

*To Whom It May Concern*

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OS24



*To Whom It May Concern*

*April 20<sup>th</sup>, 2011*

I don't know where to start. This is uncomfortable. I'm sitting in this library writing about my feelings, this just doesn't feel right.

Lately, I've been feeling irritated by everything and everyone. Is it that I'm stressed? Everything bothers me. I don't know where or how to start. I'm annoyed by people's laughter. I don't understand. This is a library isn't suppose to be quiet? People talk and scream like they're in a coffee shop. I don't understand this situation. I don't understand, I don't understand what I'm feeling.

**March 24, 2010 at 9:30pm**

Hey baby! I have decided to send you messages instead of wall posts because I'm scared that people will read my posts on your wall. Scary. Scary, huh? Facebook is the only way I feel like I'm actually reaching you. Although I can talk to you everywhere I go now.

First of all, I miss you. I know you are always here with me, in heart and soul.

Gee, I wonder how many notifications you have? HAHAHA.

Well, today I was with our friends. It feels like something is out of place. I really need you, we all do. I guess by writing on your wall or sending you messages I feel that I'm talking to you. As if you are going to receive every single word I'm typing.

Well, I'm all scattered today. I miss you, you would only understand.

{Andrew's online, should I talk to him? I don't know. I want to tell him that I don't like him anymore so that we could be friends again, but he is just too weird. Can you make him talk to me? And tell me how he feels about this whole situation because he seems alright. He scares me sometimes. I think that he is an island man. He likes to be alone and wanders off to his cave. Where ever that might be? It really annoys me when he just books it out of school. It's like "really your are just going to leave, no Good-bye? Not even a friendly wave?" Like "W.T.F mate!" Get social skills or something. I really think that I'm just mad that he won't hug me as much as I would want him to. I feel like him and I need to be friends and I don't know why. Can you tell me why? Please, please, please, am I right or am I wrong. You always knew the right thing to do. What should I do?

Also, Ryan...Okay, I don't know if I like him. He was really cute and told me he likes me but I don't know if I like him back. It's just too hard right now, with you gone at this moment I have mixed feelings. I

wanted to kiss Henry today. I think I like Henry. He is a funny guy but I cannot make a move on him or anything, well as you know Abby is being the typical "angry ex-girlfriend" who is jealous of everybody who touches her "ex-property". She is currently pinpointing Blair. Blair is such a nice girl and she does not need this drama, it's such B.S.

Gosh, I miss you.

So more gossip. Ryan and I are going to see the school play, Macbeth, tomorrow night. I don't know what will happen. I don't even know if I want to go, I guess I'll go if I feel like it. I hope Andrew goes. I hope he wants to hangout with me. Gosh, why do I still like him? Why is he still on my mind, what is wrong with me? Please I need time with Andrew. Just him and I. Just our quirky personalities having fun on a ridge or on a mountain or in his room. I really need...(Ryan just commented on one of my photos)...time alone with him. I want us to connect and be best friends who hangout all the time. Could this happen? What do you think?.....hum, I'll close my eyes and wait to see a yes or no.

Yes? Okay, YEA YEA YESH YESH! Andrew and I are going to hangout and be best friends! Okay Alright, I just got all excited.

I love you so much and I miss you gurl, you are currently my background. As you know I'm getting really bad grades. I just can't seem to get work done. I don't know why? I mean I try really hard I just keep getting behind. I guess I should try harder. Can you please help me try, like you used to before? Give me your knowledge to catch up and make good decisions with schoolwork.

I'm tired I shall write more tomorrow I really like writing this way.

LOVE YOU FOREVER!!!!

Thank you for listening,  
Almendra your arms.

*April 21, 2011*

I stopped reading them. It torments me. I can't deal thinking of what this situation has put me through.

Now I wonder, what's going to happen to me when my mother dies? Was this a practice run? Am I preparing for something worse?

I was writing to her as if she was still alive. I joked around and gave her updates on things I know she would want to hear. As if she was in college and I was home.

Out of all the people. You. It had to be you. Why? Out of all of the people I don't care about, the person that I most cared about leaves me. WHY. What did I do wrong? Did I screw up, was it because I was in a fight with my mother that week or because I haven't called my father in a year?

*March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2010*

**1:00 AM**

Text message

3:00 PM

Hey!

Where are you?

Wherever you are I hope you are okay.

Everybody's worried about you!

PLEASE ANSWER YOUR PHONE, silly!



