

Lindenwood University

Digital Commons@Lindenwood University

---

Theses

Theses & Dissertations

---

2007

## See You Soon: An E-Memoir

Leigh C. Kolb

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/theses>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

**SEE YOU SOON**

**AN E-MEMOIR**

Leigh C. Kolb, B.A.

An Abstract Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of  
Lindenwood College in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the  
Degree of Master of Fine Arts in Writing

## ABSTRACT

This thesis is a creative nonfiction piece, which uses e-mails between two people to create its text. It is in an epistolary style, which historically is a style in which letters, diary entries or newspaper clippings are used to construct a story. Epistolary (which comes from the word “epistle,” or letter) novels often are used to show a developing relationship between people, which is precisely what the preceding piece, *See You Soon*, aims to do.

The following document is constructed out of thousands of e-mails between the author and her now-husband. The e-mails were weeded through and woven together to create a singular piece, which ebbs and flows throughout almost two years of the characters’ lives.

At the onset of the recorded online communication, the couple is in a long-distance relationship, after only dating for a few weeks. The piece ends with the letters written by each character to the other on their wedding day. The e-mails that bridge that great divide also bridge being on different continents, different careers, living situations, and emotional states of being.

The author of the piece worked for months gleaning the most pertinent and poignant information from thousands of e-mails from four different e-mail servers, in an attempt to create an epistolary story that not only dealt with

romance, but the growing pains that come with graduating college and entering the real world.

As a result, this novella is a close look into the lives and minds of a young man and a young woman attempting to find their way in life and with one another. The following pages offer those candid inner-workings of a growing relationship through the medium of e-mail, which is unique in its immediate and constant communication between the two writers. This is a love story between two writers, and a glance between the lines of a young relationship.



**SEE YOU SOON**

**AN E-MEMOIR**

Leigh C. Kolb, B.A.

A Culminating Project Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School  
of Lindenwood College in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the  
Degree of Master of Fine Arts in Writing

**COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF CANDIDACY**

Professor Michael Castro,  
Chairperson and Adviser

Assistant Professor Eve Jones

## Table of Contents

I Introduction .....	iii
II <i>See You Soon</i> .....	1

## INTRODUCTION

Before I'd even begun preschool, one of my most treasured possessions was Richard Scarry's *Best Word Book Ever*. I went to kindergarten prepared to read anything that I could get my hands on, and chapter books became my passion—I didn't need glossy pages or pictures, I just needed words and that delicious, musty smell of book binding.

Words never have failed me, ever since I became acclimated to Scarry's cartoon world of animals that shaped letters together and opened up a new world to me. While I am proud of the many essays and short stories that I have written in my academic life, I believe the most important sentences and phrases that I pieced together are contained in numerous shoeboxes in my childhood closet—years and years of memories and relationships recorded in tiny, folded-up notes.

As I got older, and technology more advanced, those notes were replaced with e-mails, which provided the parties involved with an instantaneous satisfaction of knowing his words were being read and responded to almost immediately. E-mails bridged the gap between the distance separating my summer-camp love and me at age 14 and eventually kept my lifelong best friend and I in touch when our different college choices separated us.

*See You Soon*, the culminating project for my Master's of Fine Arts in Writing, is a compilation of words between two people—perhaps not the most beautiful prose ever written, but among the most important to the lives involved. Andy, a friend I had met when just 15, re-entered my life when I moved home after graduating college. We worked together, he in a warehouse office as the tech guy, and I on the warehouse floor as a worker (my best friend and I were temp workers that summer, because as much as I enjoyed obtaining my English degree, it proved to be a bit unfruitful in the “real” world). One day Andy—the aforementioned old friend—and I were stacking boxes together, and we got talking about literature. We were discussing a story we'd remembered reading, and together realized it was from J.D. Salinger's *Nine Stories*, a favorite of both of ours. There was a strange moment at the crux of that conversation, when there was a tinge of something new starting, some alien emotion that had never crossed our paths—or our minds—before. Looking back, we both recognize that discussion as the one that awakened our feelings for one another—words had directed my life once again. Words continued to direct our relationship, as we leapt over the speed bumps of my emotional baggage (that I had no problem emptying in front of him, every step of the way), and his closed-off nature, which hadn't been tapped into for a long time. When I moved away at the end of the summer to begin exploring grad school and the working world, we decided to continue our relationship and see what would happen. For the first

time in my entire life, I had to let go of my plans and drawn-out ideas for what the future would hold.

We kept in touch via e-mail, constantly, updating one another on the daily goings-on in our lives and developing swirls of our unsure emotions. Writing was a good catharsis and catalyst for our relationship, which continued to grow as our inboxes expanded.

Many of our e-mail conversations were about books and stories, most that he'd loaned to me, since I was coming out to breathe from many years under a sea of required academic reading. The most important of these readings (in relation to the relationship and to *See You Soon*) was *Kiss Me Judas*, by Will Christopher Baer. As the piece opens, our discussion revolves around this novel; looking back at the electronic conversation is quite amazing, as it is a nonfictional foreshadowing of what is to come in our lives, and in the work itself.

As aforementioned, most of my reading in my upper teens and early twenties revolved around academic assignments. Senior year of high school I took AP English, which set me in my path of writing and reading—I'd found something that I loved, and came naturally to me. I always enjoyed writing, in elementary school I would delight in writing poems and stories, and that was the talent for which I was given the most attention. I grew older, however, and adolescent social trials and tribulations won me over. While it may be easy to regret that time—that time of living instead of studying, talking on the phone instead of writing—I cannot, because it shaped who I am



now. I still wrote, I still loved to read, but those things fell to the back burner, as I explored more earthly pursuits.

Senior year, however, I was reawakened, thanks to a challenging and inspiring teacher and a hearty reading list. *Native Son* captured me, (so much I eventually wrote my undergraduate honors thesis on “Naturalism and Existentialism in *Native Son*”) and I clung to *Wuthering Heights* as the real love story as my girlfriends said the same about *Pride and Prejudice*. The five-paragraph essay became a good friend; in-class writing assignments, when I could write quickly and impress my teacher with my accuracy, were a favorite activity. I’d found my calling. Although I had no clue what I was going to do with that English degree I knew I’d seek, I didn’t really care at that point. I had decided at a young age that I was going to be a writer, dancer, environmentalist, lawyer and mom, and I think that’s where my career plans stuck until I graduated college.

In college, I continued as I had in the past... I knew what I enjoyed and excelled in, and did well in my classes... but my life—my long-distance relationships, summers full of fun part-time jobs and parties, transferring colleges—took over. Perhaps that is why my writing genre of choice is creative nonfiction; because while I was studying the craft of writing by day, what I was really unintentionally studying was life itself—what happens outside of the pages before anything can really be written.

I had to explore after I obtained my undergraduate degree (see above career plans). I worked at a women’s drug and alcohol rehab center as a

counselor's assistant, and I realized that I couldn't, at that point, go into social work or counseling, as it affected me more than it should have—I wasn't good at separating myself from the women's tumultuous lives, and the lives of their children. I continued searching... moved home to be nearer to Andy, traveled in Europe (doing volunteer work for part of the time), got a job proofreading at a newspaper, bought a house... those last two were a crash course in what to expect from the real world.

As a proofreader, I learned that I loved to edit, I loved seeking out improper grammar. I also learned that I couldn't survive on the paltry salary, and that being a young woman with a strong mind was a huge problem in the small-town newspaper world, dominated fully by the good old boys' club. I finally got a cushy job at a corporation, where I was basically an overpaid secretary who wrote the company newsletter. I should have been OK with that job, and on one hand, I was, but out of nowhere was offered a newspaper editor position I'd applied for over a year earlier (a very tiny small-town publication, I'd basically be doing everything as editor). The draw of being able to be creative, interactive, and to write for a living attracted me, and I took the pay cut and the risk involved with small-town journalism. During this period of transition, I began taking classes toward my MFA in Writing at Lindenwood University—I knew that a master's degree had to be in my future, especially since at some point in my self/career search, I realized I wanted to someday be a college writing instructor (it juxtaposed my love of writing, working with people and teaching).



During my time as editor, I had a weekly column on the editorial page, which was unquestionably the readers' favorite part of the newspaper. My news stories always sounded a bit flowery and conversational, I refused to bend and make my writing dry and boring with only a select few clichés to be used to spice things up. However, throughout this process, I found that journalism might not be my strongest talent—I didn't enjoy ruffling feathers in the community or investigating problems, I enjoyed being friends with people more. I also had to deal with a boss who told me during my time there that all Muslims are terrorists, women's lib was a bad thing and global warming didn't exist. My speech, as could go without saying, was not free. My columns—which people enjoyed because of my candid openness and ability to talk about everything from my messy house to politics to being a dog-mommy, while still touching a chord with everyone—became more and more censored, and my spirit (both for my love of writing and the figurative sense of the word) withered.

Now, as I prepare this culminating project, I have landed on my feet (momentarily, at least), as an adjunct college English and journalism instructor, as well as a freelance writer and editor. It's been a long short journey—a great deal of wear and tear on my emotions and self-confidence in only a few short years, and a great deal of self-discovery—but still I've landed where I wanted (disclaimer: for now).

Much of this journey was recorded in the e-mails between Andy and me, as he was my sounding board throughout the entire process. Most of the

above jobs, trials and tribulations spanned the time of the beginning of our dating to our marriage—which is exactly what *See You Soon* covers, those 21 months after college that completely transformed my life.

My generation, “Generation Me,” as it has been tagged, is consumed with itself in many ways. We desire—and get—immediate satisfaction in most areas, from downloading music, to sex, to communicating via e-mail, text messaging, etc. We love ourselves... all it takes is a quick visit to sites such as MySpace to see a sea of young people flaunting themselves, either their beauty or intellects, to whomever wants to look.

I’ve always believed that one of the reasons we love instant messaging and e-mailing so much (as well as all Internet communication), is that we can be our best selves. In the e-mails between Andy and me in the pages that follow, we are being our best selves. I may have sent a couple of candid, messy e-mails after a night out drinking with friends, but my disheveled hair and makeup were invisible to him. I could roll out of bed and have that immediate gratification of having an e-mail waiting from the young man with whom I was falling in love... and I could write back right away, saying cute funny things, flirting before brushing my teeth.

