Dear **Puker**,

1. Are you getting involved too much in my personal life?

You’ve every right to. The day I took your passcode to my phone, or even before: the day I show you my note you were invited to everything I had. I don’t want any gap of circle. All I’ve is yours. So the question is wrong itself as there is nothing here “too much”.

1. Dating or relationship?

I don’t know what all those means. I don’t know how people behave while dating or the code of conduct during relationships. I don’t have a clue, dumb as fuck. I don’t care what you say to your friend or what your friends say.

The thing I know is:

I feel for you the way I never had felt for anyone ever. The usual me would have ignored these but would that be right? If I suppress this, hide this: what’s left there to cherish and what’s worth to save in life?

I don’t know what this is, I don’t know how to do this. I don’t know anything.

Neither have I known how to describe this otherwise.

That’s why I tell you, with all my sanity:

Madly. Deeply. Wholly.

I love you.

Love.

**-J**