

“Read it, read it!” she jabs the back of the pink paper. Two folds straightened, I read over the lines aloud.

Just a Little Romantic

A hill of lined, cardstock, glassine, handmade, mulberry, patterned and vellum papers in cherry pink, sky blue, sunshine yellow, sea green, apple red, cloudy white with roses, Winnie the Pooh, fairies, hearts, anime couples, mountains, deer, trees, bunnies, lollipops, butterflies and rainbows pour from the black, Nike shoebox on the twin-sized bed. Ate tosses the shoebox on the floor and it lands on its large white checkmark. She sifts through the letters and skims through the names at the back of the envelopes.

“What’re you looking for?” I plop cross-legged across her on the bed.

“Here!” she says, a smile springs on her face, and she extends an envelope to me.

Drawings of lavender orchids, red roses, and light pink baby blossoms sprout from forest green veins that crawl across the pink envelope. I pull out a folded paper.

Orchids and roses, and baby blossoms decorate the top of the page. It looks like stationery paper I would use to send obligatory letters to my grandparents. It smells of baby powder and afternoon sun.

Dear Jade,

*How are you? I hope you’re doing good. I have a really big crush on you. I just wanted to ask if I can call you Babes? And:
I LOVE YOU!*

*Honey, my love, so sweet,
Jimboy*

p.s. Tell Love thank you for giving us this stationery.

I read over the letter again, look up at Ate Jade, and squeal. “He’s so sweet!”