When I began thinking about my master’s project, it didn’t take long to wonder if it would be interesting to develop an epistolary style novel using e-mails, real e-mails, between Andy and me from the beginning of our relationship on. I remembered our early conversations, with an overtone of nervousness and newness—as compared with our e-mails back and forth at

this point, which usually consist of short, choppy inside jokes and complete full-disclosure. Secretive nerves have given way to open comfort, guardedness to trust. It fascinated me how quickly and extremely a relationship can grow and develop, and how ours grew in a way in which I could record it... whether or not it would be the least bit interesting to other people was something I couldn't predict. So I went to my adviser, expecting a lost, bewildered look of "what a boring project idea." That didn't happen, however, so I set out to sift through thousands of e-mails, all spread between a few different e-mail providers, trying to make sense of it all—as a manuscript and a relationship.

I did—slowly but surely—and it shaped itself to bridge the span between dating and the day we got married (breaking form only once, to include the letters we wrote to one another on our wedding day). It has been an interesting project to shape and mold, especially since half of the writing, half of the thoughts and feelings, were not my own. I had to not only stay true to myself and the words I had written, but also to Andy's. That was a challenging limitation, as I found that times I needed to paraphrase a few choppy e-mails together, I had to crawl inside his head to get "there"--where the words once were.

We continued e-mailing back and forth, constantly, throughout my time at the newspaper. When I began teaching, he also began a new job at which Internet access wasn't immediate and constant. It's strange to not communicate with him constantly. That made me realize--that completely



alien feeling of not knowing what he did all day, nor did he know what I did-- how much of an electronic world we live in. The mystery of the everyday, whether good or bad, is gone. We know one another so well now... I can peruse my students' Facebook pages, and they mine; couples who meet online probably know more about one another's lives after a few weeks than many longtime married couples do. It's that quick, self-absorbed full-disclosure that my generation has created and perfected--that ability to know ourselves, change ourselves, and display it for the entire world to see.

I've always been an open book about my life, which naturally made creative nonfiction my strongest genre. Fiction, for me, is like pulling teeth... I need reality, I need the truth. I hope to someday break out of that shell, but for now, I'll just open my journals and old e-mails and go from there.

*Leigh Kellmann & Andy Kolb*

*Wedding Date: May 6, 2006*

*How they met: They met roughly eight years ago when Leigh was entering her freshman year at Union High School. She was in marching band, and Andy was a band groupie. Seriously. But Leigh started dating a senior (much to the dismay of her parents), and Andy was in the social group she began running around with. They became close, and for the next two years, were great friends. He graduated, went to school, and they lost touch, except for the random "hello" over IM. After Leigh graduated college, she, with her English degree, went to work with her best friend at a factory for the summer. (Aforesaid factory being one affiliated with Andy's.) Megan and Leigh ran*

*into Andy and some of his co-workers one evening (before the girls started their summer job), and he promised to request that they move into his warehouse as opposed to the part of the factory they were going. After a few days, he did, and Leigh and Megan went to work where he was. Andy and Leigh began hanging out constantly, and quickly became best friends. After a couple months of this, they both realized that they might feel a little different about one another, and one night...July 22, 2004....they kissed. And here they are! Leigh went to Mizzou for the fall to take some graduate courses and work in a rehab center, Andy had thought about moving away (but got promoted instead), and then Leigh moved home in December. In February, Andy and Leigh spent two weeks hopping around in Europe. They had planned this while still friends, but they couldn't have been better travel partners—two weeks in strange countries, with no plans or reservations, with not a whisper of bickering. Leigh had spent two weeks in Romania before meeting Andy in Germany, and they think that somewhere during those days of Leigh being away and traveling together that they realized they were much happier and content together than anything else. So, this story has been eight years in the making... it's amazing to think about the random events in our lives, strange decisions and turns that we made...and it all led us here, to one another. And we couldn't be more thankful.*

*When we got engaged: September 13, 2005... They had designed the ring together, so Leigh knew that it was coming. On Tuesday evening, they were sitting watching "The Daily Show" and out of nowhere Andy turned off the*

*TV and came over to the couch where Leigh was sitting. He kneeled in front of her, talked to her for a bit, and then asked the question... she laughed/cried "yes" and he slipped the ring on her finger.*

*About the big day: The ceremony will be at the historic Busch Brewery in Washington, and the reception will be at Röbbler Winery in New Haven.*

The preceding paragraphs were announced to family and friends via a wedding-planning Web site (yet another example of technology stepping into our lives and making communication more personal and less personal at the same time).

The format of *See You Soon* is simple, just e-mails (including the date and heading) in their full text. It is single-spaced, since there is so much white space without adding more. There are natural breaks that occur because of various jobs that weren't computer-accessible. In keeping with the integrity of the nonfiction of the piece, the gaps in time were left without fictionalizing.

Most of us cannot imagine a life without e-mail, without that immediate outlet to communicate across time zones and oceans, or just across the hallway. I cannot imagine it, especially since the most important relationship in my life is one that has grown with communication over e-mail, which relies solely on words... as we all can rely on words to carry us into different worlds, or simply further into our own selves. I have always been able to rely on their consistency and reliability to carry and guide me through life.

**SEE YOU SOON**



From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Have a safe drive home...  
Date: Sun, 29 Aug 2004

I might kind of miss you already.  
~ Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Have a safe drive home...  
Date: Sun, 29 Aug 2004

That feeling is mutual. I had a wonderful weekend...  
In re: our earlier conversation before I left your apartment, yes, I do believe we're on the same page. I realized a few weeks ago that, regardless of the fact that I'm still in my hometown, living with my parents after college, and in a job that I don't really like, I haven't felt this good in a long, long time. Not just about us, but in general. Before you showed back up, I felt like my mind and body were shutting down and I was never really happy about anything. This summer has been a transition from feeling like hell to general happiness, and as you've been the only added variable, you are clearly the reason for this. (And I know your neurotic instincts might try to tell you that my stupid promotion at work has something to do with it, but I refuse to tie my work life with my real life. I'm a firm believer that once those two things become one-- unless you truly love what you do --you might as well be dead.)  
At the moment, I'm all giddy about some Will Christopher Baer stuff online, so I'll talk to you soon, dear. Have you been reading the books I gave you?  
- Andy

P.S. Four months from now, we'll be in Europe together. Wow.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Reading, and analyzing  
Date: Mon, 30 Aug 2004

Happy Monday (said with sarcasm)...  
Have you figured out what Baer's title of "Kiss Me, Judas" means? All throughout KMJ, Phineas and Jude fuck like two dozen times, but when he tries to kiss her, she always pulls away. He also mentions many times that he is sure that Jude is going to kill him in his sleep. She is going to betray him. Jude/Judas. Simple.  
But here's what I meant... the actual story, Phineas's wandering and tracking,



searching for Jude in order to get his kidney back. It's a metaphor for every human's search for something to make them whole, fill what is missing. We are all constantly searching for something—love or happiness or a meaning in life or whatever—in order to feel complete, and Baer uses a kidney as a physical representation of this abstract. We spent our whole lives searching and tracking, thinking that maybe it's just around the corner, but we can never catch up to it. Depressing, maybe, but I think Baer also makes it clear that even if Phineas was able to find his kidney and be put back together, it wouldn't have fixed anything at all.

But that's just me. I could be wrong. Maybe it's a terrible tragedy.

As for now, I must pee. Talk to ya later.

- Andy

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: Re: Reading, and analyzing

Date: Mon, 30 Aug 2004

Ugh. Mondays are long. Go straight from a three-hour class (great professor, annoying people) to work all evening. and our office is always stuffy and hot. You couldn't be more right about the story, I totally agree. It is kind of depressing, but look at it this way—he never obtained what he was searching for, true, but he had all he ever really needed the whole time. Not just to meagerly get by, but to survive normally. that extra kidney was simply a perk! He made comments about not necessarily even wanting it to be put back in, I think he just wanted to have it in his possession. We're never content, we don't let ourselves be content even when we have the resources to do so. So yeah, I agree with you.

It's all really about monopoly capitalism.

~Leigh

P.S. I've been perusing Eurail tickets online, and I've begun mapping out what might be our route. Wow indeed.

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: Dreaming

Date: Wed, 01 Sep 2004

Good morning!

I had some royally fucked up dreams last night.

Seriously. We're talking Richard Simmons and a killer goose.

I hope your day is marvelous—just think, mere hours until you get to see me!

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Dreaming  
Date: Wed, 01 Sep 2004

I wish you could videotape your dreams. The sound like an acid trip.  
Not too much to say over here. Pretty dull day, so far.  
- Andy.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: 'Allo, mate  
Date: Thurs, 02 Sep 2004

Ugh. I just critiqued three essays for my writing class. The last one was really good, but the first one...good god. This is the older guy in the class (the Midwesterner who develops a mysterious British accent when he reads aloud). He fucking puts quotations around like, every third word. I hate that so so so much. It makes me "want" to kill someone.

OK. Now off to my social work textbook (I tend to actually do assigned reading for say, two weeks).

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: 'Allo, mate  
Date: Thurs, 02 Sep 2004

That quote guy sounds fucking annoying.  
Good luck with the homework.  
-Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Soon...  
Date: Thurs, 02 Sep 2004

And I'm off for my day.  
I hope yours is excellent, or not shitty at least.  
I'm greatly looking forward to tomorrow...  
If you are so moved to, write me or whatever later on.  
~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Soon...  
Date: Thurs, 02 Sep 2004

I'm in my room, listening to my new collection of Jeff Buckley albums, enough to choke a horse, and you never told me, do you like that CD? And I hate my fucking family, they grate my nerves, but it's my parents' anniversary and they'll all be out to dinner soon, so I won't have to listen to them for a while. My mom said she'd talk to Penny, their real estate agent, to see if she knows of any available one-room places for me. So, hopefully, I could be moving soon.

I'll give you a second to absorb how wonderful that will be...

What a fucking shame that this man is dead...

Hope the rest of your night goes well. You'll be off in no time. And in less than 24 hours, I can kiss you again, and all will be right.

- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: ugh  
Date: Thurs, 09 Sep 2004

sooo  
iam drunk  
i like you  
whoooo drunk  
i can't wait to \see you  
still gonna come here? no. that would be bulshit .  
i'm a lady.  
mmmmm  
leigh

From: Andrew Kolb  
To: Leigh Kellmann  
Subject: Drunk much?  
Date: Fri, 10 Sep 2004

Wow. What a lovely email. I take it you had fun last night...

See you soon,

-Andy



From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Drunk much?  
Date: Fri, 10 Sep 2004

Yeah, sorry about that. At least you don't have a cell phone! Last night was pretty fun, Harpo's quarter draws always gets me a little drunk (I can't pass up a good bargain, you know). And the comedians at Deja Vu were really funny. Ready for the drive to come see me? I got my meeting rescheduled for tomorrow, so I'm free to sleep in and do whatever tomorrow. I know. You're excited.

