

a message, I leaned on the phone and accidentally punched in your message-retrieval code. Sorry about that. Who's Francisco? Just curious.

Joey

Dear Amanda,

I realized that I still had your set of six Japanese sake cups that I bought for you on our trip downtown and was wondering when it might be a good time to drop them off. You can give me a call at the usual number but maybe better at the office up till seven but then try the car or I'm usually home now by seven forty-five. I would like to get these back to you, as I know you must be thinking about them. This will be my last letter.

Regards,

Joey

Dear Amanda,

It was a lucky coincidence that my cat leapt on your speed-dial button last night, as it gave us a chance to talk again. Afterwards, I was wondering what you meant when you said, "It's over, Joey, get it into your head." So many interpretations. Just curious. Oh, I found myself on your street last night and noticed a yellow Mustang that I don't remember ever being at your apartment complex. Is this the mysterious Francisco I've heard rumors about? No big deal.

Dear Amanda



Dear Amanda,

This will be the last letter I write to you. I think we have made the right decision. Thank you for your love. We had a wonderful experience these past five months. I want you to know that our time together will live inside me in a special place in my heart. It is best if we do not phone or write.

Love always,

Joey

Dear Amanda,

I dialed you last night because the *Lucy* pie episode was on and I knew you'd want to see it. Anyway, while I was leaving

Just curious. I left one of the sake cups at your front door; it happened to be in my car. What was that loud music?

With respect,

Joey

Dear Amanda,

This will be the last letter I write to you. I hate to hurt you like this, but I'm seeing someone new. You'd like her. Her name is Marisa—she has the same number of letters in her name as you! Incidentally, I heard that Francisco had or is having a tax problem. Should I meet with him? I'm over it all now and would be glad to help. Also, a word of warning: Latins. One woman is never enough. Just a thought.

Joey

P.S. Do you have my red Pentel pen? I really need it. Page me when you get this.

Dear Amanda,

This will be the last letter I write to you. I'm quite upset that you changed your phone without a forwarding number. There could still be emergencies, and I'm still in possession of those fancy upholstered hangers of yours. Marisa questioned me about them the other day, and it wasn't fun. They're probably too dear to you to throw out, as we bought them together at the swap meet the day your mother raved about me, saying I was "pleasant." *Please* come by and pick

them up; they're seriously damaging my relationship with Marisa. A good time would be any Wednesday after five but not after seven, Fridays anytime except lunch, Monday is good, and the weekend, anytime. Also Tuesday. By the way, there's someone named Francisco trying to pick up girls on the Internet. Hmm . . . I wonder.

Joey

Dear Amanda,

Valentine's Day is tomorrow, and I hope you don't mind my throwing this note through your window, as the post would be too slow. The rock it's tied to came from our desert trip! I'm wondering if you'd like to get together for a quick lunch on the fourteenth—you can even bring Francisco if you want; maybe I could help him sort out his heavy urology bills. I need to get my letters back from you, and could you bring this one too? I could bring the hangers, and I also want you to have the photo of me nude skydiving. Can you let me know soon? I'm waiting outside on the lawn.

This will be the last letter I write to you.

Love you always,

Joey