*For my Junior Year I was a part of a program called Team. I was lucky enough to be one of only twenty-four students accepted into the program. Team is a one-year academic experiential program open to juniors in the Tamalpais Union High School District. Team offers students a variety of real life experience in four phases of experiential education; community service, career exploration, wilderness adventure, and ropes course leadership, while offering a demanding college preparatory academic curriculum. In order to attend our last trip, to The Lost Coast, we needed to raise money. And everybody knows that there is no other way of collecting money and bonding but through a car wash.*

**10:00AM**

***It was another Car Wash with my second family, Team.***

***Working at the car wash***

***(oh oh, yeah yeah)***

***Come summer the work gets kind of hard***

***This ain't no place to be if you're planning on being a star***

***Let me tell you it's always cool***

***And the boss don't mind sometimes if you're acting like a fool***

***Working at the car wash (oh oh, yeah yeah)***

***Well those cars never stop coming***

***Keep those rags and machines humming***

***My fingers to the bone***

***Keep on and can't wait till it's time to go home.***

***"Why does Laura have a permanent stink face?" I asked.***

***"Hahaha, I don't know. She actually looks kinda upset." Gabriella responded.***

***Laura's blonde hair waved through the wind as she furiously parked her silver jeep. She then popped out of her jeep and ran towards my two teachers.***

***Half an hour later, she walked out of the classroom with a blank stare and red eyes. I walked up to Laura and gave her a hug.***

***She whispered in my ear, "Almendra, Alicia's missing."***

**8:00 PM**

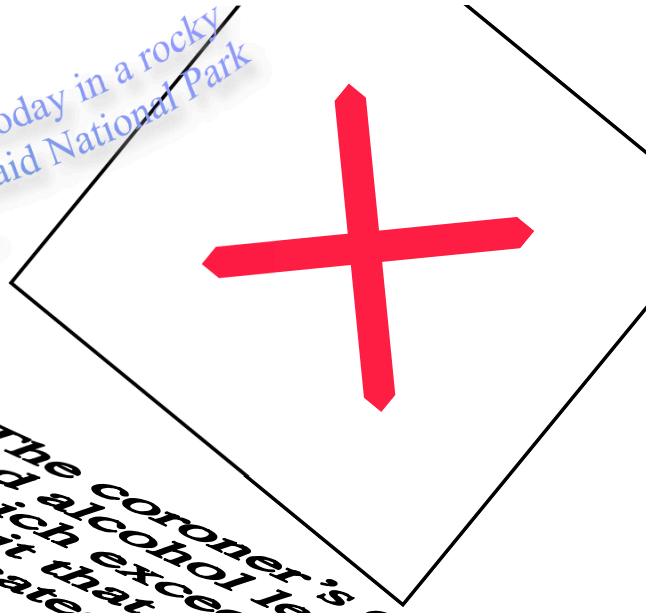
***Alicia was still not found. They searched everywhere. I could not think straight.***

*March 20, 2010*

No sign of her.

March 21<sup>st</sup>, 2010

The body of Alicia Scott Lee was found at 10:45 a.m. today in a rocky cove off Muir Beach Overlook, north of Muir Beach, said National Park Service Ranger George Durgerian. He said the girl was found



The coroner's office said blood alcohol level was 0.13 which exceeds the 0.08 limit that qualifies as intoxicated in California.

A 17-year-old Mill Valley girl who fell to her death from a Marin leadlands cliff last month was intoxicated, the Marin County coroner said Thursday. Alicia Scott Lee's blood-alcohol level was .13%

Boats, helicopters, tracking dogs and teams on horseback are searching for a 17-year-old girl reported missing today from Golden Gate National Recreational Area in southern Marin County.

Who was a teen at Muir Beach Sunday was remembered Monday as a standout student athlete and photographer

the body of a 17-year-old they have found. Authorities said

**March 29<sup>th</sup>, 2010 at 1:07pm**

IF I WAS YOUR ARMS WHY DIDN'T I HOLD ON TO YOU?

damn it damn it damn it. I miss you.

I miss you're smile, I shed a tear every DAY.  
I know your still here.

**March 31<sup>st</sup>, 2010 at 5:41 pm**

I'm happy I told you that I loved you because you knew I meant it. I still love you. I love you! When I jump in a puddle I will always think of us getting soaked, Hahaha. I loved every single minute we spend together and I'm happy I told you that in person. Remember when we fed each other cake? Hahaha I was the arms and you were the body, Haha. I love you. I love you so much. Thanks for helping me out with homework and knowing what is best for me. I will forever be organized. You're my inspiration to keep going.

If it weren't for my mother I would have given you a hug good bye. God damn it! I hate everything right now. I just can't believe that the day that you and I were going to hangout my mother says no. She has to come to school randomly to give me some soup. RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR. I ONLY WAVED. I can't believe we waved. I wish I had stopped you. My gut was telling me to call your name, but I thought that I would see you the next day.