I'm off to take a walk.  
Looking forward to seeing you,  
Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Fri, 10 Sep 2004

By "do whatever," do you mean me?  
Later, babe.  
- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Fri, 10 Sept 2004

Perhaps. Hurry here and see...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Sunday night  
Date: Sun, 12 Sep 2004

Hi there...  
I just got back from grocery shopping. I felt this strange sort of euphoria walking down the aisles...kind of flushed and calm. What a wonderful weekend.  
Lots of times, the more time you spend with a person and the better you get to know them, they become less and less palatable.

I just think you keep getting better and better.  
Thank you for spending your weekend with me. And thank you—so much—  
for being so tolerant of my thoughts and anxieties.  
~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Here ya go  
Date: Mon, 13 Sep 2004

Hello, my dear.

Monday and my brain isn't working correctly, so bear with me on this choppy awkward e-mail.

I think I understand what you were saying, now. And I may not know if the response is appropriate, but here's what I came up with: you're neurotic and I don't keep you very informed. That's not an attack on either of us, just a blunt reasonable statement of fact. So, I just want to make sure you know that you are not temporary. You are not disposable. I don't do disposable relationships. I'm not waiting around for something better. The way I think, I'm very happy now, and that's what I know.

I don't think about the future anymore. Ever.

But, in case you haven't noticed, nothing turns out like you expect. Ever. Just think how easily things could be different now. If my boss hadn't taken us to Rock Island Grill that night and I never got you and Megan the job at my warehouse, and if I was never offered this promotion. I probably wouldn't have seen you as much this summer, nothing would've ever happened with us, and I'd be on the other side of the state. As it is, I'm with a friend I'd barely seen since high school and I'm thinking about buying a fucking house in the town where we graduated from high school. Think I expected any of that at the beginning of the summer? Um, no.

It's pointless to think too far into the future because nothing is certain.

Doesn't stop me from minor assumptions. Like that we'll be together when you come back. Or when we go to Europe. If it's a safe bet like those, I'll call it.

There's probably more to say, but I'm just rambling as it is, so I'll quit now.

And don't think that I blabbed all that out because I felt guilty or cornered or defensive or anything. I just wanted to tell you.

On a lighter note, I really like Megan. It was fun hanging out with her Saturday night. Tell her she can be the third wheel as much as she likes, as far as I'm concerned.

Yeah, I better get back to work (don't laugh too hard).

Later, babe.

- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Mon, 13 Sep 2004

Thank you...that wasn't choppy or rambling at all. I really like your definition of the situation (neurotic/uninforming). Very accurate.

Something that I've discovered about myself in the last few years is that I have a strange reaction to anxiety about the future—I cling on to my most promising “sure thing” like things or people who make me happy.

I figure, OK, I can't stomach thinking about a career so I'll plan the music for my wedding. This is a female problem. It is. And unfortunately, this woman weirdness the scariest thing in the world for most males (except for the bottomfeeders that I've dated in the past).

I'm very happy right now, too. And when I'm in a moment of happiness, I begin to worry about what could be a problem in the future (neurosis, no?), especially something like this. And I knew that you and I hadn't discussed this crap, so I was prepared for you to say, “Leigh, no. You're not that prominent in my life enough for me to listen to this insanity.” Thank you for not.

Your boss. Thank goodness she knows how awesome Rock Island is so he took you guys there.

Megan is like my judgmental older sister when it comes to boys (she's very protective of me/critical of them), so yay for you that she likes this whole thing.

I'm terribly excited to see you this weekend.....

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Tue, 14 Sep 2004

Bottomfeeders... When I read that, I saw a very clear image of Private Pyle licking green shit off the floor of a fishtank. (Someday we'll have to watch “Apocalypse Now” so you know exactly who your ex reminds me of...)

My aversion to the whole discussion has nothing to do with your prominence in my life, trust me. You're one of the few people I'm ever around anymore.

And before your brain starts working and telling you that you're just some last resort for me, make sure to understand that this is by my choice. Remember that I have no qualms pushing away people I don't want around. You're the one that I'm around because you matter to me.

Gotta go for the moment. Send me your work/school schedules because I'm a fuckwad and forgot it again.

Talk to you soon,

-Andy



From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Tue, 14 Sep 2004

Monday: class 1-4, work 4:30-11  
Tuesday: work 4:30-10  
Wednesday: class 10-4:30, work 4:30-11  
(this Thursday, work 5-10)

I don't want you to change anything about yourself or feel any differently about anything, ever. Just so you know. I don't want you to think that me bringing anything up is the equivalent of me saying—dude, shape up. Lord no. I think you understand that, though. (Since you have a way of knowing, yeah, that's just Leigh's crazies talking.)

I honestly agree with the things you say. I obviously know that planning and expecting things out of the future at this point is futile. I don't even want to think about where I was planning to be right now. (Mrs. Private Pyle?)

Thank you for letting me know, though, that I am not investing emotions into something that isn't mutual.

I think that's all I wanted to know.

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Tues, 14 Sep 2004

I know you don't want to change me, and I love that, because I don't change for people. And it isn't a "fuck this asshole if they think I'm changing for them" thing. It's just that I spent too long living that way and I refuse to do it anymore. The same way that I just ignore people that I don't want to be around, I imagine it looks sort of assholely from the outside, but I can't deal with being too willing to let someone modify me. It doesn't mean other people won't make a difference in how I am, it's that I'm the one deciding whether or not they do. Does that make sense?

It IS mutual. And I DO understand your need to reconfirm that sometimes. I used to have all the same neurotic tendencies as you, so I don't think you're crazy. I just rid myself of them a while ago. Because I'm just more mature than you. Haha.

Have a good day, hon. Miss ya..

-Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Tues, 14 Sep 2004

That all makes perfect sense.

I think there's something about us that is so...quietly nice. I guess I can attribute this lack of drama/messiness in all of this to your astounding maturity.

Actually, I feel more at ease than I ever have before with anyone, and I think that's a combination of my own maturity (yes, I do have some, fuckwit), and the fact that we were such good friends. And I really enjoy that.

I would kiss you right now if you were here.

Talk to you later,  
Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Here ya go  
Date: Tues, 14 Sep 2004

And when I say things such as "You're too good to me," or refuse your lovely compliments, I do that because it catches me off guard.

For years, I've just said fuck it to trying and have just been myself, just to see if anyone will take me as I am, and now that it happened, I'm thrown and can't really believe it. Rejecting flattery is just a reflex. If that makes any sense at all.

- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Off exploring the infinite abyss...  
Date: Wed, 15 Sep 2004

Hi there...

I'm so sorry I missed your call. I went to see the late show of "Garden State" with Megan. (I couldn't resist a second viewing!)

The movie made me think of you. Very fondly. It's borderline cool that we haven't talked for this long...and that I'm not frustrated at all with it. I mean, I'm certainly not saying I'm always this relaxed and blase, but the fact that I am right now is

astounding. I don't know. I miss you though. I hope you get a substantial night's sleep and have a good day tomorrow.



Looking forward to seeing you soon,  
Leigh

P.S. We have to make it to El Ranchito this weekend... that poor restaurant's business has probably greatly suffered since we stopped going there every single day...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Off exploring the infinite abyss...  
Date: Thurs, 16 Sep 2004

I'm happy to hear that you aren't frustrated. You shouldn't be. You aren't missing much from me. I've been playing video games for about four days and my brain is mush. El Ranchito sounds great. But anyway, yeah, Frankie says Relax. Later,  
-Andy

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Thurs, 16 Sep 2004

I just got an email asking if I wanted to learn how to tighten my vagina.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Thurs, 16 Sep 2004

I think you should give it a try. You have been kind of...you know...flappy lately.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Thurs, 16 Sep 2004

Have I? Geez, you need to keep me informed on these things.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Good morning  
Date: Mon, 20 Sep 2004

Hey, you. I bid on a new computer on eBay. It was too nice and too cheap to pass up. And it has a writable DVD drive. Cool, huh? Ain't I a nerd? Anyway, I'll probably call you tonight after you get off work.

Thank you for the lovely weekend.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Tues, 21 Sep 2004

I have a little headache. I've had a headache for a week. I never get headaches. Very strange.  
Anyway, not much to report over here. Just another boring workday.  
Later, hon.  
-Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 21 Sep 2004

Orgasms help headaches.  
I'll be home in 48 hours.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Happy Hump Day  
Date: Wed, 22 Sep 2004

Good morning hot lips.  
Ugh, I got 8 hours of sleep last night and I think that's a bit too much.  
Is work great today?  
Well, I should probably look over my notes since I have a test this morning.  
And I studied oh, 15 minutes yesterday. I still suck at this being-a-college-student thing.  
Have a good day!

~Leigh  
Woo hoo I get to see you tomorrow!

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Happy Hump Day  
Date: Wed, 22 Sep 2004

I have a headache again. Maybe I have a brain tumor.  
Idon'twanttobehereIdon'twanttobehereIdon'twanttobehereIdon'twanttobehere.

Please tell me your e-mail subject is foreshadowing something...

Later, babe.  
Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Happy Hump Day  
Date: Wed, 22 Sep 2004

;)   
I guess you'll have to wait and see.

These headaches...not good. That's concerning.  
I don't want to go through my day, either. No class, no work. Don't wanna.  
Bleh.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Happy Hump Day  
Date: Wed, 22 Sep 2004

How was your day today? Did you have a good day today? Or a bad day today?  
WELL, WHAT KIND OF DAY WAS IT?!?  
(Tell me what that's from and who said it and I'll give you a prize.)

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Happy Hump Day  
Date: Wed, 22 Sep 2004

Seinfeld. Duh.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Monday, Monday  
Date: Mon, 27 Sep 2004

Hi there...

Well, back in Columbia. Commute and grocery shopping all finished before noon!

It's the day you get your computer!!! Wheeee!! I hope it is all you expect. By the way, an important piece of information regarding my disposition is that I'm on my last week of pills (edgy city)...so again, I'm sorry.

Miss you already,  
Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Monday, Monday  
Date: Mon, 27 Sep 2004

Sorry it took so long to respond. Mondays suck. I went home at lunch to try and intercept my toy (UPS decided NOT to hold it there. Fuckers.) and missed it by two minutes. Now I have to wait until the truck gets back to the UPS building, which could be as late as 7. Lame.

