

Dear Elowen,

I hope this letter finds you well. I'm probably the last person you'd expect to be writing to you, but here I am.

If you have already received a physical form of this letter, there is, near the bottom, a side note for you to explain any confusion.

You're probably wondering, what the hell I'm doing and what could I possibly want.

Short answer? I don't know, I have no idea of what I want to accomplish. I'd like to keep this as short as I can as I know your time is valuable and I do wish to respect that, but I want to do things right this time. So, apologies in advance for the essay I'm about to unload. Before you just toss this aside and leave it, I ask, just once, that you hear me out. I know I have zero rights in asking that, but I have to try. I don't have any other way to contact you. I don't remember your number and trying your old e-mail didn't work either. So here we are, let's give this one last go.

I want to make a formal apology, and really apologize for how things ended between us. It was messy, and on such a poor note. It was entirely my fault. I let my temper and ego get the best of me, and because of it cost me a good friend at the expense of my own arrogance.

So the question comes in, why now? Why reach out after all these years, about something that probably feels like a lifetime ago? Honestly, it's because I never truly moved past it or you. I buried it under time and life, but fate is a fickle bitch.

I was wrong. Not just wrong, but self-righteous, arrogant, and blind to how much of a complete fool I was. Life has given me experience that left me the opportunity to see things in a different and new perspective. Losing you, and realizing everything that I mentioned, stung in a special kind of way. Knowing I hurt and pushed away someone who had only ever shown me kindness and friendship, a kind I should have cherished, not ruined.

The worst part is knowing I had no one to blame but myself. It's easier when you have someone to point blame to. When someone cheats, lies, or betrays you. But what do you do when the person who screwed it all up is you? The generic answer is, "Learn from it and move on." I've tried that. But when the weight of guilt tanks down on your conscience, you find yourself seeking alternatives.

I'm not asking for forgiveness for my past actions. Putting you on the spot like that wouldn't be fair, and after such a wide expansion of time, is inappropriately asked. But if nothing else stays with you, I want this to: I'm sorry, Elowen.

I'm sorry for how I acted and what I said. For letting ego blind my judgement, and not listening when I should've. I'm sorry it took me this long to understand, and for how strange it probably is to get this letter, but understand I had no other way. This may not matter to you, but to me, it means more than words can do justice for. I don't know how to explain that without writing another paragraph, but just know that I see it more important that you see this letter than if you were to respond.

Finally, I'm sorry for being a bad friend. Nothing more to say on that than what it just is. High school was a long time ago, and back then my opinions and mentality were different. But what does that jerk know, right? Now, I interpret you to others and to myself as a wonderful friend with stories that bring smiles. Back then, I was angry and upset and couldn't see through my own fog to appreciate and understand it, but I do now. Unfortunately, I know you can't say the same about me what I've said about you, but that's my own doing.

This part is probably obvious and maybe even pointless to say, but I want you to know it anyway: I hope you don't blame yourself or think you're the one at fault. I screwed up, and my actions were mine alone. Again, probably a stupid thing to even throw in here, but in the spirit of self accountability, I'll still say it.

I'm not going to give you the hard sell about how I'm a changed man or promise that's not who I am anymore. I'll let my actions from here on out show who I am. But I will say I find myself more willing to admit when I'm wrong and own my mistakes than a younger version ever could.

For all my apologies, I want to end with a thank you. For the kindness you gave, for the emails with leaked Flash episodes, for the late night conversations with deep conversations, and inside jokes that still make me smile even years later. Thank you for being better than me in a moment most crucial back then. Hard as it was, it became a turning point for me. As previously stated, I want my actions to define me now, and I like to think I'm a better man than I was, or at least heading in the right direction. I'd like to take a moment and give a shared responsibility to you for such a turnover in character. While absent in the present, the memory of you and your value to me has helped. Please know that this world has an improved version of me in it and you are the reason why.

Know that I carry your memory as a phantom limb and celebrate the time I had gotten to know you all those years ago in my heart. You were a fantastic friend and an even better woman and I'm sorry I never told you that back then.

I do wanna apologize again for the absolute monolith of words I've dumped on you. I swear to god when I first wrote this, the rough draft was only 4 or 5 paragraphs. Obviously that didn't pan out. While putting this together, the idea of this here being the last possible time I'll ever get to talk to you or say anything to you. With that found revelation, it strongly encouraged me to continue writing as I wanted to make sure I got everything in even though I said earlier that I do not wish to steal a large amount of your and yes that is still very much the truth. But I also want to give you my best effort in correcting a tragic mistake on my part, and the only way I know how to do that is to be thorough with this and give this letter the dedication of time and effort you deserve.