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2010 at 3:00 am**

I hate soup.

**April 12, 2010 at 1:07pm**

I read my essay to the whole class today. I thought you might want to hear it.

*The devastation of loss remains in my heart.*

*I saw life.*

*I saw death.*

*I saw a cycle of life in eleven hours through a brown tinted window cemented with snot-yellow bugs. I saw bright green fields that surpassed the horizon. I saw a golden brown blanket of sand beneath a baby blue sky. I saw mountains as massive as the Transamerica Pyramid that morphed into piles of rocks. I saw cows and horses feasting on lush grass. I saw cows and horses digging their hooves into silver bowls, nibbling on plates of food set out for them. I saw fruitful oaks. I saw twisted Joshua trees. I saw civilization going through the motions of its daily routine. Then, civilization played hide-and-go-seek. Eventually, civilization disappeared completely.*

*Reeling through each scene in the window, I relaxed and opened myself to anything the window wished to expose. My worries of backpacking in the desert simmered down; now what mattered was my awareness of the present moment. Driving, hiking, smiling, laughing, crying, dancing, drawing, rock climbing, feeling, hugging, learning, leaping, cooking, eating, singing, sweating, farting, bouldering, car-camping, lizard watching, and loving.*

*The brakes suddenly screeched and we came to a stop.*

*“What’s going on?” I asked.*

*“I think there is an accident up ahead,” Krystal, the driver, replied.*

*My mind raced at the sight of ambulances. The dirty, teal-blue Honda Civic was beat up and mashed into a ball of metal. There was nothing I could do; all I could*

*think was, "I hope they reach their home and give their mothers one last hug, I wish Alicia did."*

*A week before Team High School's Joshua Tree Trip my beloved friend and fellow Tamiscal High School student Alicia Scott Lee passed away in a tragic accident.*

*"No need to worry. At least we know they're still alive," Rory, a trip leader, said.*

*"How do you know?" I asked.*

*"Well if they were dead, the wait would have been much longer because they would get the coroner out here," Rory answered.*

*As our purple van rolled by the accident I gave the teal clown car one last look. An officer covered some blood by kicking sand onto it. I could not help the tears running down my face. I cuddled next to the window and wept silently.*

*The landscape kept rolling past, like life keeps rolling even after horrible things happen. Everything stays moving, even if my world has stopped. We don't have to forget, or push things away, but rather embrace the change and seek the positive perspective people gain from difficult experiences.*

*"Do you want some sticky rice?" Luke asked. I brushed the tears from my face and looked over at my friends who were laughing hysterically. I loved how sprightly and alive they were. I could see their life flowing through their veins. They enriched the air with vibrant colors. Like electricity, they shocked me.*

*At the moment I was thankful to have such a loving community such as Team surrounding me. Alicia's passing taught me the importance other people can have in recovery and in continuing the reel of scenes we call life.*

*April 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2011*

Although it's hard, I push myself to read more and more. Each time I finish a letter I understand myself better. My emotions were justified; it was alright to feel what I felt. I want to go back and tell that girl that 'It is okay. Everything will fall in its place. Just keep moving forward.'

This is a cleaning process where I'm aligning my thoughts. Now I understand that I should embrace my emotions and talk about them rather than just feeling bad about myself. I wish somebody read the messages and helped me through this process.

**April 14, 2010 at 7:36pm**

I need you. I feel like crap, I haven't had a good day EVER.

Why did you go? I wish you were here. Maybe I wouldn't feel so down. FUCK LIFE. I hate it. I can't wait to have my own life. I hate the one with my family. I can't do anything. I can't write, I can't scream, I can't play the music I want. I can't do so many things. I wish you were alive. It would be one less thing to think about. I need to move on.

**April 15, 2010 at 6:45pm**

I miss you. I'm starting with my Anne Frank obsession again. I should probably take a shower.

I miss you terrible. I hope you read all of these and somehow answer back. I miss you. There is nothing else to say. I miss you. I feel as though I have no right to cry and grieve and mourn. I have no place. I'm a pile of dirt, a pile of nothing and no one knows me or about me. I'm stuck. I don't know what to do. Please help.

**April 17, 2010 at 1:06pm**

I miss you so much. I hate everything right now and I don't know what to do. Well, I have so much to say. I want you to know that I love you and would never want to hurt you.

So now I'm forgetting all about you, because my mom said that I should probably get over you and everything that has happened. It hurts but I have to because then you can rest in peace my love. I miss you so much.

I'm sorry I'm hurting you.

