

Beth,

I guess I never really quite expected just how dangerous this game of ours would turn out to be. I've repeatedly asked myself, "If I'd have known just how much heartache, pain, betrayal, anger, confusion, resentment, sadness, and tears that this game was going to bring out of me, would I have still decided to sit down at your table and play? Each and every time I've asked myself this a very large and resounding "NO" starts bouncing and clanging around inside of my head. Pretty soon the imagery starts to look a lot like what that little round, white, and marble ball starts doing just after being dropped inside a spinning roulette wheel. It bangs around, up, back, down, and forth, quite forcibly for a bit, at first, then it begins steadily losing its inertia, slowing down and quietly coming to rest inside a single slot amongst many. These slots would normally be numbered, but in my case they are not. The markings simply read "YES." Surrounded by an endless string of "YES," one right after the other, encircling the lone "NO" in whichever YES slot it happens to land, they begin to drown out whatever significance the "NO" first held when it was initially cast by sheer force of numbers. It is my understanding that the roulette wheel is the most dangerous game to play inside the casino, because the house's odds are the most heavily stacked against you. It appears as though this particular roulette wheel has been heavily rigged in your favor. "YES" always wins, because now, as I write you this letter after-the-fact, I know just how much love, happiness, hope, ambition, comfort, discovery, and warmth this game was going to bring out of me as well, and for me, the good always outweighs the bad. Or so I've always said. Lately, it's become quite evident to me that I don't always practice what I preach. As much as I've slammed you and blamed you over this situation that we've now found ourselves in, and crediting it to being a direct result of me losing my job and you losing your security, I've come to realize that this point couldn't be further from the truth. The truth is, I started letting the bad side of me outweigh the good long before I lost my job and became a depressive and moody grouch, and now that it seems we've

reached our apparent end, I've started looking back at our beginnings and the ways that we took our shape.

I can't help but remember how absolutely on fire we were for each other. Almost every single waking minute of every single day we spent trading amorous exchanges that served to tide us over until finally at last, the long-working hours of the day were over and it was time for our spinning tires to finally catch pavement, unleashing our vehicles toward each other's direction, sending us speeding forward to an inevitable yet incredibly welcomed crash that always resulted in fire and sparks, excitement and ecstasy. And you could see the crash-flames from outer-fucking-space. During those times we were good. We were happy, we were laughing. We tore into each other with reckless abandon, and it was good, real good. We were real, and we were in love. Suddenly, and albeit now tragically, whilst unbeknownst to us, amidst the chaos and confusion of our bliss, we decided to do something that we shouldn't have; we decided to move me into your parent's place. It's nobody's fault, really. I was just as excited as you were to be able to have so much more time together. For all intents and purposes, it was a good idea. But I just didn't know how negatively it was going to end up changing me, and changing us.

Once the dust settled and I took a look around, I started to become overwhelmed. Do you remember when I mentioned that I felt like I was going from one extreme to the other? From living alone to living in a house with 8 other people (and two dogs?) well, that change from one extreme to the other turned out to be more than I could handle. I started drawing away, recusing myself to our room and not spending hardly any time with my new family. A family I love and miss dearly every single day, by the way. Your mother and father are wonderful people, and omg your children. I love them just as much as I do you, not only because they're an extension of you, but because they're honestly some really cool and dope-ass kids to be around. They reminded me a lot of myself when I was young; just

wanting to have fun at every turn while trying to impress and make proud those around me that I admired and looked up to. I don't know exactly for sure what it was that kept me so secluded, I know that it wasn't a deliberate or conscience decision to withdraw away, I wanted to hang out and be included with the crowd and socialize, I did, but maybe it was just the hectic and noisy nature of the environment downstairs. I am a pretty quiet-natured person after all. Who knows? Point is, the damage was being inflicted, and even though you were discontented by it, you kept putting on that gorgeous smiling face of yours and you didn't give me any hard time about staying upstairs on my computer so much. You would always turn and look at me before saying "I love you," and heading off downstairs for a while to leave me to my own devices before coming back up to check on me every so often and let me know again and again that you loved me. I know you did these things because in your heart you just wanted me to be comfortable, but it took its toll on you because even more so in your heart you wanted me to be a part of the bigger picture. That's where I started failing you, and I'm so, so, so terribly sorry for having done so. Losing my job just made it 1000 times worse and amplified my negligent behavior. This sent you speeding away from me as fast as whence you came speeding towards me in our better days.

When you decided to break up with me, you told me that you still loved me, but you weren't "in love" with me. I had a lot of trouble coming to terms with those words at first. At first, I cursed you and angrily said to myself, "that makes no fucking sense!" But, after much reflection, I've realized that they do in fact, make perfect sense. I'm in the exact same boat as you are Beth. I still love you, but I'm not "in love" with you. We are both definitely not in love with each other as we once were, and it's killing me because I know that it's still deep inside us both, we just can see it right now because of these dark times we've gone through as of late, and although I tried to fight the idea at first, I understand now why taking a break was the right thing for us to do if we ever hoped to recapture that miles-high fire that burned between us. The over-indulgence in our preferred substances was taking a toll on each of us as

well, of course, and we both need ample time to deal with that and get ourselves back to a better, more stable and healthy state of body and mind. There's no denying that fact. I still maintain that you weren't entirely correct in saying "it's not you, it's me." It's both of us. We flew off the road and missed each other this time, crashing into total darkness. Right now we're hanging out over an abyss called "broken up." There is no way to recapture a flame, when the fuel and the match no longer remain. This ideology is what's driven me to write to you now in this manner; old school pen-to-paper style (though I'm sure tomorrow I'll probably type this up and send it to you online because I'm too damn impatient to sit around and wait for snail-mail to get it delivered to you.)

I'm not usually the type of guy that lowers himself to begging for what I want, but in this case an exception shall be made because "want" is SO not enough of a word to describe what it is I feel for you, Beth. You, Elizabeth Ann Roe, are my oxygen. I cannot breathe and I'm suffocating right now here without you in my life in any sort of meaningful sense. I need you within my bloodstream. Without you I fear I may never make it as a proper and fully-functioning life form. Please darling, I beg of you. Reconsider this break-up. I know I asked you the same annoying "blah blah why aren't you showing me the attention I want blah blah why don't you love me like you said you did before blah blah questions over and over a million times and drove you crazy and made you tire completely of me, but I promise you here and now, I have no more questions. I fully understand what brought our story to this point and I'm ready and willing to do whatever is necessary to get us back to the promised-land and to keep this point from being the end of our story. I feel it within my heart that if we went back to taking a break like you had originally intended, before I started in with the BS and sent us into full-on break-up, we will find a way to light that fire once again and watch it burn higher and brighter than ever before. The idea I keep coming to lately is a chance to take you out again on a first date, after a few months or more even, when you're ready and willing. I'd love a chance to get dressed up again, drive up again, pick you up again, and hit the town. This time dinner with music, a movie, dancing, walking, ice-cream, deep-sea

fishing, anything, just no expectations this time. When you're ready to go home I'll drop you off and with any luck I'll steal a kiss and be on my way. Then I guess we just see where it goes from there again. That's all I can ask. Please darling, I beg of you. Let's get this relationship back and say goodbye to single. Or, maybe say, "It's complicated" at worst. Please just anything other than broken-up!

"Though once in love,

Now out we go.

I'll always love

You, Beth Ann Roe."

-Kyle