The Letter

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The Letter

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"To Whom It May Concern,

So I'm walking around, looking for something. The problem is I can't remember what I'm looking for. I don't even know if I lost it, or I just never found it to begin with. I kind of have this memory problem. I can't remember when it started. I wake up feeling this emptiness, like I'm missing something. Perhaps it's my keys, I say. But, I have my keys, my phone, and my wallet. So what could it be? Can't sleep at night, I keep thinking about it."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss4/12
To Whom It May Concern,

So I'm walking around, looking for something. The problem is I can't remember what I'm looking for. I don't even know if I lost it, or I just never found it to begin with. I kind of have this memory problem. I can't remember when it started. I wake up feeling this emptiness, like I'm missing something. Perhaps it's my keys, I say. But, I have my keys, my phone, and my wallet. So what could it be? Can't sleep at night, I keep thinking about it. The daytime seems so dull, like I'm sleepwalking during the day and daydreaming at night. I don't know which one is which. So I keep walking, hoping to get somewhere. Who do I talk to? I can barely remember anyone's name. Perhaps I'm sick. Everything tastes the same. Not just food, but the air, the conversation, the humor. Can't find anything good to watch on television either, it's all about real stuff; apparently. But if so, why do I feel like none of that has ever happened to me. I miss the days of Ninja Turtles and Ren & Stimpy. For some reason I can relate to that better. Can't even watch MTV these days, there's no music. But hell, was music ever supposed to be watched in the first place. So I search for that too. Good music. Man, that's hard enough, and it takes the edge off everything else. Searching through Limewire, hoping to find something that will bring me closer to the thing I spend night after night looking for. Starring at the monitor, typing up this letter, to help remind myself what it is that I'm doing. To try to communicate with whatever it is out there that I'm looking for. Perhaps someone can help me find it. It's like trying to find that damn Waldo. By the way, whatever happened to Waldo? The poor guy must have gotten lost too. But, who knows. Damn, what am I writing about? You see, I have this memory problem. Maybe I already said that. Guess I'll keep looking. Talk to you later. Ciao.

X