



Dear Abs,

I wanted this missive to greet you on the pillow as you rose this morning, since I knew I could not be here to kiss you awake. Waking up next to you still feels like a blessing I hardly deserve...the world may never know that all you've sacrificed for me, but I certainly know it. I treasure it within my heart and cherish the thought that you trusted me to keep you safe, to respect the boundaries that your health demands. My darling un-queen, my best friend, my best counselor, the person who pushes me and yet welcomes me into the very core of who she is, I love you so entirely. Woz only knows where I would be without you. I greatly look forward to our time on La Bonisla next week and hope you do, too...I'm sorry I couldn't arrange it for the day itself, but just imagining you there again is wreaking havoc on my concentration. If could perhaps not pack any clothes you don't want ripped off with my teeth, that would be extremely helpful.

Yours,

Edward

DEAR T,

YOU ARE EVERYTHING TO ME.

LOVE,

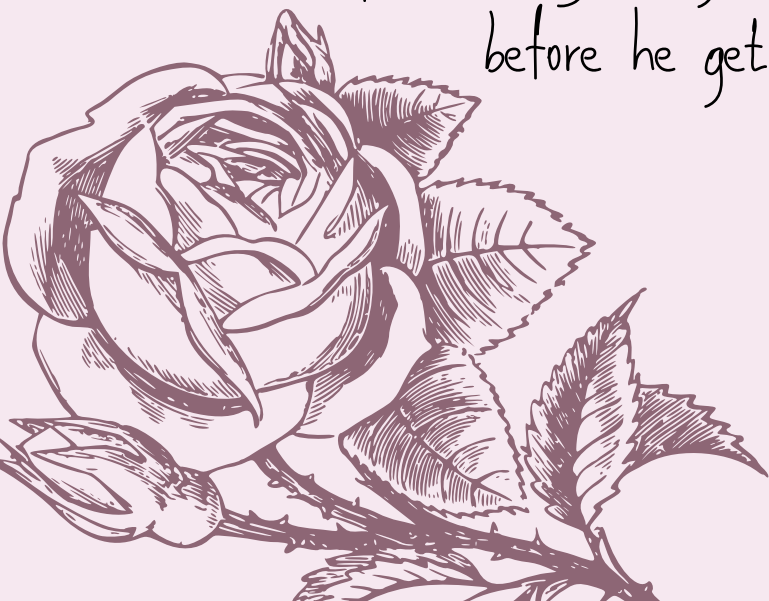
PETUNIA

Dear Beautiful,

Olly's getting to be such a good reader that this is going to be a much more tame love letter than I'd like, in case he finds it before you do. #dadproblems

But I still wanted to take a minute to just say how thankful I am that you're in my life now. You light me up, Brooke. You're still a mystery to me and I miss meat, but you're 100% worth it. Do I miss my clean house? Yes. But I would miss you a lot more, gorgeous. Thank you for taking a chance on me, for forgiving me, for muddling through a relationship with someone who's new at them. You'll never know how much you mean to me.

Also, you're so jacking hot. Hopefully Ol will give up before he gets to that part.



Saint

P.S. I love you.

Dear Rhodie,

I don't know what I'm doing, writing a letter I'm never going to send. But it's a day for expressing your love, and my heart has only ever been yours. I know it's crazy to want you: I'd never be what you need. My heart seems to be oblivious to this, for it nearly leaps out of my chest every time you enter the room. When you laugh at my jokes, I feel I could fly. If I'm not careful, the church is going to make me the patron saint of lost causes...

I love you, Dr. Broward.

Arron