



Your Money's Worth

by [Kellie Powell](#)

Jessie: Believe it or not, sometimes my life sucks beyond the telling of it. And I don't understand why me trying to kill myself makes you want to buy me new clothes and clean my apartment. Buying new clothes doesn't fix clinical depression. You're sitting there telling me to tie a ribbon on a gunshot wound.

I didn't come in here and say "Fix me." I work. I work every goddamned day. I got myself to class when I wanted to kill myself, I've held down jobs, gone to work when I would have rather drank bleach. I made friends, I supported them in times of crisis. I've even dated. All while being in a living hell. I work. You don't know me, you don't know what my life is, and you can't blame me for feeling desperate, for wanting a way out. I'm not all the other people you've treated, okay? Stop treating me like an age group. I'm a human being.

Normally, I'd just make another appointment, cancel it, and ignore your calls. But, I've confronted you. And you know what? That's huge for me! I've aired my grievances, you've refused to acknowledge me, and now, I'm done. One of us is being insane, and for once, it's not me.