Tell me if I am hurting you through songs. ;)

Whenever you want.

Open my eyes and let me know. R u still here?

**April 18, 2010 at 7:27pm**

I don't know what to do. I'm depressed. I'm thinking about suicide but this time its worse. I'm actually going to do it. I don't like it. PLEASE stop me. Why is this happening to me? Why am I feeling like this? I don't like it. I HATE THIS. I hate this. I don't like feeling like this.



I want you to rest in peace. I really do, but my mom tells me that you are not because I'm crying, is that true? I don't know or understand. I can't understand. You are not dead. I should be the one dead. I should be the one who is not here. You should be alive. You should be living. You should be the one living out your dream. I hate that I'm here. Yet I should feel blessed to be Alive. I'm the one who can see everything. I'm the one who can do anything. But truthfully I'm just cut into a corner without anything. My heart has been ripped apart and now there is a painted curtain where it used to be. Air breezes through it sometimes, which reminds me that it has been ripped apart because you are gone. I can't forget you. I probably need to but it hurts too much. I don't even believe this is true, am I really crying? Am I? Is this true? You can't be dead. I can't be crying over your death. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. Why is this happening? I'm so depressed.

Is it okay to cry? How long would it take for me to stop? Should I keep going? I just want to die. I want to disappear and forget that I was even alive.

Why am I crying? I wish I were never born. I wish this never happened. I wish I was rich and had a lot of money to go to any college I wanted to go to. I wish that I could have the boy that I want. I wish that I were close to my family. I wish that you were still here. I wish that you could hug me one last time. I wish we could hangout.

I'm doing nothing.

What have I been doing this whole week? NOTHING. Absolutely nothing. I'm so lost. What am I suppose to do. Should I get out of here? I need to. My friends are going to L.A, should I go too? Am I destined to go? What should I do? I feel like a corpse without a defined route. Who's talking to me? Why do I hear voices? Where am I going? I wish

you were here. Why did you die? Why am I feeling this way?

I have no clue. I feel so devastated. I feel like someone has crushed the life out of me. I'm so alone. I want to be with people but then I just get sad.

I have been with some friends today and it was nice. But I wish I was with you.

I forgot that you meant so much to me. I forgot that you were a light and had a precious soul. Precious, I wish you were still here.

I'm watching the video of you at my party.

Yours,

Arms

**April 25, 2010 at 9:36pm**

Hey there, I miss you.

Over and over and over again I will play hide and seek and pretend you are with me.

I will never forget that song.

I LOVE YOU!

You are never out of my mind and I don't think you will never not be.

I wish somehow we could still talk to each other. I really miss your voice and the way you told me to do my homework. I need that now more than ever. I'm so behind. It's terrible. Please give me some of your wonderful knowledge. I love you soooooo much! I'll see you in my dreams?

-Love,

Your arms!

*April 23<sup>d</sup>, 2010*

When I'm reading the letters I feel like I'm back home typing them to her, alone. When I finish a letter, I'm freeing myself. Each word of the letters is a thread that I am pulling to liberate myself.

**April 26, 2010 at 6:49pm**

I miss you

I can't hangout with Greg or talk to him. I feel like crying. It hurts too much. He reminds me of you way too much. I wish that he understood that, I still want to be friends with him but it's too hard to see him alone, without you. I would always get really excited when I saw Greg because that meant to you were there too. Now I just want to cry. Cry in Greg's arms and somehow turn him into you.

I'm so weird.

It's not the same. I always stare out the window and image you walking towards the classroom. It's really hard to see Greg and Julia and Laura standing in the same spot you used to stand staring at the class. It hurts a lot. I love you so much. You will never leave my thoughts. I hope you are okay. Please give me a sign that you are alright and happy.

I don't know what to do about next year. I'm stuck. I just want to leave or disappear. I need a refresher. I'm working really hard, finishing all of my work and turning things in on time. I'm making a movie for tomorrow now. I love you! I miss you.

-Love,  
Your arms.

**April 29, 2010 at 1:00 am**

It's been over a month, I don't know what to do. Should I get over it? I can't.

**May 2, 2010 at 9:52pm**

HEY!

I should be doing homework right now but I can't I don't know why I should probably get to that.

