

Dear VIKKI,

Hi! How are you. I just got your letter. Today is Friday. I wrote a letter to Dougie and I sent him a picture of me that I took just a few hours before the accident and about that little jerk that I dropped him as soon as he caused the fucken accident. I'm so depressed I can't walk or even get out of this Bed even to go to the Bathroom. I've been like this for about 3 weeks. And I have 5 more weeks to go that means that I would have been on my Back for 2 months without getting out of bed for even 5 minutes. I'm going crazy. Ever since the accident the only thing that is really wrong with me is that I have a bad memory. Guess what! I think I'm in love? You would never guess who when I tell you I'd expect you to burst out laughing. That accident really must have fucked up my head, I don't know why but I have this mad crush on Dougie!

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well did you have a good laugh. But really I can't believe it. But it is true. He doesn't know yet. Because I'm too shy to tell him. Maybe you can write him a letter and let it on a little bit that I like him. I ~~was~~ wonder if he would go out with me when he gets out. Could you just see it, me, you, Brother, & Dougie all living together. HA-HA! what a gas! But I wouldn't mind.

Do you think I need a phsycheist (I don't know how to spell it) Vikky I really really got a wild crush on him. But I don't know what suddenly brought it on fuck I've known him for years. Well all I can say is that I want to go out with him and I WILL.

Oh yea thanks for the two worst pictures of the Bunch I look Terrible. and excuse my writing but I'm lying down writing on a table beside the bed. I'll clean out of things to say so I'll let you go.

Lots of love Debbie

P.S. Do you know that next week I'm going to go for plastic surgery on my leg because a bone punctured threw my ankle and a bone pierced threw my shin and now I have two holes that are very big in my leg.