

October 26

Alex,

You suck. You suck so hard. That was disgusting. And you made me drink the whole freaking thing! I only made you take three sips of sweet, syrupy goodness, but I had to down an entire mug of gross, bitter, far-too-coffee-flavored coffee drink? It took two mugs of peppermint tea to get the taste out of my mouth. There will be retribution, my friend. And it will be merciless.

That being said, I should probably acknowledge that part of this might be considered my fault, as I never told you that I am a very recent coffee drinker who has the baristas make her coffee drinks with half coffee. What? I'm working my way up, don't judge me.

Anyway, no puzzle to get your letter this time, because it's already five days late (I know we don't put a time frame on these, but we've fallen into a rhythm), and I am sorry about that. It's been a crummy, awful, shitty week, and when I showed up at Cuppa Joe's and was informed that I would have to apologize and drink a cappuccino to get my letter, I was just done.

Here's what I hate about being a typically cheerful person having a bad day – no one lets it slide. And normally, I'd vent to Gabe, but it's tech week for Noises Off and I don't want to add to his stress.

Anyway, it wasn't until today that I was able to shake my mood enough to brace myself for the thought of having to down an entire cappuccino. But! I did it, and I did apologize for calling them boring, and mine wasn't boring at all. Andi Grenowitz made a very pretty leaf on the top in the foam. It was lovely to look at (we're surrounded by art here, too, you know). It was agony to drink.

And hey! I told you my questions were going to suck! I don't think it's fair to read that and then say my questions are sucky. They were not the questions I wanted to ask (and yes, thank you, you have now been added to my data), though, full disclosure, one of my questions would probably still have been gender because Gabe and I had a bet going. But my second question would have been more interesting!

Also, I am flattered and strangely touched, actually, to hear that I managed to impress you in some way. Like, I know it's the dumbest thing in the world, but that meant a hell of a lot, especially after this week. I've spent most of it feeling anything but impressive.

And you're getting a baby sister??? Are you kidding me?? That's amazing, Alex! Are you super excited??

Sorry. I spend my life in constant envy of people who have siblings because I've always wanted one, but it's not gonna happen. Mom can't have any more kids, and I feel like if she and Joe were going to adopt or foster, they'd have done it already. So I'm very excited for you!

Seriously, they're naming her Elisabeth? Spelled with an S? That's my middle name, Alex. I'm not even kidding you. Elisabeth spelled with an S. Because my mother doesn't believe in spelling names normally. (My full name is Zoey Elisabeth – yes, Zoey with a Y, but I refuse to spell it that way because that's dumb. It's not as bad as my friend Caela or her little sister Emmaleigh, but really, Mom? Really?)

See, Alex? If you think we've run out of things to talk about, you just aren't trying hard enough! You can comment on anything! You just have to go back through and dig. For example, I offered you two separate opportunities to ask about what makes my hair stand out so noticeably, and you didn't take me up on either one.

I have noticed that you don't ask me very much. I mean, goodness knows you hardly need to, as I share personal stories at the drop of a hat, but still. Is it really because you've felt bad asking me questions when I couldn't ask you? Alex, this is your challenge: I request - nay, demand - that you ask the questions you've been holding back, sir!

As for what I would ask if you lifted your injunction, I would ask you this:

How was your day?

Zoe