

letters to crushes

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About these letters

“I feel like we write these letters in hopes of 1) the person we write about will read these letters someday, 2) the person we write about will love us back, and 3) we will find someone who understands our situation and guides us through it.”

— ThatHappyNerdyGinger

I know they say we're made of stardust
But scientifically speaking,
I'm about 75% water, and the rest
It's nothing but a mess of fears, doubts and
missing you.

And I look up at the stars and wonder
If they too cry until they're down at their last
10%,
And if they have trouble sleeping because
they're scared
Of something,
And if, like me, they doubt the world,
And if missing someone hurts worse when
they breathe too.

– Wendy

letter 517,244 • November 8, 2013

I love you for the simple things. The ways in
which you are far from perfect. You may be
charming, but you're also nerdy. Sometimes I
am asked what I see in you. I don't respond,
but I can't help but smile. If they knew what
I saw in you, maybe they'd see it too and that
scares me.

letter 531,546 • January 3, 2014

How am I supposed to tell someone I
like them when I can't even properly
order a quesadilla from Taco Bell without
hyperventilating?

letter 517,549 • November 9, 2013

You live one life, and it's over before you know it. You've got to put yourself out there to get what you want. No more sitting back passively, waiting for good things to happen to you. You must make them happen.

So be brave.

Don't feel embarrassed. What is wrong with loving a person so much that you just have to tell them? Or maybe it's the stranger across the room who you aren't quite in love with, but you want to see where things go. There is nothing wrong with talking to another human being.

There is nothing wrong with loving another human being and telling them.

It will be okay. Go for it.

letter 517,623 • November 10, 2013

I would just like to declare that I have loved you through all your dumb, terrible, and really really awful haircuts.

letter 521,297 • November 24, 2013

I've decided to stop waiting. It is clearly never going to happen and I have to accept that.

That being said, I still love you and probably always will. And I accept that.

letter 519,275 • November 16, 2013

In the 5th grade, I sat next to her. She started crying, because some of the other kids were picking on her. I gave her a hug, and told her not to listen to them. She told me thank you, and asked if I would be her friend. And I was.

But then we got to middle school. We were friends in the beginning, but we didn't have classes together. So she moved on, met some new people. I never did.

Then high-school came, freshman year. I had gym with her, and I decided to talk to her. She said "Hi, do I know you?" not in a snooty way, though. She sounded nice. Her voice was so beautiful. But her words hurt, like shards of glass. All I could say was "Uh..no, sorry to bother you." and I walked away, fighting back the tears. And I watched her, still. But this time, I knew. I knew she didn't love me back.

But sophomore year, I sat next to her again, in algebra. And I talked to her. She seemed really sad. She always had her head down on her desk. So I told her, I told her who I was. And she gave me a hug. And she said, "I remember you. I'm sorry." and that was that. We were friends again.

We hung out sometimes, but it wasn't the same. She still had her other friends. She'd changed, a lot. She used to have long blonde hair, and cute freckles. She dyed her hair, it's red. And her freckles are gone.

Senior year, I asked her to prom. She said yes. We had our first kiss there. And then we were together. Just like that. And I held her in my arms, for a slow dance. But this time, she was

smiling. That bright, beautiful smile that I remember from the 5th grade. The little girl that was crying. I was holding her in my arms, again.

letter 519,239 • November 16, 2013

You are such a strange oddity.

I see you sitting there on the train and for the life of me I can't understand why. Why is it that I find it so hard to look anywhere else? You are not hot or sexy or provocatively dressed. You don't flash your eyes at me, frankly you don't ever look my way. But I find myself glancing at you. Because the truth is you're not hot, you're beautiful. You're not sexy you're stunningly gorgeous and you dress respectfully which makes me like you more. I like your strawberry blonde hair, and all the freckles that sit across your nose and under your cheeks but I don't know why. I've never even said hello. I've seen you bite your fingernails as you pour over the books you read and I think you look adorable.

I think all of this but I also don't want to say hello, because I'm terrified. I'm terrified that if I really meet you and find out your quirks, your likes and dislikes that this image of you will change. I'm afraid the little ember that brightens when I see you, that starts to warm this cold icy heart of mine will fade and die.

But at the same time I want to talk to you. I want to see that beautiful smile I so rarely see. I want to kiss your beautiful lips and push

that strawberry blonde hair out of your eyes. I want to sleep with you, not in the sexual way but REALLY sleep with you. I want to wake up and see you sleeping next to me. I want to say the three words I've never said to anyone ever. I want that ember to become a roaring fire!

But I'm scared, so for now I'll keep glancing. And maybe one day you'll catch me so I can finally show you the smile you bring to my lips every time I see you.

– M.S.

letter 519,921 • November 18, 2013

He sat beside me - ME, the girl who never knows what to say, who isn't clever and witty, who doesn't have any strange and adorable quirks, who is possibly the most average, mundane, and invisible person alive - he came in unannounced and sat beside me as I studied in the lounge. And then he leaned over my shoulder, looked at my textbook, and said:

“Oh good, you're studying Orgo! I'm Daniel. D'you want to study together?”

This boy, who I see laughing with the prettiest girls and joking with the athletic guys, gave me a shy smile and asked to study together. I don't think Hope has ever so quickly and aggressively clawed its way into my heart.

letter 517,313 • November 8, 2013

Since I was four. That might sound creepy to you, that I've liked you since I was a toddler. But then I've known you my whole life. You and your family are the people I've known the longest other than my relatives and a few neighbors.

I remember standing in my bathroom as a little girl on Sunday mornings thinking, "Oh! Maybe *his name* will like me better if..." Blah blah blah. But you were always two years older. And two years seemed like eternity.

When you were 12 a new girl came. She was right in the middle of your age and mine. I was worried you liked her the next year at religious summer camp when you looked at her when she wasn't looking. When you hit her with a water balloon and she chased you out of the church parking lot, both of you shrieking with laughter. When I tried to give her a water balloon as she had exhausted her supply to throw at you, and you took it instead and threw it. At her.

Every week I go to church. I haven't seen you there in a month or two. I see your mother. We laugh and talk to each other. She sometimes mentions you, but she doesn't know that I'm screaming inside for more news of you. Each day I play the role of stalker, watching you walk home from school in front of my house. I write down the time. I worry about the time not too far off when you will graduate, and leave Burbank, and our humble church, forever and never look back.

Signed,
The little girl who blushed when you

reluctantly said the first word ever to her,
“Here.”

letter 517,855 • November 10, 2013

Let's think this through.

I've liked you for two months. Two miserably long, agonizing months. It's been painful. All crushes are, but it's worse with you. Those toxicity gorgeous looks you throw me from across the room, or when you flirt helplessly but never say a word about anything.

For two months I wondered in agony if you liked girls. I filled up an entire notebook with love letters and poetry and simple notes about how beautiful you are. I cried too often over your amazing sense of humor, your talent, and. Your dimples. Fuck.

One week ago I figured out that you are bisexual. I mean, I had taken the billions of hints. But it never truly hit me. Not until a mutual friend came out to me and told me that you two had a thing last summer. What.

One week ago I told someone that I like you. I like a girl. The relief and pure terror was mind blowing, I didn't know what to think.

The next day you came and saw our dress rehearsal. While I was getting in costume, she apparently asked you who you like. And. And.

Blushing like a fool, you said yes to all the clues. You like me back.

The past week with you has been one of the most awkward but brilliant I've ever had. You have no idea that I know. You have no idea that I like you. You have no idea that I'm in love with you. Just you wait, babe.

letter 517,821 • November 10, 2013

If I could write anything in your birthday card,

I'd tell you that although your smile doesn't always reach your eyes, when it does, it's beautiful.

Yes, I meant beautiful. Handsome is not a big enough word to describe your intensity.

I'd tell you that running my fingers through your hair and sweeping it to the side is one of my favorite pastimes, and tracing the constellations in the freckles on your arms is better than any night sky.

I'd say that your laugh gives me more self confidence than I will ever need and your determinism and perfectionist ways are so utterly frustrating while being so utterly adorable.

However, when you open your birthday card tomorrow, in front of your friends and family, it will say three things:

“Happy birthday!

Thank you for being you.
Thank you for helping me.”

– pollywantacracker

letter 517,367 • November 10, 2013

i should have just left you as the boy who
asked me to dance at a wedding.

letter 517,768 • November 10, 2013

We’re going to Germany together. WE’RE
GOING TO GERMANY TOGETHER.

I mean it’s a school trip. But you came up to
me yesterday and asked if I was going, and I
told you, “Yeah, I think so.”

And all you did was smile and say, “I guess I’ll
go too, then.”

THIS IS NOT A DRILL.
THIS IS NOT A DRILL.

MAYDAY.
MAYDAY.

We’re going to another country, together.
We’re going to be with minimal supervision,
together. We’re probably going to get horribly
lost and confused, together.

Now I really can’t wait.

letter 517,773 • November 10, 2013

Attention:

I got you. I noticed dozens of fingerprints on that photo you have of me.

It's the photo you took of me a few summers ago; we were under our tree at the river we used to go to.

I noticed the torn edges and ripped corner. It's really a stupid picture, I'm mid-wave and my mouth is wide open in a smile you probably put there as you were taking the picture.

But you love it. You love me.

It's in the evidence

letter 518,390 • November 12, 2013

If I'm standing in a book store, looking intently at a book, make your move. Bring up a conversation about the author, the book, the series. Do something so we can talk.

Then maybe someday we can get past the talking in the isle, and buy the book. Maybe, just maybe, we could share it. We could fangirl/fanboy together about the tragic and romantic parts of the book.

If you did this, I would melt.

letter 518,666 • November 13, 2013

You just have this almost aura around you. It draws everyone to you.

Almost every girl likes you. That's how I first knew you, as that boy that my new best friend liked.

You are funny, you're smart, charismatic, kind, everything. I can't blame them for liking you. Gosh, you've got like a line of girls tripping over each other to get to you.

Sadly, I'm one of them.

It's not sad that I like you. Or, maybe it is. I don't know. It's just. I tried so hard to not like you. Not because you are a bad person to like. In fact, you're probably the best person I could ever like. You are such a good influence on me, and just so amazing.

And yet.

It still hurts to like you because of the way that every other girl does. A lot of them are my closest friends. We all know that each of us likes you. And since you aren't with anyone it isn't a big deal. But someone will say a comment about you, and how great you are, and I agree but at the same time I just get so jealous and everything. It's so bad.

I don't know. I just really needed to rant about that.

I like you... gosh dang it...

I like you. There. It is said.

My friends don't get it, my parent's think we could only ever be friends after all that's happened between us. But I like you.

I love you, as my brother in Christ, too. But I'd like to see if I love you in another way.

Either way, I'm proud to call you my brother and friend. But let's take this chance?

– iheartboyswhoheartjesus

letter 518,932 • November 14, 2013

my whole life, I've always looked down. I went through life staring at the ground, never having a reason to lift my head.

but then I heard your laugh, and something inside me said, "look up."

you gave me a reason to see the world, and I'll never be able to thank you for that.

letter 525,885 • December 11, 2013

Will,

You never ask how my day has been.
I always say, "I love you" first.
Sometimes you ignore me when I am crying.
I don't get surprised with jewelry or flowers.
You always come home late.
You never text me back.

After over a year of being together things always change. People get comfortable and stop doing things they did at the beginning of the relationship. But even though you don't do those things anymore, you do these;

You listen when I tell you about my day even when you don't ask.

When I say, "I love you" first, you always say "I love you more".

You surprise me with fruit snacks and silly hats.

You always come home (even if it is late)
Sometimes when I cry, you hold me tightly and comfort me.

It is hard for me sometimes to remember how we were in the beginning and see how we have changed. But I know that not all change is bad and that you do love me.

Lyra

letter 519,191 • November 14, 2013

I'm too scared to tell you
I'm too scared to try
I'm too scared of a lot of things
I don't even know why

You're smart, you're pretty, and you have the softest hair
I just wish you were mine to hold so I can kiss you anywhere.
I want to hug you and tell you that you're my favorite girl

you make my insides stutter so badly, you
make me wanna hurl.

You sleep late at night and lately I've been too
You should know that whenever I can't sleep
all I think about is you
I wish for a lot of things but there's one wish
that stands out
I wish, most of all, for the courage to finally
ask you out.

letter 519,811 • November 16, 2013

Dearest Daisy,

“I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first
picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's
dock. He had come a long way to this blue
lawn, and his dream must have seemed so
close that he could hardly fail to grasp it.”

Every moment, every word, every smile.
Those are my green lights at the end of your
dock. Your laughter and your silliness flash
brightly across the water and I admit that I
cannot help but find myself walking towards
this light that I hold so dear. This light that
beckons me each waking hour. I'm grateful
for this light, for it brings hope each time that
my eyes catch glimpse of it. It brings a joy into
my heart that swells like the light or the waves
against the shore, but then slowly fades away
again until it bursts back into my life. As it is
away I must admit, my world is dark and dry
and bleak.

But know this my dear Daisy. Even with

such a tempting light that pulls me in at every small glimmer, my feet are planted quite firmly. I hope not to frighten you with my unrealistic and wild dreams of the future. I hope not to terrify you with the idea that I may end up chasing a dream so distant from me for so long that eventually I find myself reaching and aching for the past. A dream, an itch, an ache that pulls me farther from you than I ever would expect to be.

My true dream is this: You, my Daisy, have the brightest smile on your face. Your laughter ringing in some lucky one's ear. Your eyes bright with hope and life and excitement. My dream is for you to know that through the darkest of days, and the brightest of nights, I will always be here. I know I have often reflected on the idea of sitting beside you. Do you remember?

Whenever you are feeling weary, down, or hopeless. Look over at me. Because every second of every day, I am there right beside you with my hand in yours.
Deep breath, and smile.

Forever yours,
– Jay Gatsby

letter 489,186 • July 11, 2013

January: I want to cuddle on a couch with you, watching Dr. Horrible, and feel warm just because I'm with you.

February: I want to do stupid sappy romantic

crap for you on Valentine's Day. I want us to be that awful, horrible cute couple that's staring into each other's eyes like there's nothing else in the world.

March: I want to cook for you on Saint Patrick's Day. My family does this whole thing with corned beef and cabbage and Irish soda bread, but I think we could leave out the cabbage because it tastes awful. Real food, though, not just easy baking. And I don't even do domestic things like that.

April: I want to play ridiculous pranks on you on April Fool's Day. I want to laugh with you until I cry. I want to feel like laughing all the time, because I've got you and that's the happiest feeling in the world.

May: I want to stress out about exams and have you there to comfort me. I want to call you in the morning just to wish you luck on your next test. I want to be able to face horrendous free-response questions and know that if I can just get them done you'll be waiting for me.

June: I want to go on a picnic with you, in the beginning of summer, when it's warm enough to wear shorts but not uncomfortably hot. I want to go on cute ice-cream dates with you and hold hands and just be happy. And I want to get all dressed up and dance with you, and know that we're making the forever kind of memories.

July: I want to watch fireworks with you, and kiss you instead of watching fireworks. I want to go have adventures with you. I'd even go on

your damned camping trip, but only because it's you.

August: I want to stay up all night and do crazy summer things with you. I want to play stupid childish games with you in the dark. I want to order Chinese at midnight and watch ridiculous movies and kiss you whenever I want and just be with you because it's summer and we're young and we're free.

September: I want to go on cute coffee-shop dates with you because its fall and we can. I want to memorize your coffee order and I want you to know mine because I know you remember the little things like that.

October: I want to have Halloween with you. I want to dress up in silly costumes and stay in and watch *The Nightmare before Christmas* and watch you pass out candy to adorable little kids. I think you'd be good at that.

November: I want to spend Thanksgiving with you. I want to meet your family, properly, as your girlfriend. I want to eat turkey and mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie with you, and know that you won't judge me. I want to introduce you to my granddad. He won't shoot you, I promise. (Well, probably not, anyway.)

December: I want to celebrate Christmas with you. I want to buy you adorable sweaters that I know you'll look both cuddly and handsome in. I want to give you fifty more reasons why I like you. I want to actually do festive things with you. We could decorate a Christmas tree together or something. And I want to have

New Year's Eve with you, and I want to be the one you kiss at midnight to welcome the New Year.

And then I want to do it all over again.

letter 533,624 • January 11, 2014

I'm sorry, but tonight was it.

I'm sorry I couldn't be a better friend. But I fell for you so hard and have adored you for so long that the fact we could only be friends broke my heart. And I still thank god that I met you, and got to see your beautiful smile shooting back at me, knowing that it was meant for me. That alone is worth the pain of knowing I'll never have you.

But I could never be a truly good friend. I wanted so much more. I wanted the girl that thought she was a messed up person, that thought she couldn't do better than the lame guy she was with because she didn't deserve better. I wanted the girl that was perfect to me, but she only saw me as a friend. I regret the chance I had to truly tell you what I wanted and exactly how I felt; you only knew half of the truth. Maybe I could have shown you that you deserve all of the love one person could possibly offer. You deserve the type of love that never dies out, that stays strong forever. That is what you are worth.

But I just can't do it anymore. I can't laugh with you and see your smile and feel your warmth and kindness and know that it's not

going to be all for me. It just hurts too much that I can't have you. It's selfish and idiotic of me, and I know it. You deserve better in a friendship, and you will find it in others. I am sure of it.

I really hope for the best in everything in your life. I hope you put behind the issues that have held you back, all the pain from your past, and realize how beautiful of a person you are. I hope the guy you are with learns how to truly love you, instead of treating you like an option. I hope you live the life that you have dreamed.

I will miss you. Everything about you. But things just can't be any other way.

letter 533,624 • January 11, 2014

It's over. We're over.

I accept that.

My adventure is just beginning.

I accept that too.

letter 524,487 • December 6, 2014

I fell completely in love with her tonight.

I can't breathe. I'm crying like a baby.

Oh my god.

Stop for just one second.

Think about all the people you've secretly had a crush on. All the people you've found attractive, but never said anything to. Every stranger you've temporarily fallen in love with on public transportation. All the people you've dreamt of and thought of in the early mornings.

And now take a moment to realize that you have been this person for so many people... and you have no idea.

letter 532,586 • January 7, 2014

I love personality types and I love learning about love languages. And sure, I'm a certain type, and I have a preferred love language.

But I hate for this kind of stuff to worry you too much. It's not set in stone. Just because I like, say, quality time, doesn't mean I wouldn't appreciate a gift you give me, or any sort of favor you do for me. Just because your personality type isn't my "perfect match" doesn't mean I care about you any less. (To be honest, I like you better than this imaginary "ideal match").

I like you a lot, and as long as you're willing to express yourself, I'm totally cool with anything. If it means making things easier between us, I'm willing.

Relax, and just trust me, okay?

:)

– CurlyTop

letter 519,998 • November 18, 2013

I can always judge my mood on how I view the pond outside my house.

When the weather is good, and it's reflecting everything around it, and I am happy, I can just sit and stare at how beautiful the whole scene is. I can see that tree, the one that I fell out as a kid, in the pond and the whole thing makes me happy and peaceful.

When the weather is good and I'm sad, and I look at it reflecting everything around it, I wish for nothing more than to break the reflection. How unfair it is for this pond to be so beautiful but only because it's stealing the beauty from everything around it.

When it's raining and I'm in a good mood, I look outside and remember all of the days I spent in the rain. I used to go outside in the rain all the time. The water bounces off of the pond just as it bounced off of me and I am at one with the world.

When it's raining and I'm in a bad mood, I think how nice it would be to throw myself into the pond. I could sit at the muddy bottom with all of the snapping turtles and watch the rain hit the surface and just be done

with it all.

I couldn't tell what my mood was today, and when I looked outside, the pond was frozen over. A lot of thoughts came to my mind:

Frozen like my heart.
Gray just like my mood.
It looks beautiful.

And then I thought of you. I thought how wonderful it would be to go ice skating on that pond that holds so much meaning to me with you.

That's when I figured it out. Today the pond didn't determine my mood. It simply informed me of what it already knew: That I am completely and irreversibly in love with you.

letter 522,701 • November 29, 2013

I can't stop thinking about her lips. The December air has made them a bright red color and they stand out against her green eyes.

The bottom lip is very plump and almost always makes her look like she's pouting. The top lip comes to two fine points, even better than a Cupid's bow and all I ever want to do is trace them. When she concentrates her bottom lip shifts and isn't exactly even under the other one. She has a small freckle on the top lip and I've only ever been close enough to see it once. When she licks her lips I am

fascinated by the way they shrink then plump back up again. When she bites her lip I feel it all the way in my gut and I always look for the small dimple that her teeth will leave behind.

I can't stop thinking about her lips mostly because I want to kiss them until I can't tell the difference between my lips and hers.

letter 526,336 • December 12, 2014

What does it mean to be in love? Well, I'll tell you?

It means that you wake up every single morning, and the first thing you smell is their putrid morning breath, and you don't even mind because it is somehow the most beautiful smell in the world. It's when you stay up until all hours of the night talking about absolutely nothing, but you wake up the next day feeling like you have had a conversation that has the power to change the entire world. It's when you look at them, and you know that there could never be anything else more captivating, more enthralling, more worth a good study than that person.

The sad thing is that people are so caught up in their own lives, their own feelings, that they don't even realize when this happens. So we move on, oblivious to a love that could encompass us, and take all the sadness and pain away, but we choose not to because we know... you cannot have true happiness without having felt sadness, happiness and all that lies between. We have so much to learn,

even when we're old and grey. It's all a matter of accepting love as it comes, and learning to be okay with your own self when it isn't there.

letter 529,017 • December 22, 2013

We were five. I remember seeing you across the playground with our moms. I was sitting with my Tonka truck in my beat up sneakers and overalls in the sandbox. You can toddling over to me in your rolled up jeans and button down shirt grinning and plopped down beside me.

“Want to play with me?” you asked. I nodded and we played hide and seek.

I remember after that we played in the sandbox. You just snatched my Tonka truck. I remember pouting about it for ten minutes and then I got over it when you came up to me and said we could play together.

As it was a special time between us. The only other person we had was each other. That was all we needed.

As the years went by, we got more and more comfortable around each other. We slept in the same bed at sleepovers until we were 8 and your dad said I was turning into a lady now. We would sit and watch cartoons at 6 in the morning because back then cartoons were worth getting up at that ungodly hour for.

By the time we were ten, you had found my old Tonka truck and you would take it out

at our sleepovers and we would play Legos in front of the TV. We would sleep on the couch together and when we woke up I remember you jumping on me because mom made pancakes.

I especially remember the time your sister let us watch Titanic.

We were about 9 years old and I had gotten into fan fiction at the time so I knew what was going on in that car in the basement of the boat...

“I don’t get it, what’s going on?”

I blushed and tried to explain, “Well..uhm... they’re having mommy and daddy time.”

“They aren’t married. How can they do that?”

To this day, I still don’t know if you knew what was going on. I think you did by the time we were both 13 and watched it for the second time.

You had said, “So...what are they doing in there?”

Me, not bothering to even look at you had said, “They’re getting it on.”

“They’re what?”

“They’re GETTING IT ON. THEY’RE HAVING SPECIAL MOMMY AND DADDY TIME.”

“Oh...”

I chuckle at the memory. Watching the rest of that movie with me cuddling so close to you had made you uneasy. I still think it was amusing.

– CG

letter 494,444 • August 3, 2013

Graham Webster,

You knelt next to me as I traced the graceful, sharp lines of your face and marveled at the gentle softness in your emerald eyes.

