

# Dearest Debbie

Ted Kaczynski

1975

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## Prologue

Well yesterday I applied for a crummy job at a MacDonald's restaurant. There was one other applicant being interviewed—a good-looking girl probably in her early twenties. She mentioned to the interviewer that she was seriously involved in roller-skating, roller-derby, or something— I don't know what it's all about. I thought she was very attractive. As I said, I tend to have a soft for athletic females. The situation was not suitable for commencing a flirtation ... Now, by chance, I happened to spot this girl walking down the street. I quickened my pace to catch up with her. When I pulled up with her, I said "Hello — weren't you applying for a job at MacDonald's yesterday?"

She was obviously pleased by my attention and became very chatty and friendly. I walked with her to the YWCA, where she was staying, and stood in front of it talking with her for a few minutes. I left with her name {Debbie Hechst [spelling conjectural]} and phone number, which she gave cheerfully at my request. I called her twice today intending to invite her out to supper, but both times the desk at the YWCA said she was out, so I'll have to try another day. I like her! So far, anyway...

... Perhaps I am not really so inhibited with attractive women as I thought ...

March 1; Further report on above: I certainly do not understand what makes females tick. Today I called that girl and asked her to have supper with me. She seemed rather cool about it ... I don't resent her very much for it. But I am certainly puzzled ... Naturally I won't call her again.

March 2: Postscript on the above: The note below I composed in my mind for amusement; contemplating it, I was so pleased with my own sparkling wit that I wrote it down and sent it. I don't suppose she'll like it much, but that's okay, since I don't intend to pursue her any more anyway.

## The Letter

Dearest Debbie:

Obviously you don't want to go out with me at all. I called you back at 4 o'clock, the time appointed by you, and you declined to answer. I was utterly crushed. I ran and got my razor, intending to cut my throat, but I couldn't go through with it because I couldn't find a container to catch the blood in. I wouldn't want to spill it all over the floor. So I guess I'll just pine away and die of unrequited love, you cruel thing. Just to show that I'm selfless and noble and forgiving I'm going to remember you in my will. I'm leaving you my .30-30, my yo-yo, my six-point elk horns, and my jock strap.

This last item should be laundered thoroughly before use. Also, I'm leaving you some advice that your mother should have given you: Never speak to strange men on the street.

Yours forever more,  
Ted Kaczynski  
underneath the signature I drew a picture of a broken heart.

## **Epilogue**

Note: About 10 days after the above, I passed this Debbie on the street — on the opposite side of the street, however. I think she noticed me, but she avoided looking my way. She was probably wondering whether I was a dangerous nut or only a harmless one. But I don't mind!

The Ted K Archive

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Ted Kaczynski's Oakland California Journal. <archive.org>. Original source:  
<harbor.klnpa.org> [now dead].

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