

Dear Catherine,

I'm writing another letter because it seems as if its never enough so I need to write another one. I wanna reflect on the time I first wrote you a letter. I loved you, and keep loving you more everyday. I was so so so so mindblown by that feeling that I didn't know what else to do. I remember we had some sort of argument. But it doesn't matter, and it didn't matter then, because all I wanted was to be next to you. I still feel that right now. There's close to nothing that compares to that feeling. Literally nothing I'd rather be doing. The reason is that my heart expands about 209.7893% when you're with me. Backed by rigorous peer-reviewed journal-published research. So not just me saying it you know. And then everything else is just meh, like why would I be just sitting on the couch when I can be sitting on the couch with the love of my live. That "with the love of my life" part makes everything 10 times better. As you've probably guessed, you are the love of my life. You are the only person with the ability to turn any bad into good, any boring into fun, and any angry into calm. I write like a five year old but you get it. Close to nothing that I've done, wished for, or achieved hasn't been because of you. If that makes sense. I wake up thinking hey here's another day I'm gonna try to be a better boyfriend. And that role, being your boyfriend, probably the most significant responsibility that a human being has received in the entire history of the world. You're everything everybody everywhere wishes they had, and I have you. I don't think you'll ever understand the degree to which that impacts me. Your awesomeness destroys my conventional idea of what a human being is. You're more than that, you're a dzabu.

Dzabu dzabu,
Ultimate Dzabu

P.S writing this in an online notepad so I don't get caught via Google Docs. Oopsies :)