

Date: Tue, 14 Jan 2003 12:28:38 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: abandonment  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Hethar,

[REDACTED]

I miss you. I love you. I hope you know that. I mean... really know that. And I know, I DO minimize my pain to make it through. You do too, I'm sure. It's what makes us tough bitches! But right now I don't have time for pain or weakness. Weakness will get me killed or worse right now. I have to stay focused and strong. About taking grandma's stuff, I said it was cool, because honestly, I don't give a rat's ass! I never did, so it's irrelevant to me. You asked if my freedom and life will ever not be threatened in the future. Unfortunately, the answer is no. It will be for the rest of my life, more than likely. There is a few circumstances that could change that, but the chances of that are slim to none. And as for Hanable, he's not a bad guy. He's really close to my husband. He 's here to take care of me while my husband can't. I need him to get what I want and desperately need. He doesn't ask much in return, and he never abuses the situation that I am in, even though he could very easily. Hell, most people would take advantage of it. It's weird, though. Ever since he came into my life, strange shit has happened. I have been meeting people left and right from my past. Like you for example. Also, some of my x-husband's old buddies and people from high school, etc. It's strange. But, no, he really is taking care of me and actually protecting me. He's not the enemy. So don't worry about that. He's a major blessing in my life. Major!

fx →  
even  
hey

[REDACTED]

Anyways! I miss you. You said you won't turn me in, but I'm still a bit cautious on the subject. Just to satisfy my paranoia, tell me something that only me and you would know... to prove that you really are who you type you are. !

Please. And don't take that wrong. I have to be careful right now. It's critical for my life and others. Damn, I miss you. I really wish I could see you for just 1 day. I wouldn't mind the drive. I love you so much. Look, I understand how you had to abandon me in the past, and I know how much it hurt both of us. But I know that it was necessary for you to do. That's why I know you'll understand if I have to abandon you. I love you so fucking much. Don't forget that. Ever, ok? IF I leave, please know that I will be thinking of you, and will still love you. I will miss you very much if I am forced to leave. It's important that you know that and believe that in your heart. Ok? I love you, and miss you very much. Just stay safe, ok? Don't forget to delete everything I send, and everything you send to me. It's important. There can be no trace on either side. If anyone asks you, I'm planning on going to Mexico to go on a caving expedition for a couple weeks. !

Other than that, don't answer a God-damn question. Not one! Just say you don't know shit. And that's the truth, anyways. Know that I love you, and I will find you some day, and hope to be able to see you on a regular basis. I hope. I love you. Don't forget that. Love, you know who

→

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Date: Fri, 10 Jan 2003 15:52:17 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: Response to I don't know (part 1)  
To: onry3@yahoo.com



LeAnn

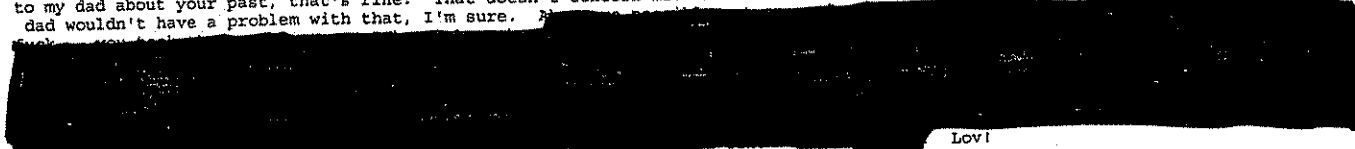
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Date: Fri, 10 Jan 2003 15:07:26 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: whatever (continued part 3)  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Hethar,