I felt like ass this morning. My stomach. Most people remember dreams better if they wake up mid-REM. I just feel like shit. But my only headache today lasted about five minutes and I seriously think it has to do with staring at the computer screen.

Anyway, my laptop is being an asshole, so I'm off to fix it or bash it with a hammer or something. Have a lovely day, my dear. I'll talk to you soon.

-Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Monday, Monday  
Date: Mon, 27 Sep 2004

UPS sucks. It's those tight brown shorts... they constrict the deliveryman, thus making him cranky and inefficient.

Work drains me. My whole life, I think, I've been waiting for something to wipe away some of my idealism and optimism about mankind—I think that



this semester is doing just that (between my counseling/social work classes and this job). Oh well. I guess it's about time...a little reality check. I hope you've found your computer.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Hey, you.  
I think those tight brown shorts are sexy.  
Sorry if I was MIA last night. I was off doing my thing. My new toy is insane. And the guy designed it to support surround sound, so I have to get good speakers now. It would just be a waste otherwise.  
I'm tired and probably grumpy, so let me intake some caffeine and wake up a bit. Talk to you soon, hon.  
-Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Don't apologize for not calling... I figured as much, it was fine.  
I finally got a paycheck last night. About two hundred taken out for taxes. Ouch.  
I'm really dull right now—I need to go walking and then do some writing. I hate my icky-emotions week of the month. I'm just easily miserable and covered with a dark cloud. Bleh.  
I'm cranky. I don't want to do anything.  
Well, I'm sparkling this morning! Sorry.  
I'm glad your new toy is wonderful. It sounds really cool, even to me.  
Later, sweetnuts.  
~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Sweetnuts?  
Sorry that you're having such a crappy day. What can I do to make it better?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

A 3-mile walk in pretty, breezy, fall weather definitely helped. How's your day going? Headache?  
Ugh. I miss you. ...Sorry for being clingy.  
What can you do to make it better? Getting e-mails is good enough. Gives me something to look forward to.  
To writing I go.  
Kiss.  
Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Were you planning on coming here later this week? Thursday/Friday? I need to know if I'm free to go to a fraternity orgy on Thursday night or not.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

I'm planning on coming up on Friday. I might go see a house on Thursday after work...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

...A house? That's really exciting. Keep me posted.  
I was glancing at the Riverfront Times online at work last night, and I think they continually hire certain positions (b/c they were the same listings from last spring) and one of them is a staff writer. That would be really cool. Ugh, I can't even think about it.  
All I know is that come next April, I need to be an adult.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Don't be rushing into adulthood... I don't think it's as good as you hope it is.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Oh believe me, I simply mean being financially independent and not being a student. I plan on never fully being an adult. Because, as the wisdom of "The Breakfast Club" states, "being an adult means your heart dies."

Yeah, wish I could nuzzle with you right now.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Weekend plans  
Date: Tue, 28 Sep 2004

Work was loooooooooooooong. Yesterday went by so fast and today just dragged.

But I'm leaving now.  
And ditto on the nuzzling.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Another week, almost done  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

Good morning! Ahh... Thursday. Friday is so very close.  
How's work today?  
Headache? I hope not. I don't like boys with tumors.  
Talk to you soon-

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Good morning, my dear

Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

Work is fine.  
No headache.  
Can't wait to see you..

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Good morning, my dear  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

I'm watching the Daily Show. Did you know they built a Disneyland in Hong Kong? And that Mattel sent the Barbie doll factory to Thailand years ago? And now Thailand has a huge museum dedicated to Barbie dolls? Ugh. I'm going to be sick. Sigh. I'm going walking.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Good morning, my dear  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

Let's smear our American filth all across the globe. Hey, maybe Hong Kong and Thailand will love freedom now too.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Good morning, my dear  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

I love how America spreads its ideals all over the planet (beauty ideals, capitalism, "democracy") and we can't even do it right. We're fat, impoverished, and are more of an oligarchy of the elite  
Now. Off to do what's important. Take a hot shower and go shopping for bargain-basement designer stuff.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Good morning, my dear  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

I lovelovelove when someone is talking about someone else and says, "They don't speak English very good."



From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Good morning, my dear  
Date: Thur, 30 Sep 2004

I say we go and stay in Europe. You can work at your company's branch in Belgium, and I'll be a street artist.  
They don't speak English very good. That's awesome.  
Big fat kiss.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

Good morning! I feel so decadent sleeping till ten.  
How's work? Marvelous, I hope.  
Oh my gosh I had some weird dreams last night. I got my hair chopped off, Gina got married and was practically naked, she had some miniature horse animal that jumped off of a bridge and I almost fell into the river after it. I don't know. Strange stuff.  
Now I will walk.

How excited are you that you get to see me tonight?

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

Very excited...  
Sorry I've been a little MIA this week, the new computer and all...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

Motherfucker. Only when electronics get more lovin' than I do is when the beatings will start...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

Hey, you're the one with electronics made for lovin'.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

But you'd beat them out hands down, any day. You know that. ;)

Wanna get take out tonight and just hang out until the movie? Or do you want to go out? My cookbooks are at home, so I'm not too motivated to fix something good.

I know, I'm a terrible, no good woman.  
Man I want to kiss you right now.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

I guess I can provide some kisses when I get there.  
We can go out before the movie or stay in... whatever sounds good.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

You want to try Thai food? In celebration of their contributions to Barbie manufacturing for so many years?  
Will these kisses be a chore for you?

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

To remember:

Cendrier

Goulet d'etrangement

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Friday  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 2004

Three and a half months till we get to use those words!!!

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Good morning  
Date: Mon, 4 Oct 2004

I must say, my dear, you were missed while I was laying in bed by myself last night.

I thought I was going to have some work to do, but here I am, just sitting on my skinny ass doing nothing.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Good morning  
Date: Mon, 4 Oct 2004

Good morning...

Yeah. Bed wasn't the same. At all.  
I'm so glad you don't have to move today. Sitting on one's ass is underrated. I'm sure it's just a matter of time until they give you an ergonomic, heated, massaging chair with cupholders and speakers built in.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Hey, you.

Cold. Tired. Grumpy.  
How are you?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

I am ok. Just got up.

So my dream last night: you told me to come over to your house on a Saturday while you were working and that you'd be home soon. I was just hanging out like, for hours, and your parents came home with your aunt and uncle or something and they thought I was really weird for being in your house. I was totally embarrassed. Then all of a sudden my family was having a party and I was playing with the little kids. At some point I saw George W., and told him that maybe if he was a Democrat we could be friends and he rolled his eyes and was rude to me. Then I was walking a group of girls to a fair, and your brother and his friends all joined us. I saw Kaleb and Melissa as soon as we got there, and he kept bitching about her doing her nails and vacuuming loudly. Weird stuff.

I've decided to wait till I get back to my parents' to do the treadmill on Thurs. and Fri., so I'm excited to hole myself up all day and read... I'm about halfway through "Hell's Half Acre."

I love love love this weather. You're crazy, thinking it's too cold.

Anything exciting happening at work today?

Ooo...this Friday is homecoming at UHS isn't it? I know you're itching to go.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

God, you're weird.

Fuck this weather. There was ice on my windshield this morning. Like I'm not late enough every day without having to deal with that.

Are you liking the book so far?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Yes, very much. It seems like his writing is even better, too.



Dammit. It seems like I would have missed you more at the beginning of the semester and it would have waned as the time passed, but the opposite is happening.  
Fucker.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Ah, I love when you talk sweet to me.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

How's work, my dear?  
I'm just busy, worrying about my future education, career, you know.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Work is fine. I figured out why all the damn programs I've been downloading have been corrupted, so now I'm happily re-downloading all the shit because I thought it was just fucked up the first time.  
You need to relax, take some uppers or something, I think.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

I swear, Columbia does something to me.  
I'm just at a strange place right now and really starting to worry about what happens in March after we get back from Europe. A combination of worry and excitement which I'm often plagued with.  
I don't know what's wrong with me. I feel slightly misplaced. And the stupid ass thing that makes me feel good is far away.  
I'm going to take a shower now. I'll be finished with this book by midnight tonight.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

I'm sorry. I'm fine. Didn't mean to get psycho and/or gushy on you.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Quit apologizing.  
I wasn't ignoring you, I was just distracted.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

I didn't think you were ignoring me! It was just a little post script.  
Sorry for all the apologizing. Ha.  
Almost finished with the book. Gooood stuff.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 5 Oct 2004

Note to self: do not rest foot in desk shelf.  
It will fall down because Leigh is not a good carpenter.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Groggy morning  
Date: Wed, 6 Oct 2004

Morning...  
Ugh...bed felt really good. I don't want to be awake.  
How's your morning? It's supposed to warm up today so I hope your feet

aren't so cold. But you just keep smoking and not eating anything, you'll be fine.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Groggy morning  
Date: Wed, 6 Oct 2004

Blah. Today is boring.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: None  
Date: Wed, 6 Oct 2004

Gee what an exciting email to come home to!!  
Did you eat today? :)

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Wed, 6 Oct 2004

Haven't eaten yet. I will later. Mom.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Wed, 6 Oct 2004

Call me mom again and I will break your knees.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Good Monday to you  
Date: Sun, 10 Oct 2004

Hi there! It's late Sunday night, Karla and I are having a glass of wine. So... on my way back here I drove through New Haven and got gas and a soda, left my keys in my ignition like normal. Came back out, the doors were locked. You know what? Next car I get

everything will be manual everything. Flippin mind-of-their-own electronics. I was there for an hour before the towing guy came. Sigh. So, I got to work late and was too late to join friends for dinner.

So I went by Megan's and then to Wal-Mart to get some groceries. Whee! Unless you'd like to escape and come here this weekend, I think I might come home on Friday. Karla's going to Chicago and well, I have no life here. But that is a-ok.

I had a wonderful weekend (although I'm sorry about my tearful Friday night, I guess it's ok that we had a talk about things). And I cannot wait to spoon you some more. Love that bottom in my crotch.

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Good Monday to you  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

Oh my god, that sucks. Shit like that always has to happen at the worst possible times.

My nose is stuffed up and my throat feels a bit raw.

Superman is dead.

Sorry if this note is a bit all over the place. I feel kinda assy.

But my lips hurt so bad!

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Good Monday to you  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

Good morning.

That's so strange about Superman. Sad.

How's work going so far? I'm feeling like I really want to stay in bed.

