Hi Mishmish!

It’s weird to start this with the knowledge that yours will probably be one of the longest ones I write. Better yet, you know this letter is coming.

Grab the tissues, although you’re not as sentimental as me and you have an ice cold heart sometimes so you might be fine.

So, what? Let’s take a trip back, shall we?

To when we first started talking. That day is still stuck in my head, trying to follow your directions in genshin, “over there, no over there!”.

Things progressed so quick from there. We VC’d for the first time that week, and in classic Tami ritual, I was biking - I still remember the route I took that day.

And we became friends. It sounds so simple when I put it like that, and I guess it was.

And then things with those people happened.

And you dealt with my shit and helped me through it. I’ve said thank you for it before, but I’ll say it now too.

I don’t know how you ever deal with me :D

And after things fell through, I got back on my feet, with no little help from you.

Introducing me to Abeer for whatever reason, reconnecting me with Jess, introducing me to Harsahib.

It’s like getting jump-started into a new life.

And that’s just how we fucking got here, can you imagine?

I’ll never be able to read our old DMs without ignoring my messages, only god knows how you dealt with the way I talked and typed.

So many memories, not gonna lie. Through genshin, or just showing you my val clips which you somehow still haven’t gotten sick, or that one time we played CSGO.

Binge-watching college humour skits or studio c skits, or just going on some random horrid deep dive through my cursed YouTube Recommended.

Or dying simping over pretty instagram girls and trying to scrapbook together cute outfits, gagging and retching at the horrid modern aesthetics we come across.

Or going through articles on “how to treat your girlfriend when she’s on her period” and laughing at how fucking stupid men and most of these fucking boyfriends are (yes I’m a misandrist what of it)

Or how could I ever forget looking through the whitest of names to see what would suit me.

I can’t even begin to guess at how much of us in VC has been me streaming some random shit or me outside fucking about.

On the bright side, I have the ability to decipher dyslexic text like a fucking magician thanks to your permamuted ass and your broken wrists. (I probably wouldn’t recognize your voice if I had to ngl).

Or stuff like using snap and getting the snap streak of fucking 109, we have to one-up that someday.

The J-pop is crazy. Never in a million years did I think I’d have a joint j-pop + nostalgia playlist with a FAKE FUCKING PAKISTANI INDIAN AGENT weeb best friend.

The camera dumps are forever endless, and yet you still tell me they look great, no matter how similar they look to the last one.

Even the skating, no matter how goofy I look, I can still happily show you and tell you about it.

Oh, and let’s not forget the way you’ve influenced my speaking.

“Yahh”, skull, sob, and your speech mannerisms. Like Jesus Christ bro do you see the way I talk to Jess in the server LMAO

And my fucking outfit taste, but that’s pretty two-way.

Without me, you wouldn’t know about halter crop tops.

Without you, I wouldn’t know about light academia.

I find it really funny, actually, because I won’t lie, I’ve always found a little spiteful pleasure in being your best friend. Just the little “haha fuck you meghan/Michelle, you fuckers might be done with me, but I’m best friends with the bitch you introduced me to, hah!”

I hope our friendship outlives all of theirs, and then some :D

The mental health between us is probably net zero, if not in the negatives, and still you’ve managed to help me so much.

Apart from helping me deal with trans shit which I know you’ve NEVER had to deal with before, you’re always so supportive and fun to be around.

I say things like this and still lie awake wondering if you really think of me as a best friend, or if you’re just pitying me, or intentionally drifting off, waiting for the right time to get my dumbass away from you.

I never said I was perfect, but that’s just a bit much, isn’t it?

You’re an amazing person, and I’m so lucky to have you a best friend.

There are so many things to look forward to still. Here’s hoping we get to move out and actually get matching outfits. Best friends that are casual menaces to society >>>

It’s like my mind has casually condensed the entire, what, year + some months of friendship we’ve had?

There are so many memories I probably can’t even count them if I wanted to.

Life’s been kinda ass for you, idk. I hope things get wayyy better for you in general. But, that’s not to say that I’m not gonna stick around to help if I can.

These are things I’ve wanted to say for a while because, I feel like you need someone to tell you them, but also because I feel like I need to fucking thank you for it.

Even better is the fact that it’s my birthday, so you have no choice but to read it and accept it, soooo,

Suffer, sokie? T-t

On a serious note, I’m seriously thankful for you. If I can ever help you in anyway, or do anything for you, no hesitation, alright? I hardly hesitate asking you for help anymore, so I expect the same.

If you ever need someone’s kneecaps gone you got it <3

Though, honestly, you’re short enough to just headbutt them and do them in yourself.

I’ll still help, though!

Thanks for everything, Blakey

Tami