Of course I won't tell anybody anything. That's none of anyone else's damn business!!! But as to me being secretive, I've already told you why. It's nothing personal. I just have to be careful, or I could loose my freedom or life. If I don't say shit, that's why. Either that, or I don't want to tell you something that you could get hurt by knowing (due to other people... and no, not the family!) I won't put you into a position where your safety is compromised. I just won't. So please try to understand where I'm coming from. And then when I said "the rest will come in time"... I just meant, that we will just go from there. In other words, I don't have any other requirements or expectations of you. I didn't mean it like there's more to come or some shit like that. Sorry. Again, the way I talk is different from the way everyone else talks, so you took that wrong. Sorry. And I'm not leading you like a dog! What made you think that?? Anyways! Sorry about Grant and you, but it's not as big of a deal to me as you think. Me and Grant were close ion the past. We have drifted apart now. And that's probably a good thing. So don't even trip about that. And about a leak of information, well remember, I'm the one that wanted to know if you were a cop or not! Remember, I'm the one with the bigger trust issues according to you. (smile). Anyways. The same goes back. You are the only one I have contact with at the moment, and no one else knows about this shit, unless they are directly involved. And they are not rats! Plus, they have more to do with it than I do, so to squeal, they would be sending themselves away. And as for talking to my dad about your past, that's fine. That doesn't concern me. And! dad wouldn't have a problem with that, I'm sure.



Love!

LeAnn

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Date: Fri, 10 Jan 2003 14:38:10 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: whatever (continued letter part 2)  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Hethar, Hey! Ok, back to the letter. Man this is getting confusing having so many different letters being chopped-up, but due to me not having a computer at home to do this shit, I have no choice. Sorry. Ok, where were we? Oh yes, the family cult. Like I think I already said, I don't know what you're talking about on that one. I have to hide due to illegal shit, not due to some family cult or whatever. About not asking questions... that's ok to ask. Just don't be mad if I ignore the question. If I

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do ignore them, just know that it is for my safety and yours. I WILL NOT endanger either of us, especially just for some conversation. It's not worth it. That would be stupid. My orders come from Hanable (for the moment), and he's a dangerous person to fuck with. But if you don't fuck with him, he's your best friend. I need him right now. He can do things that I can't right now. Plus, I'm too involved right now to back away, not that I want to back away, but!

still. ~~about the moment you asked about, but actually, it's more along the lines of...~~  
First off, let me explain my roll-over accident to you before I forget. I was doing 70+ mph on the highway on my way to a college class in the morning. It was rush-hour. (the speed limit was 55mph back then) I looked down to mess with the radio and when I looked up, I saw brake lights coming at me. I panicked and swerved as hard as I could (mistake number 1) to the right. When I realized that I was losing control and that gravity was the one in control then, so I panicked more, lost my vision, but was conscious enough to make another hard counter-swerve to the left (mistake number 2). Then I totally passed-out. Then the next thing I knew, I could feel again, but couldn't see anything yet. I felt 3 hard crashes/bangs, and then I got my vision back. I was hanging upside down from my seatbelt. (I was in my dad's 1987 full-size Chevy

pick-up.) I started screaming for someone to "Help me!!! Please help me!!!". My voice was so desperate that it scared me and so I screamed even more and even more desperately. Then I blacked-out. The next time I came-to, I heard a guy yelling, "Give me your hand! Give me your God damn hand!" Then I blacked-out again. Then I was being pulled out of the car with just my legs still inside. I blacked-out. I was then being carried by this guy away from the car. I had the worst headache in the world! Then everyone left and they thought I had a baby in the car. (I don't know why, but they did.) I couldn't talk, but I could understand people mostly. Then my lab-partner (who was a few cars behind me, on her way to school, too) showed up and said that I didn't have a baby and that I was on my way to college. She was a trained EMT. Now I have to back-up and explain the details that I didn't know had happened. What happened was I swerved to the right (from the left lane), and then swerved back into the left lane, hit a concrete highway barrier, flew up on top of it, flew over the car that I should have fear-ended (that started the whole accident), slid across the barricade thingy, then it fell off the barricade, landed on the ground, and rolled over at least 3 times, and then got jammed in the bridge facing north/south in the east/west lanes. Now, back to my memory. I was bleeding from my arm, and I had seen the blood on the top of my arm when I was being carried away from the accident. But, all I saw was the blood that had trickled down around my arm from being upside down. I didn't know that it was gushing out the artery on the other side, and that part of my bone was missing. When you have a head injury, there are some common things that happen. One is you are confused and disoriented. The other is a massive headache that you can't even begin to describe! The third is you become combative, and gain extra strength. (Adrenaline also helps on that last one!) Well, some things came up and tried!