Get some chapstick from the school nurse. I know for a fact she has like, five or six in her drawer.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Time flies  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

I can't believe it's already mid October almost. Pretty soon I'll finish up the semester and I'll be there soon to keep you company at the ol' warehouse. Is the Europe plan still OK? I hope so.



From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Time flies  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

Yep... of course. Just make the plans, and I'll be there.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Rad  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

The best "Saved by the Bell" ever is on. Jessie gets addicted to No-Doz. It's awesome.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Rad  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

Is it sick and wrong that I know that they sing the song "I'm So Excited" in that one?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Rad  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

I'm laughing out loud. That's great. No, not sad or sick. "Saved by the Bell" knows no gender or time boundaries.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Cough  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

I hope you don't get sick. I seem to have some sort of shitty head cold or something (I'm taking tomorrow and Wed off to stay home and dork out and stuff).

Anyway, have a nice night. Call me tonight, if you want.

- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Weiner  
Date: Mon, 11 Oct 2004

Two days off for a cold? Pussy.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Mornin'  
Date: Wed, 13 Oct 2004

Hey baby. I'm just tipsy enough. Megan and I sang "Jessie's Girl" for karaoke. Marvelous.  
Karla and Megan got hung on by boys. Marvelous.  
I need to go to sleep. I get to sleep later tomorrow morning, I'm happy.  
I am looking forward to seeing you, I think.  
I'm still scared. That's just the truth. I'm sorry.  
Have a good day at work. Feel better.  
~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Mornin'  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

Now that you aren't a drunken retard and I can talk to you like an intelligent person...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

I actually wasn't drunk at all. Really. Just a bit tipsy.  
How's work? Feeling better?

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

No, not feeling any better than yesterday. So, pre-emptive sorry if I'm a sick lump of shit this weekend.  
How's your day? Do you have to work tonight?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

No need to apologize... I'm sorry that you still feel crappy.  
I have to go meet with my supervisor at 11 (regular going-over-stuff type thing), but besides that I kind of have a slow day.  
Megan was so drunk last night, it was hilarious. Megan and I are so amazed at Karla's ability to pick up guys. It's ridiculous. But, on the other hand, the guys she usually ends up with are the fratty Republican types. I'm the funny one at the table, they're stupid, and Karla is the perfect flirt.  
I'm so babbling. I need to go rinse the dye out of my hair, maybe the fumes are getting to me!  
I'll be naked in the shower for a few minutes.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

Dye? Please tell me you dyed it green and orange. That would be hot.  
OH! I forgot to tell you that I FINALLY remembered a dream the other night.  
And I think the weird shit going on in your brain has bled into mine.  
We were at a church for a wedding or something, and you and some other girl (can't remember if it was someone I know or not) were both in your underwear  
and making out. How wrong is that?  
Sorry you're not scoring well with the fratty Republicans. Try wearing your black bustier.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

It occurred to me that the last email made it sound like I'd want to be loved by one of those guys-who-all-wear-the-same-shirt and pop their collars. No no no. It's just a strange phenomenon altogether, you know?  
So...yay for remembering dreams. Not a bad dream I guess? Haha. You're getting my crazies.  
You hit the nail on the head with my hair color.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

I know, you ditz. I was just kidding.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Happy Friday  
Date: Thurs, 14 Oct 2004

Well, how are you? Good, I hope. I'm about to go to bed, it's Thursday night (obviously), Friday morning when you read this. I kind of wanted to tie one on tonight (for logistical purposes...no work tomorrow, no getting up early, etc.), but it did not happen. Went to dinner with Megan and her friend Liz, went with Liz to get her nose pierced (same lady who did mine—who I coincidentally have a girl crush on), and then Megan and I went to a martini bar and talked. Nice evening, altogether.  
How are you? Good evening? How are you feeling?  
I'm off to bed.  
See you soon...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Happy Friday  
Date: Fri, 15 Oct 2004

I feel like death warmed over.  
I'm so fucking cold and my head hurts.  
What a shitty Friday.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Happy Friday



Date: Fri, 15 Oct 2004

Wow. That sucks. I'm sorry...  
Has your day gotten any better yet?

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Happy Friday  
Date: Fri, 15 Oct 2004

Yeah, I got some food in my belly and it warmed up a bit. I still feel kinda assy and tired though. So, don't plan on me going to any raves or anything tonight, because I know you want to.  
Instead, if you want to see me, you may have the pleasure of watching me lay around and groan.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Hello  
Date: Tues, 19 Oct 2004

The new New York Times/CBS Polls are up and, for nearly every fucking issue, people disapprove Bush at about a 60% rate and only approve at about 30%. Yet Kerry and Bush are still dead even. Based on these results, I'm logically led to believe that the citizens of the United States are fucking mentally retarded. There, I said it. 33% still believe that Iraq deserved immediate military attention, for Christ's sake. Some of the people that sent us there in the first place have said that we fucked up.  
Goddamn...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Tues, 19 Oct 2004

We really are certainly swimming in a sea of mongoloids.  
I'm feeling quite lazy and not wanting to do anything.  
Except perhaps go back to bed. I know I had weird dreams last night, I just can't remember them. So disappointing.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K

Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

Uuuhhh...

I'm getting ready to get in the shower. I wore my retainer last night for the first time in a loong time and my mouth hurts so so bad. And I had bad dreams. Ugh. What'd you do last night?  
How's your day going so far...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

Retainer? Hot!

Nothing much last night. Watched TV. I would have called, but I didn't feel much like talking.

It would have been nice to have you there though.

Today's... like any other day. Just been feeling kind of blah. Maybe it's seasonal depression. (Not really. I think seasonal depression is bullshit. Drug companies made it up.)

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

That's cool. I figured you were out on the town with some bitches. Joke.  
I'm glad you'd like me there. I sure would rather be spending my evenings with you...

I miss you.

You want some of my Wellbutrin XL? Maybe you'll get that fat booty I so desire to see on you.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

No drugs.

On my way to the bathroom (you know, the only time I get off my ass all day), the radio was playing that Bob Dylan song you love so much. Cool, huh?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

That it cool. Even cooler that you know that. ;)  
I know no drugs for you. I was just laughing about you getting chubby and adult-onset acne. Feel my pain!!

I'm a bit horny.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

Reeeeaally? You'll be home tomorrow, right

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hello  
Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

What's with the "reaaaalllly"? Dork. And yes, tomorrow it is.  
Karla has a guy friend over for lunch. He looks like Vanilla Ice.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Kerry/Edwards '04  
Date: Mon, 25 Oct 2004

Bill Clinton's on the trail with Kerry, trying to get him some needed support. 8 days and we'll see whether or not we have to stay in Europe to escape Bush's rule...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: So miserable  
Date: Tues, 26 Oct 2004

Ugh. What an awful week this is. I feel like such a slug with you lately... I

feel like I'm just kind of slimily crawling on you and clinging... I'm sorry. It's how I feel. And I don't want to be here anymore.  
Good God. Why must I be PMSing right now.  
OK. Off to write cover letters to attempt to land another shitty paying job.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: So miserable  
Date: Tues, 25 Oct 2004

Feel free to slug all over me. I don't mind.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: So miserable  
Date: Tues, 26 Oct 2004

Even if I slime?

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: So miserable  
Date: Tues, 25 Oct 2004

Just as long as it doesn't leave a stain.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Morning...  
Date: Tues, 26 Oct 2004

Well, it's still nighttime...but you'll get this in the morning.  
I forgot to tell you about my crazy dream last night. I know it involved a lot of rough water/flimsy bridge stuff which was traumatic. And then, I walked to Arkansas by myself and went to Tim McGraw's parents' house, his dad found me looking around outside and invited me in and he and his mother hugged me. I don't know. It made me wake up feeling very strange and nervous. I'm nuts.

Work tonight was...work. I'm just kind of apathetic about things right now. I have a test in the morning I do not give a shit about. I'm just ready for December. Not that I even know what that holds, just a change of scenery, somewhere where I feel comfortable hopefully. I sent my resume to the



newspaper and to the drug recovery place in Washington today. We'll see what happens.

The Weekly Reader kids voted for Bush. They haven't been wrong since 1956. Oh dear.

I hope that you had a good evening (last night) and that your day goes well...and that you feel good.

Wish I was crawling in bed with you right now.

~ Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

I'm watching The View (I know, I know) and they're in Dallas....so one of the ladies went to the state fair and saw this huge hog named and the FCC demanded that they fuzz out or hide the boar's balls b/c they're so big. Really. What has this society come to?

So here's what I know about me...

I don't put things in a box that will make me content at the moment or in the future, nor do I work too hard to attain them. I have pretty good ideas what will, but I cannot expect them because then I will be disappointed. So, I assume that my near future in terms of career/life stuff will be not quite what I'm looking for.

More that I know... I will be living with my parents for quite a few months and I am not qualified for many jobs, much less ones that I can make much of a living on. So here I am. With all of that. Not quite what I expected for my post-college life.

I'm sorry. It's easy to rant in email.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

Yes, but are you even sure what is going to make you content right now?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

Do you have any ideas about what might make you happy? Or do you just not think about it? I don't know, you always have that response when I fret about my near future, jobs...but don't you think about where you could find contentment too? Or do you feel it now?

And if not, when do you think that's going to happen?

I'm just curious...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

I'm not saying don't think about it. I'm saying don't wallow in it. Don't let it ruin your day.

...

I just typed out a bunch and then deleted it. I've been getting increasingly aggravated throughout the day and I don't know why. And I don't think I should really be talking about this at the moment, because it isn't helping. To put it simply, no, I don't have a clue what I want. Do I think about it? Yes.

Contentment comes and goes, pretty much on a day-to-day basis, and it's normally when I'm content that I can think about my problems rationally. When I'm not content, like now, for example, I just ignore it until I am, because it just pisses me off. Does that make sense?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

It does make sense. I'm sorry if my notes have been a catalyst to your aggravation... as I said, this is too easy of an outlet. I don't want you to think that I'm overly whiny or ridiculous right now. I just feel very, um, incapable. Or something. Bleh.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

I know. And sorry for being a pissy dickhead. I just have a tendency to shut down or disappear when crap like this is bothering me. When I feel pissed off about it, I'm inclined to be oblivious instead of confronting it because I got so

tired of being angry all the time.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

Pissy dickhead. Hehe.  
I have the desire to shut down, but something makes me annoying and then I bother you, and then I'm mad at myself.  
It's a vicious cycle.  
Were you ok before I started blabbing? I'm sorry...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

It wasn't your fault. It's just today. I don't want to be here, although I'm not too sure what I'd rather be doing. I'm still in a little bit of the blah funk that I've been in for the past few weeks, except now my brain is working and I don't feel like I'm dying.  
I just ran to the bank and gas station, and on the way back, I saw a small crappy SUV with signs taped all over it. For a Better America. Veterans for Kerry. And written on the back windshield in that window paint stuff, NO MORE BUSHIT. That cheered me up a little.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Balls and Life  
Date: Wed, 27 Oct 2004

Ha. That's great. It will all be over in a week... I'm looking forward to post-election, well, I think. At least it'll squash our hopes if Bush does win. (Please, God, no.)

