

QUESTION:—

*DO
YOU
HATE
ME?*

What did I do? Is it that what I did wasn't good enough? It never seems to be enough. Why aren't I good enough? I've given you all I can, all that I am, and you're still never happy. You're no prize yourself, you know. You think you're so great, so helpful, such an angel. You're doing your job, that doesn't make you a goddamn saint. You're not even doing it well. Why do you always side

against me? Even when it doesn't relate to you. You just join the opposing side immediately and then claim that you were merely trying to help. I think I hate you; but I can't, even though I do. You're doing this wrong, you know. Why don't you listen?

JACKSON JACKSON,
junior