

September 25, 2005

Dear Ella,

I know you haven't heard from me in months, and there's no reason for you to even remember my name, but I've been thinking about you recently. I am hoping that you think of me sometimes, too.

I am writing a letter instead of calling because I couldn't bear to hear you hang up on me or to hear the phone ring and ring because I came up on your Caller ID. I'm hoping that you'll open a personal letter.

I didn't mean to just disappear on you. I just felt closed in, like we were getting too serious. I still wanted to have fun, but I thought you had marriage in mind. Maybe you did have marriage in mind. I found out that I 'm not having as much fun as I thought I would. I missed you. I even missed your cat sleeping on my head. I missed the fun things we did together. I missed Sunday morning funnies, movies, and lamps that don't work.

I can't say I'm ready to get married today. I am really hoping you didn't get married while I was gone from your life. I'm even sort of hoping that other guys may have turned you off because you missed me, too?

If you actually read this, please call me. I know I don't deserve a response, let alone a quick response, but I'm hoping you are not the horse's ass I was when I stopped calling you.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you. Please call.

Chet Smith