My dear Kitchen,

You have gone through quite a bit. I know that I’m not the first college student to live in this dorm apartment but we have seen quite a bit together. When I saw snow for the first time and like an idiot, I played outside barefoot, I had the painful experience of thawing my feet out next to your open oven door as I drank hot chocolate and tried to keep the head cold at bay. And then the next day when we both realized that stomach flu was more the order of the day. You were there when we cornered our roommate and made her text the boy that she had just gone on a date with to ask if they were official. We sat at your table and screamed when he said yes. For your information, they are married now. You saw when that same roommate put a cup of noodles in your microwave without water, and the microwave exploded with massive flames as she did her math homework. Black smoke poured all throughout you and it took several weeks before all the soot was officially removed from your cupboard doors. I’m sorry about that one. She can work a microwave now. I remember when my friend broke up with her boyfriend and we sat looking out of your massive window as the sun set and we tried to put her back together. We had good times together and I just want to thank you. They tore down the apartments, and now you are just a parking spot that I use when I’m late to class. But I will always remember the smoke, the sunsets, the screaming, all of it. I know it’s too late, but I wanted to tell you how much we all loved you.

Regretfully,

Charli Tryle