

~~My Dearest Ariel~~

~~Dear Ariel~~

~~To the love of my life~~

Hey there, sweet tits:

Okay, so, I know we agreed we wouldn't celebrate Valentine's Day because it's a dumb holiday where you're forced to prove your love by spending a shit ton of money on ridiculous things like chocolates that taste like asshole in a heart-shaped box, red and pink flowers that will die in a day, giant stuffed teddy bears holding a heart that will be thrown in a closet and never looked at again, expensive lingerie that will be on your body long enough for you to realize that lingerie is bullshit and constricting and itchy, and a helium tank to fill the 250 red and pink heart-shaped balloons to cover the entire ceiling that will sink to the floor an hour after you finish filling all of them.

I know, okay. I KNOW. I know we agreed it's a ridiculous holiday and we should prove our love to each other every day, instead of just one day a year and all that bullshit. I fully planned on just pretending like this was any other day, and I even practiced shouting "FUCK THE MAN!" in the mirror like you told me, although I still don't understand what that has to do with Valentine's Day, but whatever. And then I made the mistake of answering my phone when Belle called. You remember Belle, right? Your best friend who likes to spout a bunch of useless facts all the fucking time. Did you know that according to a study performed by Stanford University in 2018, 80% of the people questioned who didn't celebrate Valentine's Day the prior year, are no longer in a relationship? EIGHTY FUCKING PERCENT, ARIEL. Eight out of ten people shouted "FUCK THE MAN" in 2018, and now they're alone. Single. Without a mate. Crying while they masturbate by themselves with Celine Dion's *All by Myself* playing on repeat. I don't want to cry and masturbate alone listening to Celine Dion next year, Ariel. I did that on Valentine's Day in 2009, 2012, and one really weird Halloween in 2014.

So, this is me taking a stand. We're celebrating Valentine's Day, goddammit. Please enjoy the box of chocolates next to this note. The fucking box didn't come with one of those cool charts that tell you what each chocolate is filled with, and I know how much you hate chocolate and fruit mixed together, so I took a bite out of all of them to save you from throwing up in your mouth. Each one tasted worse than the last and I'm pretty sure I might be allergic to coconut because after I ate that one, I got a strange rash on my neck that won't stop itching. YOU'RE WELCOME.

As you can see, there are approximately six dozen red and pink roses behind you in the living room, and it turns out, I might also be allergic to roses. By the time I got home from the florist, my eyes were almost swollen shut, which is why five out of the six dozen roses are not in vases, and just tossed on the floor in the middle of the room. I apologize if they look like they've been jumped up and down on repeatedly. They look like that because I FUCKING JUMPED UP

AND DOWN ON THEM REPEATEDLY UNTIL THEY APOLOGIZED FOR WHAT THEY DID. Not only did those mother fuckers make my nose run like Niagara Falls, the thorns tried to kill me. Also, we're out of Band-Aids. And medical tape. And gauze. Please ignore the trail of blood on the carpet from the living room to the bathroom.

If you look in the bathtub, you'll find the five-foot-tall stuffed teddy bear holding a heart. I would have thrown him in the hall closet just to save you the trouble, but I dropped him in the water walking down the dock to our yacht, and it's gonna be a while before he's fully dry. Going by his size and the fact that he now weighs roughly 175 pounds after being submerged in the ocean, he should be dry in seven to ten years.

I'm starting to feel a little woozy after all the Benadryl I took and the blood loss and shit, so let me just wrap this up. I spent entirely too much money on a crocheted thong that was supposed to make my dick look like an ice cream cone and let's just say, I have chaffing where no man should ever have chaffing. Ignore the 250 unfilled, pink and red heart-shaped balloons tossed all over the fucking place, and the empty helium tank in the dining room. Feel free to go to my Instagram stories to watch approximately three hours of me singing show tunes in a high-pitched munchkin voice. *The Music of the Night* from *The Phantom of the Opera* might be my best work yet.

Also, pay no attention to the sounds of *All by Myself* playing on repeat in our bedroom. Move along. Nothing to see here. Instead, please enjoy the heart-felt card Derrick Alfredo made you for this bullshit holiday. I'm enclosing a picture of Derrick posing next to the card. If you would be so kind as to check on me in about an hour and make sure the scratch he gave me across my face when I made him pose for this picture isn't infected, that would be great.

Happy Valentine's Day. MUCK THE FAN!

TUCK THE VAN!

SHUCK THE BAN!

Wow. Benadryl is pretty.

xo,

Eric