“In Greek, there is a word that once held two meanings. It typically carries one now, but I prefer it to its synonym because of its older duo meaning. ‘Oraio’, beautiful in body and beautiful in character. And that is the word I’d use to describe you.”

You chuckled, and said nothing. Just smiled and looked humbly away.

Then: A soft whisper, “You too. I’d use that for you, too.”

Conviction. Truth.

A while later as we lay close to each other, you pushed yourself up to lean over and kiss me. Once, twice, three times. Then deepened it. We fell into the hazy memory of new lovers-uncertain, hesitant, desire. At the end of it I

curled into you, shy.

“Why are you hiding?” you whispered.

I shrugged.

“Please.”

“That... That is the first time I have ever taken part in something, where I didn't feel as though something has been taken from me.”

You were quiet for a long while before you admitted how much that made you sad. And when I spoke of feeling ashamed for simple closeness' sake you nurtured that away.

Soft caresses and gentle, emphasis on whispered words lifted shy eyes to finally look at you- and there was no judgment there.

“Both kinds of beautiful.”

Sir, I have finally found my own story. That love I've craved, that “Grace in Thine Eyes”... I've finally found it in you. And you are my perfect match in every way. Too good to be true, and yet tangible, solid, with me, real.

God has remembered me.

Love,
Davina

letter 530,255 • December 28, 2013

how do you know when you love someone?
really, truly love someone?

i mean, when do you know it has surpassed
more than liking someone a lot, more
than feeling a deep affection and caring for
someone, more than knowing you'd miss them
if they weren't there, knowing if you broke up
you'd cry and feel broken...

but also knowing that you don't need them
to live but wanting them to stay anyways?
forever?

is that love too?

letter 530,041 • December 27, 2013

a while ago, I sent in a letter about choosing
between two girls. one warmed my soul, and
the other set my world on fire. and they are
best friends. the one that warmed my soul
wanted me and i wanted the one to set my
world ablaze. and i know this is contradictory
to this website, but this is not a letter to a
crush, but to my love. my girlfriend, the one
that warms my soul. because the other is a
crush and crushes are constructs of our mind.
the girl that set my world on fire, while still a
friend, burned both too bright and too low,
so that i was left either blinded or frozen.
meaning i didn't always want to be around
her, or even talk to her. and that's not love.
love warms your soul, like mi querido does
every day.

letter 530,440 • December 29, 2013

You and I are like the sun and the moon.
I'm always there to see you shine,
But you never do the same for me.

Yet still, there's a glimmer of hope that
remains.
That maybe, just maybe, you are the one for
me.
I'm holding on to the silver lining that
perhaps,
Opposites do attract.

-Cindy

letter 533,930 • January 12, 2013

I noticed this website saved as your homepage
when I was looking over your shoulder today,
so as soon as I got home I searched it. I've
been reading through these wonderful letters
about love to everyone's crushes, and I have
something to say to you.

Dear Alice,

I love the way you smile, love the way you
laugh and sneeze. I love the freckles that are
perfectly scattered across your nose and down
to your chin. I love that you sometimes have
a tendency to bite your nails when you're
nervous, and that you have to sleep on the
right side of the bed. I love that you paint
your nails every Sunday while drinking your
morning coffee. I love how your closet is
arranged by color and I love that you still sleep
with a light on. I love the way you never fail to
make me smile, and how easily you get scared

by thunderstorms. I love the way you shake your legs when you get anxious, and how the only way to calm you down is by giving you warm tea and quoting old movies to you. I love the way you sleep, and I love the way you hold my hand. Alice, you're the love of my life. I am in love with you, and have been since we were 15.

Give a guy a chance.
With love,
Nathan

letter 542,751 • February 14, 2014

I feel like this website is like a magical site where God can read these letters of affection and admiration and answer our calls for returned love.

I feel like God reads these and sees how much we love and care for the person we write about. I feel like God is touched by our everlasting amazement by these people we have written about and grants our wish of them loving us back.

I feel like this website is magical and it gives us happy endings. It helps us work up the courage to tell that one special person how we feel. We give advice to each other on here and it helps so much. I feel like each and every one of us are angels helping each other out with finding and receiving love.

I feel like we write these letters in hopes of
1) the person we write about will read these

letters someday, 2) the person we write about will love us back, and 3) we will find someone who understands our situation and guides us through it.

I love these letters and this website because this is where I can find people that understand how I feel. This website and these letters give me hope.

Just a couple days ago, Blake told me he loved me. My prayers and wishes that are my letters were answered. Now it's your turn. Someday, you will all find someone amazing and your letters will be answered. I wish the best for each and every one of you loving angels. You helped me get my happy ending. You will get yours too. Just don't give up hope.

~ ThatHappyNerdyGinger

letter 530,345 • December 29, 2013

I love him. He loves me. We can't be together, and he's having an arranged marriage at the beginning of this year.

"The love won't just leave," he said to me.

Today, in a beautiful Hindu ritual, he made me his sister. It is called Raksha Bandhan or Rakhi.

"It just has to become something else," he explained. I have never felt heartbreak this beautifully.

Don't fall for someone you'll die for. Ignore the romanticism of the idea that you love someone so much that you'll give up life for them, because dying is a quick slip into oblivion, and there's nothing really romantic about that.

Fall for someone you'll live for.

Fall for someone that makes you want to fight for the sun when the world crushes you into the darkness, that even when you can't see the light at the end of the tunnel, the thought of them makes you want to keep going anyway. Fall for someone who makes you see the beauty in your daily routine, who makes you see the possibility for kaleidoscope color in the most ordinary of things. Fall for someone who will roll over at one in the morning to snuggle closer to you, whose name on your lips will make you understand what they mean when they say life is a gift.

Forget the romance of dying for someone, because I can't think of anything more romantic than wanting to live for someone. Who would you live for?

There will always be
Better men than me
Men whose hearts are open

To the feeling of another.
Men who are taller,
Stronger,
Faster,
Smarter,
Flawless in every sense of the word.
But they will never be as I am,
As this fool who stands before you.
They would never hold you
as I would hold you,
like their world rests in their arms.
They would never kiss you
as I would kiss you,
Deeply and passionate as if you'd be lost with
the parting of our lips.
And they would never see you
as I see you.
As a figure of such silent, elegant beauty.

M.S

letter 534,569 • January 15, 2014

The funny thing about loving someone as a
teenager is nobody believes you.

“Honey, you’re only seventeen.”

or

“That’s not love, it’s infatuation.”

or maybe

“I believe you think you love him.”

We’re taught to believe you can’t say you’re in

love with someone unless you're dating, and even then, you aren't really in love. Not if you're "only seventeen."

But we do fall in love, and it hurts worse because we haven't had the time to build the emotional walls or learn the lessons adults have.

We fall harder because we think we have nothing to lose.

I'm only seventeen, and I've been telling myself I'm not in love because I've been told I'm not in love. And it's scary, because when you're in this deep you realize you have a lot to lose.

Adults tell teenagers they aren't in love because they know what comes after the crying, the dropping grades, the heartache.

It's a different kind of love, definitely, but it is real.

letter 537,137 • January 18, 2014

When i close my eyes i can still see your face
and when i cover my ears i can still hear your
voice and when i wet my lips i can still taste
yours and if i cut my heart out of my chest im
sure it would still belong to you.

letter 535,377 • January 25, 2014

i let myself daydream about you, because

daydreams don't hurt.

daydreams about you are like summer thunderstorms and ice cold lemonade. they are like flannel pajamas and hot chocolate, a favorite song on the radio and every smile you've ever know. they are cotton candy and scarlet lipstick, comprised of airy, fluffy innocence, bubblegum scented and sweet enough for toothaches. they are silk strands of thought braided together to form a safety net within my mind.

daydreams don't hurt. reality hurts.

reality is like naked branches clawing at your window and tears freezing on your face. reality is an exhausted pyramid made of crumbling brick and the moist soil around a fresh funeral plot. reality is made up of the rusty taste of pennies, and rain so heavy it sinks right through your skin. reality is a razor, metallic and merciless.

reality hurts, and the daydreams are my drugs. i am an addict, both disgusted and relieved at my ability to tumble into freshly pressed and carefully scripted lovely little scenes, drenched in rich mental detail.

when i close my eyes, i am with you. sometimes we walk through the woods behind your house, losing ourselves in the trees and in each other. the air smells like maple syrup and crackles with the threat of snow, but we balance on the train tracks, holding hands, and catch the flakes on our tongues, kissing mother nature.

other times, it is flashes of us being domestic and making banana pancakes in your kitchen; i peel the fruit and you pour the batter and we sing along with the radio as it rains. we adjust to each other, maneuvering around the stove like we're telepathic, and toast ourselves with glasses of apple juice when we sit down to enjoy our meal. then you lean over and use your thumb to whisk away a stripe of pancake batter, and look into my eyes and i know that you love me.

in my head, we go christmas shopping in the mall, trying on ridiculous hats and people watching in the food court. we go to a new year's party, all dressed up in black and glitter, taking delicate sips of champagne and predicting the next celebrity scandal. you'll kiss me right at midnight, the perfect start to a new beginning. we go camping, and wear plaid and hiking boots and feed each other marshmallows by the campfire, searching the constellations for something deeper. we go visit your adorable little grandma in chicago. she knits me a blanket and helps me master peach cobbler; she winks at you and tells you that i am a catch.

i daydream about an apartment in the city, fresh white sheets, red wine and chinese takeout. i daydream about dance clubs, the music pulsing like a heartbeat and the lights shifting like a kalidescope. i daydream about walking through sand that looks like sugar, swimming in water that looks like glass. i daydream about the cultured, classy european restaurants and exotic, bustling asian cities. i daydream about white rice and black bow ties; golden rings and the words i do. i daydream

about salt and pepper hair and three emerald
eyed children; i daydream about wrinkled
hands and rocking chairs and toothless smiles.

but even all of these dripping, aching
daydreams don't compare to the feeling i get
when you hold me, because when you hold
me, touching me like i am crystal, diamond,
precious, i feel at home, a rare and delicious
sensation for me.

so no, maybe we won't fulfill all my
daydreams. maybe we won't visit china or
europe or have three little children or say the
words i do.

but as long as i am with you, it doesn't even
matter, because daydreams are not wishes;
they are just a hobby to blunt reality and bide
time until i can see you and feel everything
i've always wanted to feel.

~ tess walsh.

letter 224,042 • November 17, 2011

To everybody here,
anytime and anywhere, this is for you.

Today you are alive. Your heart is beating and
your veins run with blood. Today you are alive
and darling, that is a fucking milestone, to
have a heart that beats, im proud of you. Im
proud because you are here and i know just
how hard it is to wake up every morning to
realise that your lungs are still filled with air.

You are worth so much more than the world

and you may not see but i fucking do. I see your worth and your significance, because without you, the world would not be like it is. The stars may shine and the sun will rise, the trees will sway and the birds may sing, but listen to me when i tell you that it will be a new day. It will be a new day, and if you are not part of it, i do not want the stars. i do not want the warmth of the sun to kiss my skin. i dont. i wont. i promise you i will not want it, without you here.

Because without you, the world isnt right. Without you, the stars will seem a little less brighter, even though, really, they are shining exactly like they were the other night. I dont give a fucking damn, I want you here and i want you all here. I want you all to stay, because you all mean so much to me and when it hurts, i promise you, i am hurting too.

You are special. You are special. There will never, ever, ever, ever be a time when you are not. I care. i care. i care. I fucking care. Do you hear me? i know that we may be a world apart, but i care and i will shout it from my roof top because i need you to know that i care. I care and you matter.

i hope you all sleep well tonight and dont you ever dare think about leaving, because i promise you, i will miss you. I will miss you and my heart will ache. You are precious and you are loved. You deserve to be here, dont you ever dare underestimate yourself.

i love you.

- indigo

letter 539,879 • February 4, 2014

To the big dude up in the sky-

I know we've had our differences.

I'm not a perfect child.

I've doubted you, questioned you and mocked you,
so I know I am the last person that you would want to do a favor for.

But I am really kinda hoping that this thing works out.
so, um, I guess, I'm that greedy kid who is only nice when she wants something, but if I could have your blessing, it would mean alot.

letter 539,165 • February 1, 2014

This is an open letter to all the girls who feel worthless:

I have a story to tell you. There's this girl at my school who's just the sweetest thing. She's constantly surrounded by a solid, loyal group of friends. She excels at volleyball, and is decent in academics. She's beautiful. One day, we went on a class fieldtrip to the beach, and I when I needed help attaching those sticker-bracelets to my wrist. When she raised her arms to help me, I saw her wrists for the first time. Angry, red slash marks. My first,

selfish thought was resentment. Now, I'm an painfully introverted person, and I've sat alone at lunch before. That emotional isolation is so, so wretched, and I was thinking: this girl never sits alone. This girl has never sat in front of a computer screen sobbing because forget about crushes, she can't even talk to random people without stuttering. But then I remembered her pure, unassuming kindness. I reminded myself that I didn't know her. Maybe she was like me, just a little distant on the outside but messed up on the inside. Who knew what she was going through behind the perfect house, clothes, friends, and family? How could such a beautiful girl (and I say this in a platonic way, obviously) hurt so much that she's driven to hurt herself?

I guess, in conclusion, I'm just saying although this is a crush site, we should all "love" others, 'kay? I know I'm saying this in an awfully roundabout, rambling, cathartic way but I suppose here's my two messages: 1) Girls, never let ANYBODY (and that includes guys) put you down. 2) Be accepting of others, because you don't know their life story.

letter 540,561 • February 6, 2014

the rumbling of laundry in the dryer,
the clanking of a zipper or button tossing
about recklessly in the load.
the resounding notes of a piano echoing
through the corridor,
the gentle whisper of the wind singing along
as it greets me by the open window,
the beams of light pouring upon my skin from

the summer day sun.
the tickle of water as the frying pan sizzles and
the dishes file into the sink to be washed.
a knife laid to rest by the cutting board as the
contents have all been sliced and diced,
and the clock ticks away to notify me that
soon he'll come walking through the door
with a kiss ready to bestow on my lips and
a hug for each of the little feet pattering
throughout the house.
setting the plates and lighting the candles I
see a tiny little face peer from under the table
and a series of giggles as they play their game.
I hear the door creak open and the music
stops. I hear the lid of the piano close urgently
as two pairs of footsteps rush to the door.
"Daddy!" and I smile, because they're smiling
and he looks at me as he always has... and
always will.

I dream of domestic life far too much.

letter 541,004 • February 8, 2014

On Valentine's Day, I'm finally moving out of
my parent's house to start my dream job and
be financially independent for the first time. It
may not be romantic, but my Valentine's Day
gift to myself is a new chapter in my life.

letter 542,332 • February 13, 2014

HE FOLLOWED ME ON TWITTER.
FIRST. IM A FRESHMAN AND HE'S A
JUNIOR. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK
NOT ONLY GOD BUT JESUS.

My best friend's sister's boyfriend just told my best friend: i call her Cheerio

She asked why to which he replied "she's good for my heart".

Made me get choked up a bit

I don't know how another human being could ever fall in love with another, day after day, month after month and year after year with nothing to show but even more desire for them. Yet here I am and always will be, in love with you.

I keep having this dream about this man.

I can never remember his face.

Just this memory imprinted of strong arms around me.

In my most recent dream, I'm running from him scared.

I break his heart and take off. Like I do in real life with most guys.

But he chased me. Through cities and the ends of the Earth.

Through hospital corridors and across wicked
traintracks.

Finally, on the other side of the train, where I
thought I was alone and safe,

He grabbed my arm and spun me towards
him. He cupped my face, his warm, rough
hands grazing my cheeks.

“It’s too late,” he says.

And I nod, tears welling. Because I knew.
Running would do me no good. It’s too late
because he’s already infected me. He was in
my veins. And no matter how much I ran, he
was always gonna be there.

The tears spill over to my flushed cheeks and
onto his tanned hands. As I move closer to
him, he folds me into his arms. One hand
cupping the back of my head, the other
supporting my back.

Reluctantly, I slide my arms around him,
holding on for dear life.

And I cry. hard. And then I wake up.

And I think that’s what love is. When you
finally stop running away from everything.
When you find someone who will chase you
down to be with you. And when you finally
find someone to run to. It’s the solidity of
arms wrapped around you and the comfort of
shared tears. I’ve never felt more loved or more
like home than in those arms and he doesn’t
even exist.

the disclaimer and guidebook that no one
hands you when you realize at the vulnerable
age of fourteen that you like girls:

when you fall for a straight girl
you have to tell her that you love hearing
about her boyfriend
so that she reminds you that she's taken
on an almost daily basis.

when you fall for a straight girl
you have to remember not to look at her too
long
when she smiles to herself
or let your fingers linger when she asks you to
zip up her dress

when you fall for a straight girl
you can't text her every time something
reminds you of her or every time you think
about her.
because her phone would blow up with
notifications
and she would have no more data left
to text her boyfriend.

when you fall for a straight girl
you have to pray to god that when they make
the rooming assignments they don't put you
two together because you're absolutely sure
you could not see her wake up without kissing
her or at least making it abundantly clear that
you want to

so
badly

when you fall for a straight girl
and everything around you stops when she
walks into the room,
you have to look down at the hem of her dress
rather than her face

so she doesn't see.

letter 555,355 • April 8, 2014

someone asked me to describe home and I
almost said your name

letter 558,472 • April 21, 2014

Today you told me something, and that
something is so big and so bright and so
beautiful that I have to protect it. It's glittering
and it's fragile.

You told me you'd fallen in love with me.
And I told my own something to you.

letter 568,941 • June 7, 2014

I went out to practice driving with my
grandpa today, and we ended up all the way
out into the country. We went to the cemetery
where my great grandparents are buried too,
and it was a real learning experience.

They were buried together, and on their headstone it said when they got married, how long they lived, etc. They were married for 67 years until my grandma died in January of 2001, and grandpa died shortly after in November of the same year.

And I was thinking about that, and that's what I want. I want to meet someone that I could spend ages with, someone I couldn't live without. I want the love of my life.

On August 23rd, it would have been their 80th anniversary, and i think I might celebrate it for them, by myself. They deserve to know that they had a one of a kind love that most people would kill to have.

- Sasha

letter 567,363 • May 31, 2014

In the morning we wake up and I'm staring at her sleepy face. Her hair's in disarray against the pillow and she's never looked so adorable and innocent. She's beautiful and lovely as ever still mid dream or slowly pulling out of her dreamworld.

I bring her breakfast in bed when I wake up first, because she's my princess and she has to be treated that way. When she's not it's a sin. And when I kiss her forehead and nudge her awake the smile on her face is sleep and it's so gorgeous that I fall in love with her again for the tenth time that day. Because I like the way

she breathes and how she smells and curls up against me more than she snuggles with the blankets or pillows.

By then we're getting dressed and ready for work and genuinely it's the saddest part of my day, because I don't want to be parted from her, especially not for six hours. But I do it, because she's good at what she does, and I'm good at my job and we both love what we do.

At lunch she calls me and she says she misses me and blows a kiss that I cherish as much as her in-person kisses.

And when I get home, she's making dinner and cleaning and doing laundry because she's a super lovely perfect angel. And she's wanted to be a housewife since she knew the meaning. And she stops it all to come running to the door and kiss me like she's not seen me in months and it melts my heart.

Sometimes I come home and she's had a really rough day and I hate those days. Because she doesn't even know how badly my heart breaks for her sadness. I would do anything to get rid of it. I mean, I'm not doing my job if she's unhappy.

But most days it's good and she'll finish her chores and serve me dinner and she'll listen as I speak about anything. Really listen. She'll help me with work, my family, my friends. Everything. She'll take my side, even if I'm wrong and then offer suggestions. She's lovely. perfect. Mine.

I've never been so happy in my life to tell her

I love her. She's mine. All mine. She's never going to be anyone else's. I'm hers. She's mine.

And then it's after dinner. We're both showered and laying on the couch. She might grade some papers and I gently draw swirls on her wrists as she works. And then the papers will fall from her lap and her eyes will flutter close. Her breathing will slow and her head will droop further into my chest.

I carry my beautiful girl to bed and kiss her goodnight and tell her I love her over and over until she falls into her good, sweet dreams. And she doesn't say it then, but she's said it all night. In everything she does for me. Everyday, all day. And I hold her and hum to her because she says she feels safer and sleeps easier than she ever has when she's in my arms.

Because that's what she deserves. She's my everything good. My whole universe. My angel. My love. My life. My baby. My girl.

And there's not one single thing I wouldn't do for her if it meant her happiness and safety.

letter 566,545 • May 27, 2014

I watched a guy fall in love with a girl the other day.

She didn't even notice it, while he looked as his whole world had changed.

The guy was standing by the doors and I was sitting down. We were on the metro, our faces

towards each other. He was cute, really tall and broad of shoulders, he looked a bit out of place.

At some point, two girls entered and stood by the doors, just opposite of him. I didn't see their faces, they had their backs towards me, but I saw his -

First, he glanced at them. A quick look, nothing special. But after that first glance, he went in for a second glance. A third. A fourth. I could see he was looking at one of the girls in particular, whom I could only see from behind. She was this curvy brunette who laughed loudly while speaking to her friend. There must have been something about her, because after that fourth glance he just couldn't keep his eyes of her.

His whole body changed, his feet pointing towards her and he lowered his shoulders, as if the mere sight of her made him feel safe and relaxed. But his eyes, they were nothing but relaxed, they were in total and utter amazement. The way he looked at her, oh god, it was just the most beautiful thing. And he was smiling, this huge smile that touched his eyes and made them sparkle.

Once in a while it seemed she looked back, since he suddenly would stop gazing at her and quickly pretend to be fixing his watch or look outside the window, only to rest his eyes on her seconds later.

It was obvious he was following their conversation. Everytime she laughed, he smiled even bigger. You know that kind of

smile that just appears, he didn't even seem aware he was doing it, he was just so taken by her.

At one point, when she laughed out really loudly and flipped her head backwards, he looked as if he had tears in his eyes. I'm not even kidding. As if he was longing for her so so much, like his hands were about to reach out to just touch her face, any second.

He looked so happy.
He looked so in love.

After a while he got off the metro, and I was so curious to see this girl who seemed to have made a total stranger fall head over heels in love with her, but I never did.

It made me start thinking though, how many of you guys out there who might have had another person fall in love with you, just by looking at you or listening to your voice, without you ever noticing.

How sad, and completely beautiful, that is.

letter 566,014 • May 25, 2014

We had been really careful. No one knew.

But we were walking and talking and all of a sudden, he was so beautiful, I couldn't stop myself. I muttered something along the lines of, "Oh, fuck it," under my breath and kissed him.

It was an earthshattering kiss, just as good as the ones we had shared at his house, in corners of the library, in our cars... But this one was on full display.

I didn't realize the full gravity of it until we broke apart, his fingers half tangled in my hair, and I heard a chorus of cheers from all around me.

"Oh shit," he muttered. "Oh God, oh no."

But they were honest cheers.

The whole hall of people, an entire group of the most judgmental demographic in the world -- high school kids, had just burst into cheers of support for a couple of boys making out in the hallway.

Goddamn.

letter 565,030 • May 21, 2014

I went walking out in the rain tonight, an umbrella over my head and somebody on my mind. I looked down at the puddles in the bumps of the sidewalk, the water rushing in the gutter down to the drains.