I tried to place a pure white towel on my arm. I tried to fight her over it. I was afraid that I would stain her towel. I didn't know that I was bleeding to death. I thought that all I needed was some band-aids! Hell, I didn't think that I needed to even go to the hospital, other than for insurance purposes. They called in Flight-For-Life. See, the other problem was that because my car was flying all over the place, people were trying to dodge me. So as a result, 22 cars were all over the highway and totally blocking the highway. The cops and ambulance, etc had to drive east in the west-bound lanes just to get to the accident scene! I closed down the highway totally for over 3 hours! (I'm sure I pissed off a lot of commuters that day!) Anyway, I passed-out again, and then they got the towel on me until medical help could get there with better bandaging materials. In the mean time, my lab partner (the EMT) started working on me. Even when she got to me, my blood pressure was down to 20/15. I barely had a pulse. I was bleeding out. Well!

When medical teams got there, they pronounced me DOA, and told my partner to stop. She basically told them to fuck-off, and that she wasn't going to stop because she knew me. Eventually she got me back, and the rest is history. I'm alive and well. (well, sort-of!) But for the first 2 weeks or so, I didn't even know who I was. I had no memory of the past. I also had a lot of problems with short-term memory. Eventually over a lot of time, I got most of my short-term memory back. And through old pictures, my family gave me "new" memories to memorize as old ones. I don't remember much from before the accident. I'm very slowly remembering more as time goes by. In fact I just got one back today! It was when I was about 5 years old at Esther's house, when I cut Michelle's hair and basically fucked her all up as a result. But hey! I was! I didn't know how to cut hair! I still don't! But anyways, that's the scoop on my memory problems. Oh, plus I have been going!

through my things looking for old pictures, and I have found many of my diaries, and I have been reading them to remember shit. About Esther locking me in the room, it was the bedroom. Why? She even held the door knob so I couldn't get out. That was a cool memory of you holding me and then falling down the stairs and shit. Thanks. Now you said you "spelled" me. What else did you spell me? You talked about to be strong and to fight. That's true. I'm not saying that I believe it or not, but just curious. And if that shit is true, then do one to help me and my husband overcome this shit we are dealing with, but in a good way. Yes, your singing was a gift from God. I LOVE your voice. I have bragged about my singing cousin all my life. Especially when people tell me I have a pretty voice. I always respond with "I got it from my cousin. She used to win national contests and shit for singing. Anyways! It's too bad that you fucked-up your voice with cigarettes. You always had the best voice I had ever heard! Well, I'll have to!

make this a part 3 letter in a minute! Love ya! LeAnn

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Date: Fri, 10 Jan 2003 13:38:10 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: whatever  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Hethar,  
~~the rest of the letter is redacted~~  
I know that love has a destructive side as well. Trust me. I'm in the middle of that kind of thing right now that will change my life forever. You noticed that I speak empathetically and the I'm loud and expressive. That's my bi-polar. I can have severe sings from up to down in a matter of seconds for no reason. I don't mean it to hurt you. Half the time I don't know what the fuck I'm saying anyways! Plus, I'm under some serious stress right now, and so it doesn't take much to set me off right now. I don't mean to direct it at you. It's just that I have had to cut off pretty much all of my contacts with all my friends, so I have no one to talk to in any way shape or form. Please don't take it personal. If it's upsetting you, then I won't write anymore if you don't want me to. It's just that I want to talk to you as much as I can while I still can. As to you thinking I'm mad at you for deserting me, I'm not. I was when I was a teenager, but that's long gone. I'm not mad at you.