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

What a shitty fucking Monday. I'm just one silly pissed-off bitch.  
It's fucking pouring and all of the assheds from the other building will be



here sometime within the day.  
How're you...?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

Hey my little pissy bitch...  
Yeah, so I get up early to attend this staff training at work, and the doctor speaker did not show up. Fun!  
My dream last night: I was attending/working at a rehab camp. You kept calling me (but I had no signal so my cell phone would quit working) and you had this internet girlfriend named Louisa Alcott who would not stop calling you. I started talking to a good looking guy who was at this camp because he had lost like, hundreds of pounds and was having emotional issues, and there was a cute baby I kept following around. I don't make this shit up.

Have the assheds arrived? I'm sorry you're having a shitty Monday. Wish I was there to make it (undoubtedly) better. I guess that's kind of presumptuous, but at least you'd get a back rub or a good ol' makeout out of it.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

Louisa Alcott? You're fucked up, dear.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

I know I am.  
Ok, so I call the Hermann newspaper to check on things, she never received my resume in the mail, so I got her email address and sent her attachments of my cover letter and email. She replied that she received them, and lo and behold I had her last name spelled wrong. It's totally not spelled how it sounded over the phone. Fuck! An omen perhaps?  
I feel like an asshole.



People who don't soak their dirty dishes should be dragged out into the street and tortured.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

No omen. No big deal. Although it is sort of funny. Isn't spell- and grammar-checking part of the job?  
I'm back to trying to download Counterstrike and Halo 2. You are dating a dork.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 1 Nov 2004

I'm off to class. And work. Woo hoo! I'm tired. By the way, you are not a dork. You're talking to a girl who still secretly likes Hello Kitty, watches a soap opera, and delights in "Saved by the Bell." There you go. I can't throw stones.  
I'll talk to you soon I hope....  
Kiss.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: D-day  
Date: Tues, 2 Nov 2004

Gooood morning! Today is the day....eeek!  
How's work this fine day? Good, I hope. I'll leave here in about fifteen minutes to drive home to vote, so I'll probably be around your neck of the woods noonish. Is that ok for lunch? I hope so.  
Think positive, liberalcentric thoughts.  
Talk to you soon,  
Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: No  
Date: Wed, 3 Nov 2004

Well, this is depressing. And frightening. Fuck you, '04 election.

I'm thinking I'll probably coming home tomorrow, but I might just hang out at home if you'd like a little breathing space. That came out wrong, I don't know.

Dream last night: I was waiting in a bedroom for you (I think I was kind of drunk) and I started taking pornographic pictures of myself with a digital camera. Whatever. And then I was driving around with a couple of ladies from work (employees), one wrecked my car. I passed a house that I loved and was on sale, so I told my parents about it and was obsessed with it. It was exactly what I'd want, but a bit tilty and badly constructed. Interesting. Kind of like you. Haha... I kid, I kid.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: No  
Date: Thurs, 4 Nov 2004

I do want to see you tonight. Promise. When I saw your letter from last night, I thought it was from this morning, and it said something about coming home "tomorrow" so I thought, shit, that means she won't be here tonight. Buuuut, if YOU just want to do your own thing, just let me know. And the beginning of that dream made my thoughts drift a bit...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Wed, 10 Nov 2004

I read that Ashcroft was going to move toward other non-government stuff. Academia or something. But who knows. He's a crafty one, that Ashcroft. I also read that his replacement is probably some Hispanic guy that was in Bush's crew when he was governor. Not sure if that guy's any better or worse, though.

Well, if I don't hear from you the rest of the day, have a good one.  
Bye, hon.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Thurs, 11 Nov 2004

Got in to work at 7:45. Must have turned off my alarm in my sleep. I was in a fucking coma. I'm still kind of blah, but I'll wake up soon. I'm still excited about seeing you.

Um. That guy who may replace Ashcroft... yeah, not so good. He defended the treatment of the prisoners of Abu Ghraib, and has called the Geneva Convention and, get this, the constitution "quaint" and "obsolete." As Maureen Dowd points out, "The president is putting his own counsel, Alberto Gonzales, who wrote the famous memo defending torture, in charge of our civil liberties." Yeeha.

Fuck it, I'll stop rambling...

I missed you last night. So much.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Monday  
Date: Mon, 15 Nov 2004

Hey hottie.  
Cough, cough...passport...cough,cough.

You went by your grandma's yesterday? I'm looking forward to meeting her. I hope all of your extended family likes me.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 15 Nov 2004

Yeah, yeah, passport, I'll get it.  
She looks forward to meeting you too.  
Hope you're having a good (okay, decent... no, tolerable) day. Talk to you soon.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Monday  
Date: Mon, 15 Nov 2004

Well, I'm not going to say I didn't wish you would have called tonight. I'm freaking out about my girl doctor's appointment tomorrow and I figure you'll be otherwise occupied the next couple of evenings with your new video game.



Ah well.

My presentation went really well this afternoon, and work was work. I stupidly drank a Diet Pepsi, so I'm not tired although I have to get up in seven hours.

Boo.

I guess I'll try anyway.

Have a good morning...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Tues, 16 Nov 2004

I know, I'm sorry. I felt sick last night, for some reason, so I just went to bed. I'll call tonight, though. I promise.  
Do you hate me yet?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Tues, 16 Nov 2004

Eh, I mildly dislike you.  
I stopped at Walgreen's to get face stuff for my nasty mug, and they had a generic (still twenty dollar) version of the fancy acne-fixing system, so I bought it (pretty much the only thing I haven't tried for my glorious adult acne). I opened it up to use it tonight and there's a misused apostrophe in the instructions booklet. I am greatly mistrusting this product now.  
I'd really like a good cuddle right now. And...with you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Fat  
Date: Thurs, 18 Nov 2004

I am so frustrated.  
I know you don't care about this subject, which I'm glad about, but it still sucks. I gained a pound last week. Last night the two other women I was working with were talking about weight loss (both about forty years old, one probably used to be Miss Texas, the other a curvy lady)...so we were agonizing about dieting and being chunky, and the skinny fucker was giving us low-carb advice, and kept telling the other lady how fine and adorable she looked. Just kept up the advice for me. That's when you know there's a



problem. When people don't even stroke your ego a bit when you are talking about weight loss. Fuck. I'm sorry, just had to vent. Can't do that with a roommate who daily announces how much junk food/how many meals she's eaten that day. Argh. Ok I'm done.

What do you want to do tomorrow night? Any good movies out?  
Naked, just-showered kiss coming your way...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: None  
Date: Thurs, 18 Nov 2004

Blahblahblah. I think you're hot. And I want you. Now.  
No good movies out. Unless you want to go see the SpongeBob movie...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Thurs, 18 Nov 2004

I wouldn't mind being had right now. Not at all.  
I hope the rest of your day is marvelous. I'm going out to dinner with Megan and then probably to a comedy show with Karla...but not "out" afterwards, so I'll be home relatively early if you feel a burning urge to call me. If not, we'll email tomorrow. I miss you, my hunk of manmeat.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Thurs, 18 Nov 2004

Do you ever mind being had? Maybe you'll be had tomorrow night...?  
I'll try to call tonight, but seeing as I slept 4 hours last night (I think I'm almost finished with that game... I can smell the ending), I may crap out early.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: None  
Date: Mon, 22 Nov 2004

Good morning!

I'm justifying my sleeping so late because I kind of feel like crap.  
How's your day going? It's halfway over, I suppose,

Four months today. Happy day!

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Mon, 22 Nov 2004

Happy four months, my dear.  
I hope you feel better. (Did you wake up feeling like crap because you were thinking, Omigod, I just spent four months with that lazy fucker!)  
Feel better, and I'll talk to you soon.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Mon, 22 Nov 2004

Yes, my illness was borne from despair over my wasted months.  
No, I have a cold/sinus thing that I get annually or biannually when the weather changes. Fun stuff.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Passport!  
Date: Mon, 29 Nov 2004

Got your passport, yet?  
Hey, in a couple of months, we're going to Europe. That's fucking awesome.  
That is, if you get your passport.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Passport!  
Date: Mon, 29 Nov 2004

That is fucking awesome. And I forgot my birth certificate, so I'll  
Have to do it tomorrow instead...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Passport!  
Date: Mon, 29 Nov 2004

Ok, I guess I'm off to class and work. Woo hoo.  
I'm sorry, maybe it's because I'm in a relatively happy good mood right now, but I am just itching to be snuggly and cozy with you right now. Sorry for being emotionally (as opposed to crotchily) gooey, I just can't help it. And that's that.  
I hope you have a good rest of your day.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: The Great Europe Itinerary, Step 1  
Date: Wed, 1 Dec 2004

Some thinking points...  
I'll leave for Romania on Feb. 4. my volunteer program will be done on the 18th. So, I should be in Germany on the 19th/20th. To meet you. March 5 is on a Saturday, so maybe that would be a good day to come home.  
I'm doing some research right now on airline tickets. Kinda freaks me out, in a way. I printed out a calendar from my computer so I feel like planning should begin!

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: The Great Europe Itinerary, Step 1  
Date: Wed, 1 Dec 2004

Wow, cool. That's very exciting. And it kinda freaks me out, too. It's good to finally have dates, though (even though I already expected the ones you came up with). It's just a little more real now.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: The Great Europe Itinerary, Step 1  
Date: Wed, 1 Dec 2004

And...my parents bought a ridiculous amount of stuff at a camping store that was going out of business, so we have two big backpack things to carry (evidently that's "what's done" when one backpacks in Europe).  
I'm reading a travel guide book thing now and will make markings and take

notes. for some reason I'm assuming that the fact that I'm doing all of this is ok with you...