I wanted to wash him away. His scent off my skin, his image from my eyes, his memory out of my mind.

I kept walking, then flicked my hood up and closed the umbrella. I felt tiny raindrops touch my skin and listened to the peaceful world

around me. I continued walking, imagining him walking next to me.

I would tell him little things I like about rain -- like once the cars stop passing by you can stop and listen to nothing but the sounds of the rain beating against the leaves. How you can just listen to your footsteps echo through the puddles and make footprints in the dry spots.

Then I realized.

I was here, enjoying the moment, and he wasn't. I was alone.

And I was happy.

I danced home, jumping through the puddles in the gutter and thinking your name as I splashed it away from me. I felt nothing but pure bliss and the rain around me as it listened to my thoughts and adopted them as its own, taking them away. I was afraid to get my feet wet as the initial thoughts that filled my head dissolved.

Truth is, we were and now we aren't. And that's okay, cause I can still be happy.

letter 564,159 • May 16, 2014

I remember the morning I gave you up. We were walking to class together, and you were being your usual stoic self, quietly walking alongside me. And all of a sudden, something clicked back into the place you pushed it

from five years before, and I started to grin. I grinned and grinned and you noticed. “What’s so funny?” you asked, with that mischievous look in your eye. But I just started laughing. Because I realized that you have never been and never will be interested in me. And even if you were interested in me, I realized that we could never work. And I saw that that was perfectly okay. Right then and there, I was done. I laughed because for the first time in five years, I was free; I no longer felt the tugging sensation pulling my whole being to you. I was laughing, I was happy, and I was free.

letter 574,042 • June 30, 2014

Your heart deserves to dance.

letter 576,223 • July 12, 2014

Have you ever looked at someone, boy or girl, someone you’ve seen hundreds of times over the weeks, months, or years. Anyone, really. Then one day, you look at them and you see. Maybe the lighting is different. Maybe they’re just in a great mood. But all of a sudden, you look at them, and for the first time, you see... that they are beautiful.

I have. But for some reason, today, the person I am finally seeing is...me?

letter 573,558 • June 28, 2014

I'm discovering that maybe love isn't about erratic heart beats and flushed cheeks. Perhaps it's about finding someone who convinces you that no, you won't die if you flunk your calculus final. Maybe love is when he can help you find yourself when you're irrevocably lost on life's incomprehensibly vast map.

I believe that love is about feeling warm and complete, a drizzle of rain to help you grow. Not being confined as a stuttering fool; that's a whimsy crush, or being starstruck. Love is something beautiful and long-lasting and perfectly made yet complication-prone.

letter 572,875 • June 25, 2014

People say you're unattractive and I don't care. You'll always be the most beautiful boy in the world to me.

letter 585,875 • August 25, 2014

Maybe that's why.
Maybe that's why it never worked out with boys I liked.
Maybe that's why boys never seem to take interest.
Maybe that's why I can't get comfortable enough.
Maybe, because, it was always supposed to be this beautiful girl.

letter 585,841 • August 26, 2014

Juice boxes in their hands, they talked about toys.

Soda in their hands, they talked about the future.

Coffee in their hands, they talked about money.

Tea in their hands, they finally talked about each other.

Eulogy in his hand, he talked about his love for her.

letter 587,856 • September 5, 2014

Driving at high speeds can be dangerous. I remember the first time I went over 40; I was terrified of losing control, of ending up twisted around a telephone pole by the side of the road.

That's how it works, I guess. The faster you drive, the more risk you assume. If you crashed into a tree at 2 mph, you'd have a dent, a jolt. But if you crashed into a tree at 60 mph, you can imagine the kind of damage and destruction that'd be done.

It's actually very similar to the way we love. Some people are eager and daring; they'll drive 60 mph straight into love, regardless of the risk.

But some people like to drive 2 mph into love. Some people are scared. Some people have had negative experiences in the past, causing them to approach future romantic ventures with as much caution as possible.

Don't forget about us, we 2-mph-lovers. We love, but we need a little more time.

letter 642,081 • May 7, 2015

Hey there.

My almost lover. My best friend. My first love (and hopefully last). The only person who can fill me with anger. The only person who can make me laugh until I cry. The only person whose voice can calm me down (and turn me on).

They say, after a breakup, you need to cut that person off completely and work on getting over them.

I didn't do that.

Now I'm more in love with you than ever, and I'm not sure how this story will end. I'm so scared, because this love that I have now, doesn't know that its not supposed to be there. That trust? That shouldn't be there anymore either. The hope? Its rough and ragged, but its still there.

Whenever I go to God with this, He always brings me back to you, whether its a quote in my news feed about not giving up, or the simple reminder that you exist.

Your mere existence is beautiful to me, complicated, and I want to know it all.

I'm not supposed to feel this way, and I don't know how it will end, but I still want you, my almost lover. My best friend.

hlj

letter 643,416 • May 13, 2015

Oh my god this website still exists. I remember spending high school lunchtimes giggling over the confessions lurching across these pages.

And writing some myself, of course.

It's funny, really-- the paths that life walks us down, the jokes the universe plays on us.

Here's a love story for you. Here's a story.

She's ten years old. Her fifth-grade class is on a field trip to the local middle school to watch "teasers" from their spring musical. She's staring at the back of her crush's orange-haired head. But-- who knows now, a song, an obligation-- something makes her look up and onstage there stands a boy with longish dark hair and a voice that makes her little ten-year-old heart weak. She will remember him as looking like a knight.

She's fourteen years old and she's already lost her assignment book but she's so excited because now she's going to be doing Real Theatre. She stands up and tugs on her too-big red t-shirt and introduces herself and makes the class laugh and there's that boy that her cool older friend from the pool had been talking-- there's that boy. Shorter hair, now, and beard stubble, but the voice is unmistakable. It's the boy, the one she'd nearly given up on ever finding. It's her knight.

She's sixteen years old and through last summer and this one she's been proving herself, a newcomer but look what she can do, and she feels like a star, and she's found her home. And every time she does something great or she gets another role all she can think of is telling him about it. And every night after rehearsal she trembles in the dark in the passenger seat of his car and they talk about ships and books and dreams and she learns

what it feels like to want someone with her entire body. That August, they're texting, and he says that during every drive he wondered what it would be like to kiss her.

She's seventeen years old and her best friend-- another redhead, though not the one from fifth grade-- is in love with her. After months of resistance, she closes the memory of her knight into a box in the back of her mind, and that December her best friend kisses her on a bench on a beautiful, fairy-lit night. She's seventeen years old, and she finds herself wondering if it's possible to love two people at once.

She's eighteen years old and she's learning that two such fiery tempers will never mesh well, and as high school draws to a close she and her once-best-friend go up in flames. Another summer, only now she's lost and afraid. She's eighteen years old, and she's not handling anything well.

She's eighteen years old and for the first time in a while she's without a ride home. But there he is, that same knight and his white horse. (Really it's a gold station wagon, but there you go.) And even after barely speaking for a year, he understands, and he listens, and gradually he puts her back together as she sobs in his arms on a night when the sky is the same navy blue as his eyes.

She's eighteen years old and she's six hours away for college and as the New England leaves paint the autumn he asks if she'll read a book that he's writing.

She's eighteen years old and she's home for winter break and even though he's dating someone else he kisses her one night in his car. She's learning that he's human, too.

She's nineteen years old and it's summer again, and after they spend a week hating each other they're back and even closer, and as the characters in his book have their adventures she encounters a whole further level of falling in love. They spend a lot of time together, and several times that summer they almost kiss again-- but never quite.

She's nineteen years old and they confide in each other and she still edits his work and they're becoming a strange sort of almost best friends. She's nineteen years old, and he comes over on New Year's Eve and she wonders if this could be it. But he leaves at eleven to go to someone's party, and he's cruel to her before he goes, and she rings in the new year by herself, watching the fireworks in a field near her house and resolving to cut him out of her life.

She's twenty years old, and the night before his twenty-third birthday he finally kisses her again, pushing her up against that same gold station wagon. It's better this time. Less guilty. And longer.

She's twenty years old and three thousand miles away, on the opposite side of the country, when they sext for the first time. It's thrilling.

She's twenty years old and for all intents and purposes they're best friends now. They have

their fights, but those are they healthy kind, and they forgive each other well. They tell each other nearly everything; they help each other grow. They're realizing that they're good for one another.

She's twenty years old, and the night before his twenty-third birthday he finally kisses her again, pushing her up against that same gold station wagon. It's better this time. Less guilty. And longer.

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She's twenty years old and she's editing his second book, which contains as characters a pair of best friends who also happen to be soulmates but only one of the two realizes. So the other continues to hunt for a perfect match and "just friends" prevails.

She's twenty years old, and she wonders how his subconscious and his conscious could possibly remain this far away from one another.

She's twenty years old, and another summer is approaching, and she knows that summers can

be magic.

She's twenty years old, and after all this time,
she's still ten, and dazzled, and hopeful.

letter 641,493 • May 4, 2015

She might think that I'm ignoring her
because she's not important but she's wrong.
I've been working late night shifts to buy
her favourite book for her to read. I admit
that I'm lacking of energy but I'm doing this
because I rather see her reading her favourite
book and forgetting that I'm on her side. I
rather see her like that because that's how I fell
for her when I first saw her.

I know you're not going to read this but I love
you and I'm sorry that I made you feel as if
you are no longer important to me. You are.
Always will.

letter 641,189 • May 3, 2015

She loves me

I was completely doubting myself and she just
came out of the blue and said she loved me for
the first time.

I'm actually tearing up this is everything I
hoped it would be and more.

letter 639,863 • April 26, 2015

my ribcage feels slightly bruised. i wonder if
it's from the constant pumping of my erratic
heartbeat whenever i see you. or if the bra
i'm wearing is too tight. the world may never
know.

- converselaces

letter 639,769 • April 26, 2015

- the stars wont sleep tonight.
- they are too busy thinking of the moon,
- in all its pale-lit glory.
- the stars wont sleep tonight.
- they cant stop thinking:
- “what good is a speck of white, dotting the galaxy
like a wash of freckles over the night?”
- now the moon, you see- the moon spills light onto
the world
- so that it thrums life endlessly
- so that in dark, there is a path
- the stars wont sleep tonight.
- they are tired but they cannot sleep.
- even if theyd like to escape now,
- they cant because they are part of a constellation.
- a constellation that will fall apart.
- and the stars;
- they are just looking for the moon.
- but they cant find it.

you are the moon
i am the stars
and i am so insignificant in this spinning
universe
but i wrote this for you.
it is shitty and insignificant,
like me,

but it is for you.

- for you, i wont sleep.

- requiem of a stupid heart

letter 638,866 • April 22, 2015

Your hands were made to pick and strum and mine were made to paint and sketch. I pull color and you draw music from items that without the love of two hands, sit idle. But as we two were created , we too shall create. As I decorate space and you decorate time.

letter 636,290 • April 9, 2015

Darling, even the leaves have fallen for you.

-rain catcher

letter 635,407 • April 5, 2015

We give up so easily on what we have already obtained. Yet, we fight to the ends of the earth for the things we can never have.

letter 629,474 • March 9, 2015

She is one of the most beautiful people I have ever encountered. Her spirit is full of

golden light. And her soul is incredible. Her kind heart is always giving. And she is always smiling.

She is quickly becoming one of my best friends. I have no feelings for her. But I think sometimes a girl just needs to know she is beautiful from head to toe, inside and out.

letter 626,756 • February 26, 2015

Once upon a time, darling, we were everything.

We were bright smiles and grins, laughter and happiness. We were late nights and bleary eyes, frantic typing and breathless words spilled onto a computer screen. We were breathless, confident and daring. We were randomness and spontaneity, silliness and quirkiness. We were stuffed animals and cotton candy, metal bands and sarcasm. We were llamas and falafel, birthday presents and flirting. We were close hugs and embraces, distance and longing. We were insanity and craziness, impossibilities and improbabilities.

We were in love.

We were breathless messages, eyes flashing behind the computer screens. We were beautiful dreams and late-night thoughts, morning smiles and imaginations.

We were young and foolish, naive and happy. We were America and England, oceans and time zones. We were four-thousand

kilometres, three-thousand miles. We were
ages and lies, differences and distances. We
were birds without wings, fish out of water.

We were heartbreak and sadness, late-night
videos and pointless explanations. We were
apologies and tears, longing and aching.

Now, we are just friends, cordial and distant.
We are no longer favourites, no longer close.
We are cold and distant, unspoken longing
and ignorance.

We are shattered images and broken hearts,
lonely music and frozen clocks.

We are everything we hoped we'd never
become, regrets and lost hope and forgotten
love.

You are the English boy, the deceived, the
lovely, the hopeful. You are the musician, the
artist, the weaver of beautiful melodies.

I am the American girl, the liar, the lover, the
dreamer. I am the writer, the teller of tales, the
weaver of dreams.

We were the unspoken love, the hidden
passion. We were the idiosyncratic
combination, the flawed perfection.

We were so much, darling, and now we are so
little. We could become so much more, but
perhaps we never will.

(Who am I to predict the future?)

It's been 3 hours and 48 minutes.

For 3 hours and 48 minutes we've been talking about everything and nothing. Skype is a wonder, isn't it? We're so far away, but connected at the same time.

Your words are addictive and I've got no cure. You understand me like no one and make me feel like I have never in my life. I think there is no going back now.

I miss you so much. I want to be by your side and I want you to hold me. I guess I just want you, that's it.

Time and space may not be on our side, but I hope love is.

Vi aspetto.

letter 527,973 • December 19, 2013

She is the sunlight just peeking through the clouds.

She is the whisper of the wind through the leaves.

She is the crackle of the streetlight as it flickers and fights to stay on.

She is the blinking star I can barely focus my eyes on, so bright if I were only closer but fading to me where I am.

She is gone, blown away like the wind, her

voice whispering to me only in my dreams or sometimes from a bottle, and she has no idea the mess that she has left behind her.

letter 557,960 • April 19, 2014

There are so many things I want to do with you -

I want to drink dumb overpriced coffee with you in the mornings when all we smell is haze and rain, when the college is reminiscent of a jail, when your class starts at eight and you are rubbing dreams out of the corners of your eyes.

I want to hold your hand in the dark when you kiss me against the walls of my bedroom, where the moonlight shines and traffic slows to a standstill beneath my window, where my laptop plays another sad song I can't remember the name of, where you smell like the rain and feel like the sun could rise within the confinement of my cold bedroom walls.

I want to kiss you in the airport even if my mother's looking, I want to wrap my hands around your neck and hold you until I forget how to breathe, when you leave to study what you've always wanted to study, when you tell me you'll call me in the morning, when you tell me that you love me like it's a secret we all forgot we didn't have to keep.

I want to dance around in your apartment and smoke cigarettes on your balcony, when med school is too much for me and economics is

starting to bore you, when you buy me wilting flowers from the petrol station because you want to, when you hold my waist and rest your chin on my shoulder, when we look at the city below us, laughing about London's grimy smile because if London could smile it wouldn't shine half as bright as you.

I want to watch you in the mornings when your hair looks dumb and your face is red from where you pressed it too hard against the sheets, when all I see is sunlight in your eyes, glowing amber and you sing me the song you've been obsessed with for the past two weeks, when you grasp my fingers and remind me that today's just another lazy day.

I want to love you for a lifetime, when the skies are painted grey and the sea rolls beneath our feet, when the cliffs feel like castle towers and your arms around my waist feel like battle armour, when I whisper that I love you and you tell me that you already know.

letter 549,999 • March 17, 2014

you're so talented and beautiful and intelligent and funny and i'm a waffle.

letter 616,137 • January 16, 2015

yesterday my bio teacher told my class that you can't fix people, but you can show them affection.

when he was in high school, he started a

relationship with a girl in his class. he did what any lovesick fool would do, he bought her flowers and chocolate. she reacted to this with questions, completely unaware that this was what was the cliché expected from a boyfriend. what he didn't know was that she lived in an abusive household.

one day when they were hanging out, her ex-boyfriend came over to collect a few of his old things (obviously just an excuse to see her). he too was abusive. my bio teacher was 18 at the time, his girlfriend was 17, and her ex-boyfriend was 16. she told my bio teacher that her ex-boyfriend would hit her and that he could not hit him because if they fought my bio teacher would be charged for offenses.

my bio teacher sat in the corner when her ex-boyfriend came over. He reflects that it was one of the most painful things he has watched.

their relationship didn't last, but he treated her well. the girlfriend later entered the navy and got her life back together. a few years later, she called him and thanked him. she had just gotten engaged and told him that she would have never known what true affection was if she never met him.

your actions can truly affect someone's life without even knowing by just being you.

letter 616,051 • January 16, 2015

I feel so rich.

Freaking. Rich. Because next semester, I have a class with you. So I'll get to see you. For forty minutes EVERY DAY. Most people would think that amount of time is hardly anything at all. But we were never in any classes together last semester, so I feel like the wealthiest person alive.

It feels like gold is spewing from my fingers.

To think that I'll be graced with your presence for forty minutes a day. I'll be in your general vicinity, crud, it makes my heart squeeze and dance every time I think about it.

On Tuesday, I'm going to be the luckiest girl alive.

letter 616,233 • January 17, 2015

Dear beautiful bottomless pit of love letters,

I would like to acknowledge the existence of my best friend in the world.

Her name is Catherine and she's made of sunshine. She writes letters to people she's never met and she loves the rain. She wears boy's shoes and dances in her basement. She is in love with the sound of cellos, and her eyes light up when she laughs.

So I hereby disprove that "just friends" is "just" anything. Love is not wanting to make out with someone. It is waking up every morning and thinking about their heartbeat.

I sit and read these letters and they are all so familiar.

These experiences are so deeply personal and at the same time universal to all of us.

Let me write messages on your skin with the tips of my fingers. I'll tell you how it feels as if both our skins were made of the same thing, how touching you feels like home.

Let me drive over to your house with coffee and a burger. Let me leave love notes in your mailbox while you're at work. Let me leave flowers tucked under the wipers of your car.

Let me read poetry to you, in your bedroom at 2 a.m. in the morning, or on a bright Sunday morning.

Let me take you to secluded beaches and misty rainforests. Let me teach you how to fall in love with a place.

Let me be there for you when you're falling apart. If you ever feel like your heart is so broken it cannot be repaired, let me rip out my own heart and replace yours with it. Let me save you.

Let me love you.

Write your letter.

So simple.

Bare your heart to the world.

Speak your innermost thoughts.

Tell all your secrets.

Let loose and give in to your emotions.

Use twenty-six letters to express a world of feeling.

Hold up your love and try to imagine what it looks like as a few simple sentences.

Write your letter.

I think most of us read these beautiful love letters and wish that somewhere, someone out there was writing those same words to us.

We long to find words written about us. We search these letters for the story of us. But we never seem to find it.

But here's the truth. All of these love stories, whether good or bad, can be written about us.

There are people out there longing for your

attention, watching every move you make, and falling in love with every one of your details.

That boy or girl in your class that you don't give any attention to? He or she is watching you, thinking about you, writing about you.

The point is, everyone loves and everyone is loved. It just takes a lot of work to find a person that you love that also loves you back. But promise me this, don't give up, and don't ever for one second think nobody loves you. Somewhere, somebody does. I promise.

letter 607,018 • December 5, 2014

The nature of you and me is a secret we share, a quiet whisper, a meaningful look exchanged across the room. It's a fleeting touch and a hidden smile, no more than a subtle suggestion. It's not the kind of feeling that should exist as a shout to the world or a dramatic proposition. It's quiet, private, a question only we know the answer to. And oh, what an answer it is.

letter 608,031 • December 9, 2014

I hardly tell my Dad anything about my personal life, but today I felt this strong need to tell him about you over dinner. We sat down at a window booth at IHOP and I began to tell him the story of how we met and how I grew to genuinely like you. He didn't say a word and listened carefully to my

babbling.

Then, suddenly, he laid his head against the cool window and simply mumbled, “You love him.”

I was immediately shocked and all I could utter was no. No. No. No. . .

He smirked and continued eating his meal and then it occurred to me that yes.

Yes, I do love you more than I can even imagine.

letter 606,489 • December 2, 2014

You asked me why we broke up and I told you it was because my life was too complicated. I don't think you believed me, though, and I don't blame you. It sounds like every other lame breakup excuse you can give. But if you'd listened to what I was saying, what I'd been saying the whole time we were together, you might start to believe me.

I never told you this, but I'm sick. It's a stupid word that doesn't do justice to the experience, but it's the word I have. It sounds like something out of a Nicholas Sparks movie or something, and maybe that's why I was afraid to tell you. Stupid books like that make “sick” look romantic. “Don't fall in love with me”, the girl says. “I don't want to break your heart.” But of course the boy falls in love with the girl and the girl is sick but it doesn't matter because she teaches him how life is

worth living even if it's painful and too short. Everyone leaves the theater crying and talking about how even though their love didn't last long, it was forever.

I want to tell you that's bullshit. Being sick means not knowing. It means being afraid. It means telling people you love and who you think love you and having them never look at you the same. It means pity. It means pain. It means not knowing how long before you become a burden to your family, your friends, your boyfriend. It means waking up each day and not knowing how much time you have left and feeling like an asshole for making people care about you. It means being terrified and lonely and so hungry for love all at the same time.

It's not romantic. And that's why I never told you. I didn't want you to see me differently, but I couldn't live with the lie anymore. So I said what you're supposed to say to make you hate me. It's not you it's me. I just don't have time for this right now. My life is a mess and I need to focus on me. The messed up thing is that all of those excuses were true. There's a reason why they became cliché in the first place. But then again, it wasn't just me, it was a little you too. You told me I was perfect and you believed it. But real girls aren't perfect. You stuck me on such a high pedestal and the whole time I was up there, I was waiting for it to fall down. So I tore it down myself, before I could be your burden- before I could be that sad story that you tell people one day.

YOU GOT A BUZZ CUT AND NOW
YOUR HEAD IS SHAPED LIKE AN EGG.

WHY ON EARTH DO I FIND THAT
ENDEARING.

IM IN LOVE WITH GODDAMN
HUMPTY DUMPTY.

letter 606,319 • December 1, 2014

It ended tonight.

And I know we need to end because we both
need to sort our lives out. We aren't happy
with one another.

Before we ended the conversation we talked
about all of our best moments, and it was nice
and at the same time made it even more sad.

It was a nice end, we are still okay with one
another, and we still love each other.

There is just... too much going against us.

Here goes the long road that comes after this:

Learning who I am, and learning to love
myself, and what I don't like, having the
determination to change it.

letter 605,426 • November 27, 2014

I think society inaccurately projects love as
something very physical and heartbreaking.

For me, love is the way he creeps constantly into my prayers. Or how I work for his happiness, because harmony doesn't always come naturally, and he works for mine.

I wholeheartedly believe love is appreciating his breath-taking grins and the way joy dances across his face when he sees me or talks about one of his nerdy discoveries.

Love is not some temporary, self-focused emotion that acts quickly in rage or concentrates so much on human feelings. Love is something greater. Love is more than just an emotion, it's a new and embellished way of living life.

letter 604,484 • November 22, 2014

I need you to tell me you don't love me anymore. I know you think it's obvious, but I need to hear it from you, I need you to kill the tiny hope that's still inside me.

I need you to finish me.

