

If the baristas did their jobs (and Andi tells me that they are as amused by this as we are and therefore probably did) they handed you a small cappuccino with your directions. That way you can taste it and see that it is decidedly not boring, but rather the greatest mix of bitter and foam known to man! Even the baristas in Italy could not make it so well!

This week, there are no clues - you have already been given your letter. Check inside the sleeve of your cappuccino.

P.S. How far are you willing to travel for this scavenger hunt? I'm starting to run out of hiding places.

October 20

The pizza was delicious. The gooey cheese had melted just the way I liked it, the dough was soft and chewy, and the sauce dripped over my fingers as the banana peppers filled my mouth with spice. I looked up after a few bites and asked "So what's the occasion?" Usually pizza was a bribe to make me complacent about some "serious talk" my parents wanted to have with me. Strangely enough, they smiled at me, genuine smiles, not the typical "you screwed up, but we love you anyway" smiles that I was used to getting with pizza. I tried to smile back, but with the pizza in my mouth it probably looked more like a grimace.

"Your mother and I have some good news for you, Alex," my father said, looking at my step-mother. I tried to smile at her but my mouth was full of pizza.

"This Christmas, Santa Claus is going to have some help from the stork," she said (I'm not kidding, she really talks that way. It's annoying but you get used to it), "You're going to have a baby sister!" She grinned at me and I tried my best to grin back.

And that was how I found out about baby Elisabeth. She'll be here in another two months or so, just in time for Christmas. As I said before I'm not much of a writer, so I hope you enjoyed another peek into my life (though admittedly one that doesn't tell you too much about who I am.).

As I said, I think it's impressive that you try not to be a different person with everyone. I'm not sure how you manage it, but I'll give you props.

Really? Those are the two questions you want to ask? And you called me boring.\* As it is difficult to be ambiguous to either of those, I will answer honestly: Pale and 16. Does that satisfy your assignment requirements?

Pass along my congrats to Gabe. (Not that it will mean much to him.) Probably it'd be a good idea to remind him that they only give you the really hard stuff (aka the stuff that everyone has already done to death and desperately needs to be reinvented) if you're good.

And that's it. It appears we two strangers have run out of things to talk about. It's a shame, really. I have been enjoying our correspondence. But, I feel bad asking you questions when I have requested you not ask them of me. Perhaps I should reconsider. You seem trustworthy after all, and it's not as if there is much you could do with the information, right?

Alright, here's a question for you that's relatively safe: if I remove the injunction protecting my identity, what will you ask, if anything?

Alex