

Good morning, Mr. Harrison. Nick.

Been a while, huh?

I'm not sure if you remember the first time we met, I'm sure you remember a lot from our relationship, but as for the day we met, I don't know.

Well, I remember. It was precalc. You pulled me aside after class and said how impressive it was that I was a freshman in a junior math class. How I must be so mature for my age. I was fourteen.

You know what happened next.

Suddenly, I was nineteen and you were twenty-seven and we only separated because we had to. Just one more relationship torn apart by graduation I guess.

I'm not even twenty-seven yet. Close, but not yet. And I could never even imagine trying what you did.

I wish that there was a picture of you in this booth so that I could look you in the eyes as I say this.

Fuck You, Nicholas.

Fuck. You. Fuck you for what you did to me and fuck you for making me think it was normal. It was never normal. And I can't believe how long it took me to realize that.

But guess what? It didn't work, I'm still here.

You know what that means? That means I win.

I. Win.

I WIN, BITCH

I win. I survived. I lived. I LIVED AND YOU DIED.

YOU FUCKING DIED.

God, Karma is such a fucking CUNT, ISN'T IT?

*(At this point she is most likely peeling over in cathartic laughter.  
Maybe her feet are stomping.)*

I have waited for this day, I have wanted to laugh in your fucking face for years, and then I get the news, I get the news in a tiny fucking facebook alert, and I just lose it. You. Dead. Me. Alive. It's too good, it's too righteous, too delicious. A beautiful, divine retribution.

I'd dance on your fucking grave if I didn't think you'd like it.

You're gonna rot.

I'm gonna laugh.