I need you to burn me so I can arise from my ashes.

letter 604,373 • November 22, 2014

No matter what I do my hands always have smears of ink on them and I must be going out of my mind because I swear the ink stains formed your name today. -sunshine

I think, if we were caught alone together,
words would be said. Not exactly unwelcome
ones either. Ones of the beautiful variety.

Brown,

I tried not to love you.

I tried really hard. I winced when you told me
beautiful things about myself. I tried not to
see how you kept leaking out little glimpses of
your love for me.

But then one night the dam wall broke and
all at once I was flushed, rosy cheeked with
the flood of feeling for you inside my soul
and suddenly I knew that my heart was finally
beating in sync with yours,

The way it was supposed to.

I want to walk up and down the frozen streets
of this town with you, cracking jokes and
talking about nothing. I want to curl up next
to you on the couch with a box of pizza and a
good movie and just pass the time.

I want to stumble home with you at the end
of the night when the party's over. I want

to feel the crush of your lips on mine the
second we're alone, your hungry hands, your
electricity.

Later, lying in the twist of your sheets, I want
to feel your arms wrap around me and pull me
close to you, murmuring sweet nothings into
my hair and holding me like you were trying
to keep the whole world together.

I want you in every chaste, profane,
magnificent way that I can think of. If anyone
asked me, I'd deny it to the death but I do.

I want you even though you aren't mine
anymore.

letter 603,972 • November 20, 2014

you know that feeling you get when you wash your bedsheets and you crawl into them at night and it's cold out but they're all warm and fuzzy and you fall asleep and it's the best sleep you've had in forever?

that's how I feel when I'm with him.

letter 651,024 • June 29, 2015

We are from two different spectrums of life. I feel like we are not meant to work out. We were meant to interact and meet..... but the external forces are too strong. You are so different from me and my lifestyle. Its scary how I met you and how fast we got along... I wish things were different somehow.

letter 604,174 • November 21, 2014

It's funny how you never really plan on falling for someone. You imagine this grand, romantic scene from a movie or some phenomenal gesture from your favorite TV show, but sometimes it can be as stupid and simple and amazing as making eye contact with this random, gorgeous girl across your classroom. And I love it, because so much had to go so horribly wrong in my life and had to knock me down so far for me to get here. To get to the point where something great could happen. I can't wait to see what happens next.

— Kentucky

letter 603,052 • November 16, 2014

Letting go of your pride and accepting that even the person you love the most sometimes has the ability to hurt you is some of the most difficult things to do in life.

letter 603,034 • November 16, 2014

I stand in public spaces, in lines, picking up coffee and I start to cry because I can't believe you get to be a part of my life.

And then there are days where I feel like I could never deserve someone like you. That this needs to end so you can find the guy you belong with.

And then you text me out of the blue and make me feel like the most special guy in the world. You make me feel like I belong in your life. For the first time in my life, I belong.

And now I sit in a coffee shop, wiping my eyes, hoping no one sees me cry. I love you like I've loved nobody else.

letter 603,562 • November 18, 2014

I am the guy that sits on the bench and reads a book when other students talk and wait in front of the entrance of my school. And that's all of what I'll say about me.

Cause this letter is about a girl. I first saw her about two months ago, in the beginning of September. To be quick, she seems really interesting. At the beginning of the school

year, she usually hung out with two friends, a little boy with a funny beanie and another, with curly hair. Now we are in November and she's like a magnet to people. A lot of them literally turn away from their current way just to say hi to her, and they always go back with a smile. She is not beautiful as girls in magazines or the most popular girl, but she is beautiful in her way and she has amazing eyes. I never thought blue eye were prettier than any other ones but hers are amused, vivid, like as if she was laughing endlessly in her mind and they catch people. And I found that they were busy.

One moment that really stay in my mind is that day when her friends were around her, and they all were laughing and talking, and she was too, but she was "busy". Busy with looking at that blond guy that was talking on the phone and laughing with his friend. At that moment, I thought I was looking at twins. Souls twins. Something hit me at the back of my head.

With months now, I can say that they are like two peas in a pod. When you look at the two of them separately, you have the same feeling. They emit the same thing. As if when you look at her you were looking at him, and vice versa.

But the thing is, that one of these souls noticed the other - she did -, and that the other one absolutely didn't. I totally don't know what she thinks of him, but I can tell her eyes always search for him. One time it was with pain and I swear I wished really hard I could do something for that. Like grab him and put him just in front of her and say : "Just take a look and I'm sure you'll feel it too."

I don't know... I deeply think that it's like he's missing something really important.

I am just a guy on a bench that noticed a girl that noticed a guy and wanted to tell this story to someone.

Aguyonabench.

letter 603,404 • November 17, 2014

My love for you is a foreign language. No one around me understands it, and sometimes I don't either.

But it's something sacred that I'll learn to communicate to you someday.

Please, just wait with me.

--artful--

letter 603,383 • November 17, 2014

I created this vision of her in my head, this beautiful artist girl with the soul of someone a thousand years older than her, with a passion that matched the color of her hair, with amber eyes and freckles, intelligence beyond compare, a voice that sounds like folding silk.

But she's not. I need to accept that. I need to accept that no matter how much I idealize her and assume the best in her, she is a flawed human being and, yes, sometimes she goes on her phone in the middle of class, fails a math test or two, rolls her eyes, I don't know. As highly as I see her, I need to embrace the fact that she is, as everyone else on this entire planet is, gloriously imperfect.

letter 602,734 • November 14, 2014

I get physically ill when I think about you, you know. That's the truth, too. I get nauseous at the thought of you. And no I'm not just saying that to exaggerate my feelings, that is the absolute truth. And that was the first sign that whatever feelings I had towards you, whatever they were, they weren't good ones. I can see someone driving your same car on the road and it will destroy me when I look to see if it's you, because it never is. Love isn't always good, you know. Love can be extraordinary and wonderful, but that seems to be the contrary for the love I have for you. Love shouldn't make me feel this way. Of course, this isn't only love I'm feeling. I'm caught in a mess of desperation and lost hope. Dreams that I once had that I now know will never come true. That adds to the nausea,

I'm sure. As well as the feeling of regret and betrayal. You lied to me. You lied to me about loving me and that was the worst thing you could have ever done. And you did it with no explanation. Assumptions add to this feeling, too. Because they're all I have left if you give no meaning to your actions. Expectations that you might wake me up at 3am with a text showing nothing but three bikini emoji's (because that was our text code for 'call asap') and when I call you answer and you say "come outside" so I do. And you're out there waiting for me in your car, crying of course. Begging for my forgiveness. The worst part of all of this, the part that makes me feel the sickness the most, is that I wouldn't even let you finish your sentence before I forgave you.

I guess that's what my love for you is.
Disgusting and toxic, but everlasting.

- cal

letter 602,388 • November 13, 2014

i love the idea that people are *attracted* to each other.

like, even if we dig our heels into the ground, we'll still keep gravitating towards each other, because something just *pulls* us. we'll always end up in the same spot, because we're meant to be there. we're being irresistibly drawn together, like magnets.

that is such a beautiful way to look at it.

i am so *attracted* to you.

letter 602,098 • November 12, 2014

You were the axis I spun upon. The blood in my veins was pumping to the beat of your heart, the air in my lungs being pushed by your breath.

Broken is an understatement; I am not broken, but rather nonexistent. I am a shell with no purpose, a case for a soul that is lost. And I still need you with every atom in my body.

But you're gone. You're gone and you aren't coming back and I can't begin to figure out how I will cope with that.

letter 602,285 • November 12, 2014

I have trust issues. He knew about them.

I was the one who confessed first, however. I took a leap of faith, telling myself that if I fail I would lock myself away for a long time. I honestly thought it wouldn't lead anywhere.

He said he felt the same.

I asked him a little after we first started dating if he would have ever confessed his feelings to me.

He said he wouldn't. I didn't ask why.

I asked him today.

“I asked once if you were going to ever tell me about your feelings if I hadn’t confessed to you first and you said you wouldn’t have. Why is that?”

He responded with this.

“Because I need you to trust me. You had lost that ability, and I wanted you to be able to trust people again. If I had admitted my love first... You wouldn’t have been able to make that leap, and be caught.”

“That hit somewhere hard.”

“The thing about love... is it’s also about care. And I care for you. And I want you to be able to trust people again... So you can live a better life because of it.”

Guys I love him. I love him so much.

letter 601,939 • November 11, 2014

I’m convinced this site is magical.

How else can you leaving a note at my door that says “I like you too,” be explained.

I posted a letter here and magic happened.

letter 601,901 • November 11, 2014

I lost my virginity yesterday to a beautiful boy.

It started with giggles as he fumbled with the buttons on my shirt and I struggled with his jeans. My tummy was soft from the meal we had just eaten and his hands were cold with shy anticipation, but it didn't matter because I felt beautiful.

“How are you doing?”

“I love you.”

“You are beautiful.”

And afterwards, he was sleepy, but he held me to his chest and whispered that he loved me. There were still tiny butterflies in my chest from what we had done, and yet, it felt so natural that it was almost like nothing had changed.

My first time was perfect.

letter 601,503 • November 9, 2014

I've never considered myself a particularly beautiful girl, I don't believe anyone else has either. I'm not gorgeous, no babe, but the older I've gotten the more I've become aware that there is something else about my physical appearance. If I had to put a word on it..... perhaps “striking.” Everything in extremes. Amazon tall, very long hair, large nose, small eyes, ghostly pale. It is the kind of look that prompts looks, stares. Not necessarily of attraction or admiration, but curiosity. Like a second look at a painting you can't quite understand, a Pollock perhaps, where nothing

is immediately obvious. As the years grew on I became accustomed to these stares, and I developed the ability to gaze right through them. To look through a person as if they are invisible.

Since the beginning of the year the same guy has been catching the morning bus at the same time as me. I missed it at first, the glances, the quick looks he cast my way. I assumed it was something about my curious appearance that caught his attention. Instead, he too had developed the ability to stare right through me. Out of the periphery of my vision caught him staring as I gazed down into the pages of the book. He was not watching my hemline rise as I sat down, or the way my figure cut the dress. He was watching me read. He watches my fingers leaf through the novels every week, he checks the covers to see when I've reached a new title, and sometimes as I approach the bus stop in the morning he stares right into my eyes before ruffling his hair. I'd really like to get to know this boy who has mastered the art of staring right through me.

letter 599,589 • November 1, 2014

k,

sometimes, when i write your first initial, it feels like i'm writing to myself, and then i remember the way you thought i was beautiful and caring and funny, and i never saw myself the way you did.

sometimes, when i write your full name, it feels like i'm writing to a stranger, but i didn't lay on my bedroom floor half undressed for a stranger and do the closest thing we knew to making love, and say i love you to a stranger.

sometimes, when i write about what we used to be, i think about what could have been, and where things went wrong, and i hate that, because you were never supposed to feel wrong. you were only supposed to fit into my side and kiss me goodnight on christmas eve and wake me up to santa and snow because, oh god how badly i wanted to spend christmas in michigan with you.

sometimes, when you text me after days and weeks and months of not speaking, my stomach fills with butterflies when i recognize the three digits of your area code, and i immediately save your number and reply, and then it's 12:17 am and you haven't replied in five hours and everything feels pathetic and lonely, and everyone telling me i need to block you is right.

sometimes, when my finger hovers over the block contact button, i shake a little bit and i think about how i promised you forever, and everybody else is holding onto me by my last string, praying to some god out there that i don't give up when you do, but it's getting later and you haven't replied, and we all know better than to think i'll really block your number this time.

sometimes, after i type out my message: i love you, and i miss you, and everyone is wrong because we could have been beautiful together,

don't you agree? i remember that you don't,
because beautiful people don't have to beg to
be a masterpiece, it just happens.

— k

letter 599,294 • October 30, 2014

Dear older me,

I wanted to let you know some things
that I figured out. So if some day you start
questioning yourself and some boy makes
your head hazy and you can't separate
attraction from connection...I can knock some
sense into you. And you may hate me, but I
promise you:

1. If you can't think out loud in front of him, if
saying what you really think without editing is too
risky, then he's not the one.
2. If he doesn't appreciate music like you do, then
he's not the one.
3. If he doesn't fall in love with your family, then he's
not the one.
4. If you can't sing in the car when he's there, he's
not the one.
5. If you don't believe him when he says that you are
beautiful, (and he better) then he's not the one.
6. If you don't fall more in love with him as you
learn more about him, then he's not the one.
7. If he doesn't share your dark sense of humor, then
he's not the one.
8. If he won't leave you alone to work when you ask
him, he's not the one.
9. If he can't handle the fact that you are tall, then
he's not the one.

10. If he is painfully extraverted, then he's not the one. (Even though you might argue, but you know how introverted you are.)
11. If he doesn't want kids, then he's not the one.
12. If he wouldn't wait forever for you, he's not the one.

Sincerely,
19 year old you

letter 598,853 • October 28, 2014

The Scientific Method Applied to Romance

Ask a question: What would happen if I walked right up and kissed you, nice, and long, and passionate?

Gather information: 99.9999 of people who are kissed kiss back.

Create hypothesis: If I walk right up to you and kiss you passionately on the lips, then you'll kiss me back.

Create an experiment: Walk up to you. Kiss you on the lips. Record data mentally.

Test hypothesis: *smooch smooch*

Analyze data: You kissed back in every eighteen trials we ran of the experiment.

Draw conclusion: My hypothesis was happily accepted because you did indeed kiss me back multiple times.

Ask a new question: Will you go out with me?

-SheBlindedMeWithScience

letter 599,294 • October 30, 2014

Have you ever heard someone say, “I fall in love with them over and over again?”

Whenever I used to hear that I immediately thought it was just a cliché.

How could someone continue to fall in love all over again?

Back then, I did not believe that love was limitless. I thought that everything came to an end.

But I realized love does not die.

Everyday for the past 2 years, I’ve fallen in love with him over and over again

I never knew I could care and love someone so much.

There’s no one I could ever possibly love like I love him.

Every text I get from him no matter big or small makes me smile.

Every moment I get to spend with him, no matter what we do together, makes me feel happy and I never want to leave.

Everytime I kiss him I can’t stop.

Everytime he kisses me I feel tingly all over.

Every hug makes me feel safe and secure.

Everytime he holds my hand, I feel content.

Everytime he makes me laugh I fall head over heels in love just like the day I first realized I loved him.

Everything about him makes me smile.

There's not a second that goes by where I don't think about him.

I fall in love with him everyday.

And I'll fall in love for the rest of my life.

letter 649,450 • June 18, 2014

i remember after you kissed me one time you were smiling so big and i asked why, and you said "cause i remember when i wanted to kiss you but i couldn't and now i can all the time!"

i pray that after so much time that this wasn't our last kiss.

please, please come back to me.

letter 649,062 • June 15, 2014

Most nights, I have dinner with Loneliness. We sit across from each other, silent, each absorbed in our own thoughts.

Sometimes, I sit with Anger. She bashes her hands against the countertop, screams like the world is ending. All I can do is cover my ears and resist the urge to scream like she does.

Other nights, I sit with Depression. Those nights are the worst, as everything that I eat is tasteless and I wonder why I'm even eating at all.

But, tonight. Tonight I had dinner with You. You didn't see the loneliness, anger, and depression sitting in the seat across from me. You didn't even blink twice as you sat down and took an already taken seat.

Yet, it didn't matter. As you smiled at me, your eyes crinkling up at the corners, and introduced yourself, I hoped...really, really, really hoped... that this wasn't just a single occurrence. That this night was not just another night in a long stream of bland, monotonous nights.

My dinner guests were not replaced by you as you sat down. They'll be back. They always return. But you seemed to frighten them away, if even for that single hour.

I'd love it if you joined me for dinner again.

letter 647,791 • June 7, 2014

Two years ago, all of my letters here were written to one guy. I had never spoken more than a dozen words to him, all of which were

“hi”.

I went to private school and got home early. Two afternoons a week I walked a friend’s dog and one day I walked down a different street. The timing was just right that I passed the public school kids getting off the bus at their street. First off the bus was a big group of noisy, rowdy high schoolers, jostling into each other down the steps past the bus driver. They yelled hello to me. A few steps behind them was a quiet boy, with dark hair and dark eyes and a beautiful smile. He nodded and said hello.

After that, I walked the same route every day to see the quiet boy. And every time, he would get off the bus, we would greet each other, and go our separate ways. A few times I caught him looking back at me over his shoulder. This went on for months. I daydreamed about introducing myself, and the two of us walking down the sidewalk together, talking about our lives. I wrote letters, crafted poems, and walked twice a week, without fail.

The next year, the same kids got off the bus, but he wasn’t with them. I stalked him on Facebook and discovered he had gone off to college a few states away. I walked down his street every once and a while, glancing at his house as I passed, as if he were going to materialize in the window. But after a few months I moved on, to different streets and other people.

Last month, I was out walking my dog past his street, and I stopped to talk to a woman with a white puppy. A car pulled up to the

stop sign, and I glanced over. It was the same boy. He flashed his beautiful smile and we waved at each other, as if in silent recognition of our previous relationship, and he pulled away.

Last week, I friended him on Facebook at the prompting of a friend. He messaged me right away. We talked on and off for a few days, about random stuff, from professions to sailing to planets.

Today, we had our first date, and it was amazing.

letter 648,563 • June 12, 2014

He never said anything wrong but it started to hurt when he didn't say anything at all.

letter 644,755 • May 21, 2014

I don't know what you're favorite color is. I don't know what your childhood was like. Are you a tea or coffee person? Do you prefer cats or dogs? But here's what I do know: I miss you so bad it makes my stomach hurt. I think about you all the time. It makes no sense.

letter 643,938 • May 16, 2014

I confessed to my crush the other day. They asked me who my crush was, and I answered, "Here's a tip: go look in a mirror and you'll

find out.”

I’m glad I did that.

Because now I’m dating them.

letter 644,395 • May 19, 2014

I saw you this evening in the coffee shop, but you definitely didn’t see me.

You were so intent on the book in front of you that you didn’t even move to brush aside the piece of hair that had fallen in front of one of your eyes. I spent a few minutes trying to gauge what genre you were reading... Mystery? Perhaps. Suspense? Obviously--your whole body was leaning out of your chair. Romance? The image of you so consumed by an abundance of pages and words made me want to peg you as a hopeless romantic. But, what did I know? You were just another unknown face in the sea of over-caffeinated, night owls.

As you flipped page after page after page, I sipped my chai tea until I suddenly tipped my cup back and, somewhat surprisingly, discovered that there was nothing left. Peeking at my phone, I realized that I’d been distracted by your distraction for roughly an hour.

You were captivated?

I was captivated.

letter 645,676 • May 26, 2014

Never, ever fall in love with someone who has a common name. Because dear God, it'll screw you up. You'll be walking in a mall, minding your business, and hear their beautiful name roll off of someone's tongue mindlessly. You'll turn around at a thousand miles per hour hoping to see their face, only to run into a crowd of people with confused expressions. You'll be watching television, about to doze off, when suddenly that wretched name vibrates through the whole house. You'll look next to you and all around, but they won't be there. You'll even type their name into the search bar just to see it appear all over the screen.

It'll downright drive you mad. You won't live a day without seeing or hearing their damned, common name. So don't you fucking dare fall in love with a Michael or a John or a Robert. If you're not one to forget or fall out of love with someone very easily, then this will be 100% impossible. I'm telling you right now, it's the worst decision you could ever make.

0/10 would not recommend.

--artful--

letter 645,939 • May 27, 2014

Everyone has their own idea of what's attractive.

And while you're over there counting up your flaws, someone on this planet probably dreams about your eyes and your lips and your hair

and the way you dress, the way you walk, the way you talk. All of it. And they probably think you are absolutely perfect. Like, they have probably, maybe a time or two, or more, pulled up your picture online and just stared at it in awe because they think you are one of the most beautiful creatures they've ever laid eyes on. And just because you may not see it that way, don't think for one second someone else doesn't.

Someone notices you, sees you, pays attention to every little detail about you, and thinks that you're breathtaking.

letter 639,141 • April 23, 2015

Today my physics teacher discussed how a star's light can still be visible to us, billions of years after it has died. That's how distant you feel to me: I see you, even speak to you sometimes, but you might as well not exist for all the physical presence you have in my world. Before I can come near you, you will be long gone. And all I will have is a fading image of what once was. What could have been. What never will be.

I'm left feeling wistful. Though I have never truly known your beauty, its existence resonates within me. Circling inside, a small sphere of the celestial unknown.

letter 632,722 • March 24, 2015

I just hope that, someday, I'll be able to write you real letters, on real paper, in my own language, in our language — and that I'll be able to give them to you, knowing that you will read them and love them.

letter 628,800 • March 6, 2015

With some crushes you can identify the exact moment that they started. Sometimes they build up without your knowledge and then explode; other times, it's a gradual, creeping realisation. And you can never really forget these moments.

letter 628,681 • March 6, 2015

You were part of a group of friends I was with when I went to New York City for the first time. I didn't know you very well but I jokingly asked you to marry me on the top of the empire state building and you said yes of course. But here we are, 5 years later and now we're married. I Sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had never proposed. We may have never even become friends. I guess not everything is a coincidence. I love you.

letter 628,126 • March 3, 2015

And in that moment I knew, that when I am old and looking back on my life, this one was going to be a damn good chapter.

I sat for three hours in an atmosphere I completely hated for the mere possibility of you being there. You weren't, but at least I found out how much I like you.

letter 626,976 • February 27, 2015

I've admired you from afar for so long that if you really came over I'd probably forget my own name.

letter 626,615 • February 25, 2015

would you ride a dragon with me? riding off into the sunset like untamed Hooligan vikings yearning for an adventure.

would you fly to Neverland with me? to battle pirates in floating ships and where sprinkles of pixie dust are all you need to live.

would you be my Guardian of Fun? bringing winter's joy and nipping at my nose in the pleasant cold.

would you be the greatest wizard of all time? so I could be the bookworm and we would save the world.

— littlemissparis

letter 636,571 • April 11, 2015

Hey um I really like you. I'm falling for you actually, not a soft fall like you're falling into pillows, but the kind that knocks the wind out of you on concrete. And here's the weird part, I don't mind.

letter 626,360 • February 24, 2015

i close my eyes.

i've always loved the idea of flying. loved the idea of having a set of huge, luscious wings stretching out from my back. i've always found them beautiful. angelic. so when i want to get away, i close my eyes.

i imagine a stretching feeling between my shoulder blades. i imagine a set of feathery, 12 foot long wings stretching out for the first time in a long time. they shake and shudder and that delicious feeling you get when you've just woken up from a good night's rest washes over me. and there's a slight *whoosh* sound and my wings open. they soak up the sun, heat or cold, and catch the wind. i beam.

i know in my mind that i would never be able to grow such a set of feathers. humans don't possess the dynamics of birds, or even bats, and we'd never be able to get off the ground even with a 50 foot wingspan. we'd have to develop hollow bones and air sacs, and even then we would flop and flutter like drunken fruit flies. but i dream.

i dream about those wings. they're brown and shine with red highlights, just like my

natural hair. they stretch long and wide like my skinny arms, but they also reach up half a meter above my head. my primary feathers are smooth and sleek and are lined with soft down. my muscles are well developed in my back, and my wings encompass most of it. and they *itch*. every so often my feathers molt and the feeling of new feathers poking through my skin is just about as pleasant as growing new teeth. my wings wrap around my body and keep me warm, and are cumbersome through doorways and shirts. they're annoying in the city where i can never find 12 feet of free space to stretch them out, and getting up into the air is worse. bathtubs and showers are nearly impossible, and shopping is a disaster.

but these are my wings.

they are more, really, my dreams.

i think of them when i want to feel strong. i imagine that they draw gazes, allow me to escape, allow me to *fly*, even in this bitterly cold winter. fly up and up to where the clouds break and the moon shines, where i could flutter and spiral back down to earth like the snowflakes that land outside my bedroom window. they help me believe that i'm different and beautiful and special and talented in a way that makes me stand out and that i could *go* somewhere.

i close my eyes.

how would you feel to know that i dream about these wings? that i dream of hovering above waters from different planets? perhaps i could be your girl with wings. your

powerful woman that literally sweeps you
off your feet as she flies off into the night.
beautiful; a force. because truthfully, i would
love to fly into your worlds, above your
waters, through your trees and forests and
laugh as i puncture through clouds and rain
and blink in bright sunshine.

as a poet, i'm sure there are framed pictures
and paintings of the souls who have just done
that, lining the walls of your mind.

i want you to paint me too. i want you
to paint me as your winged woman. your
beautiful, powerful, magical, special, different,
angelic, awe inspiring, lovely, enticing, and
absolutely filled to the brim with joy and love
woman.

but i think i need to believe it first.

so i close my eyes.

and i dream.