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opinions. I believe strongly in Christianity. And to make this shorter and more simple, I believe that if you don't believe in Christianity, then you are going to Hell, and you are believing wrongly. (That's just a short and simple version) But if it makes you feel any less judged (which I'm NOT judging you), I'm probably going to Hell, too. So you can see my priorities on that one! (giggle) The only things I know about witchcraft is from the book "The Satan Seller" by Mike Warnke. That's where I get my opinions from. About my x-husband and the curding and shit. Don't bother. He's in prison right now and just got sentenced to another 10 years. I doubt he'll make it out alive as it is. And I do love him. Deep down, I don't want bad shit to happen to him. I will always love him. Anyways. Why do I deal with convicts, you ask. Damn, I was afraid of that question! Let's put it simply. My x-husband was one. My current husband is one. All my current "friends!"

are ones. This all goes back to my secret. I do feel bad about not talking to you about it, but the timing is very bad at the moment due to legal aspects. (I hope you're getting my drift, especially if you put all the clues together from the past letters, etc.) I am not allowed to say anything to anyone for any reason right now. If I did, you could be in danger, and I definitely would be in danger. So drop it on that one. I don't mean to be mean, but it's very important to my future. Just watch the news over the next couple months. About my stance on the government, that comes from seeing what they have done to my x-husband in the past, and what they are doing to my husband right now. I can't even see him right now due to the government being able to do whatever they want to. That's why I'm pissed about them. And as for refinement in my speech, I don't talk like this to most people if I'm trying to get a point across. Like I said, I just under a lot of stress right now. And about Bryce and Kevin comparison... I didn't mean it lol!

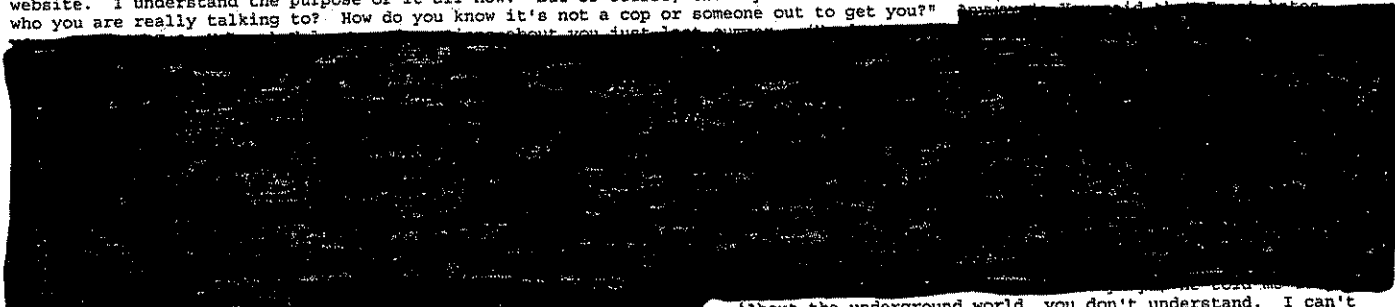
ke that. I meant to just be careful. I had a bad marriage, and I just wanted to let you know, and learn from me, but only IF you needed it. I wasn't saying that Bryce was bad. (Although, I still say the Master thingy is wrong, but that doesn't mean that I am saying that Bryce is bad... I'm not. I'm just saying the action is bad on both of your parts.) It's cool that Bryce has been there for you. It's hard to find someone who wants to deal with people as crazy as us! About being harsh, I'm not worried about it. But take it into mind that you aren't always taking what I say the way that I meant it to be taken. Remember, I'm NOT judging you, even if you may think I am. I'm not, trust me. Why is the fact that I'm your family a threat to you? I don't understand. When I said don't judge me based on my family's opinions, I wasn't meaning that you already were. I just meant it in general. It was just a statement. It wasn't directed at you, although you were the one!

