

Dear Andy,

You know what I think is wrong? These letters. These damn letters. That's all.

Dear Melissa,
Thank you for your note on my father. I did love him. He was a classy guy, the best of his breed. Even now he's gone, I can still hear him reminding me of my obligations to my family, my country, and myself, in roughly that order. All right me that those born to privilege responsibilities, which is I suppose alone from Japan, why I chose to probably enter politics at some point on down the line. Thanks for

the lovely Japanese boy in it when you come to come to visit us. And maybe you'll just hide it. I know when he laughs, it's into a Donkey. We live in New Canada, and I've got a

P.S. - Won't you please write me your big romance? Mother and parents won't even talk to me anymore.

Dear Melissa,

I'm writing to tell you this. Outside of you, and I mean outside of you, this was probably the most important thing that ever happened to me. And I mean was. Because it's over it's gone, and I'm coming home. I never want to say about



Dear Andy,
I was about the death of your father. He was a presence on you, and I know you loved him much. I also know he didn't like me. I'm sure he thought bad for you, and I probably was. Still, he was a good, and I always knew where I stood with him when you home to your family, back in the old days, back in the days of a father like that. Please accept my

ANDREW LADD.....Bill Nixon
MELISSA GARDNER.....Jenny Filush

