

Dear Noel:

I can't believe this is our second Valentine's Day together. And that it's been an entire year since you were roofied with a pot cookie, you thought Pinky the stripper swallowed your engagement ring, and you agreed to marry me...for the second time. Just so you know, my cupid still has a heart-on-for you.

Sorry, that was corny. I realized it as soon as I typed it.

I love you even if your family is certifiable. I love that we get to spend Valentine's Day together for the rest of our lives, along with every other holiday. Even though our first Christmas together included your Aunt Bobbie getting high on Ecstasy and thinking she saw a squirrel in a sweater, and your dad constantly referring to your virtue as eggnog that I was trying to spoil. And even though our first Fourth of July together ended with my dick almost being burnt off and your wedding dress going up in flames.

At least we haven't managed to fuck up Easter or Halloween!

Shit. I probably just jinxed us, didn't I? We should probably leave the country before The Easter Bunny is Coming...

XO

Sam