If you do want to ever reach out, my phone number is XXXXXXXX, but you can always text on IG itself or whatever suits you best.

Please don't feel obligated to respond. I understand the circumstances and what you may feel about me, and respect that you may still be pissed or disgusted with me, or not. I cannot blame you for those feelings and thoughts.

I also want to add that, and I came to this realization a little later than I probably should've. This thing brings a lot of weight to it. So I understand if when you see this letter, you don't know how to respond or where to even begin with one. Thinking about it from your point of view, 6 years no calls, now I'm sitting pretty in your inbox. Yeah, I'd abandon all hope of knowing what to think too.

But even a quick text / message acknowledging the letter would mean to me greatly. Or! If you wanna call me up, tell me I'm an asshole and chew me out, that's fair too But someday, maybe a week, a month, whenever, you decide you want to, you come find me, Elowen. I'll be here.

Until then, my only goal was to say what I should've said years ago and maybe leave a better memory than the idjit in the Flash hoodie.

Just a side note here and I promise this is it, and this is in regards to the other Letter. If you have no idea what I'm talking about, then disregard this as it only adds more confusion and at this point... Probably just best if I could prevent myself from doing as such. But if you do have the other letter, then I owe you once more, another apology. I stated in that version and in this one, I wasn't going to keep bugging you, and if you now have in position both of them, then I'm doing exactly what I said I wasn't going to and I'm sorry for violating that promise, immediately. Please understand, the only reason I have is because I'm not very confident that the other letter ever got to you properly. I'll expand upon that here shortly, and not knowing if you ever received it properly will drive me into an endless limbo of wonder. So in truth and selflessly, I'm doing this for my own sanity. You'll also notice that this version differs highly from the one you hold. As a writer, you and I both know that there's always corrections and improvements to be made.

When I first wrote that letter I was in an intense situation on my end. I'll spare the details, but it was a wild time period and on top of it, I was moving. So I regrettably didn't have the proper

time I wish to dedicate to it but still was persistent on getting it to you. Which is probably why you'll notice the quality of this one and the physical one you hold is staggeringly different in almost every way. Assuming you read this version too. If you haven't, I'd almost suggest reading it, if not for anything but the comparison of the physical installment and the current draft. As a writer and editor you may find the humor in the amount of changes, maybe not as much as I. An almost night & day difference to a point you'll even wonder if it's the same person. It is, the only denominator would be having such a tight time slot and typing on an 5 inch screen vs actually having the available time to dedicate and proof read, edit, and carefully evaluate this piece. Those circumstances also add to why the length of this one and the other are tripled. Funny enough, and not to sound like a pretentious fool. But now that I was able to give this the deserved time, I would go as far to say that this piece of writing is most probably my best literary work yet, which brings me joy knowing it is solely dedicated to you. To that I say, I could not think of anything more beautifully poetic.

My situation that I briefly mentioned correlates with the reason why I'm sending you this letter again. In my haste I'm not overly confident the letter was mailed correctly and I even think I put the wrong address on there like a fopdoodle. I'm still so put out with myself on that one. Then a little while later your account here popped up in my suggested feed, so that's why you're seeing this in physical form first and then digitally. Had I known about your IG prior to sending the physical letter. Probably would've just done this. Would've saved me a few bucks in stamps.lol. But now I know with certainty that you have this and I can finally lay this part to rest, finally.

OK. With all that being said, I wanna end it with one last promise. Yes, I know that breaking the last one in record speeds does NOT bode well for me. I beg for forgiveness and understanding of the circumstances before mentioned are the only reasons why I would. And I mean this with the most sincerity I could ever offer, I know my word may not hold well in your regard. But I hope that if you got anything from this, it's that I take your opinion, thoughts, and feelings very seriously. I promise you Elowen. That this is it. After this one, you won't find me popping up in any other way (assuming I knew of another way to even contact you). But even if I somehow did, I won't. You won't hear from me again in any other format, nor will I try any methods to get a hold of you. This letter is my last testament to you, unless you contact me, but that's only on your

terms. Of course, with that said. Do not let all that has been said dissuade you from making contact should you feel you would like you to, but that goes for the other side too. Don't let this pressure you into feeling like you have to respond. I want you to know, should you find yourself wanting to talk, your presence is always welcome by me. If you don't, I understand and respect your choice.

Goodbye Elowen, I hope this letter means something to you as you mean to me. I want to thank you for taking the time to read this, it's more than what I deserve. Please be well and I mean every word said on this. If I don't hear from you again, then. May we meet again in another life and hopefully I get it right next time.

Yours Truly,
Clyde