



Dear Holly,

I don't have much \_\_\_\_\_. I don't mean literally; I mean you're out buying \_\_\_\_\_ and you'll be home soon. But I have a feeling this is the last letter, because there is only one thing left to tell you. It isn't to go down memory lane or make you buy a lamp; you can take care of yourself without any \_\_\_\_\_ from me. It's to tell you how much you move me, how you \_\_\_\_\_ me. You made me a man, by loving me, Holly. And for that, I am eternally grateful... \_\_\_\_\_. If

you can promise me anything, promise me that \_\_\_\_\_ you're sad, or unsure, or you lose complete faith, that you'll try to see yourself through my \_\_\_\_\_. Thank you for the honor of being my \_\_\_\_\_. I'm a man with no regrets. How lucky am I. You made my life, Holly. But I'm just one chapter in yours. There'll be more. I \_\_\_\_\_. So here it comes, the big one. Don't be afraid to fall in love \_\_\_\_\_. Watch out for that signal, when life as you know it ends.

P.S. I will always love you.