your mark on it. I saw the weird mythological symbol you left on the wall. When I came in, it looked pretty fucking creepy. But, I looked it up online and apparently you are a monster from another dimension. See, I could've called you a monster, but I thought that might be inappropriate. I'm sure if you saw me, you would call me a monster. My mom already calls me that anyway.

Anyway I looked up how to contact you which meant the whole "drawing the ritual circle" thing and all that other wonderful stuff. It took me two months. I did a lot of research. I have a lot of time. People now think I'm crazy. My mom thinks I have schizophrenia. So that's fun.

I think the ritual worked. I went to the forest the next day and the letter was gone. I mean, the wind could've just picked it up too, but I didn't see the letter anywhere around. So, hopefully, you got this letter.

The reason why I am writing to you is to list the grievances you have caused me:

So first of all, like I said before, you trashed my room. My mom gave me shit for it, and she thought I had a mental breakdown and went bat-shit, even though I definitely did not. So I told her that. I'm like, Mom I didn't have a mental breakdown. I just came back into my room and it was all messed up. And then she started saying that I must have "repressed" my memory of trashing the basement, which gave her all the more reason to get me on antipsychotics. I mean, antidepressants are enough. They make you feel terrible. Zoloft is like pot. It's green, it makes your eyes, and you pass out on the floor. The difference is that it doesn't feel fun. Ok, actually, all of that was probably irrelevant since you don't know what any of that is. Sorry.

Also, how did you trash my room so quickly? I literally just went to the bathroom and when I came back it was all messed up. You must have done that all in the time span of however long I poop, which is like a few minutes I guess.

I also want my stuff back. You took my phone and my wireless mouse. Now I have to use a wired mouse. Because of you. You suck. I mean the phone, I could've just lost that myself, but if you do have it, just call my mom (707-347-6851). I don't know if you can even do that. Actually, that probably won't work since you're in a different dimension. Also please don't answer any texts I get on my phone. I probably won't get any notifications. But if you do, don't answer them.

Most importantly, you stole Maggie. Maggie is my dog. My stuffed animal dog. She helps me sleep at night. You have to bring her back. I'm fucking serious.

This is my address.

719 Riesling Court, Petaluma, CA, 94954, USA.

-S

P.S. - Please don't kill me if you are dangerous. I don't hate you. I'm just mad.

P.P.S - P.S stands for post-script, by the way.

P.P.P.S - P.P.S stands for post-post-script, and so on. The p's stand for post, just FYI.