

Dear , ^{this is supposed}
^{to be a bell}

2/24/18

Last night, when I first thought to write this letter, I had a lot of beautifully honest things to write. However, I fell asleep and forgot everything I wanted to say, which seems to happen a lot. I feel like this is one of the many reasons why I never said

You genuinely believe in people. I like how you equally accept the childish and adult parts of you. I like how we always get each other baby toys for our birthdays, because we didn't have real childhoods, and we're so so scared of the future. I hate that I'm just realizing that I love you now, but if I did any earlier it probably wouldn't have made a difference. Plenty of boys have liked me, I've liked plenty of boys and girls, but I've literally never felt like this before. Pardon my cliches. I really wish I could just hold you all the

time, and more, so look like your glow look rich really & well & for the maybe up in

time, and maybe sit in parks
more. Sometimes you don't
look like a person. Without
your glasses sometimes you
look like an alien. But ⁱⁿ a
really pretty way. Maybe
we'll hold onto each other
for the rest of our lives.
Maybe we really will end
up in New York together

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