Dear Future Roommate,

I’m so sorry.

Allow me to elaborate: I haven’t done anything to you yet, but by the ninth time I ask for your help because I have lost my room key, you will know why I am apologizing in advance. I do not try to be forgetful—honestly, I do my best to remember everything. When it comes to schoolwork I have learned to turn in my work on time and follow instructions out of necessity. But in my day-to-day life I am a wreck. I have already planned a budget for pizza and cookies in order to repay you for your kind assistance in helping me find lost papers, wallets, keys, shoes, and worse. I am also eternally grateful that you refrain from judging me for my many quirks: that I do not remember holidays; that I have the sense of direction of a compass attached to an electromagnet, and that I almost always have some song stuck in my head and an inability to resist the urge to sing it.

In return I promise to provide at least one terrible pun a day, to be delivered by any medium of your choosing, as well as a wingman whose obvious confusion in uncomplicated situations will most certainly make you look stunning. I hope we can move past this in time, but I am sure you will have plenty of stories to write home about concerning my goldfish-like memory and other oblivious behavior.

You’re the best,

Max J.