

THE PLIGHT OF MARTHA

Dear Jean,

Did we ever have a good time together over last Christmas holidays. I mean one of the greatest things about coming back to the old town is seeing you. Sure, I like to see my family, especially Dave. He has always been my best friend in spite of being my older brother. But you're the one I really feel comfortable with, can raise hell with and have a lot of laughs. I mean, do you remember all those silly things we use to do? How about the time we set off all the fire alarms and got the guys blamed? What a panic everybody was in. That was in the third grade, wasn't it? Then how about, you know, when we stopped up the heads in the teachers bathroom the next year! Nobody ever found out we did that either. I mean I can't remember all of the good times we've had. And we never got caught. Of course we made good grades and everybody thought that we were the perfect little ladies. We did keep up a good front. God knows we were both in Sunday school and church enough listening to all about sin and corruption catching us "younger generation." It was either sin and corruption or giving more money. I mean I never figured out what was more important...less sinning or more giving. The way Preacher Williams talked, I think it was more giving. And do I remember how your parents and mine were not satisfied with us spending only Sundays in Sunday school and church. I mean we had to be their Wednesday nights too. I mean you know what hypocrites they all are. Praising God, calling everybody sinners, asking for more money, and getting as drunk as all hell on Saturdays. And that isn't to mention all the rest that went on in that congregation.

But going to church wasn't so bad, I guess. I mean I did meet Bill there and you started going with --- what was his name --- Jim out of our Sunday school class. Both of them was sweet but so DUMB! Bill and Jim certainly chased after us in their clumsy ways. I mean did they think they were BIG MEN. You know this went on four weeks before you and me decided to go out with them. I remember my first "date" with Bill. I mean when he took me home he tried to kiss me. He almost drowned me. You said Jim was no better. I guess we were in the ninth or tenth grade by then. Anyway it was all a big laugh, wasn't it. I mean especially a couple of weeks later when Bill really tried to make out with me --- like all the way --- but couldn't do a thing. What a nurdie whimp. And, I mean, that was on the sofa in the church library one Wednesday night after all of the singing, soul saving, and money collecting. Hey, whatever happened to Jim? After that Wednesday Bill just sort of disappeared. At least he made himself scarce when I was around.

Then do you remember when we first got into drugs? We were pretty old by then. I mean by the eleventh grade you already knew a LOT. Kids start a lot younger these days, you know, like the sixth grade. Anyway that's what my younger brother tells me. I guess the only drugs you and me really enjoyed, beside a lot of beer and bourbon, was a little coke and a lot of pot. So what was the harm? Everybody was doing it. We never got caught. I mean we are lucky to be as smart as we are so that we could do drugs and still keep up our grades and appear OK to the parents.

Yes weve had a lot of good laughs. And we are smart. I mean now were juniors and really into it. And youre still the only one I can talk to about anything on my mind. Thats one reason I enjoyed being with you last Christmas. You remember me talking so much about Ed? Well, right after we got back here we moved in to a apartment together. I mean we might as well for all we were doing together anyway. We split all of the costs out of our allowances and Ive taken on a part time job as a waitress. Of course none of our parents know about any of this. When they call our old roommates cover for us. We each even keep some of our cloths in our dorm rooms just in case somebody drops by.

Well Ed and I were really into it and happy into May --- in fact till a couple of weeks ago now. Last month I was really feeling pretty A-W-F-U-L in the mornings like, I mean, Ive never felt like that before. You know how it is after Christmas in the spring. The flue, or something, always breaks out. So I went to the infermary thinking Id some strange little beast of a bug. At least I thought Id get a medical excuse from the asprine pusher. Anyway I went to the infermary and waited half the morning to see somebody. They examined me and said everything looked OK. So I asked what is wrong with me? The pill pusher didnt know but wanted me to come back for a couple of tests.

OK so he runs the tests and calls me to come back. Yea, hed found out what was the matter. It wasnt a strange little beast of a bug that I have. Im at least four months pregnate. What a bum wrap this is!

Jean, youre not going to believe this. When I told Ed at first he just looked at me sort of funny like. It was like he couldnt understand what Id said, So I told him again "Honey Im pregnate!" and started crying. He still just stared at me but a real funny look came over his face. He turned sort of red and asked in a real low forced voice who in the hell Id been sleeping with while he was trying to make good grades to get into med school. I was really hurt by that. Ive not been with anybody since Ed and Ive been going together. I told him that and he yelled at me and called me a slut and all sorts of other things and said it was all my fault and that he couldnt be the father of any brat of mine. He even knock me down. Well Ed has moved out with all his things and Im pregnate and stuck with all the bills on top of that.

Jean, I mean youre the only person I can turn to now. I mean weve been through so much together. All those laughs weve had. Ive been to a abortion clinic already. Theyre all over the place here. But none of them will touch me. They all say my "condition" is far to "advanced" for them to handle. They all say Ive got to a hospital to have it done, and Ill probably have to stay their a few days. There seems to be some complications like twisted tubes. I dont know but it sounds bad. Now Ive not got the money for a hospital and twisted tubes and whatever else is the matter. This damn apartment takes all my money. Theres a contract and since Ed has skipped, Im stuck with it. I need at least \$1,500. Im desperate. Is their some way you could get me the cash? Youve always been able to get pretty much what you want out of your dad. Ill pay you back someday.

I mean I know that youve this hangup on abortions. You think its like murder or something. But, I mean, thats the risk you take, pill or not. And, I mean, I know you think premarital sex is OK. EVERYBODY does now, anyway...except the nurds. But, I mean, thats not the question is it? The question is will you send me \$1,500 right away? After all this isnt my fault is it? I didnt ask to get pregnate and I thought Ed really loved me. He said he did. And we werent hurting anybody in what we were do- ing. And who is a abortion going to hurt? But if I dont have one a lot of people are going to get hurt --- especially me. So whats wrong with an abortion? Whats wrong with taking out that little collection of cells growing in me? I dont want them grow-ing there. Damn, Jean, if I didnt want my appendix itd be OK to have it out. Its my body isnt it? If those cells keep on multi-plying, Im going to have to miss the summer cruise Ive already signed up to take. And I wont be able to come back in the Fall term. Thatll throw my graduation off. On top of that mom and dad will have to know about everything. And to explain it all I guess Id have to tell then about you and Will living together to. And, I mean, you know how close our parents are about always talking to each other about us good girls.

Anyway whats a collection of cells? Its my cells. And every time I pick a splinter out of my finger I intentionally kill off some of my own cells. Whats the big deal to kill of some of me own cells? In this situation Im in now theirs just a lot more cells to pick out than with a splinter. And I need some professional help thats going to cost money I dont have. Why does everybody get so upset over something so simple as a abortion? I mean its not like murder or something awful like that. Im talking about a fetus not a baby! I just must get that money. Come on and hurry up that money to me. Just think in a month or so this will all be over, and well really have something wild to laugh about this time. I mean we really are smart!

love,