

My dear,

do you remember last summer when you and myself went on a road trip in Finland? You were driving and I was playing music and giving directions. At some point the car didn't work anymore and we found ourselves lost in the middle of nowhere. While you were on the road near the car trying to let it work I had a walk to that small abandoned house. There I found this photograph hang on the door. I want it to have there with you because I feel guilty for what happened to you next. I said some lies to you about my friends because I can't forgive your nature, but I sort of love you.

*Liz*

