

Our First Date

Dear Reader,

I think I'm starting to fall in love with you. I just thought I should let you know because, after all, this is our first date and I want to be honest with you. Always. I don't think it's too soon for me to be telling you this. My last relationship was with a girl named Anna, and she was a liar. But I don't want to talk about her. This date is just about us. You look really beautiful right now. Your eyes are so mesmerizing. The way you scan each line of this letter with such wonder and curiosity- I've never met someone so interested in my life before. It's making me feel excited. Anna never took enough interest in me. I had to beg her to come home with me the day we met. I promised her a world of sweet things if she would just get in the car with me. She finally agreed to get in when I promised her an ice cream date. Can you imagine that? Ice cream is what finally sold her! When we lived together, all she talked about was herself. *Her* dreams of going back to school. *Her* desire to spend more time with friends. *Her* plans to go on vacations. It was as if she didn't want to be with me anymore. WAS I NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU ANNA? I DEVOTED EVERY WAKING HOUR TO YOU. BUT YOU WERE SO UNAPPRECIATIVE OF MY COMPANY. I'm sorry. I guess I got a little carried away. Anyway, you. You are spectacular. You and I have an unconventional type of love, long distance some may call it. But I appreciate you because you make time for me. Do me a favor, would you? Could you kiss the page you're reading this letter on? Yes, yes, just like that. And rub your finger along the side of it? Perfect, Reader. You've given me the chills. It's almost like the two of us are together in person. Reader, I really hope you can visit me one day. I'd appreciate all the companionship I can get. It gets really lonely here. I'm actually living in a new home. I moved from my old one as soon as Anna was gone; the house reminded me so much of her. My new home is small, gray, and private. There isn't very much natural light because there aren't very many windows. I actually live in a gated community! Anna would have hated it. She radiated sunshine, openness, and purity. Those qualities made it so easy to love her. And easy to trust her, or so I thought. Trust is very important in a relationship, Reader. For example, I trust that you won't read other mens' letters now that we're dating. And you can trust that I will never lie to you. Sometimes there are consequences when a person cannot trust his or her significant other... Or their significant other. Sorry, reader I was almost not inclusive of nonbinary individuals.

Anyway, Anna lost my trust.

Anna and I always talked about how much we love to drink hot chocolate. I was really looking forward to drinking it with her on the porch one overcast Wednesday afternoon, and I thought she was looking forward also. That was until I spotted her pouring a bit of drain cleaner into my mug. I asked her what was in the hot cocoa.

"Chocolate powder and milk, you silly goose!" she giggled.

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Marshmallows!"

I felt betrayed. I'm going to be honest with you, Reader. I switched my mug with Anna's when she wasn't looking. I simply had to. She died only a few days after I met her. Our relationship was very short lived. What a shame.

I wish she had never lied to me or tried to murder me, though... Because being the truthful guy that I am, I had to turn myself in to the police for committing child abduction, aggravated sexual assault, and homicide.

Anyway, Reader, I've really enjoyed this date. I love you now more than ever before. In my next letter I'll tell you about the lovely times we'll have together one day eating chocolate cake or something sweet like that. Until then, Reader....

Yours truly,

Oh, I haven't thought about what I want my creepy serial killer name to be yet. Maybe I'll go by the Illicit Ice Cream Man Murderer... or the Hot Cocoa Chokehold... or The Devious Drain Cleaner Killer—I'm sorry, am I being dishonest with you about my real name? My real name is Phil; I just wanted to clarify that. I just don't find Phil all that interesting. I would prefer to go by the Devious Drain Cleaner Killer.

Yours truly,

The Devious Drain Cleaner Killer. But just to be transparent, my birth name *is* Phil.