

EMOTIONALLY LADEN STATEMENT

The teacher's been riding me. "Unplug your iPod, stop talking, pay attention, . . ." The guy's got no clue. Now the VP's got it in for me, and my mother bought it and told me to come here. You tell ME what I'm supposed to do . . .

I've been worried about my son lately. He's 16 and he's been getting in trouble at school. He's had three detentions this week. I got a note from the principal. I've tried talking to him, but it tends to get pretty heated. I have a bit of a temper. My wife died last year. She used to have the soft touch.

There's just so much on my mind. I'm supposed to be taking care of my brother, who has autism, while I'm also doing graduate school and holding down a part time job. At work, my boss is hassling me because I show up a couple of minutes late. My parents are riding me for not being attentive enough with my brother, but I have assignments overdue. Some days I could just scream.

I don't know where to start. I'm not sure why I'm here, really. I don't see the point of talking to anyone. I've done a lot of talking and it never helped. What's the use? I'm tired of trying to figure things out. I wish it would all just go away. You can try to tell me what I should do but I doubt you've got the answers; no one else has!

My friend Val was in a car accident the other day. Serious one. Not sure she'll completely recover. It's very sad to think about and disturbing to see her all hooked up. I've been visiting her. she doesn't really have any family in town. I've sort of been her family for her. Trouble is we had quite a blow-up a few days before the accident over something she did, and to tell you the truth I haven't quite forgiven her for that one.