

November 7

Whoa, whoa wait, back up! You asked about my love life. I gave you an answer. I did not say that Emma owes me anything and I did NOT ask for your advice on the matter! Butt. Out. (Besides, trade in best friends of five years for boyfriend for two weeks? Yeah, I'll get right on that. *Sarcasm*) And while we're on the subject, butt out of the competition too. I play how I play, and I win on my own or it doesn't count, got it?

I am this close to not writing any more. How dare you? What gives you the right to assume I'm at all like the assholes in your life? It is nothing like that. ~~I wouldn't even~~ ~~I'm not~~ It's an expression, and just because I like her doesn't mean I expect anything from her! She is way out of my league. I couldn't-

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Sorry. I have to leave that subject be, or this letter will never get written.

You asked for advice, I gave it. If it wasn't the advice you wanted to hear, then you didn't really need it in the first place, you just wanted someone to validate what you already decided to do. You don't need me for that. But, since you want the validation I'd take a long hard look at your inclinations - you probably already know they're not the right ones if you're looking for someone to back you up.

I do not play in the band. I was in it long enough to learn how to play the drum set, and then quit.

If you're treating me differently, it's only that you're giving me more advice than you were, but that could be due to me telling you more things than I should. I mean, really, I should have known better than to actually answer that question, avoiding all your questions be damned! ~~How could I be so~~

Nope, gotta stop again.

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You had questions:

- 1) Yes.
- 2) No.
- 3) How ~~the fuck~~ should I know?
- 4) See answer 3.
- 5) Really? You're asking me if I gave you a fake name?