ly one I was writing to, but you know what I mean. About turning you into the family cult...WHAT??? I don't even know what the hell that means. But I wouldn't turn you in to anyone. Hell, I'm worried that you will be the one to turn me in. Like I said, I'm in a vulnerable spot legally right now. I do trust you, but you're right... only to a point. But that's due to the position I am in currently. Hell, if Hanable knew I was talking to you, he'd fucking have me killed in a second. That's why I keep trying to hide some stuff. Plus, he'd have you killed, too. I'm in a dangerous place at the moment. Shit will be better soon, but not for a while. About not talking to you because of the family, that's not it at all. I don't even totally understand that question. Another reason I'm more skeptical of "you", is due to the multiple personalities. I might be able to trust one, but not the others. I just don't know. You were pretty trippy when I talked to you last. As to the names I talked to, I talked to Hethar and Heather. I also talked to 1 or 2 more. I think one name was Jennifer or something like that, but I'm not totally sure. After my rol-over accident, I don't remember a lot. About not talking to the big bad cousin... "No". People don't know shit about you. Well, I have to finish this letter in a while. My time is more than up.love, Leann

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Date: Thu, 9 Jan 2003 11:16:52 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: continuation part 2  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Heather, Ok, I'm on a new computer, so where as I? Oh, yes! How humans can't be trusted and shit. Anyways, I have put my trust in many people in the past and then have been fucked over due to it, so now I just hate people. That's cool about the website. I understand the purpose of it all now. But of course, then my mistrust issue comes in and says to me, "Do you even know who you are really talking to? How do you know it's not a cop or someone out to get you?"



Now About the underground world, you don't understand. I can't give you the information you would need to understand it right now. Just keep your eyes and ears tuned, and you'll understand soon enough. I don't know what you mean about the "family cult." So, you are way off base, but that's fine. Like I said, just watch and wait, and also keep your mouth shut. I don't care who the fuck they are. Don't say a fucking word!!! (And make sure you delete all these letters as soon as you read them for both of our safeties)



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Date: Thu, 9 Jan 2003 10:46:30 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: I don't fucking know... this part is the annoying box!!!  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Dear Hethar, Hey there! What's up? I really hate the way that some of these computers won't let you use a return button. I'm such a perfectionist, and spelling and that type of shit also needs to be done right when I write, but oh well! There ain't shit I can do about it now. Anyways! I got your response to the first half of my letter. You said you are so jealous for me being a stripper. Man, you really ARE fucked-up in the head, aren't you??? It's not nearly as glamorous as it may seem. Actually, it can be very dangerous. That's why I finally quit doing it. I am allergic to smoke, so I never worked in a club. I always did private shit. It makes 3 times more money than at a club, but there is also 3 times more dangers involved. I had a few really bad

experiences, and I've even been ambushed once. So coming from someone who has been a professional dancer for a couple years, my advice to you is... DON'T... or just do still photography. That's much safer,

I know you'd like to know more about my current situation, but safety prohibits it. Trust me, everyone will understand soon enough. About wanting your real address, that's hard to explain as well. It ties into that last thing. I guess the best way to put it, is so that I can get a hold of you without being noticed. I know you don't understand that, but you'll understand later.

Why do I think that humans can't be trusted? Well, because they can't! My x-husband always lied to me. Then I trusted my boyfriend, and then he turned around and raped me. I then trusted my fiancée in high school, and he raped me. I trusted many people, (mostly guys) to take care of me, and then they fall through. Hell, that's why I don't have a job right now is because I trusted someone else. I'm currently having to trust someone I don't know very well, but I have to do it to get what I want and need. Well, my time is up, so I'll get back in line and continue in a minute. I love you! LeAnn  
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Date: Wed, 8 Jan 2003 13:23:36 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: e-mail me  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

