

# JEYKLL AND CARRIE: THE LETTERS

*Jo Goodall*

Jeykll

He was a part of me, He was always a part of me, Hyde was a constant in my life and It terrified me. My mother, the bohemian she was, named me after the book Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. I was constantly bullied for it by my classmates and was amazed by teachers who were weird fanatics of the book.

When I was angry my mother always taught me not to let Hyde get to me. I think she thought it was funny sometimes, but it became a part of me. Hyde became the part of me I always needed to hide. No pun intended. He became my anger, My depression, and The horrible thoughts I can't help but think, It now belonged to Hyde.

Jekyll, Me became the good part of me, The happiness, the calm, the surprise, The part of me that was desirable to the world was the only one that was shown, Hyde became secluded in my mind Slowly by slowly all of his feelings piled up, He was building up.

He was entering my main mind.

He did not wish to be secluded anymore.....

Hyde wanted to be as free as I was.

I was scared.

I was scared of what he was gonna do to get his freedom.

I don't know what lengths he would go to finally be back in the world again. But I knew he would get rid of me before I could ever know, just like I did to him.

Forever secluded and closed off from the world.



I hate my mother for making this.  
I hate my father for not stopping it.  
I hate Robert Louis Stevenson for writing that stupid book.  
I hate Hyde for existing.  
I hate myself for letting him exist.

There are many things I could list I hate. But then Hyde would no longer starve,  
and I'm scared if I do or don't allow him to eat. I'm scared of what he'll do.  
I'm scared of what he's gonna do.

So I'll write my will while I'm still sure I'm me.

To my father, I give you my hope that you find a better partner and have a better child when The divorce is finalized.

To my sister Carrie, I hope you find yourself one day,  
and don't lose your mind like the story you're named after.

To Robert Louis Stevenson, when I see you in the afterlife, I will give you my mind and fists, so you can study the creation you made, and so I can beat your ass afterwards.

To my mother, I give you what's left of my sense of self, in hopes you will never marry again and reproduce another child with a fucked up mind.

To Hyde, I give my apologies for not being a better person. Please forgive me and take care of my body for me.

Goodbye.

- Jekyll.

