

Dear Dr. Dement,

Here's my payment. I'm sorry I don't have cash money to pay for the goods, but you should find these letters more than worth their weight in gold. I think the Globe and the Star would love to get their hands on these.

If I had more time I would have ordered them for you—it's so interesting to see how people are related, which follows what. But whatever. You probably only care about the money, and I didn't have enough time.

- cqrdrb

My Bedazzling temptress, **Letter #6**

Here is the child custody check for this month. Please stop bugging me for more money.

Love, Steve

Dear Lose-ona,

Letter #1

It's been a while since we talked, but I just want you to know that I changed my tattoo of your name to something else.

I hope you're doing excellently.

I had lunch with Mr. Smith (but not Mrs. Smith) the other day. He's going through some rough times, and it reminded me of us. But then again, I'm much happier now than I was then with you. Do you remember the month when I really started living? Before, I was just "existing without living," but then my bundle of joy came and I was a new man.

Booya.

John

To my Beautiful Female -

Letter #3

I hate it how we fight and then you leave me alone for days. I get so lonely without you.

I'll love it when you listen. You know listening is very important with a person like me.

I hate it when we're in the same city due to our schedules but then we don't spend any time together.

I hate it when you're super-hot stuff right now, and I'm on the decline. It's just not fair.

I hate it when you wear your hair up. It's so much better down and free-flowing. God, those tresses...

And I hate it. I hate it when you listen to that Sparrow. True, he's got a nice boat and a lot of very rich friends, but don't forget you're wearing my ring (or are you? I don't know anymore. But at one point you did, and that counts, doesn't it?).

I'll love it when you wear those boots that go up to your thighs and you're looking mighty fine... God, those boots...

This is what you do to me. Come back.

Signed,

I'll Love It

Dear Jen,

Letter #3

There are five reasons why we don't work out.

1. I like kids. They're fun!
2. You hate them. You're boring.
3. I'd like to have a beard.
4. I secretly long to marry women who are at least 20 years my junior, like whatsis-name famous dude. Some guys have all the luck. Fame from birth, fame in career, and a young wife. Sooooo unfair. Sorry hon—you're too old to fulfill my fantasies.
5. I've always wanted a toy poodle or one of those cute Chihuahuas, but you said no. Meanie.

Love,
T. Durden

DEAR LMP

Letter #3

REMEMBER WHEN YOU SANG THOSE FEW LINES TO ME? YOU WOULD NEVER SING THE WHOLE SONG—JUST THOSE COUPLE LINES.

**LOVE ME TENDER,
LOVE ME TRUE,
ALL MY DREAMS FULFILLED.
FOR MY DARLIN' I LOVE YOU,
AND I ALWAYS WILL.**

**WELL, I HEARD THAT MILLIONAIRE DUDE SINGING IT TO NICOLE THE OTHER DAY. HE'S A BOY,
BUT HE SO CAN'T PLAY. HE CAN'T SING EITHER, AND THOSE WORDS ARE FALSE ANYWAY.**

**LOVE
CAPT. CORELLI**

My dear Welsh Princess, Letter #3

Just wanted to let you know I'll be late home today, and might miss our weekly episodes of Felicity. Please record it for me! I can't wait to see who's going to get lucky tonight. I hope its Noel!

In other news, I got another Traffic violation today. Damn cops. They hate me.

Love Mikey

Dear Jen,

Letter #4

It seems like every Wednesday night I catch you pretending to be someone else. You're a skank. I can't believe how low you've stooped. I can't believe I used to be married to you.

I was talking to Nick the other day, and he agrees you're a skank. (Then again, he himself just got married to some waitress, so I don't know if he's the most reliable source of skank-determination.)

Ack! My mother would be horrified by how often I've used that dirty word. She wouldn't think it was appropriate. I should stop now.

Bye,
Kellerman