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: The Great Europe Itinerary, Step 1  
Date: Wed, 1 Dec 2004

I'll look into stuff, for sure, and get prepared, but as far as planning for the actual trip, dates and such, you just tell me where to go and what to do. I will happily follow.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Hey you  
Date: Tues, 7 Dec 2004

Crazy busy, but I just wanted to say hi and see how you were.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Hi  
Date: Thurs, 9 Dec 2004

Well, I'm packing up the remainder of my stuff. Then I guess that's it for me. Um... I'll call you later after I call about the airline tickets. Have a good one,  
Leigh

\* \* \*

From: Leigh K  
To: All  
Subject: Royal with Cheese  
Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

To all of you Pulp Fiction fans, it's true. The McDonald's Quarter Pounder IS a Royal Cheese in Europe! Yeah, I was excited. And hello! I'm in Barlad, Romania at the moment, and I think it's finally sunk in that I have gone to Europe for a month. It's very cold here, but not much worse than Missouri, I'm sure. The country is very beautiful (And the people!



It must be something in the undrinkable tap water that makes them incredibly beautiful! And the children...oh my goodness...). I'm trying to avoid being glaringly American, however the other women in my volunteer team seem to be the "I'm a rich privileged American reaching out to needy foreigners" types, with pink and purple coats and fanny packs and so on. I'll survive. We learned a bit of Romanian language this morning with our team leader, and I'm hoping to get over my extreme phobia of speaking foreign languages (I know exactly what I want to say, but then I freeze. Very unfortunate). This afternoon we will tour the children's hospital where we will be volunteering, which I am very excited about. As sad as I'm sure it will be, holding babies for two weeks is a wonderful vacation for me!

I'm still trying to overcome the time change (I'm 8 hours ahead here)...and I only got about one hour of sleep last night due to jet lag, I suppose. "City Slickers" with Romanian subtitles at 3 a.m. is something not to be missed! Ok, I'm sorry for babbling, I know that mass emails are kind of annoying, I just wanted to let everyone know that I'm alive halfway across the world, and so far it's wonderful.

I hope all is well at home...

Much love,

Leigh

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: Hello my love

Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

Hi!

(That's right, you get your own email in addition to the mass one...)

I know how much you like soap that gets all cold and icy on your skin... so you'd better get excited about the Dr. Bronner's peppermint castile soap I brought for our travels. I swear, I thought I douched with toothpaste the first night I used it! You'll love it.

How are you?! Good, I hope. I just sent you a mass email, so you're kind of updated. I'm so looking forward to you coming to Europe, it's wonderful here. I know that Romania is a far cry from where we'll be, but I love it here, too. It's just so relaxed and beautiful. I kind of wish I wasn't traveling with um, these American ladies, although we'll have a bit of fun, I'm sure.

My stomach illness cleared up, and I felt fine after the plane rides, which were quite unpleasant (just feeling icky and all cramped up). Beware the Chicago airport! You have to hike, like, 5 miles to the international terminal.

Hey. I was thinking last night (as insomnia plagued me)... I hope that you, I don't know, feel different or that I wanted to change you because of our little shopping clothes-makeover trip I took you on after Christmas. (Ha...thousands of miles away, you cannot escape my neurosis!). I just hope you know how much I love you...you, and that's it. I would still feel that way if you wore

brown rounded-toed shoes all of the time. Just so you know. Sorry. I think a lot.

What's up with you?? Did you have a nice, relaxing weekend? I have a calling card that I'm planning on using to call you on Wednesday I think. I hope that's ok...it's so strange not talking to you regularly! I'm not getting all weepy, but I am looking forward to traveling with you!

It's just so beautiful here. The homes, even in the most impoverished villages are so wonderful... and there are horses and carriages everywhere, and all of the elderly people wear furry hats. I love them. I'll take lots of pictures (trying to be incognito and not scream out "look at the gawking American girl!").

I hope all is well with you.

I love you...

~Leigh

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: Andy?

Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

Didn't you check your email? It's Monday night here, I came back to the internet café with a couple of ladies just knowing that ok, it's lunchtime there now, Andy's surely emailed me back. Sigh.

By the way, you should probably start weaning yourself from Dr Pepper. I'm afraid of your body's reaction if it is as unavailable in other countries as it is here. Uh oh. I just forgot to tell you that.

The hospital was great... I spent my afternoon holding babies. The days will be different from now on though, I'll spend mornings with the infants and afternoons with the special needs toddlers (ones who have developmental/mental delays). It's incredibly sad (I started crying when the doctor introduced the first baby—who will pass away without a kidney transplant which she probably won't get), but the other situations are more hopeful. I think that my time at the women's center really helped me prepare for this. Jaded me a bit, I don't know. Horrible situations are everywhere, all we can do is help them bit by bit at this point.

I'm exhausted due to my lack of sleep last night, but I feel kind of wired which terrifies me. Insomnia is a bitch.

Ok. I guess you've gotten three, yes three, blabby emails from Leigh at this point. Probably more than enough.

Love,

Leigh

From: Andrew K

To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: Andy?



Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

Don't worry. I haven't forgotten, I just really haven't had a chance...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Andy?  
Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

Wow. Nice to talk to you.  
Has something been going on?

Ok, well I guess I'm off for the evening. It really would have been nice to hear a little bit from you. I won't get upset or frustrated considering I don't know the circumstances and something catastrophic could be happening in your life to cause you to send your girlfriend in a foreign country to whom you haven't spoken in three days a two-sentence-long email. Alright. Have a good one. And that didn't mean to sound sarcastic, it's true.

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Andy?  
Date: Mon, 7 Feb 2005

Well, thanks for making me an asshole for not having the chance to type up a decent email at work within a four-hour timeframe, after not hearing from you for three days, getting upset every time I checked my email (about fifty) and getting nothing but porno spam mail. Gosh! Idiot!

Anyway.

It all sounds so wonderful. The derelict villages. The horses and carts. Geriatrics in furry hats. I can't wait to be there (well, not THERE, but you know what I mean). And I miss you already. I am so worthless without you around (well... more worthless than normal). The only productive thing I did all weekend was give my bathroom a good scrubbing. I didn't want to gross out all the whores I'm having over, you know? But don't worry. I have my list and will get everything together by the time I meet your pretty face in Frankfurt.

Well, I just got off the phone with you. And I'm sorry if I was being stupid, but there's people going in and out of here and blah blah blah.

Anyway, I guess since we got to talk a little, I'll stop here. Plus, the phone call threw off everything I was going to write and I feel like even a bigger asshole now, so I don't really know what to say anymore.

I just hope you're okay and that everything gets better than what I just heard. Take some cool b&w photos because that sounds like a good place to take

some at. Sleep well and I'll talk to you soon.  
I love you,  
- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Hey babe  
Date: Tues, 8 Feb 2005

Hi...ok, I'm so sorry about yesterday. I'm really fine! Remember, I was going on 1.5 hours of sleep and am just emotionally overwhelmed. I'm really sorry. It's actually been all great, last night was just a blip because I was so wound up and exhausted at the same time.

Today we worked at the clinic all day and it was wonderful. The babies are so beautiful, and the special needs kids in the afternoon are darling. It makes me so, so disgusted with America, really. The women I'm telling you about of course, but just the whole mess of it. How they think all of this is so tragic and pitiful and how we have to come in and save the world. Ok... America has horrendous problems with the way our children are treated... abuse, sexual abuse, neglect, poverty...which is even SADDER than the state of things here because we have the fucking money, just have ridiculous priorities. I actually admire the parents who let the clinic care for their children (even though they're sometimes left there) because they know they don't have the means to take care of them. I don't know. I'm really enjoying it here, but there's not a bone in my body that is disgusted or condescending about the way things are handled. Man. I'm sorry about these soapboxes I get on, I just can't vent to anyone here, obviously.

How is work? Luckily, you'll get this and respond while I'm still online (just so it feels like I'm talking to you, I don't mean to be demanding!).

Once again, I'm sorry for being a little overwhelmed last night. It's nice that I get to kind of be in my own little world for two weeks, but I just kind of broke there for a second.

I miss sleeping next to you right now. I love you.  
~Leigh

From: Andrew Kolb  
To: Leigh Kellmann  
Subject: Re: Hey babe  
Date: Tues, 8 Feb 2005

Would've responded sooner, but this computer is virus-ridden and fucked. I've been trying to fix it.

Anyway, I read this quote once, and I can't remember who it was, but I think it was one of those expatriate writers. He said, "America is the only place in the



world where the poor people are fat." I think that sums up that part of the ordeal pretty well.

And it's okay about all the crap. I understand. I think I've had some sort of sympathy-insomnia or something. Haven't been sleeping... correctly. So, I understand about being a little touchy. Same thing here.

Everything is just fine here, as always. Nothing much to speak of.

I hope you're having a better time now, and I love you and miss you, Leigh.

Talk to you soon,

Andy

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: Re: Hey babe

Date: Tues, 8 Feb 2005

Hi there. Ahh... I'm here alone, without the women. We just went out for dinner (normally we all eat at the hotel restaurant—good food, but tonight was our special occasion for the first day of work). Some of the women (there are six of us) kept complaining and making suggestions/comments about how the clinic is run and organized. I spoke up a couple of times about how the workers there probably don't want to do all of these things that make their jobs more difficult and makes the volunteers' jobs easier because maybe they resent it a bit that we come in like this, you know? And then I also made the announcement (much like my last email) that it embarrasses me to be American because none of this has shocked or disgusted me because I've seen things like it (through work and volunteer positions). One rich bitch said something about how I'd seen so much with my jobs (yeah, right, I have hardly seen anything to compared to what's out there!) and I just basically ended the confessional with "it's just not fair." You know? That they don't have the resources here, and could actually use them. And we do, and we don't. Whatever. I'm sure they all hate me. It's very frustrating. Canadian girl would probably be on my side if she were American, but she's not.

On the walk home, she and the team leader (who lives here) were talking about maternity leaves. Canadian mothers get a year off (with 60% pay after two months of full pay) and Romanian women get two years at 300 lei a month (normal salary is about 100). See?!?! We're fucked up. We get six weeks.

I explained to the women at the table after dinner that I'm not completely stupid, like, I miss the white toilet paper (we have rolls of basically brown paper towel rough material), but I just wish there were a happy medium between the traditional way of life and our own. They have no comprehension of what I'm talking about. Sigh.

I'm so sorry for this! This is such a small portion of the wonderful thing that I am doing and am feeling, it just kind of eats me up so I have to get it out. I hope you understand. You usually do. I love you.

I hope your sleep gets better (Benadryl!! It works!) and that you are enjoying your evenings. Don't forget to eat.

I'm headed back to the hotel to watch something on one of our three Discovery channels (my only option now—I'll be quite smart!). I'd crack and read something, but then my trillion-hour train ride to Germany will be boring.