~Blue.

letter 625,943 • February 23, 2015

There are times where I can write pages worth
of beautiful metaphors and similes to describe
you.

Then, there are times when I think of you and
the one thing that rushes through my mind
and onto the paper is “ur hot.”

There's no in between.

letter 625,011 • February 18, 2015

I like you the same way I like stars.

Looking at them will always put a smile
on my face, I know I won't get to see them
everyday even if I know exactly where to find
them, I can only know what I've been told,
I cannot compare them to anything that
is closer to me, sometimes I pay too much
attention or not enough but still I can never
look for too long before I feel overwhelmed...

And I'd be terrified of ever approaching them.

letter 623,264 • February 12, 2015

You said to me today, "I swear, if you date a
jerk, I am going to come and beat him up."

Well, if you'd date me then we wouldn't have
to worry about this, would we?

letter 622,953 • February 11, 2015

Have you ever yearned for someone?

So bad you were tossing and turning at night
until you were so exhausted sleep finally took
you under; only to find your dreams were no
longer a safe haven.

It's frightening being so overwhelmed by a single being.
It's infinitely more frustrating when the interest is not exactly mutual.

I'm left here wondering: what's it going to take to take? To get to you? To forget you? I don't care. I just don't want to be in this state any longer.

I'm scared, I feel like an idiot, and it hasn't gotten any better in the last 8 months.

letter 621,081 • February 4, 2015

They say history repeats itself.

Perhaps after all our particles are blown away into the infinite cosmos, there would be a distant galaxy you and I could call home. Where we would terraform the planet together with everything of us coming together in one miniscule chance of reforming.

Much like that afternoon we were running around looking at history and you planted kisses on my cheek and watched them grow.

— N

letter 619,549 • January 29, 2015

Please don't expect love to always be sunshine
and flowers, because sometimes it isn't.

Sometimes it can be rain storms and lonely
nights.

— olivetrees

letter 619,240 • January 27, 2015

“I like girls.”

She whispered, quietly, like it was a curse. Her
eyes shown up at me from beneath her dark
lashes, begging me to forgive her. Like it was
ever a choice.

I felt my heart splinter then. Like all of a
sudden it turned to ice and burst into a
million tiny shards. Because here she was
sitting in front of me, beautiful and honest.
The most intoxicating woman I'd ever known,
everything I had ever wanted.

And in that moment I knew that no matter
how hard I tried she would never be mine.
And I had never loved her more.

letter 625,417 • February 20, 2015

Your smile wins the takes-my-breath-away-
and-makes-me-feel-like- I've-been-punched-
in-the-stomach-ohmygodyou'rescute award.

letter 614,827 • January 10, 2015

You are histamine.

You activate my parietal cells, causing me to produce excess hydrochloric acid. The only way to rid of the stress is to shut down my proton pumps permanently. It's the only feasible relief for the symptoms.

You give me heartburn. What I'm trying to say is you give me heartburn.

letter 622,804 • February 11, 2015

I was talking with my friend, yesterday.

“So...” he started, “What do you want me to get you for Christmas?”

Turning to face him, I looked him seriously in the eyes and said, “I think I've reached the point where Christmas presents aren't easily bought anymore. The only thing I want more than anything this year can only be given to me by you, actually.”

Shuffling a little closer, he asked, “...What would that be?”

I replied simply with, “you.”

Then we both leaned in,
and the world became a little brighter.

~ Element

letter 610,039 • December 19, 2014

You smiling at me is like an avid reader finding out their favorite book is actually part of trilogy.

letter 597,982 • October 24, 2014

“I love you” can come in many forms.

“Want me to take your car today? I can put gas in it and get that carwash you wanted, I know you won’t have time.”

“I’ll get your favorite for dinner.”

“Want me to wear that shirt you like?”

“I took care of it.”

“I’m gonna leave for lunch, want me to bring you something?”

“Of course I can come and get you.”

“Are you ever coming home? You need to look after yourself, too, you know.”

“Want my coat?”

“Can I shower with you?”

“I picked up the pens you wanted.”

“Here, lay down, let me rub your back.”

“I value your opinion.”

“I’m just checking on you.”

“Are you warm enough?”

letter 597,419 • October 22, 2014

Hey...

There's so many words I wish I could pull together and create something that could even come close to describing how beautiful you are or how amazing you are. But no matter how hard I try I can never create anything like that. Out of all the books, the shows, the movies or the songs, nothing can come close..

You are more beautiful than any sunset or any storm over the sea. More beautiful than the clearest of nights. You can change my worst of moods to the best. Can get a smile when all I want is to destroy the world and leave it half as broken as I felt before you. I can't believe how empty I felt before hand now that I feel something more than anger or hate or depression.. Now I feel like I have something more, colors seem brighter, food tastes better and the world is just more beautiful than I ever thought was possible.

I love you... More than anything.. I have never felt something as strong as this, passion that is hotter than the sun could ever hope to be, happiness that the best authors and directors can only hope to create in their works. Out of the 1,025,109 words in the English language and the millions of others in every language, I will never be able to string them along in a sentence or paragraph or book or series that

will ever begin to describe anything I feel for you.... Just wanted to tell you.. Yo te amo...

letter 597,401 • October 21, 2014

I feel like I should tell her. I just think that everyone deserves to be told that they are wonderful and loveable and beautiful at least once in their life, and I that's why I need to tell her.

letter 597,023 • October 20, 2014

I never knew what love was, until the boy who cared about books more than anything, gave me his ONLY copy of his favourite book for valentines day.
whoa.

letter 596,657 • October 18, 2014

your smile is a warm homemade birthday cake & your laughter is a million lit candles flickering in a room full of bliss.

letter 596,924 • October 19, 2014

I have the biggest crush on you.

We've been married a year now, but I still find myself staring at you when you're not looking and getting all jittery and nervous when I know I'm going to see you.

I hope that never goes away.

letter 595,996 • October 14, 2014

There is a living, breathing human being who was once a drooling, pooping infant, who cried and got sick and threw up. This person went through awkward adolescence complete with acne and high school crushes. This person is now an adult with likes and dislikes and beliefs and prejudices, who has pink ears and cracked lips and soft hands . . . and this person loves me. This being of flesh and bone has dedicated a piece of their beating heart to cherishing my presence on this earth. That is an amazing, amazing feeling.

letter 595,837 • October 14, 2014

How to love someone:

1 cup of finely sifted trust
1 cup of whole respect
1 cup of pure unselfishness
1 tablespoon of flexibility
1 1/2 cups of patience

Mix them all together and cook for a while under many kinds of temperatures.

Sprinkle with romance and serve hot, drizzled with sweet words and kind actions.

letter 595,349 • October 11, 2014

Often times, you post a letter and get disappointed when you check back to find an abysmal number next to that delicate pink heart icon in the upper right corner.

I thought about why. At first I figured it's just natural that we all want to be the star sometimes, especially when we've found a special person who we want to show off to the world.

But I think it's deeper than that. We're all in different stages of love or puppy love or love lost, learning to trust others, growing as individuals, and learning to accept ourselves.

This is a place to share these monumental, extremely personal changes which can make us feel like we've been thrown into the deep end. On top of that, you're overwhelmed by how much you care for this other person. And above all you want to make them feel your love (in the great words of Adele), to make sure it's not all in vain. But it would take the wit of Hemingway and the tenderness of Bobby Womack and the zeal of Tom Cruise to capture even half of what you're feeling.

Of course you try anyway. You have to try because you have all these emotions bubbling up inside you and, if you really want to push this analogy, by now you're pretty much frothing at the mouth. So you try try try but every time it comes out like a kindergarten scribble to the masterpiece you had in your head. But the point is it was made with love; and the good news is we're all going through it with you. So don't worry about the hearts too much, as long as you keep opening up yours.

I'm about to talk crazy. Here goes.

Maybe it was some god

or the cosmos

or a red string on my finger

or intuition

but something tugged on my soul and
whispered in my ear:

That's him.

We fell in love in 5 weeks.

It sounds like some dumb teen novel; clueless
American falls hard for chiseled Spaniard
against the backdrop of a beautiful deepwoods
Minnesotan summer camp.

And it was a dumb teen novel, with all the
sleepless nights watching meteors fall and
holding hands in secret during staff meetings
and sneaking out to the hidden lake during
activities and you whispering Spanish love
poems and then desperately trying to translate
them even though I speak Spanish enough to
know every word.

But teen novels don't end with you moving

back to Spain. And teen novels don't end with you telling me "you're sorry" that we "just grew apart."

And teen novels don't end with me lying and telling you that I feel the distance too and then crying and crying.

Teen novels bridge the impossible gaps.

We didn't.

letter 592,887 • September 29, 2014

I had the most perfect dream last night about you and I.

but then I woke up and I realized we don't talk anymore.

letter 592,319 • September 27, 2014

I'm in love with an idiot.

letter 592,141 • September 26, 2014

Me on a daily basis:

Day 1: "She totally likes me!"

Day 2: "..Looks like I was wrong, she doesn't like me..."

Day 3: "..but wait, she talked to me more than

yesterday. Maybe she does like me!”

Day 4: “O-Or wait...m-maybe I’m wrong. She was too busy to talk to me today...she can’t possibly like me.”

Day 5: “GODDAMIT! Which of the two is it!?”

— Merkid

letter 590,995 • September 20, 2014

I sat down at that table with the intention of studying. But it was right next to theirs, and the one boy was talking so loudly, I couldn’t help but eavesdrop. The two boys were sitting there, the one was blond and eating an apple, and the other had dark hair and dark green eyes. He was devilishly good looking, especially when he laughed at his apple eating friend and ran a hand through hair.

The blond one was gushing about a girl from another university. He obviously adored her like the sun, but his parents were not very fond of her parents for some reason. He talked about how she was so funny and smart and unique. How they would hang out together and “just clicked so easily” in his words. He even mentioned how he thought she was the one he would marry when they got old enough, but he was so distressed about his parents’ dislike of her family.

The one jutted in, “Dude. Just screw what your parents think. You love her, no question. So you can’t let her go.”

They continued to bicker about what the best thing to do was...whether he should disagree with his parents and stay with her, or whether he should let her go. I was shocked that boys even talked about their feelings like this.

The dark haired boy was so passionate about convincing his friend that they were meant to be that I thought I might cry a little if the room was empty.

The one with the apple sighed, "I don't want to do the wrong thing. I feel like I just need a sign."

Then they started to pack up their bags to leave, and I panicked.

I wasn't thinking at all. I scrambled up to them and I stuttered, "This is the weirdest thing I have ever done, and I know that it's extremely rude of me...but I've been listening to your conversation for an embarrassing amount of time."

I looked over to the dark haired boy, who was somewhat smiling. "Oh really?"

"Yeah. But I just needed to say something..." I turned to the blond one. "If you even like this girl half as much as you say that you do," I shook my head, "you can't let her go."

He raised his eyebrows to the ceiling. I looked over to the dark haired one. His jaw had dropped to the floor, "Wow."

I said quietly, "I'm really sorry. I'll go now-"

"No wait!" he said. "What's your name?" He

put out his hand and was smiling from ear to ear. I nervously shook his hand and told him my name. “That’s a great name. My name’s Stephen and my friend here is Colin.”

I shook his hand too.

He looked over at his friend, still smiling and surprised, “Well you said you wanted a sign, damn, you got one. A pretty one too.” He looked back at me, I could feel myself blushing furiously.

“I’m going to go now...thanks for not freaking out at me, I just had to say it,” I said.

“Thank you so much! I’ll follow your advice,” said Colin.

Stephen grinned, “So nice to meet you.”

I walked up the stairs to my next class and did a little victory dance.

letter 590,932 • September 20, 2014

I never thought I was gay.

I always supported LGBTQ people and gay marriage and all that, but I never really thought any of it applied to me. I never thought that I could be one of “those” people. But I am. I have to accept that now.

I never thought I was gay.

But then I walked in on the first day of freshman year and saw her beautiful curly red

hair and her freckles and listened to her low, concise voice and fell head-over-heels for a girl I'd barely talked to. Everything she said was perfect, the way she picked at her nails when she was nervous made me swoon, watching her laugh with the boys around her tore me apart.

The lyrics on her arm. The truth in her words. Her soul.

Ellen, if you're reading this, I want you to know that you are the most amazing person I've ever met, not to mention beautiful and perfect and so, so talented. Because I'll never have the guts to tell you. Really, I never will. But maybe this will be enough. Maybe it will be enough to tell you,

I never thought I was gay. I never thought I was gay, until I met you.

letter 590,649 • September 18, 2014

It's hard to find words to describe this.

Like it's not that I feel a huge emptiness in my body whenever you aren't with me. It really isn't.

I think it's something more along the lines of: the space next to me feels empty when you aren't there to fill it. I perpetually feel like you should always be right here, but you never are.

— Arizona

letter 590,425 • September 17, 2014

She was staring at me from across the room during class. I could feel it. I'm sure she felt awkward, but I didn't care one bit because more than anything I wanted to stare right back at that precious angel.

She was asked to read aloud so I followed along in the book listening to her harmonious voice that sounded like a whole damn choir in my mind.

She was then asked to relate back to the reading and she said something and I couldn't tell you what she said exactly other than it was lovely and intelligent and just, her.

So I stared at her while she wrote what our professor said in her notebook. She bit her lip when she concentrated and her hand scribbled neatly over the page in front of her.

And then. Toward the end of class. He said it: pairs. What a wonderful word. And then miraculously, beautifully, he put my name next to her gorgeous name. I all but leaped over the seven or so desks in my way to her.

"Hi," I smiled gently at her.

She blushed. "Hi," she said sweetly. "Unfortunately, I'm not free until after four," she frowned. "I work from noon till then," she said.

I'd wait forever to work with her. "How about after four, and then we can go get dinner and then keep working?" I smiled at her.

She grinned. "That sounds great," she said.

The first thing she said to me that evening?
“I’m sorry...that I stare at you a lot.”

“I’m not,” I whispered back to her. “I love staring at you,” I smiled.

She blushed and giggled shyly.

It was better than great. It was amazing. I found my angel.

letter 588,704 • September 9, 2014

I don’t know how you expect me to sit on the same couch I had my first kiss on. The same couch we cuddled on. Ate chocolate covered pretzels on. Spent your birthday, our first date, 6 months, homecoming and valentines day on. The couch I said I love you for the first time on and the same couch where you said it back. The couch we watched every 7 seasons on that 70s show on. The couch we did things I told myself I’d never do. The couch I lost my high school innocence on. That couch. I don’t know how you expect me to sit on it.

letter 589,615 • September 13, 2014

I think part of me wants you because you’re the most desirable guy in my acquaintance. It doesn’t make you right for me. It doesn’t make you perfect for me. It doesn’t make you the one. It just makes you someone special that happens to exist near enough for me to notice. That doesn’t automatically make us

soulmates. So I need to stop using you as some excuse because I'm afraid of being alone. You existing in your manifold perfections does not make you perfect for me. You can exist, being wonderful and handsome and funny and smart and kind and not be right for me. And I need to accept that. I need to accept that your coincidental proximity to me does not promise me happiness.

letter 606,567 • December 3, 2014

i'm praying the reason your best friend knows my name is because you're talking about me.

letter 605,082 • November 25, 2014

I hate when people try to put on age limit on love. Like, when they see twelve year olds saying they love each other and say "They're too young to be in love, they don't even know what love is."

Who are you to say that?

When I was 5 years old, I was in love. I loved a boy so much that I used my "special" stamps just to write a letter to him saying how much I loved him and put it in his backpack to see. When we had to leave for summer vacation, I cried all the time because I didn't want to be apart from him. I loved him.

When I was in junior high, I met this boy. And he was shy and sweet and adorable. I never told him how much I loved him,

either, because I didn't want to change our friendship. And he moved away, and I haven't talked to him since. But I loved him.

People can't put an age limit on love and say that you can't know what love is when you are 5, or 12, or 16. I think you can feel love at any age. Yes, the love you feel at 50 years old is a different love than what you'd feel at 5. Because at 5, you only know 5 years worth, and at 50, you know 50 years worth. Your love when you're younger might not be as mature,

but does that make it any less real?

nataliefalling

letter 601,996 • November 11, 2014

It's that sinking, flying, spinning, frozen feeling in the pit of your stomach when he catches your eye from across the room.

letter 599,049 • October 29, 2014

The way you make me feel is almost exactly like eating 1001 pixie sticks.

letter 594,172 • October 5, 2014

Let's play a game called, "ask me out."

Being the generous person that I am, I'll allow you to go first.

letter 593,171 • September 30, 2014

So when we finally get around to dating, will the world blow up from shock?

letter 590,976 • September 20, 2014

I write you love letters like a third grader.

letter 590,683 • September 18, 2014

I went to check out that sandwich shop you said you liked. I didn't expect you to be there. But there you were, shining in all your glory. You saw me, invited me over to your table... and introduced me as your boyfriend. I nearly fainted, but then I realized it was pretend since your ex was there. But for those two hours, I got to be your pretend boyfriend. And it was almost as good as really being yours.

letter 587,350 • September 3, 2014

Sometimes I wonder if you're actually interested in me and you're just too shy to tell me because if that were the case, then I'd be guilty of it too.

letter 588,357 • September 7, 2014

Last night, we were sitting in my room, and we started to talk at the same time.

“You go first,” I said while tugging on my braid. My heart was doing flips as I tried to figure out how I was going to tell my best friend that I was madly in love with him.

“Okay,” he took a deep breath. “So, there’s something that I think you should know. I’ve been wanting to tell you for a long time, so.... here it is.”

My stomach fluttered with butterflies. He took another deep breath.

“I’m gay.”

letter 586,829 • August 31, 2014

My stupid heart suddenly decided it likes your heart, so... guess we're going to have to take them on play dates and stuff.

letter 586,761 • August 31, 2014

Don't look at him don't look at him don't look
at him don't look at him crap I'm looking
at him OH MY GOD HE'S LOOKING
BACK ABORT MISSION ABORT ABORT
ABORT.

-HNH

letter 585,887 • August 26, 2014

Heartbreak is one of the worst feelings in the world. It's astonishing how much rejection can hurt, and how easily betrayal can crush your dreams. It's unbelievably painful. Each day is a smothered, shattered, hopeless, teary, mess, and you'd almost rather have been stabbed in the gut. At least, it might not hurt so much.

We've all felt heartbreak, and it's miserable. But love is one of the best feelings in the world. It's amazing how easily your spirits can be lifted. Just a simple smile can send you soaring over the clouds, and the memory of a loved one's embrace puts you in a better mood than an entire pan of homemade brownies. You're not only full of hope, but you're overwhelmed by it. Your dreams, the ones you thought unattainable, are not only reached, but surpassed!

And sometimes, it's worth the heartbreak.

Don't give up.

letter 585,727 • August 25, 2014

You know how every once in awhile you see a person, and you just can't stop looking at them? You can't stop stealing glances from the corner of your eye?

And it has nothing to do with their attractiveness, there's just something else about them that keeps coaxing your eyes in their direction?

And you just cannot put your finger on it, or understand why you're having that kind of innate response to someone you don't even know?

Well, I went through that today... and I never knew someone could have such an effect on me without even saying a word.

letter 583,338 • August 14, 2014

For the past few nights, he's been staying up late.

Too late. I didn't know it until last night when I woke up for some water.

"Babe? Why are you up? It's one AM. Come to bed," I mumbled sleepily. He sat at his desk. He was writing something. He smiled at me and looked down shyly.

"I will in a little bit, sweetheart. Go back to sleep, angel."

"What are you doing?" I asked tiredly. "Work can wait till morning."

“This isn’t work,” he said.

“Well what is it? I can’t sleep unless you’re in this bed, so what the hell?” I asked grumpily.

“It’s a love letter.”

“For who?” I rolled my eyes.

“Gee, I don’t know, baby girl,” he rolled his eyes and put the papers in the desk and he walked over to the bed and sank in beside me.

“Why are you writing me a love letter?” I wondered quietly as he pulled me to his body so I could fall asleep.

“Because you’re a love letter kind of girl,” he shrugged. “You also mentioned to me when we first started dating that cute texts are great and snapchats are lovely but there’s nothing more personal and heartfelt than a handwritten letter.”

“That was two years ago.”

“I know. I’m sorry I didn’t start sooner.”

His letter to me was ten pages long.

And it was amazing.

letter 582,733 • August 11, 2014

We were watching a movie. It was a Wednesday and it was just an average day. My hair was pulled back and I was laying with a

book in my lap as I glanced up at the show for a few moments that I was only half watching.

He sat at the other end of the sofa, looking perfect as usual. He looked at me briefly. “You know what?” He asked.

“What?” I murmured looking at my book.

“I hate your label.”

I stared at him. “What?”

“Your label.”

“Which label?”

“Girlfriend. I hate that word. I hate it so much. I don’t want you to be my girlfriend anymore. I hate that word. You know what word I like? Fiancee. Or Wife. Those are beautiful words and they fit you much better. I hate girlfriend and I really hope you hate boyfriend. Because I do.”

I gaped at him.

He got off the couch knelt in front of me and took my left hand. “I love you. If you don’t want to be my fiancee, I’m still going to call you that,” he informed me. “Because I hate girlfriend. And it’s only a matter of time, my love. Will you marry me?”

“I hate boyfriend,” I responded softly, tears clouding my vision. He grinned, ringed me, and kissed me.

My older brother (by one year) had a friend that basically had his own room in our house. The only time he didn't use it was when we had actual guests over. Then he would just hang in my brother's room. Or my room. It didn't really matter because we were all close.

One time during his junior year and my sophomore we were watching a movie in the family room and I fell asleep across the two of them. My head in his lap and my feet in my brothers. It was totally natural because there were tons of times where I had both of their heads and their feet in my lap during movie night. I woke up but didn't open my eyes because I was shifted slightly.

"You what?" My brother grumbled.

"I like her," he said shyly.

"Her? Why her? There's literally three hundred other girls to choose from and you have to choose her?"

"I didn't choose her. It's how I feel, I'm sorry. I know it's not...appropriate but I can't help it. I'm with her all the time and she's just really awesome."

"She's my little sister...she's practically--"

"Don't say it," he says.

