07/27/2021

Met up and biked to the Golden Nugget.

Notes on the *Pulp Fiction* like progress of our conversation. Went well. Not too nostalgic. New things still. Valerie breakup and then his letter and then I almost start crying. The tenderness, the vulnerability. The cruelty and the casualness of people. Valerie told him something was missing. Called it off. She wouldn’t drive into the city. Dialysis technician. Old Valerie… running away from things? What is here deal I wonder. Valerie Hernandez. Gareth’s touching letter and then it becomes more and more deranged as he is inspired to take the Metra out there and bike to her apartment and leave the letter on the windshield of her car. I try and walk him back and convince him to just put the damn thing in the mail. My thought is the selflessness of just sending his heartfelt thoughts as some sort of an attempt to encapsulate what they had and build her up if she has had some kind of truly limiting self-esteem issues. His drinking all the whisky suddenly made more sense. Was he drunkenly unloading on his friend about the whole Valerie thing.

I don’t have her address…

Should I write it out… how am I going to print it? Should ride my bike out there and attach it to her windshield?

He kept saying how quirky she was, but that she put him at ease. He felt like himself around her.

Pandemic themed Russian dialed watches.

The Russian Snoopy… etc.. etc..