

A Preface:

I had the disclaimer in the Zelle message, but I feel like a random 20 a handful of weeks after last talking deserves an explanation. I sent you something on Instagram a week back from my cool alt account and [YESTERDAY, i got distracted and kinda sorta made the website, and made a shitty musical loop] I just got the notification that the guy from the party didn't accept my \$5. So, I thought fuck it might as well give you a heads-up about the message because I don't really know how the message requests thing works.

As for the other \$15, long story short, I have been absolutely destroying my friend groups' poker games and I don't really have anything to spend it on because I'm cutting back on the evil binge drinking (I wonder why?) So, I decided I might as well try to bribe you for your time and support big tobacco by giving you the funds to purchase a new vape, and just say all my thoughts clearly in one place. Also, I'm structuring this like a letter because like why not. (Also, Also, Im adding a bunch of shitty quotes from Russian lit, if they are too much plz just ignore them I thought it was swag to do)

Dear Abby,

You made me promise to not ghost you after our date and I did my best to follow that promise, even though I took it too far. I would appreciate if you could do the same for me and at least read the rest of this message.

At its time of making, I didn't really think that much about the promise, just a fun night with a cute girl that could maybe happen again. But, to be honest, I left that night with so much more, and right now it feels like that promise only brought about exact scenario you were trying to avoid. It all played out exactly like those stories that you told me in the car, go on a nice date, get attached, [DRUNKTEXTING A LOT] and then end up hurt and alone, except that in this case it was an amazing date. I really do not want our night to end up as a cool story I can tell the boys, nor as a memory that haunts me. (Rip nonchalanting)

*I fucked up, I know that, but Jesus.
Can't a [fella] just do the best [he] can?
(I think this is funny enough to leave in)*

All of my drunk texting, and all of the spam that I have sent you up until this point, has clearly not been my finest work. But time has passed, and I've still been thinking about you. I know this is all probably for nothing, just me idly fantasizing about you but let me be a drama queen and send one final shot to end it out with a bang. *After all, that night with you, right as I was entrenched within the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer. I think it was the first time in my life that I felt that sort of beauty. The beauty of another person. Not just her face and body but her whole being. (crazy bars [LITERAL PLAGARISM])*

With that being said, it all still feels really shitty. Especially that promise to not abandon you. Having a promise like that and then being instantly cut out of your life because I was a drunken idiot sucks innumerable dick. *I [will readily] admit [that] I am a fool, but I am not a fool in the ordinary sense... I say let the world go to hell, but I should always have my tea. Except, I would rather have you. [YUP]*

I know that it isn't your responsibility to make me feel better, and I know that your silence is a choice, and it's your choice to make. But in the end that silence is what feels the worst right now. This is probably overly heavy-handed and harsh on you, but I want this

final Hail Mary end honestly about everything. I still care about you even after everything, my only hope is that you can still feel that.

If this message's outcome is a rejection, a goodbye, more silence. I can handle that, because at this point, I just want to end this off with my chest being heard. *To love is to suffer and there can be no love otherwise. Even still the most miserable life is better than no life at all. I'm still alive, therefore I must live, for without life there is nothing. (I am the worst; guy reads one Dostoyevsky novel and thinks that he's him.)* [SMH MY HEAD]

If I'm being honest, I would be happy to solely have the opportunity to talk to you again. Whether or not our potential conversation leads to anything more isn't my focus right now. I just hope that we can talk. (this one crazy, I just fw the writing, but in a chill way) *I want to see you so badly. To sit beside you without saying anything, to listen to the silence with you, although I know that is left for only you to decide, I'll drown in you if you want me to.*

I guess what im trying to say through all this poetic and philosophical bullshit is that I still like you, and I still want to like you. And as nice as it would be to pine and swoon over you for the rest of my life, I can't do that to myself. But before I move on, I wanted to give it one last shot. I know that this is probably a really fucking weird message to be receiving, going from "I want you so bad" to "I just want it to be over" but my thinking is basically *either I shoot my shot, or I sit and mope for eternity.* ^{And plus, I} *love to burn a bridge, although in this case I hope that I'm un-doing previous bridge burning.*

Anyways, if you want to talk, I really would love to hear from you. No expectations, I'm just hoping for your words again. I would say that I am waiting patiently for your response, but honestly, I can't do that to myself. *(UHMMM to not end on that bumner here's the exact opposite represented by Sylvia Plath(somehow). If you only get to know me, you will see how important I am. Look into my eyes. Kiss me, and you will see how important I am.*)*

Now go buy yourself a new strawberry vape. Don't let my poker winnings' sacrifice be in vain, *without supporting big tobacco!*

Cordially yours,

Ben

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*This is directly a misquote from The Unabridged Journals of Sylvia Plath, in the exact opposite of authorial intent. How fucked up.