My heart fluttered in my chest. Are they talking about me?

My brother sighed. "I...I don't know..."

"I would treat her really well. You know I

would. I treat her well now. Nothing would change really, it wouldn't."

"If you hurt her I'll kill you," my brother promised.

"I wouldn't, but I understand. I want you to kill me if I hurt her," he said.

"Well, are you going to ask her?" My brother wondered.

"And wake up Miss Cranky Pants? Absolutely not. I'll wait until Sleeping Beauty wakes up."

"Ugh. Gross."

I felt a kiss on my forehead and felt a kiss on my cheek so I put my hands on his face and kissed his lips.

"Stop it. Seriously, I'm going to barf," my brother gagged. I just smiled and "fell back asleep" atop my boyfriend.

letter 581,603 • August 5, 2014

The way you look at me makes me want to go skydiving, drink 23 shots of espresso, set off fireworks, raise a colony of bees, and read the entire Harry Potter series for the 7th time. Simultaneously.

letter 580,829 • August 1, 2014

I haven't told you that your little brother told

me that you have a crush on me yet. (And I know your little brother is a reliable source.)

Mostly because I'm afraid you'll ask your little brother about it, and I'm afraid he's going to reveal that my reaction was to scream, drop a salt shaker, then nearly squeeze the life out of him in a hug. (And you know your little brother is a reliable source.)

letter 579,918 • July 28, 2014

Back in February my school had a semi-formal dance, and I went with my boyfriend in this pair of really pretty pink shoes that matched my dress, despite the fact that they were too big.

I kicked the shoes off first thing and we had a great night dancing. At the end of the dance, he was helping my up the stairs when, predictably, the shoe slid off my foot.

We stopped in our tracks. He looked down and saw the shoe, and then he looked back up at me with this amazed expression and whispered, awestruck, "You're Cinderella."

and I've never laughed so hard or fallen in love with someone so quickly.

letter 649,707 • June 19, 2015

Stop her with your eyes. Don't say anything. Just look. Look at her so openly she can see a story unfold in your eyes.

Look at her so boldly she feels time stop, feels the rest of the world fall away around herself and you.

Look at her in a way that says everything you would've never been able to put into words.

You don't have to say anything. Just look.

letter 649,835 • June 20, 2015

I am falling for him... And I'm falling for the first time.

It's such a weird feeling, it reminds me of this time when a group of us went to jump off this rock on a lake. One of our friends was scared to do it and I said "It feels like flying." Someone responded "No it doesn't." They laughed a little at my comment, it wasn't a rude thing to say, it was more of a tease.

I shrugged. It did feel like falling when you jumped in, because there's this time when you are in the air and it is just a second, but it felt like it lasted forever, and to me that felt like I was flying, even though I was falling down towards the water. The wind rushed through your ears and it felt so simple, yet magical.

So I'm falling for him, I'm falling down but it feels like I'm soaring.

letter 650,516 • June 25, 2015

Imagine the place where you live is inundated

by snow and ice. It doesn't matter if there wouldn't be snow there, or if you've never even seen snow before. Just imagine cold, white, grey everywhere. Imagine the light is soft, but everything else is heavy. All you can see and feel is a suffocating cold, and a white bleakness stretching across your world. You can go outside, but it's with difficulty and there's nothing to see, anyway. Imagine that everyone is completely preoccupied by surviving in their own colourless, freezing existences and they don't really talk to you. When they do it's about snow and ice with intense focus and dullness. You want there to be life beyond the snow. You remember when there was. You don't think the snow should be everything. You want to talk about leaves or whirling dervishes, or a particular passage from a book you read in adolescence. You want to discuss the history of pop music from the 80s and 90s, or to run without stopping for 55 minutes, or to complain about the weird noises from next door. You want to be beyond this. But you are covered and stifled by paralysing snow.

Then suddenly you meet another person. In my example I'm using the male pronoun, but you can substitute whatever best fits your situation. This person isn't white or grey. He isn't obsessed with the snow. He doesn't care about the cold. He breaks through all of that. He lives on the other side of the city, and you have to dig a tunnel through the snow from your bedroom window to his bedroom window. This tunnel goes from your heart to his heart. This is what love is, to me: a protected passageway through the smothering snow and the density of other people, to

someone else who is just like you; who sees
the world as you do, who feels as you do, and
who loves as you do.

You change all the lead
Sleeping in my head to gold
And as the day grows dim
I hear you sing a golden hymn

letter 648,232 • June 10, 2015

Seven years ago, I met you.

Five years ago, you asked me on our first date.

Four years ago, I knew I would love you until
I draw my last breath.

Three years ago, you moved away for work,
and I thought my heart would shatter into a
million tiny pieces.

Two years ago, you decided you couldn't be
apart from me any more, and you came back.

This year, I finally asked you to marry me,
because it's finally legal.

letter 651,965 • June 10, 2015

I see you.

Those three words from you transformed my
life. Life was nothing more than an endless
maze of dead-ends and late nights spent
anxiously waiting for the other shoe to drop.

I slept on a bed of bad memories and walked through life in a fog.

You saw me — *truly saw me* — and you liked what you saw. While I couldn't see it at the time, you gave me strength until I could view myself the way that you do.

This afternoon, at the altar, I whispered three words in return, even though they seem too small to encompass the worlds and galaxies behind my feelings for you.

I love you.

letter 652,051 • July 5, 2015

I've been smiling at the ground for God knows how long, only because you told me you really appreciate me today.

letter 651,992 • July 5, 2015

you went from being a complete stranger to being someone I cannot stop thinking about.

letter 577,274 • July 16, 2014

I took a kickboxing class tonight. Everytime my fist hit the bag the only thing running through my mind was your name, your face, & every bullshit text you ever sent me.

I have never felt better in my life.

Thank you for empowering me.

letter 575,788 • July 9, 2014

My brother is talking to this incredible girl, and I've never seen him happier. This is my favorite part of life.

letter 575,648 • July 9, 2014

Dear girl with the chipped red fingernails,

I want you to know that I noticed you. Even though I am sure you didn't want anyone to see that you were a person. I saw through your baggy grey t-shirt and black pants. I want you to know that your smile is the prettiest thing I had seen all week. I'd never heard of this site before but I overheard you talking to your friend about it. You told her that you wished someone would write about you. Well.... here you go.

Don't change. - Guy with the tie dye shoelaces

letter 572,854 • June 24, 2014

There's something exhilarating about putting your heart out on the line. It's like standing on the edge of a cliff for the first time in your life, and looking down out the waves crashing beneath you. You don't really know what lies underneath the glimmering surface, all you

know is that you have hiked a treacherous journey to get to that very spot. Who knows how deep that water is. There is a chance that if you leave that ledge, you may never see the edge of the water again. The tension builds as you look out over the water, weighing all the risks that you are taking when your foot leaves that ledge. You jump anyways though. Why? Because if you were meant to die that day, you would regardless of whether you took that step or not. And then you are falling. Your whole life is racing by in a blur and you are floating. That's where I am. Not yet to have hit the water, just gracefully drifting into my fate.

letter 572,738 • June 24, 2014

I remember the first time you told me that you loved me. We were laying in your bed. A twin bed. There was a lot of cuddling involved. You let out one of your sighs, the one that just sounds completely content.

“What does it mean when you sigh like that?”

“Two things. 1. I'm very, very, very happy.”

“The second thing?”

“No....its nothing. Nevermind, there aren't two things.”

After a solid five minutes of begging you to reveal what the second thing was, I gave up and dozed off in your arms.

“Hey.” I couldn't have been asleep for more than ten minutes.

“The second thing means I love you. I was just scared to tell you.”

I waited so long to hear those words from you. I knew that I was falling for you before you even broke up with your old girlfriend. Loving you is painful and fantastic all at once. I've never been so happy to have someone and yet so scared to lose them.

I love you, too. More than you know.

letter 571,798 • June 20, 2014

I just want your thoughts to catch you off guard, casually drifting off to me and cutting out short - curious as to why I popped in your mind.

I want you to fall for me like a soft rain - it's not urgent and does to require immediate care. But sooner or later, the soft rain drenches your clothes: And that's when you realize that you love me.

I want you to fall for me as much as I've fallen for you.

letter 572,631 • June 23, 2014

I want to know you.

Like, really, really know you. I want to count--and cherish--each of the little, beautiful imperfections on your face. I want to be able

to trace your jawline with my finger like an old habit. I want to commit to memory the colors of your eyes, and the way the crinkle at the corners when you laugh.

I want to kiss your lips and get swept up in them; to be reassured that they only have a taste for mine.

I want to feel swallowed up in the safety of your embrace.

I want to run my fingers through your hair until I'm acquainted with every strand.

I want to memorize the sound of your laugh.

I want your hand against the small of my back, pulling me closer to the solidity of your being as we dance to the sounds of summer.

I want my fingers intertwined in yours.

I want the rhythm of our heartbeats to align.

I want our souls to mingle.

I want to know you.

I want to love you.

And I know you're out there somewhere, Future Husband. And I pray that you're waiting for me too.

letter 571,748 • June 19, 2014

someday i hope youll realize that i look at you
the same way you look at her.

letter 651,292 • June 30, 2015

If someone asked me what I wanted to be, if
nothing else mattered and it only came down
to my heart's desire, I would say that I want to
be an artist...

I can draw a stick figure, but that's about it.
I can't paint to save my life, but I would love
nothing more than to be able to. I could paint
wispy scenes from water colors with strokes as
delicate as a feather.

If someone asked me who I wanted to love
for the rest of forever, if nothing else mattered
and it only came down to my heart's desire, I
would say that I want you.

I can hold a conversation with you, but that's
about it. I don't have the privilege to call you
my love, but I would love nothing more than
to be able to. I could make you happy and
paint laugh lines on your face as wide as the
night sky.

If only nothing else mattered.

letter 569,361 • June 9, 2014

Her eyes are hazel. Isn't that special?

I mean lots of people have hazel eyes, but her's
are the most unique. They're beautiful.

Sometimes they're more green. A deep, romantic green. This usually happens when the space is darker or her mood is darker. And it's contagious. It's seductive.

In the sunlight, they glimmer. Shining emerald with a bursting center of the most lovely shade of brown. Who knew brown could be so lovely.

And the they GLOW. I mean it. The girl's eyes are angelic. I've spent so much time studying them that I can hardly explain my own. It's all her.

Her beautiful, brilliant orbs of light that make me fall deeper and deeper in love with her each time I catch a glimpse.

letter 569,346 • June 9, 2014

Today in art class we made awkward eye contact. Again. For about the tenth time this week.

But today was different, because when class ended, you walked over to my table and talked. To me.

“Hey, I know you enjoy the sexual gaze thing we do all the time, and I do too, but I can't stand it anymore. I had to come say something to you.” You scratched your head, smiling that devastating smile of yours, and I struggled to breathe.

“I- It's- It's not sexual! You just happen to look at me a lot, and it's...awkward!” I tripped over

my words, a flush spreading on my cheeks.

“Excuses,” You chuckled, “But you know what? I’m going to admit it. I do look at you a lot. So what? You’re fascinating.”

At that point I literally could not function. You were smiling and it was all I could do not to spontaneously combust.

“So are you,” I blurted, and immediately regretted it. Great comeback, I berated myself, and gathered up my things. I had to leave before saying anything worse.

“Hey,” You leant against my table, “Can we have the chance to watch each other’s fascinating selves outside of art class? This Sunday, okay? I’ll text you.”

“Wait, how do you know my num-”

You grinned and walked off.

So here I am, remembering each second of our encounter and hyperventilating, because you’ve made art class really, really fascinating now.

- see you sunday

letter 568,722 • June 6, 2014

You gave me a poem today.

I stopped fighting it and gave you my heart.

I was at my cousin's wedding, being introduced to people I will never meet again and feeling my social anxiety welling up into my throat. But then my uncle waves over a boy, around my age, who looks just as lost as I feel. "Thomas!" he addresses the boy, just a little tipsy, "This is my niece, Caroline." After noticing how kind his eyes look (which, while we're on the topic, is something I thought authors made up, because I'd never truly witnessed kind eyes before. But with Thomas, the adjective fit perfectly) I noticed he was wearing a red bow tie, worn-out around the edges. I smiled at him and with a mischievous grin said "bowties are cool," mainly as a joke to myself. He raised his eyes suddenly, searching mine, and a slow smile spread across his face. Then he uttered two words, the only two words I wanted to hear:

"Hello, Sweetie."

I like to believe that if there's such a thing as alternate universes, we're together in some of them.

Its silly and I'd never tell her but write her name with permanent marker on the inside of all my shirts with breast pockets on the left

hand side, so that she is always near my heart.

letter 566,031 • May 25, 2014

I saw a girl at a coffee shop, she looked about college age. She caught my eye because of the pink dress she was wearing. She was so beautiful yet she looked so sad. Usually I don't approach random people, especially not in the city, but something inside me made me feel like I needed to. She sat down and was staring out the window. I walked up to her hesitantly, "Are you okay?" I asked. She looked at me like she was going to break in half; no one has ever looked at me like that.

"No." She replied quietly.

"Can I sit down?" I asked, she nodded in response.

"I went to the 9/11 museum today. Today's the day they let families see it. I wore this pink dress because my dad always said how pretty I looked in pink. He thought it brought out my eyes and hair. I thought going would maybe bring me some sort of closure after all these years, but it really didn't. It sucked, because no museum could ever capture it all. You know they have gift shop in it? Like they built a gift shop over a place where people lost their lives. I just wanted to scream, they made a mousepad, a freaking mousepad, my dad died for a mouse pad. I just couldn't handle it, I bolted out of there. And here I am talking to a complete stranger telling you the darkest parts of me." She said quietly as a tear rolled down

her cheek.

“I’m sure that if your Dad could see you now, he’d be proud.” I replied, not knowing what to say.

We sat there talking for hours, I felt like I had known her for my whole life.

letter 564,961 • May 20, 2014

“you’re sixteen, you don’t know what love is”

that may or may not be true but what else do i call it when i fall asleep thinking about you? what else do i call it when you’re the first thing on my mind when i get up? what else do i call it when you talk about football with so much passion and i just stare at you in awe? what else do i call it when i feel my heart racing when i realize you’re staring at me? what else do i call it when i find myself lost in your brown eyes? what else do i call it when the goosebump form on my skin at the slightest of your touch? what else do i call it when my lips tremble to be on yours? what else do i call it when i can smell your cologne though we’re no where near each other? what else do i call it when the hours we kiss is never enough? what else do i call it when our bodies are pressed against each other and i still want to be closer to you?

because if this isn’t love, then i don’t want to know what love is.

LD

I was talking to my parents last night about my recent break up.

“And you know what I’ve figured out too now?” I said, “I need someone that can take care of me. I’m always taking care of people and being strong for them but for someone who is going to be my life partner, I need someone who is going to be strong for *me*.”

My dad just looked at me and said, “Sweetie, you just described *love*. That’s what love *is*.”

I bought you flowers, but moments before giving them to you, I threw them away.

I was scared - embarrassed.

and as I glanced at them sticking out of the trash can, I felt a type of pain I hadn’t felt in a long time.

a loss of hope - despair.

you are exceptionally good at being the best thing that’s ever happened to me.

I am an independent woman.

I can open doors for myself.

...but my heart melts a little when you do it for me.

letter 561,442 • May 4, 2014

Sometimes I love you in a warm, fuzzy glow that heats me from my head to my toes. It's like hot chocolate on a cold winter day. It tickles from my soul to my heart.

And other times I love you in mad crashing waves of madness. Hugely, immensely, and angrily all at once; pounding in my chest. It makes my blood boil and my face hot.

And all the time,
I
Love
You
-M.E.K

letter 561,023 • May 2, 2014

I'm different when I'm around her and I don't know why, usually I can pull off the strong, silent, masculine type.

But when I'm around her- adorable, silly,

I turn into a forkful of spaghetti.

letter 560,756 • May 1, 2014

I can't even look your photo in the eye.

letter 560,068 • April 28, 2014

It's kind of adorable how hesitant you are when it comes to physical stuff. I had my legs thrown over your lap as we watched a movie and it took you 10 minutes of timid hand placement to finally realize that I was perfectly okay with you putting your hand on my knee.

You're so respectful of me, and I appreciate that.

letter 559,652 • April 26, 2014

Imagine being in love with this guy for 9 years.

Imagine him confessing that he's been in love with you for 14 years.

It is the best feeling in the world.

letter 558,741 • April 22, 2014

I love the way he looks at me. He looks at me like I have hair on my head. He looks at me like I'm not sick. He looks at me and he sees me. He looks at me like I'm his oxygen. What he doesn't realize is he's mine.

letter 553,113 • March 30, 2014

Her name is my favorite word.

letter 555,062 • April 6, 2014

I wonder how long it's gonna take until I meet a guy that stops the voices in my head from calling out your name.

letter 552,281 • March 26, 2014

We were hanging out together in my dorm on a Thursday evening after we had both just finished our last mid-term before spring break.

We had been sitting on the floor in front of the tiny refrigerator, eating berry-cardamom gelato out of the container and sharing a Caprisun and laughing about nothing until your brilliant brown eyes settled on the bottom shelf of my cupboards.

“What’s this? Is this what I think it is?” You asked, pulling out my old Nintendo 64 and the bin overflowing with 90’s video games with horrible graphics.

After digging through them for a moment, you pulled out a golden game with a devilish grin on your face. “Oooh. You don’t possibly think you could beat the Pokemon master, do you?” You were waving the original Pokemon Stadium game before my eyes, trying to bait me with your teasing.

“Hmm . . . ” I hesitated with a smile, briefly considering the offer, but you chuckled before

I could say anything.

“Oh, don’t worry. I get it. You just wouldn’t be able to bear losing.” You were smirking at me, as per usual, but there was a certain softness in your gaze.

At this, I couldn’t help but let out a “HA!” and retort, “Oh, that’s not it at all. I just really don’t want to have to see you cry when I win.”

Oh, if you could’ve seen the look on your face. Within moments, the game had been popped in to the console and an intense battle was underway. We kept up a casual banter until you said:

“We didn’t talk about the stakes.”

“Stakes? Are there stakes?”

“Of course! There are always stakes. Now, what do you want if you win?”

“Uh . . . ” I let my eyes search the room while I contemplated this. “Fine. If I win, you have to buy me dinner . . . wearing that hat,” I said, nodding towards a knit pikachu hat in the corner.

“Hmm. Challenge accepted.” I could only assume another unseen smirk came with this statement.

“And if you win?”

“And if I win . . . well, I guess you’ll have to wait and see about that.”

After fifteen more minutes of epic battling, I

finally, barely came out on top. I grabbed the hat and returned to where you were sitting on the floor, kneeling in front of you and pulling the pikachu hat down over your eyes. "Perfect." And you were.

You were quiet for a moment, but I swear I saw a flash of deviance in your eyes just as you grabbed me by the waist, pulled me down to your level . . .

And kissed me. The most wonderful, heart-racing, not-pulling-away-until-I-was-dizzy-and-neither-of-us-could-breathe type of kiss.

And then, I was stunned. Lying next to you with your arms around my waist and your lips on my forehead, my mind hadn't caught up with what was happening.

So I untangled our bodies and sat up, breathlessly asking, "What was that for?"

And you, you sat up next to me and flashed a beautiful half smile. "The stakes were that if I won, I would get to kiss you."

"You definitely didn't win."

You were quiet for so long that I thought you were never going to respond. But just when I had become wracked with the fear that I had offended you, that you thought I wasn't okay with the kiss when in reality, it was all I had wanted for months, you said without ever meeting my eyes -

"Maybe not. But when I kissed you, you kissed me back. And isn't that winning

enough?”

letter 551,483 • March 23, 2014

We fall in love with feelings every day.

I've fallen in love with the morning before the sun rises, in between night and day. I've fallen for the dust swirling in the air that only appears when a beam of morning sunlight falls through the window. I've learned to love being stretched out, skin taught, basking under the sun until it lulls me to sleep. I've fallen in love with reading a book on the beach, with the rest of the world spinning around me, each person absorbed in their own path. I've fallen for the silence in the woods in summer, slender trees whispering around me.

We fall in love with things too.

I fell in love with the touch of cashmere on my fingertips, and the feeling of good, thick paper. With the hardwood floors lining the long halls in my school that were born before my great grandmother, that have been creaked over by hundreds of years of girls in uniforms. I fell in love the curves of my violin, with its deep, swirling grain, and the willowy sway of the bow. I love the flour dusted over a rolling pin and the pinches of pie crust.

We fall in love with the words that people craft.

I first fell in love with stories with simple morals, and then poems with delightful, breathless pauses. Then I learned to love

metaphors that drop as deep in meaning as one is willing to dive. I fell in love with the perfect diction choices, and the changes in syntax from different authors. Words beat in rhythm with my heart.

But to fall in love with another living, breathing person?

People change and feel and hide what they mean. To fall in love with a person is to fall in love with a million things at once: the shorter strands of hair that always fall out of a ponytail, the moments leading up to a smile, the way they prop their head when they're not quite in reality. To fall in love with a person is to fall in love with feelings and things and words all at once.

What a lovely, lovely concept.
What a lovely thing it is to be in love.

letter 549,138 • March 13, 2014

okay so I have severe scoliosis and I have to wear a back brace and I may or may not need surgery sometime this year.

anyway, this disability of mine made me assume right away that no one would ever like me. who would like a girl who's literally half plastic, anyway?

and then this guys walks into my life - stupid cute smile and hoodie and all - and i liked him.

but it's not like he'd like me back. or so i thought.

on Valentine's Day, he came over to my house with the cutest little succulent in his hands (he knows i'm allergic to flowers). he gave it to me and told me he liked me.

i like him too, but, i'm clearly a mess. and i told him that.

and here's what he said-

"Why? Because of your scoliosis? You know I don't care about that. You are absolutely beautiful. I promise you, you aren't a freak. You aren't deformed. There's nothing wrong. You just have this thing that not many people have. And that's perfectly fine. You're beautiful, okay?"

I cried. That was the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.

He gave me a tight hug and wiped my tears with his thumb.

"For the record..." He said, turning around and pulling up the back of his shirt.

There was a scar along his back.

He had scoliosis and he had surgery last year.

He turned back to me and put his shirt down.

And that's how I, the half-plastic scoliosis patient, got a boyfriend.

Are you ready for a numbers game? Because here we go . . .

In the 14 years I lived in the same 7,600-population town with you, we never met.

Out of 260 colleges within our state, we both picked the same one, 2 years apart. This school gets 10,000 applications per year and only accepts 3,000. We were both accepted.

There is a 70/30 female-to-male ratio on campus, which means you had to swim through 2100 girls before bumping into me.

Out of the 180 days of that school year, we met on day 1.

Since that day, I've had exactly 0 interest in anyone else.

We've reached a fermata.

We're holding this note, and tension is rising and rising. I can't possibly hold my breath much longer waiting for the next note.

But the next note may as well belong to an entirely different piece. After this note, we're on the other side of a miraculous bar.

We won't ever be just friends again.

When we kiss we will end this torturous wait.

When we kiss I'll be able to breathe again.

letter 543,484 • February 17, 2014

The boy who lives in the dorm above me and my roommate is so loud that I've considered stabbing a samurai sword through my ceiling to try to impale him on multiple occasions.

Really. He stomps around all the time. He likes to drop something bouncy on the floor that sounds like a basketball, or a bowling ball, or maybe a boulder. I dunno.

