

Alex.

You may not be fond of presents, but you're getting them anyway because it's Christmas. And this isn't me trying to fill a void or say what I can't say in words. This is me giving you something that I want you to have because I think you need it. Don't worry - I spent absolutely no money on you. My gifts are remarkably simple, but I hope they are well received.

First, my list of why you are an amazing friend. This was, perhaps, an unfair assignment to give you; I acknowledge that. But that's why I put so much effort into mine. I want you to see the value that you have.

Second, this mason jar. Now, you might be wondering, "Why on earth is Zoe giving me a mason jar covered in more ribbon and tinsel and jingle bells than the average Christmas tree?" Well, I was just gonna give you the mason jar, but my family insisted on decorating it, and I let them. Okay, fine, I helped. Of course I did. It's Christmas!

You might also wonder why the jar is empty, and the answer to that is: it's not. When we decorated the house for Christmas, all eight of us singing carols and baking cookies and trimming the tree and just reveling in cheer and merriment, I set this mason jar, open, in the middle of the room. This jar is full of that happiness, Alex. So whenever you need some holiday cheer, you can touch this jar and soak it up. And don't worry about it escaping - that's the kind of thing that lingers.

Merry Christmas, Alex.

