

December 12

Zoe,

First, I am fine. I still don't really know what happened, but nothing bad came of it. Brent says that I was just tired, so I went upstairs to sleep. He doesn't know how I made it home, but somehow I did. And stop worrying - I'm not missing anything, I wasn't assaulted, I'm completely fine. Maybe I just sleep-walked home (~~although that doesn't explain how my car made it~~). Oh, and Emma is okay too. I'm betting she drank enough that she doesn't remember any more than I do, and is just trying to cover it up.

I know, I know, why couldn't I just call you and let you know faster. I considered it, I really did, but... it felt wrong. Like, if we had the option of phones, we'd stop writing, and I don't want that to happen. Anyway, I'll stop there, so I can get this to you as soon as possible. As a one-time-only thing (don't worry, I'm not a stalker) I'm going to give this to a friend of mine from elementary school who ended up at Torrey Pines. He's one of the office assistants, so he should be able to figure out your locker number, even though he says he doesn't know you. He's supposed to find your name and stick this in your locker while he's running messages or something, so there's no chance of you running in to each other.

And now I'm rambling. Sorry. But yes, I'm alright.

Alex

P.S. Think you can finish the rest of your letter now? I feel like you already did my part of the conversation in the parts about Lissa, so I don't need to. :)