He blasts music really loudly late at night. He yells at his TV. He randomly laughs. I've been so good at ignoring that.

But the other day I recognized the music he was playing loudly enough for the sound waves to be picked up on other planets. He was blasting Daft Punk, some songs from each of their albums.

I approved.

So I decided the proper course of action was to leave a sticky note on his door telling him I approve of his choice of music.

He thought I was being sarcastic, so about ten minutes later I found a note on my door apologizing for the noise with a coin taped

to it and the words “Here, have a quarter for your troubles.”

Well, I couldn't have him thinking I was being sarcastic, so I left another sticky note apologizing with a Euro taped to it.

Five minutes later there was a knock on my door.

He's absolutely gorgeous. He's tall - I could probably wear four inch heels and still be shorter than him, which is quite rare in my life. And he is the absolute nicest person I've ever met.

First thought: “Damn, now I can't mindlessly hate the mystery boy for being really fucking obnoxious.”

And now he's upstairs blasting the shit out of a Vampire Weekend song. And I'm lying in my bed appreciating him from about ten feet below him.

But I wish I was appreciating him from 0.00000000001 inches below him.

letter 540,248 • February 5, 2014

So I'm studying sleeping patterns and we had to film ourselves sleeping.

Apparently, I talk in my sleep.
I just say your name. Over and over.

letter 539,220 • February 2, 2014

We were on my porch, saying our goodbyes.
We hugged, and we were both thinking the
same thing.

“So..are we gonna kiss..or...?” I blurted out.

Before I even realized what I said, your lips
were against mine, and that’s when I knew.
I kinda sorta really like you.

letter 531,510 • January 3, 2014

It’s a beautiful thing to trust someone else to
beat your heart.

But you must not ever forget how to beat it
yourself.

letter 531,318 • January 3, 2014

You’re hotter than my laptop trying to stream
video.

letter 531,460 • January 3, 2014

Do I love you because you’re beautiful?

Or are you beautiful because I love you?

letter 528,461 • December 21, 2013

everyone says I’ll find you when I least expect
it. I hope its true because I’ve been waiting 20

years for that moment. I wish I knew who you were or when we would meet. For now, I'll go to bed dreaming of you. I hope we meet over something silly and awkward.

letter 525,227 • December 9, 2013

my whole life, I've always looked down. I went through life staring at the ground, never having a reason to lift my head.

but then I heard your laugh, and something inside me said, "look up."

you gave me a reason to see the world, and I'll never be able to thank you for that.

letter 525,885 • December 11, 2013

It's a snow day.

In my dream world I would have the courage to text her saying, "It's cold and I'm lonely, want to come over?" and she would reply with a gentle "On my way!" and maybe a few heart emojis.

We would watch Christmas movies by the dozen, while cuddling on the couch under millions of blankets. We would drink hot cocoa with marshmallows and make whipped-cream mustaches. We would bundle ourselves up and run outside, gliding down the street and making a snow couple that is holding hands. After a little while, we would come back inside.

After a couple more Christmas movies, we'd start on the cookies. She'd be making some in the shapes of santa hats and Christmas trees. And maybe, just maybe, I would sneak up behind her and hug her waist. Maybe she would turn around and put her arms around my neck.

Maybe I'd kiss her, slowly and softly, as we sit in front of the fire wearing matching rainbow toe-socks. Maybe she'd rest her head on my lap and maybe she'd hold me. Endlessly, beautifully.

Maybe I'd tell her I'm in love with her. And maybe she'd tell me too.

Or maybe I'll just stay at home, watching a Christmas movie on my own and texting her, "The snow is beautiful today."

Just like her.

letter 524,496 • December 6, 2013

You throw me off balance. I legitimately never know what to say or think or do every single time I encounter you. Should I be childish? Maybe suave and flirty? Should I make literature jokes that only you and I get? Should I hold you when you cry, or change the topic and try and make you smile? This is the reason that when you said that I do the same to you I was speechless.

You turn my rational self into a bag of bones

drenched in hormonal impulses and half articulated terror.

letter 524,208 • December 5, 2013

We were watching some stupid indie movie, and he fell asleep on me. Not dozing on my shoulder, but full-on asleep across my lap, one arm still around my back, like it belonged there. It did not.

I smiled, ran my fingers through his hair. He looked so peaceful and content laying there, so childish and trusting. *He trusted me.* No one had done that before, ever. It was something spiritual, really, having someone love you enough to be comfortable being so open in front of you. Especially someone who's completely standoffish and doesn't even do one-armed hugs on the last day of school.

"I love you, you know. Sometimes when you do this, fall asleep like this, I wish we could stay like this forever. I would perfectly comfortable here forever," I whispered to his sleeping form. "I know you don't love me back the same way, but--"

"Yes I do," he murmured through his sleep, thick and low.

"Do you really?" I asked profoundly, feeling stupid and awkward but elated.

"Yeah, stupid. Haven't you known that all along? I thought it was a given. Mm, put your hands back in my hair please--ahh. You know

you're the only person I let touch me?" His eyes were still closed, and his voice was still low and crackly, but that made me want him more.

So I did what I'd been wanting for years. I leaned down and brushed my lips against his, expecting to place a featherlight kiss and then sit back up. That's not what happened. Instead, we ended up kissing for the next half hour, exploring the crevices of our mouths we previously didn't know existed, whispering secrets in the space between. It was like heaven and earth and hell had decided to align in one plane of perfect cosmic existence, letting us have this moment, this kiss, this love we'd never known was required.

"Oh God," I whispered. "How the hell did this happen?"

"Falling in love with you? That was a long, long time ago. Remember when we were like eleven, and you told me the only thing that mattered about a person was their ability to stick with a TV series even after it starts sucking? Yeah, I've pretty much loved you since then."

"...Were you ever planning to tell me that?"

"Not until you were ready to admit that you loved me, too."

"Ready to admit...wait, you knew?"

"Duh!" he exclaimed. "You're gay as fuck, and the only men you know are me and Al so I used powers of deduction."

“Really?” I asked sheepishly.

“Nah. It’s the way you look at me. Like I’m the only thing in the world. Which is appropriate. Because you’re the only thing in mine.”

“Shut up and kiss me!” I yelled, grabbing him by the collar on his shirt, anything to get him to shut up.

Best day of my life, okay?

letter 525,285 • December 9, 2013

Dear Santa,

I don’t know what I want or expect in a girl anymore, so why don’t we try this. How about you just deliver me to her. I feel like it’d be pretty traumatic to kidnap the love of my life and have her wrapped up under my tree. So just wrap me up and put me under her tree instead. Let me be the gift and spare her the trouble.

Win-win situation.

letter 523,779 • December 3, 2013

The worst part of unrequited love is hope.

That little sliver of hope that maybe, just maybe, he might change his mind. That hope that he’ll realize how much you really love

him. Hope that he'll love you as much as you love him.

Hope keeps you holding on. It keeps you going even when you should let go.

- s^2

letter 521,761 • November 26, 2013

That friend of mine was just running late, you know.

It wasn't until you were taking the empty seat next to mine that I noticed you. You, biting your lower lip as you lowered yourself into the chair, slowly and deliberately. I started to think of ways I could gently ask you to switch seats, but then I noticed you were reading. You were reading. Tolkien, I think. You were more than halfway through the novel, your forearm muscles bulging slightly because you were gripping the book tightly, as though someone may try and deprive you of the pages.

The friend whose seat you stole shot me a text as class began- "Who's the guy?" and I texted her back that I didn't know. I didn't know about how you bring a new book every day, or how your glasses slide down your nose, but you can't be bothered to push them back up. I didn't know yet that you would quietly chuckle at my jokes, or make me feel like the only girl in the world whenever you say my name.

But I know that now.

letter 521,681 • November 25, 2013

If I only knew you would be stuck in my head years after the last time I saw you, I definitely would have turned my head the other way the day we met. You're haunting me in everything. They say it heals over time, but I still see you as clear in my head as the day we met. I can only imagine the effect you would have on me if I would accidentally bump into you on the streets. I'm pretty sure you're still capable of ripping apart my entire being in just the blink of an eye.

I'm starting to believe the spell you put on me is a curse.

letter 521,583 • November 25, 2013

If you were mine I'd kiss your scars. I'd tell you all the reasons you matter to my world. Assure you that you're not nothing and you're not worthless.

But you're not, and it's because I'm missing that magical quality you so deeply desire. Sometimes I wish I knew what it would take to show you I'm the one, but for now, I'll be everything you want me to be, friend or otherwise.

letter 520,026 • November 19, 2013

So during lunch we traded. I gave you my strawberry lemonade that I had already drank half of, and you gave me your Reese's that you had already taken a bite of.

So that means we've technically kissed twice, right?

Now we should make it three. *wink..wink*

letter 519,963 • November 18, 2013

Yesterday when you drove me home with your friends you played the playlist on your phone and it was some kind of god-awful heavy metal sort of music and it was weird because you didn't seem like the type at all.

But then when they all left you looked at me and smiled and said, "Okay, coast is clear. Let's put on some dance music!" And then you put on "You Belong With Me" and turned it up to full blast and started dancing and singing along to it really, really enthusiastically.

I swear you are the biggest damn dork I know.

But I sort of love you.

letter 518,983 • November 15, 2013

You're afraid of water - you can't swim. I know that about you, and so does everyone else. It's not something people really bring up, even when we decided to have a pool party for our class and you showed up, though no one

thought you would. You weren't wearing a bathing suit, just jean shorts and a tank top.

It was obvious you weren't intending to get in the pool.

But those boys, those horrible assholes, they threw you in. And you screamed. It wasn't a cute, girly scream. It was one of pure terror. I didn't even think about it. I dove in and grabbed you.

"Shhh, shhhh." I said. "I've got you."

You stopped thrashing around and suddenly I was aware of how close our faces were.

I pulled you over to the side and helped you get out, and you were shaking like a leaf as you sat down on the cement.

I went over and grabbed my towel and draped it around your shoulders. "Thanks," you said quietly, with your teeth chattering and some tears mixing with makeup as they ran down your face.

I sat with you for a while, until you stopped shaking and were composed enough to ask, "So how bad do I look right now?" Your makeup had run streaks down your face and your hair was a bit stringy from the pool water. Your face was a little blotchy and red from crying.

"You look beautiful," I told you, looking into your big brown eyes honestly.

"My hero," you said jokingly, and leaned in

and gave me a quick peck right on the lips.

“But you’re full of shit.” And you got up and left me on the cement.

Now I can’t put the girl who’s afraid of water out of my kind. I can’t forget her big brown eyes.

You still have my towel.

letter 517,632 • November 10, 2013

I’m something to you.

I don’t know what yet, but I’m something.

Please let it be that kind of something.

- Sho

letter 651,727 • July 3, 2015

it’s a suffocating love,

i long for it to be by your hands.

letter 651,670 • July 2, 2015

Comments

It's not just boys who don't want relationships
and can't make up their minds.

Sometimes you're just scared; we all come
from different places and have our own story.
Sometimes that story makes it hard for us,
both boys and girls, to believe in relationships,
or love at all. We might feel it, but we know
it's possible for us, or the person we care for,
to just wake up one day and feel differently.
And that makes us not want to risk it.

It's not something we choose. It's just how we
are - both girls and boys. And we hate it.

Elm • letter 516,365

I feel you so hard.

Try having to hold hands at the end of every
Rainbow meeting and having her squeeze
yours so intimately and wondering if she
meant it or if she does it to everyone???

I get it. Stay strong, girly.

anonymous lover • letter 518,588

I love how instead of sulking and putting
yourself down, you got up on your feet to
please yourself. I'm very proud of you and
I hope you find someone who loves you for
you.

Princess A • letter 544,161

They wanted her for one reason. She's the fling. You're the one they marry. Remember that.

Keep on, gentle soul. You're beautiful, too.

anonymous lover • letter 553,342

She may not know, but when you can write a beautiful, passionate yet non-Petrarchan statement like this, she really should. <3

Cherry • letter 516,593

Sadly, we'll never care about the people who actually like us, because we're too busy looking at the ones who don't. Because none of the other people matter, we just want our one person to like us back.

ASFsdvasdva • letter 518,274

Aww.. LTC is your crush.

LTC is mine too, but we can share. LTC and the entire cat population is also my best friend.

By the way, from one human to another, I feel you should know this is on the main page and that LTC is never too old for you either.

anonymous lover • letter 517,727

Don't give up. Promise me you won't, I waited a while, and then gave up, he came back, he came back, and I think he wants me, just wait; all that you have to do is wait xxx

anonymous lover • letter 519,276

Just getting out of a crush on a guy who I'm pretty sure thought the same thing and it put a wall between us... don't discount yourself, there's always more than you think. Maybe she can't quite find the words to say what she thinks.

SilentSweetheart • letter 519,275

There's a girl out there you can do all that with someday because it sounds perfect and you sound perfect for making it up and according to the laws of everything, there's a girl out there who is perfect for you

anonymous lover • letter 524,496

Love is not just wanting the best for the people around you. Love is wanting the best for you. You should take some time for yourself, and what can make you happy, and pretty soon you'll find someone new you love, and they will love you, because you love yourself, and the things you love.

anonymous lover • letter 527,717

Tell him. Don't be afraid of change, it will be for the better. You're lucky to have him, so why don't you say those three little words? You can keep him closer then.

The Artist • letter 527,394

Maybe he is exactly what you want. Maybe he's sweet and caring and smart and perfect for you. And maybe he's not. Either way, you'll never for sure if you don't do something about it. Talk to him :)

anonymous lover • letter 528,049

Dear, of course some of us understand that not all people can be with us because of reasons. But it would be a lie if you don't want people to listen a bit about your problem. Maybe we can't do great things to help them but we can always listen.

anonymous lover • letter 528,049

It sounds like you really like him so you should know... It's not fair to make someone wait for you when you don't even ask him to. If he had decided to be with you and you can't right now, and you don't say you're reasoning, it's just crushing rejection for him and nobody wants to wait around feeling crushed with no hint of a final answer. It would break you.

anonymous lover • letter 529,249

But what about the best friend? The best friend who has a best friend who's been waiting there patiently for something that could never happen. The best friend who fucks boys and fucks up all the time and when she does, turns to the one person she thought never wanted anything else from her.

Who tells the girl about the boy she met who makes her smile even when he's not around. Who just wants her best friend to like this boy, too? To root for this boy, too.

The best friend who doesn't want to hurt the girl. Who loves the girl more than anything but never in the way the girl hopes?

We can't help who we fall in love with.

But the best friend can't help it if that quiet love hurts.

just me • letter 529,829

I'm twenty-three, and I feel exactly the same way. Question your mind, understand your heart, feed/acknowledge the soul--we'll make our way somehow, Seventeen.

Anon • letter 529,723

I am 14 and you are so inspirational. I can't give advice but go live the way you want to. It's your life and I hope when you are 50 you can look back and say, god it was great to be seventeen, thank you for giving me the courage to live it.

One who sees you in the mirror, who hopes for you what she hopes for herself • letter 529,723

All I have to say on the subject is that your feelings are your feelings and no one should be invalidating them. No one gets to decide exactly what being in love is, anyway. If you define your feelings as being in love, then that's what you are because you say you are. You might not be by someone else's definition, but that doesn't matter, does it? It's what you feel that matters and no one can change that.

Notlax • letter 537,137

Sometimes, the people who do not love the other person back are not ready to love someone. They are not ready to open themselves up. They have this guard they need to take down. They need to learn to stop pushing themselves away from everyone/ pushing other people away.

anonymous lover • letter 539,731

I understand what the writer's grandma means, and it is to a certain extent true, a lot of people need to start appreciating the people

around them. If they are worth appreciation, that is. But that applies to all people, not just women. The statement she is making is both sexist and heteronormative. Not all girls “put boys in the friend zone”, and also, not all girls like boys.

Like Steph says, the friend zone does not exist; it is something that people use as an explanation (or rather an excuse) to why someone doesn't like them, instead of facing the facts, because, you know, maybe they just don't like you. Maybe it has nothing to do with the so called friend zone, but that the feelings just aren't there. And it's rude to imply that girls should just start liking someone whoever they are, like girls should force their feelings. Because that's impossible. No one tell boys to force their feelings, they are allowed to like someone, and they are also allowed to NOT like someone, which should be the situation for both genders.

So to anonymous lover, this is not feminist bs. This feminism trying to get rid of all the bs. And it also has to do with a lot more than women's rights; it has to do with women being respected for having the same rights as men.

Hummingbird • letter 539,224

I can't remember a thing that happened after surgery, but apparently he was there upon my request. he was the one who led me in and out of the car, laid me down on the couch so I could rest, changed my bloody gauze pads, held my hand and rubbed my head until

my exhaustion caught up with me and I fell asleep. They said he stayed with me the whole time.

My family said it was the most romantic thing they'd ever seen.

What a wonderful best friend I have.

Post-surgery update • letter 541,269

I agree. It hurts so bad to not be able to be with that person. But there's a part of you that can sometimes just think "Wow, I got to know this person and they made me feel something beautiful. I'm so thankful." Sometimes, that's enough. Other times, it doesn't quite make the hurt go away. That's the beautiful pain of love.

tm • letter 540,473

Take a leap of faith and just trust that everything will work out in the end, because even if it's not what you were hoping the ending would be, it'll still be okay, and it'll be alright :) and if it's not alright, then it's not the end darling, keep trying :)

Avri • letter 541,982

Dearest anonymous lover,

I have written many letters on this site. Recently, quite a few have graced the front

page. You'd never know, though, because I always use different styles of writing, depending on my mood and the couple of different people I have written about over the years.

I want to thank you though, because without fail you have lately been leaving little words of encouragement on my letters, or just complimenting and saying how I deserve love.

You are so so lovely, and I just want to thank you, and whoever it is who brings you to this site is a very lucky person, whether they realize it yet or not.

Lots of love x

Author • letter 542,164

I had a girl who loved me like this. I'm no good with emotions and have a hard time feeling them, let alone interpreting them and would almost never show them. She actually showed me this site. Know that if he is showing even a flicker of emotion to you, there is a vast sea of love beneath it for you.

anonymous lover • letter 541,382

Hahaha this makes me laugh ... Probably because I just pictured 90% of the people who read this peeking cautiously out their window - and then I laughed harder because it made me think , what if there was an innocent person, perhaps waiting for a bus or just

carrying on and then some crazed girl walks out “ it’s you! I knew it!.. I love you too “ haha thx for this :)

anonymous lover • letter 542,441

Everything you wrote is so true, and I am glad you did that for yourself :) but, keep in mind that there will still be the people who want you for you . . . and don’t accidentally pass it up because you think they want you for the wrong reasons. There are still good ones out there. :)

anonymous lover • letter 544,161

I believe that us girls who are like this are like a rose waiting in the middle of bushel of weeds. We see the other side of the fence at the other roses wishing to get the attention that is needed but we never do. We are the ones no one dares to try to get close to and seem to ignore. And although it may be a while, there will be that one gardener who will look out at us and admire us; they will be the only one who will single us out, who will take care of us. They are the ones who will love you for you. You are that special rose that one day that special gardener will choose. You may not feel as if anyone wants to pick you now but in the right season, you will be chosen and admired and looked after. He will be yours and you his. There’s just a time where we have to wait and bloom within ourselves and be patient for that gardener to come.

Just know that you are lovely and one day the right person will be the only one giving you that attention that is needed. Then you'll not only feel special but thankful that it was the right guy looking at you at the right time.

Love always, YT

Yours Truly • letter 521,811

You definitely shouldn't be concerned! There are so much more important things than relationships in life. Honestly, I think you should go out and accomplish all the things you want to do, and you'll probably find someone along the way with those same ambitions and dreams.

15 • letter 521,918

You can let someone go and sometimes you have too. Not everyone will stand beside you and you cannot force them. You do know love is not a way to manipulate someone's mind and heart. Maybe it's time to grown up.

anonymous lover • letter 522,165

Love is a risk, it's dangerous, and you will most likely be disappointed every now and again. But it is oh-so worth it. Try and try again. Never give up hope. Go be brave again.

anonymous lover • letter 522,189

I may just be a passerby, but for what it's worth, you shouldn't hate your own insecurities, if it makes you feel better everyone deals with them. What I'm trying to say is, maybe you could learn how to work with them? And also maybe it's best to take a leap and trust your instincts? Hope this helps!
=3 and have a happy thanks giving!

Wishful Dreamer • letter 522,202

To anonymous lover,

I'm sorry you have to feel this way too. Heartache is the worst feeling we can experience, the worst pain there is. But I wholeheartedly believe that you will be okay. Everything will work out in the end and you're going to stand up strong and forget about whoever has hurt you because he obviously doesn't deserve a place in your heart. Stay strong and giving you all my love.

author • letter 522,231

I'm sure you have a very beautiful personality. Some guy someday WILL see you for who you are. Don't lose hope.

anonymous lover • letter 522,425

Wow I'm so sorry. Well idk about you, but one of the reasons my life isn't going as great as I think it should be is because of me. My

very own fault. I limit myself and I spend hours on my laptop when there's a whole world to enjoy. Look outside your window- there's a whole world in a leaf, admire its beauty get out there and enjoy yourself. And I know I'm getting off track here but what I'm trying to say is..well, perhaps you should stop. Just stop thinking about him, sure hang on to him but think about yourself for a little bit. Just remember that he is a human being as well, just like you. And you deserve to feel free after all this time. So I think (Wow I'm really bad at this stuff, I'm sorry!)..I think you should just let go and I know this sounds hard but just stop. Okay still think about him but just stop beating you up over the past, life is how it is. You control your destiny; everything is how you perceive it. You literally control the world-your world. you stop, get out there, live a little bit, let those you love know you love them, cook a nice meal for yourself, take a day out with your family/friends, go shopping, go skydiving, have spa, make a homemade face mask, dance a little, cook with music on, draw or doodle, put a little bounce in your step, stop thinking so negatively and say 'hey this is my life, it's time i make the most of it' so get out there, smile even though you don't want to (it's proven that smiling makes you feel happier), leave the past as it is, accept the present and control your future.

Chin up queen, your tiara is falling :)

anonymous lover • letter 522,448

Hi there, I believe that if you have feelings for

someone you should say it, not because they will have feelings back for you but because you will find some form of closure in the end. But that's just what I think - to actually do it is another matter. So many other things should be factored into the equation that the result may not sound as positive as it is in your head.

Whatever it is you do I hope you'll be happy with it :) – op

anonymous lover • letter 522,793

You're a listener just like me and others thousand listeners out there. We do it because we want to so we might also didn't get anything in return. It's like we gave out our silent care to them but they don't realize it. Because in their mind there's always that person. I don't have a crush but being a listener sometimes yes it does make me selfish. They will tell you everything and when the have their happy day, they will leave you. Listener is like a dusty book on top of shelf. When they want they will reach for you, when they don't, they will forget you. There's nothing you can do because they also not perfect like us. So the only thing that we can do is to take care of our own heart. Don't let those little things control us. And I hope you will find your happiness.

anonymous lover • letter 522,521

I feel the exact same way. People say that

you're pretty and you don't see it and I don't believe it in general. But, I know for sure that you are worthy. And you're special. And that's more important than being pretty.

Yourawkwardwriterfriend • letter 522,896

Eventually you both will meet someone who will take those thoughts away BUT...you won't meet them unless you quit being "scared" and give it a chance.

anonymous lover • letter 522,891

You don't have to have leather boots and red lipstick to be beautiful. Honestly, I've never met a single person that I thought was ugly. I'm sure you have an amazing personality and awesome talents that could knock the socks off of anyone.

