

Zoe,

Your letter is in three parts, all hidden somewhere in Del Mar Shopping Center. The first part is where colored ice never melts under hot lights. The second where giraffes and lions sleep together. The third might sprout, if you leave it too long. You may want to take a coin with you and make a wish while you're looking.

November 18

Zoe,

How is it fair to inform me that my letter is written and then force me to wait four whole days to get it? I mean, I get it if you're busy and haven't written it yet, or if I haven't figured out your puzzle (which thankfully has never happened, as that would be its own form of misery). But to tell me it exists but I cannot have it? Pure torture! Be glad I'm only making you solve a puzzle for each page and not ordering you to go eat banana peppers to receive your next letter in retaliation (though I will keep it in mind if you ever are due for some sort of stronger punishment! :)

I did enjoy the show tonight, though I missed you in the pit. You are very multi-talented! Is there anything you can't do? I'm really asking, not just rhetorically: what are you bad at? Aside from forgiving Thom - I think we've successfully established that you are (rightfully) bad at that.

Speaking of Thom, I don't want to say "I told you so" but... :) I knew you would come up with a way to deal with Thom that was much more "Zoe" than what you were originally considering. Saying what you had to say in a letter means you were probably more civil than you'd have been in conversation (or silent treatment for that matter). You can have a clean, happy, peppy, good-girl conscience, and get your dad Thom to leave you alone.

~~Look, I know that I was upset because I didn't want you to think~~
I don't understand people sometimes. ~~How could anyone think that~~ As you've maybe guessed, I'm not much of an internet person - I don't even have Facebook,

or Twitter. I'd heard it -- the offensive word, I mean -- but I had no idea that it had such negative connotations. And when you suggested that just using the term meant that I obviously was a-- well, anyway, I apologize. I won't use that word again.

That sounds like an awesome pizza! Just add some banana peppers and it would be perfect!

Honestly, I have no idea whether you can grow pickled peppers. I just figured, you went for silly, I'd better try for at least something silly.

My favorite book is The Mysteries of Harris Burdick - Will gave it to me on my birthday. Harris Burdick is this artist who supposedly dropped off his drawings saying they all had stories and then vanished. Here's a challenge for you: If you don't know the Harris Burdick story, research it, and then pick a favorite (everyone has one!). We used to have to make up stories based on them for school. It is my goal to someday write a poem for each picture in the book. I don't have many yet, but someday!

Last play I saw is easy: The Importance of Being Earnest when the community company put it on. I did say I was a Wilde man!

My day was fine.

So, to round up all my questions for you: What are you bad at? Are you familiar with Harris Burdick (and if not, get familiar) and which is your favorite? (With an extra bonus challenge of writing a short story for one of them if you want, but keep in mind, it's a letter, not a novel, yes?) I'll return your last three questions to you as well: what is your favorite book, what was the last play you saw (aside from the one you just played in) and how was your day?

Alex