

WENDY

Okay, this is SO fucking stupid. I shouldn't be here, I say that every week and every week I mean it, I shouldn't be here. I don't belong in THERAPY. I don't. Therapy is for unhappy people, I am not unhappy people. I am happy people. Don't say it! Don't say a Goddamn word, listen to me. LISTEN TO ME! You always do the talking but not today, buster, today you're gonna listen! I am a happy person. Shut up! I mean it, just sit there and shut the fuck up.

Therapy is for miserable, twisted, sick, unhappy losers with nowhere to go or nothing to do with their lives. I am none of the above, so I shouldn't be here. Okay, you could make an argument for twisted, I'll grant you that. I will admit to a healthy dose of twisted running through my personality, but it is a good twisted, it's the healthy-eccentric-sexually-exciting-kind-of-twisted, not the sick-catch-stray-cats-and-torture-them-in-my-basement-kind-of-twisted. I am the GOOD kind of twisted, not the BAD kind of twisted, I LOVE animals, I don't even wear leather for crying out loud. I am a HAPPY PERSON, and if it weren't for the court order, I wouldn't even BE HERE.

This is all my ex-boyfriend's fault. He is such a pussy. He is! He used to LIKE it when I left him obscene phone messages. He LIKED IT, it turned him on, it was his fucking idea in the first place, the kinky prick. We would call each other and leave dirty messages ALL THE TIME. I'm serious, don't roll your eyes at me you QUACK, I am totally and completely serious. He loved it, SHUT UP, he fucking LOVED it when I called him and left a message that said, "You hairy PIG! WHERE ARE YOU? I want you to GET your ASS over here and FUCK ME and you'd better FUCK ME HARD! I want at least THREE ORGASMS and if I don't get them I will beat your sorry, lying ass until it's BLOODY! Get over here you FUCKER!"

He used to love it when I left messages like that. So now that's it's "over" he decides he doesn't like it anymore? He's such a big pussy. I mean, who calls the police after a few hundred phone calls? Jesus Christ. You know what? He's not even that good in bed, really. Seriously, He has major deficiencies in his overall technique. One move, in-out, in-out. That's it. He did have good endurance, but it was still only the one move. In-out, in-out. And oral? Forget about it. I tried everything, I had him reciting the alphabet and singing French love songs down there, none of it worked. He just didn't have the feel for it. Despite what you might think, our relationship wasn't about the fucking. It was more than that. The only reason I kept seeing him was because I liked slapping him. And he liked being slapped. He DID! He LIKED it. I know he liked it because he TOLD me he liked it. Oh, and now because it's "OVER" I'm not allowed slap him anymore, and Oh, let's call the COPS on Wendy just because I smacked him and gave him a bloody

nose just like in the old days? He used to fucking love it when I did that, now I get arrested for it.

Such bullshit. It's because he got married, that's what it is. It's that cunt of a wife he's got now, she's to blame for all this. She's the one that should be in therapy, she was stupid enough to marry HIM, she needs therapy. A LOT more than I do. I'm the happy one. I'm happy, I'm telling you.

Oh, and the resisting arrest charge? That's bullshit too, see what happened was I was trying to explain everything to the arresting officer, explain exactly what I just now told you, and the big pig wouldn't listen, if he had just LISTENED to me, he would have understood that there was NO reason for him to be there or even to arrest me. But the big blue prick wouldn't listen to me, he just kept saying, "put your hands on the hood of the car, put your hands on the hood of the car" and as you can see, I USE my hands when I talk, I'm very expressive with my hands while speaking, and how am I supposed to explain everything completely and fully if I'm required to keep my hands placed on the hood of the car? Then when he grabbed me, well, my reaction was purely instinctual, seriously, I'm a woman, you have to take into account that I'm a woman and when a man that I DO NOT KNOW grabs me without being invited to, whether the man's wearing a uniform or not, I get grabbed by an unknown man, I'm going to react just as any woman would. That's why I kned him in the crotch. It's what any woman would do, it doesn't make me sick, miserable or unhappy. I'm a happy person and I didn't deserved to be maced, beaten with a nightstick and arrested for assaulting an officer, resisting arrest and obstruction of justice. What a crock of shit. HE assaulted ME. I should sue. And listen. Obstruction of justice? What is that, anyway? My EX-BOYFRIEND is the major obstruction of justice.

And can I ask you, WHO just up and gets MARRIED out of the fucking blue? Who does that? Only a week before I was humping his hairy ass in the back-seat of his Toyota, then ten days later "Oh, by the way Wendy, I got married last weekend, Heh-heh, so I guess we're gonna have to stop seeing each other, heh-heh", I mean, what the FUCK is that? And I'M the one in therapy? HE'S the ONE with the major fucking OBSTRUCTION, and it's stuck RIGHT up his ass! He should be here, not me. I'm basically a happy person. I'm happy!

Okay, now look, I can see what you're thinking, you're looking at my file and you're thinking, "Oh but Wendy, what about the suicide attempt?" Here's the deal. What normal, rational, well-adjusted person DOESN'T attempt suicide at least once in their life? Every happy person tries it at least once. No, it's true, it's TRUE, if you have any brain at all you try it once, it's only natural. Miserable mental defectives, LIKE MY EX-BOYFRIEND, are the only ones that seem to be able to avoid suicide. Don't

you ever notice how the people that SHOULD off themselves NEVER do? Happy folks such as ourselves have to give it at least one shot. Look at the Amish people, they look happy, right? A lot of suicides attempts in the Amish community. Really. It's true, I read about it in the Times. So I gave it a shot, I attempted suicide, so what? It doesn't mean I'm unhappy, it's doesn't mean I belong in therapy. And not only that, it was an attempt, an attempt, a suicide ATTEMPT, not a suicide ACHIEVEMENT, a suicide ATTEMPT. If I wanted to achieve suicide, it would have been achieved, trust me, but there is NO way I would give that asshole prick EX of mine that sort of satisfaction. Not a chance. That would make him very happy, which would make me unhappy. I am not unhappy, look at this face, look at the smile on this face. I am one HAPPY fucking girl. I'M FUCKING HAPPY!