Squee • letter 523,012

First, don't let your selfishness or worry or your past stop you from telling the truth. You have to. No matter how much stuff you've been through or shit you'll know that you'll go through, you have to tell him. It's going to hurt him like f*** and you'll probably lose him but hell if you prolong this secret the more you'll lose him and more chance you'll change him negatively. I've made that mistake before and I'll have to live with the fact I turned this sweet funny guy into a douche. Second,

commitment issues and hormones is not the best combination but you have to damn fix yourself. Love him enough to surpass those obstacles. I'll admit, I'm not the best girlfriend either. Hell I even kissed a girl just for the fun of it on the night my present boyfriend first kissed me. But you know what? I told him right away. Because I love him and I admitted it was a stupid and immature mistake. And see? He forgave me and he's still here after all the bs I've done. But my bs is lessening because I'm learning and fixing myself in the process. Third, if the inevitable of him breaking up on you happens. Do not under any means beg and explain your commitment issues. I'm pretty sure he knows it by now. In my opinion, you shouldn't cry your way out of this or do something stupid because you know what? I a 98.7% sure that it will piss him off more. You should show to him that you are damn ready to fix yourself and make up for your mistakes because you fucking love that man. Pity won't do you anything. Actions and words will get you somewhere.

Roza • letter 523,057

Hey now...stuttering CAN be adorable. If she senses you're stuttering because you like her it'll make it even cuter. Don't worry about it! Don't overthink, don't over analyze, just..be...you!

anonymous lover • letter 523,171

Hey..it takes courage to say sorry and don't

drop yourself, take the stairs. It may be slow and you probably will gasp for air but someday you will reach to the top.

anonymous lover • letter 523,129

In scientific terms we humans are very selfish. We need each other example if you have a fever, you will seek a doctor. And if someone asks you for donation but you have something you want to buy with that money so you lie to them. Those as we all know one of the selfishness in humans. Yes I agree love can be very tricky because it's the combination of needs and it can turn into being selfish but if those two people really adore each other than the happiness will happen. And if it's true that people really hate each other we probably don't have charity at all. We probably don't have a donator. If you're going to live in your observation, please do. But still there's someone who willing to lend a hand.

anonymous lover • letter 523,296

No one wants someone perfect. They want someone who they can work with and love. Screw adequacy.

Perk Up Buttercup • letter 523,441

Wow, you sound like a wonderful person, and whoever finally does snatch you up is extremely lucky. There really aren't as many

guys out there who are only dedicated to the one girl they fancy nowadays. I really hope things work out for you :)<3

just a girl • letter 519,275

Why not break the status quo and barriers and stereotypes and archetypes with all this “Guys should make the first move” WOMAN EMPOWERMENT!!

R • letter 520,198

I have felt similar feelings, writer. I’ve even been dating someone for a similar amount of time. What I’ve found though, is that no one will convince me that I’m beautiful. *I* have to let myself feel that way and look at myself a little bit in the eyes of my boyfriend and friends.

I know that sounds kind of weird and silly, but sometimes, I honestly look in the mirror and think “..yeah. I can see what they’re talking about. Okay.” and I’m okay with the way I look. I trust my boyfriend’s words because I trust him so much that I allow myself to search for what he’s trying to tell me.

I’m also sure you have different challenges with your body image than I do, and that you trust your boyfriend and friends as much as I do, but I thought I might share with you what I’ve found and felt. I wish you the best :)

Blue • letter 523,911

This is part of the attraction... that we dare to hope, unconsciously, that there may be one for us. There isn't one for me though, I write for him :3

Rememberthekey • letter 524,274

To me, I think that Snape is such a well-loved character because we can relate to him. Everyone has had a crush on someone, loved someone from afar desperately at one point in their life, and the fact that he lived through that, and then experienced the pain of losing Lily over and over (first to James Potter, then to Voldemort), is something that we can sympathize with. Imagine meeting the child of your lifelong crush and looking into his eyes.

Also, I think that he is the proof that a bad guy can turn good - in a warped, twisted way, granted - all because of that old, enduring love. Maybe another reason is that Snape is not the most attractive person in the world and not the one we would automatically peg as a romantic hero (in a dark, Byronic sense of the word, of course). It gives us hope that we don't have to be the prettiest or the nicest person in the world to feel that insurmountable emotion, and that we cannot judge others because - unattractive or outwardly-off-putting as they may be - they could be going through the same torment. Maybe even for you.

anonymous lover • letter 524,046

Stranger, if this is because of some person than you can't just attempt something so severely on yourself. If that's not the reason why than I'm sorry, but assuming this is about crushes I assume things didn't turn out the way you wanted them to. There's BILLIONS out there, and you're worth more than anything. This is your life and you only have one to make it the best you can possibly make. And stranger I know how it feels to be down there, maybe it was for another reason but we all resemble each other's feelings when we feel suicidal. Maybe you should take antidepressants to calm down, but until then UNDERSTAND that you're worth more than just one person simply living day by day on Earth. Don't lose sight of who you are because of putting all your attention on someone...you're better than that. Sorry if my English is bad.

anonymous lover • letter 524,234

This is so beautiful and PERFECT. I was in the exact same situation for three months. I agonized over her... Until I realized that she likes girls too. And she had liked me the entire time I liked her.

I thought that there was absolutely no chance she could ever love me, it was fantasy. But it happened!

And I remember posting a letter just like this in September... So be patient. Don't give up. Best of luck to both of you <3

anonymous lover • letter 524,314

Maybe...just maybe...someone plans to say everything you ever wanted to hear as soon as the location is right & they have the opportunity. Hopefully they are someone who believes in never, ever giving up. Even if they say they are. They won't!

That's always a nice thought!

anonymous lover • letter 524,249

Okay, so once I saw this in a bad movie, and it was stupid, but it seems to work in real life pretty well, so...here goes. You can of course love multiple people at once, even if it's romantic love. But you can pretty much only be genuinely /in love/ with one at a time. So pick who makes you love yourself and life the most, I guess. Pick who makes you happy. Good luck :)

E • letter 523,944

You are courageous. That's sometimes...is rare. You jumped into unknown waters. Some people only look down at the waters below never to jump, but you did. I think your brilliant I wish more people had that spunk. Anyway, best of luck, brave one.

Fishing • letter 524,370

I've found myself wondering that about someone before as well. So I sat and thought

about what exactly ran through my mind when I looked in his eyes and well, I realized I couldn't explain it. There were absolutely no words. Then I thought wow, maybe it's better if I never have any idea what they think because if I mess with their head as bad as they mess with mine I'd probably be scared ;)

anonymous lover • letter 524,507

You are more than worth the risk! You always have been, and you always will be. Some big dummy must've said something nasty to you... more than likely out of fear. Some people are just emotionally dumb sometimes. You knew that though. I bet they don't ever say anything like that to you again. And they feel like an a** remembering this stuff now.

anonymous lover • letter 486,318

Everything will be okay hun. Don't give up on hope now. Keep that hope as long as you can, and hope that tomorrow will bring a brighter day. In the end everything will be alright, and if it's not then it's not the end. Hang in there darling. You're not a failure to me. I think you're wonderful. It will be okay. Just take a deep breath, and take it one day at a time. Sending you love and hugs xx.

anonymous lover • letter 524,890

Here's something that I have found to work

with many people and that includes friends and lovers. Keep a calm attitude and gently move back into their lives. Do it in small ways at first and increase as time goes by. Within a few weeks to a few months you'll be back to that place you were in. Be persistent even when they don't seem to care. It works. People get re-attached if you keep talking to them and going around them. If you really love this person, don't give up. They sound worth it. Don't tell them you want to be back in their life like you were before; just make it happen without them realizing it. But remember to keep calm and cool about it.

And to add to that, smile and keep a positive attitude around them. Just be happy but not annoyingly happy. Do more listening than talking.

Reni • letter 524,392

Honestly, just go for him. Really. (Unless he's taken, obviously.) Just go for him; be yourself and be open and honest. Be exactly who you are and no one else, but make sure to be brave. Good luck!

E • letter 524,647

They will get better soon hun. Just don't give up on that hope that things will get better. Who says tomorrow won't be the best day of your life? No storm can last forever, and it's always dark before the dawn so hold on. Everything will be okay, you deserve to be

happy and you will feel better soon alright?
People do love you including me, and I
promise you it will be okay in the end, if it's
not okay, then it's not the end. Just hold on,
things will get better. You're just in a rough
spot right now, but brighter days are ahead.

anonymous lover • letter 525,684

These small worthless things are the memories
of her life. If you end up as a part of this, you
are priceless to her.

“ “ • letter 525,896

Ladies, listen up: Until he says “I love you”,
you're a free agent.

As long as you're not in a committed
relationship, it is perfectly legal to crush on
multiple people.

You're young, now is the time to “collect”,
put yourself out there and figure out what
you want and what you DON'T want in a
relationship.

There's plenty of time later in life to “select”
and settle down with one person.

Samantha Jones • letter 526,121

Don't be sorry. Don't have regrets. Be glad you
had the guts to do it.

I'm fighting for someone. But the thing is, maybe I'm coming off desperate? Or, I just can't take the hint? So I'm letting go slowly. In the end, fight for yourself. Best of luck!

Fishing • letter 526,410

One day, you'll find someone who will say, "That doesn't change the way I feel about you." I promise.

It took me a long time to ever hear that from a crush but it happened. It was the moment I fell for David. He was the first guy to ever say something like that to me.

He even researched my disability after I told him so that he could help me if I ever needed it.

There's someone out there like that for everyone, I believe. And it's definitely not whoever said that douche statement.

Jewel • letter 526,850

You really are beautiful, but that shouldn't matter anyway. Love doesn't come from appearance. One day, a guy will fall head over heels for your personality, and your looks will just be a bonus. :)

anonymous lover • letter 527,055

So...I'm not pretty either, okay? Not by society's standards, anyway. And I'm not the typical girl that guys go after. But I have nice eyes and I have standards and I'm intelligent and opinionated and caring. And while I may never be the kind of "beautiful" that makes a roomful of people stop and stare. But nevertheless I've found that one person who looks me in the eyes every single day and tells me that he thinks I'm beautiful. I never thought I'd find someone like him. But anyway...you may not be conventionally "pretty" or "cute" or "hot" or "gorgeous", but you /are/, in fact, beautiful and sexy and desirable to someone. Now all you have to do is see it in yourself.

E • letter 527,015

Keep believing. It's okay.

I can't give you your chance, but it'll be there. You'll see in shining like the stars you mentioned above. You're not stupid. You're incredible. For all you know I'm the exact person you think of, maybe a part of them telling you to keep mentally holding on to me. Because there's that chance.

Now take that chance. For what you want, what you need, what you yearn for and what makes your heart grow wings and soar.

Hold on to hope.

Keep holding on.

Well, y'see, I've got my crush already. Can I donate a crush to someone else? Like when you pay for a stranger's coffee? Santa, can I do that?

E • letter 528,310

Hi Santa, I would ask you for Langston this Christmas, but I wouldn't want to put him through that and plus I really don't think he WANTS to be mine so- please just make him really happy.

anonymous lover • letter 528,310

Tell her beautiful she is and how you feel about her honestly, then gently grab her waist, pull her in, gently grab her chin tilt her head and enjoy the fireworks.

Girl • letter 530,036

I'm going to be honest. I won't sell you the goodies of love. The thing about love is people view it as good and mushy happiness stuff. But to be honest, you have to go through it to understand the meaning. And let me tell you something it's not going to be flowery all the time. Sometimes you have to pick yourself up and on a certain level you'll find that people (this includes you and me) are complicated. If

you find love one day, and if they make you happy, go for them but never forget to take care of your heart and yourself.

anonymous lover • letter 530,041

I want the other person to say something incredibly sweet that makes me look up at them and then for them to tuck my hair behind my ear, hold the back of my neck and lean in and kiss me. Somewhere starry or the beach or at sunset.

Dreamer • letter 530,036

If you don't tell, you're going to be in doubt. If you already told them and didn't receive a good answer, you'll regret. Let me tell you two something, no matter what you do it's not going to be the end of your journey.

anonymous lover • letter 530,463

To the person who wrote this, have I got a story for you. When I was a younger girl, my parents and I traveled by ferry boat across long island, there was a kid I met that day..I wish I could remember his name, but he decided to give me his precious marble, saying that it belonged to his grandmother, making me promise not to ever lose it. He also said, if he were ever to me when we were older, I would need to give him back the marble, for he wanted me to marry him someday..

Even though, to this day, I still don't know who he maybe, I still have that marble in my possession. =) so maybe I'll meet him, who knows?

wishful dreamer • letter 530,294

Being in love is the deepest feeling I have ever felt in my whole entire life. I recently realized that this feeling wasn't some little crush, or feeling of lust, etc. It was a deep connection with someone I have honestly always cared for, who I always have trusted my entire life, who in all respects feels comfortable and just right.. I'd risk my own life for them if they ever got hurt or were in serious trouble.. in all honesty. I'm not sure I could even begin to see my own life without them in it. That is what being in Love feels like, and let me tell you, it's the most powerful feeling I've felt, and for the first time ever too. I know I can't stop this process.

wishful dreamer • letter 530,374

Don't think about yourself like this. One day someone will want you, maybe there's someone right now who doesn't have the courage to tell you, maybe that person is close, maybe they're far away. No matter what, don't lose hope. You are beautiful, you are amazing and you are a spectacular individual. Your person will come, maybe soon or maybe later, but they will come. =) <3

anonymous lover • letter 530,534

My cousin just recently got married to the love of his life. Both of them met the tail end of their senior year of college. They were both each other's first kiss, first relationship, first "time", and now first (and i would love to believe that through the strength of their love only) spouse. So just hang on and wait for that special guy who will make it all worth it.

anonymous lover • letter 530,956

It sounds like your life is good from what you described. Being single up to this point in your life doesn't mean you will be single forever. I think love works better when you know who you are. Rather than two halves making a whole, it is two wholes making a larger thing. I know it sounds weird. Don't worry about asexuality and keep enjoying yourself :) best of luck!

Dear • letter 531,052

I know what you mean! It's such a weird thing. I like this guy in my English class and when I didn't have a crush on him i could look at him just fine but now i feel like every time i look at him he can see somehow that i like him. Humans are strange complex things eh?

Emily • letter 531,329

One day you will have someone who loves

you for you. You are beautiful no matter what anyone else thinks and you don't need a guy to confirm that. Be beautiful because you know you're beautiful. Why waste your time worrying about someone who doesn't show any interest in you. And if they do like you, they apparently don't have the balls to tell you because maybe they're afraid of what their friends will say. Well you don't need that kind of guy anyways. You need someone who isn't afraid to be with you. Someone who loves you and is proud to be with you. Don't rush it. Because if you rush it, you may end up with someone that you didn't need. Focus on yourself and what you need to do and the guy you've been waiting for will come to you. It may not be this month, or next month, or even this year, but being patient is somehow the key to everything.

anonymous girl • letter 531,466

Please, I may not even know who you are, but hear me out, if you know that, that certain person is the one for you and that they are wonderful for all the right reasons, Do not move on. Keep them in your heart, in your life forever and always..whatever you do. Even if circumstances aren't the way you pictured them, if you know you have feelings for them, care for them, and can see them in your life, then they are there for a good reason. I've sort of realized this recently, in my own life, and if I had a chance, and things weren't complicated, I would tell him, straight to his face.

Don't worry about being "popular", which by the way, stops mattering at all the day you graduate high school. Focus on being yourself, even if you think that you are a strange, awkward person. Everybody else thinks that they're weird and strange too- the trick is to embrace that. I found that once I made peace with who I was, I was more confident as a person.

Additionally, being introverted doesn't always mean shy. It usually means that you tend to "recharge" in solitude, whereas extroverts tend to recharge socially.

Mordoc The Destroyer • letter 531,630

You're enough, you're enough, you're enough. Promise me you will understand and believe me. You are enough and I freaking love you.

anonymous lover • letter 538,320

Eh, I disagree. You can fall out of love without hating someone. Sometimes people change and you just don't feel the same about them anymore. Love can fade. And that's okay sometimes.

anonymous lover • letter 530,233

We boys don't get butterflies, we get fireworks. We don't have you on our mind 24/7, but we do have you on our hearts. Often, yes we wait for you to go online, sometimes simply even just being online makes our heart skip a beat, even if we don't talk. Whenever you talk to us, our face forms that half-smile; it means we are happy but are trying our hardest to not show it, and fail at hiding it. We do miss you all the time; granted, we'd spend all our time with you if possible. We don't think of the smallest things you say, we think of every word you say, panicking at every single word, trying to define what it really means, to read between the lines. But wait there's more.

We would love you in a million ways. And once we start loving you there is no going back for us. No matter how hard we try we will always love a girl that has touched us. Us boys when in love will think of that girl first thing in the morning, and think of that girl last before we sleep at night. Whenever we see a couple, our thoughts immediately jump to that girl, and imagine that the couple was us. Every single detail about her is loved; the way she walks, talks, speaks. The sound of her voice. Her laughter. The sparkle in her eyes. Her shy smile. The way she dresses. That cute face she makes when she's asleep. And the way she says our name that our hearts just explode with mirth, a simple act that no-one else can replicate.

A boy in love with a girl is no simple thing, though ladies stereotype us guys as simple. A man in love is not simple. No. He will be unpredictable. He will be persistent, stubborn, and given the circumstances, if it means

carrying you from one side of the world to the other to win your heart, a man in love would. He will be a martyr, giving his all and asking for almost none. He will show you how to appreciate the beauty of the world in a thousand ways, and then he will tell you how much he appreciates your beauty in a million ways.

A man in love is no simple thing. When he loves, he loves with his entire being. To him, you are everything, his entire universe. Beginning and End.

anonymous lover • letter 567,950

Hey, you

You sound pretty distressed, so I'm going to offer my advice.

It sounds to me like you might've fallen in love with your best friend. Now, at the age of only 18, I only know so much. But, I must insist you tell them. I believe that if you feel something, then you should say it. If you take only one thing from my little rant, it should be this: Do not keep your emotions inside.

Express yourself.
Do something with your feelings.

I understand perfectly that you may value your friendship with this person, but which will be more painful: Not telling them for the rest of the feelings existence

or, finding out the truth?

Caleb • letter 654,471

Take a deep breath and say what you need to say. If you weren't nervous I'd say it's not the right time.

Only you can truly be a word weaver and work your magic. The only advice I have is let it come from the heart instead of some rehearsed thing. It's more memorable that way.

And be patient for his reply. Being shy is rough as heck, but when we shy people do talk it is well worth it.

Best of luck to you.

Georgina • letter 653,936

you do matter. there are so many people out there who love you - your family, friends, us on this website who read your letters and have started to think of you as a silent friend, those people who have caught glimpses of you out in town and have fallen in love with despite knowing they'll never see you again. i've never met you before, hell, i don't even know anything about you except for your pen name, but i think you're a beautiful person inside and out. i love your letters and it would be a shame to stop hearing from you love.

i so so so relate to what you are saying, but remember this - there will be times when you

mess up and there will be times when you feel like shit and times when you hate somebody with all your heart, but that does not make you any less of a person worthy of all the love in the world. you're alive and you have feelings and you can't help them so embrace them and remember that there are always storms in life, but a rainbow always comes after (cheesy, i know, but oh so true). just look forward to the good times that are ahead no matter how much you don't believe things will get better. look forward to the day that you'll wake up next to the love of your life, and you'll kiss them with sleepy morning kisses and you will think, "oh, god, i am so in love with this person."

last week i almost hurt myself over him. this week i'm going over to his house to marathon lord of the rings with him and we're going to spoon all night. things got better.

so just remember that. i'm rambling and not making a lot of sense, but it's true - things will get better. much love and hugs, corleone. i'm here for you. xoxox

r.j. • letter 653,635

okay, my heart stopped because this is actually literally my exact story as well. i think about this ALL THE TIME.

i'm a bit childish, so i watch pretty much only children's movies. my boyfriend, he always claims he wants to marry me, and that he'll never love anyone else. i claim that's bullshit,

and that i won't blame him if we break up, because odds are, we will. the odds are completely against us. sophomores in high school currently, marrying our high school sweethearts in the future? i think, even if it does work out, what if we end up being one of those entirely fake married couples pretending to live a fairytale? i don't want that.

but sometimes when i start to think negatively, i watch the movie Up. with the balloons and the house and the talking dog. and carl and ellie.

and i watch how those two were children, they dated, and got married, grew old, and loved each other. he still loved her. even after she died. their love never faltered. it was a Disney movie, so obviously they're not going to show the fights they may have had, but they showed some downs (ellie not being able to bear children). even so? they stayed together. for a lifetime.

it's really easy to believe there's only two options here, but you just have to think about your relationship in the present moment. right now, you both love each other. right now, you both have each other. that's good enough. i used to think the phrase "if it's meant to be, it will be" was completely cliché, but one of my friends parents were high school sweethearts, broke up during college, but ended up back together, got married, had two kids.

believe in your relationship now. that's all that matters. that way you can build a foundation for your possible future. and continue to love

him with this obvious passion you possess,
because it's super sweet and endearing.
sorry this was extremely long. i just think
about this constantly.

sincerely,
another sophomore who has been dating a boy
since freshman homecoming
(i wish you both all the happiness. <3)

eve • letter 652,124

Surround yourself with people who love you. When you need to talk about it, choose a handful of friends to vent to at different times (so that you don't feel like a burden to any one of them). Write yourself notes on your phone or even on paper to remind yourself of why it didn't work, or why he/she isn't actually worth your time, etc. Read these notes when you inevitably start daydreaming/remiscing about this person. It'll give you a reality check. Also, distance yourself from this person as much as possible. Some people try to keep being friends, but I recommend against that. The thing that helped me most was when I stopped caring whether he even acknowledged me or whether he was thinking about me. It's very freeing. Other than that, eventually you'll just wake up one day and realize you haven't thought of that person in weeks. And that is glorious. It sucks now, but you'll get there, I promise.

anonymous lover • letter 650,829

I don't know if it will get better. But I do know this:

I wrote a letter on here. A heart wrenching letter. And you commented on it. And you offered kind words and encouragement. You're a stranger, but it meant so much to me. That someone who didn't even know me would take the time to help me.

So. I don't know if it will get better. But I do know that you are a good person. And I know that you are worth it. You will make it better. Because you're you.

Much love to your heart.

Paying it forward • letter 654,972

Post script

This book is only possible through the support of the letters to crushes community. The letters and comments here are words that were shared by our friends in confidence; we only republish them with their consent and the hope that their experiences will help you with yours.

We would like to invite everyone to participate in our community, both by submitting letters and comments, but also by moderating and editing the book that you just read. We see this as an evolving project and welcome all to help.

Thank you to the editors of the book who contributed to the drafts: Zaaqirah Chubb, Ayesha Chubb, Georgina and Sethie.

A heartfelt, special thank you to the moderators that have help keep our front page updated and our community clean and free from trolls: Georgina, Blue, Sethie, Thread, Charles, Button, JustMe, Morloc the Destroyer, Tess Walsh, Sarah, and many others who have hearted letters and wrote comments. Much love.

letters to crushes was established November 2008 and we hope to continue to exist as long as possible. Thank you to all those that support our efforts.