LETTER WRITER #1. Dear Sugar, What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck? I'm asking this question as it applies to everything every day. Best. WTF.

(**SUGAR** *looks at* **LETTER WRITER #1.**)

How You Get Unstuck

LETTER WRITER #2. Dear Sugar,

I got pregnant, and my boyfriend and me – we were excited to become parents.

When I was six-and-a-half months pregnant, I miscarried.

(**SUGAR** *turns to* **LETTER WRITER #2.**)

Since then, not a day has gone by when I haven't thought about who that child would have been. A girl. She had a name. Every day I wake up and think, "My daughter would be six months old," or, "My daughter would maybe have started crawling today." Sometimes, all I can think is the word *daughter*, *daughter* over and over and over.

I'm not sad or pissed off. I just don't care about anything. I'm numb. And I can't get past it. Most of the people in my life expect me to have moved on by now. One pointed out, "It was only a miscarriage." So I also feel guilty about being so stuck, grieving for a child that never was.

Then there is the reason I lost the baby. My doctor said it was because I was overweight. Part of me thinks the doctor was an asshole for saying that, but another part of me believes that this was my fault. Sometimes, I don't eat for days and then sometimes, I eat everything in sight and throw it all up. I spend hours at the gym, walking on the treadmill until I can't lift my legs.

The rational part of me understands that if I don't pull myself out of this, I'll do serious damage to myself. I know this, and yet I just don't care. I want to know how to care again.

Signed,
Stuck