

Saturday, 28 January 2017

An Open Letter to my Stalker

Dear a.a.a,

I was very disturbed by your letter. It's been several months since we spoke that morning on the bus, and I was shocked to discover you've been harbouring these obsessive thoughts about me this entire time.

I knew I had made a mistake in speaking with you, because you immediately expected something more from me. It was apparent that you felt I was obligated to talk to you every morning on my commute into work. When I began to avoid you, I thought that would be the end of it.

The way you searched for me on my route, and stood for hours waiting with my colleagues, was completely unappreciated. I now feel unsafe within a job I truly love because I'm worried you are going to show up while I'm working and expect more from me. I do not owe you anything.

I have a boyfriend of four years, who I live with happily. I am sure I mentioned this to you when we spoke that morning. He, over time, has earned the right to love me and be loved by me. You, however, are a total stranger.

I understand that you are lonely, but your expression does not come from the right place nor hit the right target. I am at a completely different stage in my life than you are. You used small details I chose to divulge about myself to create some fantasy of who you think I am. Let me be extremely clear, you do not know me.

Keep away from me. Your presence brings me nothing but discomfort, and you are completely out of line. I hope this will help you learn the difference between polite conversation and an actual relationship.

Signed,

You do not have the right to use my name.