



Merry Christmas!

Dearest Robert,

I am so glad we were able to reconnect *wink* in the bathroom at Chilis last Wednesday. It's been such a long time since we last saw each other I had forgotten how good it felt to be held by you as the faint smell of cheap appetizers gently wafted through the air. You seem happy with Patricia or Patty or whatever the fuck that bitch's name is. Your kids are cute in their own way too. I just wish that could have been us instead.

Do you remember that night we saw Love Actually in my parents basement before the kids called it "Netflix and Chill" . "To me, you are perfect". Remember when we used to text each other that? Sigh.

I guess i'm happy-ish with Greg. The kids are ok but i really thought they wouldn't be such little pieces of shit you know? It's always with the sticky fingers and the whining and wanting to get pizza when I spent fucking hours trying to make something from Healthyfitfabulousmom.com

But no really i'm fine. It's fine. I just stay up really late buying alot of things in infomericals and that dulls the pain of having to give up my weekends for dumb shit like soccer and going to Greg's parents house to watch re-runs of Jeopardy.

When things get really bad I just sit around in my leftover lularoe inventory and try to figure up the old livestream and try to make a few sales. No one seems to be buying much of anything since that awful documentary came out. It's not a pyramid scheme guys. If I sell 50,000 leggings I could win a trip to Cancun!



I really do miss you. Your smile. Your touch,

It was fun getting to walk back down memory lane again with you. Maybe if you aren't too busy we could meet at Chili's again for a drink?

Next time don't bring Patricia.

Yours always,

Becky