Roo,

There’s no memory I could ever cherish as much as skating with you.

That memory starts with a text asking if I wanted to skate with you.

Despite having absolutely zero experience skating, I accepted immediately.

(I didn’t even have a pair of skates!)

Why? Well Roo…

For weeks I was cherishing our text conversation talking about everything.

I loved the idea of getting to talk to you more in person.

Plus… maybe holding your hand could be cool and stuff.

I went to sports check and bought a pair of skates which I didn’t sharpen…

Before I knew it, I met up with you in front of a map Nathan Phillips Square.

I stubbled when greeting you because, well you are wayyy too pretty.

I remember eagerly lacing up with you and having you help me onto the ice.

It was really wobbly, and I could feel my ankles buckle with each step…

But watching you dance over the ice made it all worth it.

You know Roo,

I kind of knew I fell for you right then.

Even though I was skating slow, you always kept up with me and never rushed me.

Even though I was doing something totally foreign I never felt comfier.

I became so immersed in talking to you about one of your worlds,

I could hardly tell that the world was spinning around us.

The lights were blurring but with you by my side I wouldn’t be anywhere else.

After we got off the ice, we sat on the bench and talked some more.

We stared off into the distance and I will never forget you pointing to the lights.

Imagining a world were people lived in the lights, connected by the wires.

Man… how are you so cool.

After being jump scared by a baby we got some poutine and headed to the office.

Overlooking the city, we talked about colour printers and CMYK printing.

You just have an ability to make any conversation so interesting.

On the train back I really wanted to be suave…

So, after picking out your favourite type of chocolate I offered it to you.

As payment of course for teaching me how to skate!