

February 14

Alex,

It's been ten days now since I've heard from you. I don't know what to think anymore. Because Benji at Cuppa Joe's told me that both my letters to you got picked up sometime on the 10th. Which means you have them. You have them, and you know I've been worried, and I still haven't heard from you, not anything, not even a — a quick note or a message or anything.

And I don't know what this is. I don't know how to feel right now because I don't know what this is. God, that's the understatement of the century. I don't know what any of this is anymore.

I'm dropping this off first thing tomorrow, and then I'm giving you til the end of the week. If I haven't heard from you by Saturday morning, Mom's taking Lissa to the HCC so that I can look your dad up on the internet, find your address, and show up on your doorstep, because I need to know what's going on. I need to know that you're okay.

Did you know that in the first three weeks of this year, I got eight letters from you? Eight. In the second three weeks, I've gotten one. I hadn't realized how much I'd come to rely on your words as a frequent fixture in my life.

Alex, I need to hear from you. Okay? I need to. I need you to be okay, and I need you to not be a vindictive, callous jackass just trying to punish me.

Please talk to me. Please. You have no idea how badly I want to be overreacting to all of this. I have never wanted to be wrong about anything so badly in my life. You can laugh at me all you like for as long as you like, as long as it means that you're okay, and we're okay.

Zoe