

To: Elliot

Elliot,

I'll start this part of my story with a qualifier, love. It will be... strange.

I'm hesitant to record it because when I consider this part of my life, it's as if I'm remembering it for the first time. I'm having a hard time with believing any of it could be real, which... really should be old hat for me by now.

You'll see what I mean by all of that soon.

One additional spoiler for you: I can near guarantee that how this part of my story resolves will be incredibly frustrating for you. In some ways, it will be like the events contained in it never happened, even if they most certainly did, for me at least.

I think.

Even I find this annoying as hell, and most of what's contained here is horrific in nature. Feel free to skip to the next part, if you like.

The only reason I'm recording a draft of this is because it explains a large piece of what I'll be doing in the coming weeks. It explains one reason I've been so resigned to my fate, and you deserve to know every reason for why I do what I will do.

And lastly, it might help you with your own internal struggles, my love. To be honest, I never thought I'd meet someone with the same unique set of... difficulties—we'll put it—that I deal with. You'll see what I mean by that soon enough. But I look at you and all that you're going through right now and I see a version of myself from the last few decades, if only in part. Your journey is, of course, your own, and I'd never think to claim differently, but still, I can't help but find a sense of camaraderie with you about this, the one thing I never thought someone else could understand.

But that's all I'll give you for now, Elliot. Choose whether you want to listen or not, and know that I support your decision either way.

And as always, I love you.

-Zaeden

