SENDER: FUTURE B_

Dear Past B,
Who'd ever have thought that one day I'd be writing you a letter without the threat of getting a bad grade in school? Maybe people really do change. Or at least they grow up. Putting stuff down on paper helps get your thoughts straight. Or that's what D suggested at least. Not only did that nerd get a career in academia, apparently scholars have a secret well of confidence. Now it's D who invites me to parties. Kind of. How the tables turn! Everyone called it a vernissage and E was the one who wanted to go, but I acted like a good plusone; though culture really isn't my scene. Yes, the two of us have come a long way since that first ce cream date. We've been going steady ever since. And who knows, maybe in the future
Of course, the band is still together as well. I work out and play a match with C every week. We won the town championship two years in a row, but this season didn't really start off with the right foot. It's not so much for the losses, but something feels different in the locker room. It's been an emotional roller-coaster ever since the car crash. I still remember all the calls I got from the emergency room. Now C is trying to cope with a dead mother and a wheelchair-bound father. One evening my friend is the soul of the party, and the next it's a rush home as soon as the game's over. But recently it's just been worse and worse. C keeps getting into hights and I don't know what to do.
A hasn't been of any help either. I guess being the baby of the household doesn't make you very responsible. I always enjoyed seeing them bicker before, but now C becomes more of a shut-in every time the idiot starts rambling about going off on an adventure. We all know A'd never walk off on family like that, leaving C to take care of their father alone, so why keep saying you just want to leave? Is it an attempt to get C to react? I remember that time when A got us to keep C busy, to pack all of their clothes and ship them off to a hotel. A crazy bid to send C on vacation. They're both insane.
Well, in good times and bad we're all still here. I feel lucky. For E, for my friends, for my ob at the pub. It may not be much, but I like it and I'm good at it. It's not like we ever dreamed of being an astronaut, right? What matters is to hold on onto the important things. I know it's what you did best, and I want to live up to you. When I make a promise, I keep it. Finding your letter made me feel obligated to answer, and I'm glad I did. If by any wild chance you're reading this, take it as a confession. You'll get lots of experience listening to those at the pub.

07 FUORI TEMPO TIME OUT