

Pretend Friend

by Angela Kubinec

Dear Diane,

Bring back my lipstick, you hag. It looks better on you, and that just makes me sick. I hate the way you hide shit from me. Bitch.

And don't ever ask to borrow my lavender taffeta dress again, since you had to borrow the crinoline, too. Now it has a yellowish stain on it which I do not want you to explain.

I know you think you'll just pop up out of the blue and do something silly to make me laugh, and everything will be okay. Don't even try. If I see your stupid face again, I will slap it. I swear.

I still cannot believe you went to the dance with Jimmy, you slut. He and I just broke up two days ago.

Drop dead, you whore. Disappear forever, starting now. Our friendship is over.

O.V.E.R.,
Suzie