*Darlene Emry's Condition*

Dear Hethar,  
Hey, there! Well, I've decided to deal with the long lines at the library so, it is ok to e-mail me letters. It still might take a day or two for me to get around to reading it, but I'm kind of getting hooked on the concept of really fast mail! So anyways, go ahead and e-mail me from now on. I'm going to try to see if Michelle can scan some pictures from our photo albums at her boyfriend's house, to be able to place them onto our family website. There's ones for just about every category, plus some new folders as well. Hopefully, her boyfriend will show her how to do it. I'll let you know if she can't do it. Have you gotten those first set of pictures yet, the ones I sent to that Blackfoot address?? Anyways, since you haven't e-mailed me back yet, I don't have a ton to say at the moment. Oh yeah! You asked about Darlene. She had a brain aneurysm in 1997. It ruptured and caused hemorrhaging in the brain. A small clot formed which saved her life, but it also caused a small mini-stroke. She underwent brain surgery (the biggest mistake we ever made), and they fixed the aneurysm. But the surgery itself had complications. It caused further damage and a larger stroke. The end result is slight paralysis on the left side, (most noticeable when she smiles, as well as she drags her left foot some when she walks). Also, the main problem is the actual brain damage. Ron didn't say much about it, probably because he doesn't believe that she is really as bad as we say she is. (Ron and my dad fight over that one all the time.) Anyways, mom has total memory and no problem with that, but she has absolutely NO logical skills. She can't do anything logical, or anything that involves problem solving, or reasoning. Also, she doesn't understand sarcasm anymore. She takes everything at face value now. If you tell her that the reason she can't find the paper towels, is because you "ate them", then she gets mad and asks why you decided to eat them! She can't do anything out of order. She has to do everything in her life in a routine. And the routine can't be altered for ANY reason. Like here's an example. If dad was running late for the bus to go to work, and he needed her to make a sandwich for his lunch, a normal person would stop what they were doing and go make the sandwich and then go back to whatever they were doing, right? Well, mom can't do that. Before she can make a sandwich, she has to clean the counter, but before she can clean the counter, she has to do the dishes. But of course she can't do the dishes until after she gets dressed. And she can't get dressed until she's had a shower first. See what I mean? She can't just go make a sandwich first and then go back and take a shower afterwards. That's not the way her routine was before her aneurysm, so she can't handle the change now. Same thing goes if something is put out of it's regular place, she can't find it. Like if the paper towels were normally kept on the right side of the stove, and one of us put it on the left side of the stove, mom can't figure out that it's been moved. She just thinks that there are no more paper towels left. Even though they have only been moved less than 2 feet away, she can't problem solve at all. But the thing is, she has a perfect memory, and can remember shit from before you were born with no problem. And if you have a conversation with her, she will seem normal. But when you are with her all day long, you realize she's got a lot of damage. She's been on disability ever since the brain surgery. Her brain can't handle any stimulus for a prolonged period of time, so her brain shuts down, and she goes to sleep. She sleeps on the average of 18 - 20 hours every day. Because of that, she doesn't get any exercise (her brain can't handle that stimulation), so she gains weight. Then due to the weight, it makes it even harder to exercise, so the cycle repeats.

Remember, I love you!

Love,

LeAnn

Love always,  
Michelle

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Date: Tue, 7 Jan 2003 12:24:37 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: Continued letter  
To: onry3@yahoo.com

Ok, Hethar, I'm back on another computer to finish my letter.

[REDACTED]  
I understand that you have a different faith and culture and shit than most of the family. I assume it's still that wicka shit. I think it's wrong, but I am NOT going to judge you on that. If there's one thing that my fucking x-husband taught me, (other than pain), that is to NEVER judge other people on the outside. Only judge once you have ALL the inside info. Dealing with convicts all the time, I have learned that shit usually isn't what it seems to be. Especially whatever society and the fucking government have to say about it. I say fuck the government!!! They fuck us every single day, and what's sad, is that most people don't even know that they are being screwed-over!! Anyways, don't get me started on that one, either. As you can tell, I have only become more opinionated over time. I hope you really know who Bryce is before you marry him. I thought I knew Kevin before I married him, and that turned out to be a nightmare and a half!!! I knew Kevin for many years before we got married. I just don't want you to get hurt like I was.

Anyways. You say you are risking a lot to reach out to me, well, I am probably risking even more than you are. Just remember that. And whatever you do, DON'T ask questions!!!

