

Isabel Castro

Intention: my intention was to create a story out of the song *Greek Gob* by Conan Gray.

6/3/2019

Dear Nothing,

We used to be close friends, I'd tell you everything that ever happened. Then you went and turned your back on me, what's even crazier is that now, after all the pain you -- YOU caused -- you expect me to forgive, forget and let it slide? Well, now I just want to say, I don't really care if you like me or not. I couldn't care less for anything that comes out of your mouth, but I know you want me to. I know that anything I do, you gonna watch to rumor up that I'm a fool. It's the kind of person you are. As soon as you mess up, you try to flip the table to make yourself seem like a victim. You and all your friends have to walk in a squad cuz ya'll are so insecure. If I was you, I'd stay away -- from everyone. Being around you drains the life out of everyone. Who knew someone as toxic as you even roamed earth? You bring down anyone who talks to you. There's nothing you could say: I won't like you anyway. I know that you've been hurt. Don't mean that it's our turn, cuz there is no way your bringing me down with you. Cause I know what you really want, a little more confidence. This is where its gotta stop I'm tired of hearing it, always babbling on and on about all your problems. Your just gonna be a fraud. Oh, we're nothing but fickle friends.

Sincerely- IC