I wish you were still alive, there were so many things I wanted to do with you. Like go swimming, run by the beach, laugh at 3 am while eating hot fudge. I will now do these things thinking of you! I will do them for you. I'm sorry I've been depressed I don't want to be but it hurts so much. I love you and miss you!

love,  
your arms

**May 18, 2010 at 6:47pm**

One final paragraph of advice: **Do not burn yourselves out. Be as I am—a reluctant enthusiast, a part time crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save the other half of yourselves and your lives for pleasure and adventure. It is not enough to fight for the land; it is even more important to enjoy it. While you can. While it's still here. So get out there and hunt and fish and mess around with your friends, ramble out yonder and explore the forests, encounter the grizz, climb the mountains, bag the peaks, run the rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air, sit quietly for a while and contemplate the precious stillness, that lovely, mysterious and awesome space. Enjoy yourselves, keep your brain in your head and your head firmly attached to your body, the body active and alive, and I promise you this much: I promise you this one sweet victory over our enemies, over those deskbound people with their hearts in a safe deposit box and their eyes hypnotized by desk calculators. I promise you this: you will outlive the bastards.**

This quote reminds me of you. I'll try to find you in every hug I give. I love you!

I miss you and I hope that we can hug each other one last time ;)

HUG ME!  
okay?

*April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2011*

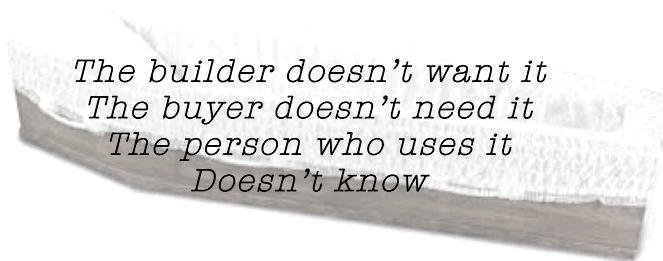
I realize that in every other sentence I say, “I miss you” and “I love you.”

**September 26, 2010 at 7:40pm**

I love you! I miss you and I cant stop thinking about you even on days like these you are on my mind. Everywhere i go you go with me. in some weird way. but you are. i felt you in the back with Emma and i laughing about the incident, of you getting an icp. oh leesh. I wish you were here. for real. I miss you.

**November 28, 2010 at 11:13pm**

I feel as though I had never been in Team.  
I feel as though I have not been living for a while.  
That my heart just turned off and that I am not here.  
That my body is ready to leave and never come back, that my spirit could rest in peace. Because I have not been doing anything.  
I haven't accomplished anything.  
I haven't done something incredible yet.  
I don't feel like doing anything.  
I just feel like laying.



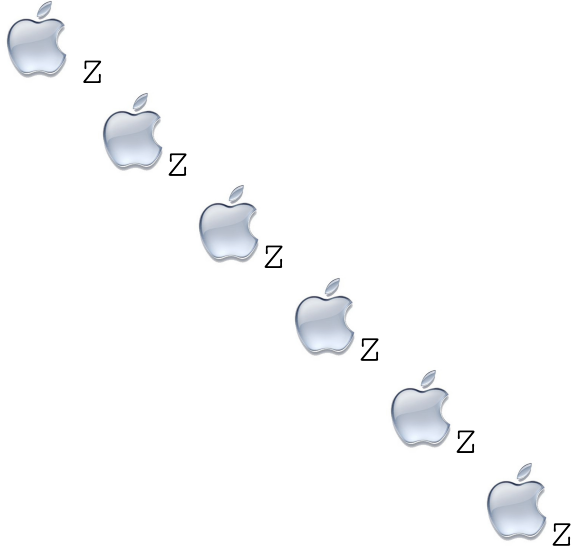
It took me 30 minutes to figure this out.  
I'm lost.

Fuck this shit  
I HATE IT  
I hate life.  
I hate living.  
I hate responsibility.  
I hate responding to my body.  
I hate boys.  
I hate friends.  
I want to shut everything off

NOW

I need to go back to the desert.  
I need the desert in this time so bad.  
I need to go back to the desert again.  
Redo that whole 9 days.

Redo Redo Redo Redo



I need to redo everything and go crazy.  
I need to climb more rocks.  
I need to search new wedges.  
I need to read more books.  
I need to do homework.  
I need to  
I need to  
I need to  
I need a plan

I can't stay like this forever  
Whats my plan?  
Can I think about it?  
Or should we think about it together?  
I know: I need to take care of myself.  
I need to do so many things.  
I don't know, all at once?  
I feel like I should do different things each day, right?  
Little different things.  
Like prepare my lunch.  
Eat a balanced healthy lunch. Breakfast. And dinner.  
I need that.  
Next I need to get my academic work in order.

I NEED TO GET IN ORDER.



April 20<sup>th</sup>, 2011

Today is a year and a month since she left. I still don't know what to write. I am still uncomfortable. How long will this feeling that is killing me inside last?

“To see is to forget the name of thing one sees” - Paul Valery