[REDACTED]  
I don't really have too many expectations of you right now, so don't worry too much about it. But there are a few ground rules that we BOTH have to go by if we are going to continue this relationship as adults. Number 1, is DON'T LIE!!! Always tell the truth. I divorced my last husband due to lies. (Not due to the beating, cheating, 6 affairs, etc...but it was due to lying!) Number 2, Don't judge me unless you want to be judged the same way. The rest will come with time. I hope you can trust me. Just remember, I wasn't the one who did something to you... that was the rest of the family...not me. So don't hold that against me. Also, keep in mind that I live a very secretive life, especially away from, my family. Everything I tell you is confidential, and vice-versa. OK?

I love you! LeAnn

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Date: Tue, 7 Jan 2003 11:39:55 -0800 (PST)  
From: "LeAnn Emry" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
Subject: Re: Lets be friends as adults now  
To: "h. emry" <onry3@yahoo.com>

My dearest Hethar,  
(Man, that's weird to spell it that way, but out of respect for you, I will.) Anyways. I am new to this e-mail shit, so forgive me if I fuck it all up. First off, I sent you those pictures by regular mail. I sent it to the 58 w. something or other address in Blackfoot. I hope that was ok. I have no way to post pictures on this shit, so anything I send you, you can post up on the web page. Man, you asked so many questions and I don't have much time on this e-mail, so I will do my best to remember what you said/asked. About the fucking cussing... yes, I cuss a TON and a half!!! I learned it from my x-husband, Kevin. Then I was a stripper for 2 years, and that just reinforced my bad attitude and language. Like you, I have become a very different person now that life has given me some experiences.

[REDACTED]  
As to you disappearing on me as a child, I understand that circumstances forced you to do that, and that it depended on your life. I'm in a similar situation, but so far I'm fairly well protected, but so many things could fuck that up in a heartbeat. I wish I had your real address, but as long as you use the Blackfoot address, I will send shit there until you feel more safe with me. I do want your phone number, so that I can call you. I didn't really expect you to call me. But I really want to call you. As to my mental shit. The laymen's term/diagnosis is "SHE'S FUCKING NUTS!!!" On a more technical level, my main problem is Bipolar/ Manic disorder. Over the years, I have also been accused of Obsessive/Compulsive Disorder, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, and hints of some schizophrenia (never proven), as well as anti-social disorders. Can't people just realize that other humans are NOT to be trusted??? It's

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not wrong to hate people. It's a safety mechanism. Anyways, enough about that while other people are watching...I might go off on a tangent on them. As to my relationship/loyalty to your family...FUCK THEM!!! (I hope you don't post ANY of this on the family website, by the way), but the only person I can even stand on your side of the family, is Grant. I hate your mom, and I REALLY hate your father. The last time I went to their place (to see Grant), Ron threw me out of the house and told me never to come back into his home again. (Sound familiar??) So, as to my loyalty... It's ALL you, girlfriend! I am in an "underground" world, probably similar to yours. And "Yes", I DO wish that I could have been there for your mental shit. Maybe if we had still been around/together, we would have been so busy trying to talk each other out of suicide! that we wouldn't have had time to actually attempt it ourselves!!

XXX  
V

[REDACTED]

Just remember, I love you...whoever "you" may be.

Love, LeAnn

Heather,  
Please spell my name right (LeAnn). It's a major pet peeve of mine.

Love,  
LeAnn

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Date: Sat, 04 Jan 2003 22:52:08 -0000  
From: "leannemry <leannemry@yahoo.com>" <leannemry@yahoo.com> | This is Spam | Add to Address Book  
To: onry3@yahoo.com  
Subject: I forgive you

Dearest Heather,

Hey, there! What's up? Well I finally broke-down and gave in to the e-mail thing. I have to go to the library to do anything and have morons watch we read and repond to my e-mail, but I figured it was the only way anyone would keep in touch with me. I don't really plan on checking my e-mail very often, so I'd still appreciate it if you'd use the old fashioned way of mail. My address is: LeAnn Emry 4892 S. Genoa St., Aurora, CO 80015. My phone # is 303-680-0725. (God, I hate having to do this with people around!!)

[REDACTED]

I love you and think of you often,  
LeAnn