

ABOUT HATE

Dear you,

When people ask me if there's anything in my life I regret, my knee-jerk reaction is to say no—because my mother taught me not to use that word. She said it was tacky and my face would stick like that—oh wait, that was crossing my eyes. Oh, you know what I mean. So, I may have promised I would never hate someone—but I was wrong. I really hate you.

I hate you the way a rat hates cheese. Wait, a rat really loves cheese. Maybe I hate you the way a rat hates a cat eating a piece of cheese right in front of his face. Yeah, that's it.

In fact, I think I hate you more than my mom hated the word hate.

I hope this doesn't make you too sad, because I think if you dig down deep—you'll discover that you hate me too. So, now that our mutual disdain for one another is out there, we don't have to talk anymore.

Hate,

Me