

140 Riverside Dr
New York, NY
(and definitely not the subway)

June 24, 2024

Lord save my soul from
computer science, deep saints
of paper spirit.

Gracelynn,

Happy Birthday! I hope you'll recover quickly enough from the shock and disgust of a birthday card written in LaTeX to endure two paragraphs of my aggrandizing stupid jokes.

This past year has been downright explosive, and I don't think I've ever been prouder to be your friend. When all your struggle came to a head, you held fast to your goals and so much of it paid off this spring – you're brilliant and interesting and honestly, if anyone had continued to ignore that, it would've been a legitimate travesty.

I know we haven't had the chance to speak as much this year, but I'm so proud of everything you've accomplished and the things you've discovered and maintained in yourself. As always, you're pulling wild talents and interests out of your back pocket and going places so much bigger and more significant than I could ever imagine – if you don't keep doing what you're doing I'll be personally offended.

I remember last year when you told me it was crazy to imagine anyone could live in New York. Now you're replacing BTS biases with peers Fresh Off the Boat (so sorry), traveling all across the country and outside of it, and making valedictorian speeches (at a graduation that was legitimately ten times bigger than mine) – honestly, Manhattan quant culture needs you so much more than you'll ever need it.

I know you'll keep doing great and I love you so much.

Wishing you the strength of tax filing,
your twin from another dumpster bin,

Lucas