I love you, Andy...

Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hey babe  
Date: Tues, 8 Feb 2005

Sounds like you're surrounded by some troubled people. You should focus more on the unfortunate ones than the ones that are just stupid. You can help the kids, but you will never change rich white Americans. They are assholes like the assholes before them, and they will be that way until they're dead. It sucks, but that's life.

Work (and I am still here at 4) was kind of fun today. My hours got changed to 8 to 4:30, for one thing. And we went all Trading Spaces on the office. No more dark, dingy walls. Now they're blinding white. This place will be nice by the time we're done with it.

Other than that, I need to do inventory, then I'm off to be useless for the rest of the night. Talk to you soon, my love. Have fun.

Andy

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: I just wanted to tell you...  
Date: Wed, 9 Feb 2005

I love you and I miss you.

That's all.

- Andy

From: Leigh  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: I just wanted to tell you...  
Date: Wed, 9 Feb 2005

Mmm... what a nice email. Thank you. I miss you too...and am really realizing how much I love you—not because of how much I miss you, but because of



why I miss you and my relative comfort with the distance.

My throat's a bit sore, so I hope to get a little cold out of the way earlier instead of later (it's going to be inevitable with the dozens of snotty noses all over me all day). Last night after I wrote, there was a bag full of white toilet paper outside of my hotel room, so I yelled thank you into the ladies' hotel room (they were all together) they invited me in for wine, and we sat and laughed and were bitching about Canadian girl, etc. So, I came to this conclusion as I went back to my room to go to bed. It's just like high school, I think it always will be with my social interactions. I'm a little too social/"popular" for the nerdy, but not snotty and vicious enough to be one of the popular girls... but they accept me anyway. Oh well. I'm versatile, I guess. I have a few genuine solid chocolate bunnies in my life, that's all I need—better than many hollow ones.

Today at the clinic was wonderful, of course. I'm not going to lie. Babies love me. Maybe it's because I love them so ridiculously much. This afternoon (during the special needs kids' time) I ducked out for a minute to go into the isolation room to hold Ramona (the one with kidney failure I told you about), because she never gets any stimulation or company at all. I held her for a while, rubbed her legs and arms (that's really important for these crib-constrained babies) and held her up to the window for a while. She's beautiful. I feel kind of conceited saying "oh I'm doing the right thing" by concentrating on just holding the babies, but I think I am. The others have to ask me the infants' names because they're too busy complaining about cloth diapers or some crap. So, I've gotten over the frustration hump and just am doing what I want and feeling good for it at this point.

How are you sleeping? Well, I hope. I think I'm going to go walk around the block for a while before dinner, because I'm finally feeling more comfortable speaking some simple phrases. I can't believe it's already Wednesday. In barely over a week, you'll be flying over here! Are you nervous? Excited? Numb? I know you told me that things like this just kind of eventually catch up to you, so I hope you're doing alright.

I love you Andy.

~Leigh

From: Andrew K

To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: I just wanted to tell you...

Date: Wed, 9 Feb 2005

Hello, my love.

I feel like a big steaming bowl of ass. I don't know why, just hit me midday. Quite possibly fumes from the paint remover...

I knew you'd end up with some happy stories. Being around that many babies can't leave Leigh unhappy, no matter what kind of morons you have to deal with.

I like the chocolate bunny metaphor, by the way. Very nice.  
The nervousness and excitement hasn't quite hit yet, but I started to feel it a little after you left, waiting for you to email and thinking, holy fuck, she's on the other side of the planet. And pretty soon, I'M going to the other side of the planet.

Hmmm... not much to talk about other than that, really. Pretty dull on this side of the ocean. And now I have to do adjustments and get ready to head home, so I'll talk to you soon.

Love,  
Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: I just wanted to tell you...  
Date: Thurs, 10 Feb 2005

Hey lovey...

Ok, I hope you're not busy later tonight (it's Thursday, obviously) because I'd like to call you when I wake up tomorrow (around 7) so perhaps we could chat. If you will be busy, just email me and let me know. Otherwise, if you don't answer your phone, I'll be pissed and dump you. :)

Nothing big and new to report here really. This weekend we're all going on a trip to visit the Painted Monasteries throughout Romania, which Steffan the Great would construct every time he won a battle or something. So, that will be pretty. What are you going to be up to? Big party at your apartment?

Probably.

I miss you and love you and can't wait to kiss you...

~Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Buna! (that's hello in romanian)  
Date: Fri, 11 Feb 2005

Hey love.

Ok, it's Friday early afternoon, and we are getting ready to eat lunch and head out. I of course don't have much to say since I talked to you about five hours ago (which was really, really nice). I just wanted to wish you good health, a good weekend, and all around well-being.

A pit in the bottom of my stomach is really starting to miss you... I can't wait for you to begin your experiences and excitement when you come!

I love you so much Andy....

~Leigh



From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Buna! (that's hello in romanian)  
Date: Fri, 11 Feb 2005

Hello, my love.

Yes. So. I came home at 10am this morning and went to sleep in order to avoid throwing up. I feel pretty rough. And apparently, I'm not the only one. Evelyn and Diane have it, too, so our building has been pretty much gutted the last few days thanks to the flu. Needless to say, Andy isn't going out drinking tonight.

Weird dream alert. Since remembering dreams is such a rare occurrence to me, I have to report. I had a dream that I was going out with you AND Abby from ER. The character, not the actress. And I also had a thing with the Indian girl. Strange, since I didn't even watch ER last night...

Anyway, I just slept for about 10 hours, so I don't really have much to talk about. I'm going to spend this weekend trying to get healthy and get bills squared up and get my shit together so that by Saturday, I'll be taken care of and ready to meet you in Germany! Very exciting.

You have a wonderful weekend, and I'll be looking forward to hearing from you. I love you, Leigh.

- Andy

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Happy VD  
Date: Mon, 14 Feb 2005

Hello, love.

I caught a second wind and managed to stay up until 10 last night, giving me 9 hours to sleep, and finally, I feel closer to the living than the dead. It's a nice feeling.

I think I figured out why I've been a little off lately. You can call it seasonal depression if you'd like, but I think that term is just a bullshit excuse and marketing tool to push antidepression drugs. I'm going to compare more to the Sunday blah, only I have a winter blah. I think the cold just irritates me. So, basically, for three months out of the year, I'm in Sunday mode.

And other than that, not much happening. I hope you have a lovely Valentine's Day, and I will talk to you soon.

I love you and I miss you.

- Andy

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Happy VD  
Date: Mon, 14 Feb 2005

Haha...happy VD?

Happy venereal disease to you too, mister. You trying to tell me something?!  
Happy Valentine's Day, love o' mine.

Not much new to report. I'm pretty sure that I'm going to go through a period of withdrawal from these babies. I kind of missed them over the weekend, so I can only imagine having to leave for good. I can't even explain how wonderful they are.

Three months of Sunday blahs... I can sympathize. My memories from college's spring semesters are always pretty dark until about mid-April. I've been kind of in crazy overdrive during this winter (and uh, quite in love), so I'm not as bad as usual (thus far), but I think the Sunday metaphor is perfect. I just hope that my being around in general doesn't make you more blah-y. Like, pressure or anything. I'm happy that you feel more human today... a lively pink awake Andy is much more precious than the sunken in, yellow Andy. :)

I love you so much. I think I'm going to fall over when we first kiss when you get here. I can't wait!

Have a good rest of your Monday, and I love you!

~Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Happy VD  
Date: Tues, 15 Feb 2005

Not much to report on this end. Our floors are nearly finished. Once everything is clean and organized, this place is going to look like a completely different room.

How's the weather over there? Still bad? It's actually nice over here. It was hot yesterday.

Blah. I sound like a rambling idiot. Sorry. Couldn't sleep for crap last night. Anyway, I'll talk to you soon. I miss you, my dear. Can't wait to kiss you.

Love,  
Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Happy VD  
Date: Tues, 15 Feb 2005

So I have two favorite babies--Liliana and Mihaitsa (girl and boy). Liliana is really starting to get fussy if I don't hold her and really love on me. It's going to be so hard to leave them. All of them of course, but those bonds are going to be painful to leave. I just can't think about it! We have a team journal that people take turns writing in, and my turn was last night. So, I read it aloud this morning, as is standard, and everyone kind of gushed about it. That was really cool.

Last night, some eighth grade students and their English teacher came to our hotel to have soda and dessert and talk with us. The one annoying woman kept asking questions like, what's your favorite American movie, TV show, etc.? And one boy answered the TV question, in a thick Romanian accent..."have you heard of the Punk'd?" Even halfway around the world, one cannot escape Ashton Kutcher.

Well, I miss you. I can't believe tomorrow is Wednesday.

I love you,

~Leigh

From: Leigh K

To: Andrew K

Subject: : )

Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

I think, as my boyfriend, you should know this.

I was just, completely naked, for an hour, with baby oil, rubbed down by a Romanian girl.

From: Leigh K

To: All

Subject: Europeans wear nice shoes

Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

Hello all!

Highlight of my day today: getting a full-body, one-hour massage for \$7.

Gotta love the dollar/lei conversion rate! (But soon I must switch to euros... sigh...)

So the first leg of my trip is almost over. On Friday morning, I'm taking a train to Bucharest, and then taking a train to Frankfurt (via Hungary and Austria). All in all, I'll probably be in transit for almost 36 hours. That's damned exciting! However, on the other side of that long trip, I'll get to see Andy finally, and that is damned exciting (sarcasm-free).

I hope all is well back in the states!

Much love,

Leigh



From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Hello my love  
Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

So, I slept like shit last night (I think that we are somehow affecting each other's sleep patterns by mere suggestion!). I did manage to have horrendous dreams, though. All I'm remembering right now is that I flew home to see you for a few hours, and your mom was screaming at me and hated me so much. It was traumatic.

Don't forget to bring:

Nyquil capsules  
toothbrush

little shampoo (the castile soap doesn't cut it on the hair for more than like, three days)

small packet of kleenex

wear comfy clothes on the plane!

gum (for take-off and landing, so your ears don't pop)

um...some sweet lovin' for your horny girlfriend

...I have most everything else (my deodorant isn't girly smelling). So, just use your best judgment.

I'm so relaxed right now. I noted some "moves" that I could use on you for your next massage. When I flipped over and she saw my tattoo, she exclaimed "you're just full of surprises!" It made me giggle. She also observed that I'm quite tense. Hmmm... It was marvelous. And somebody knew some girl who makes house calls for manicures and pedicures, so she came tonight and tomorrow night to the hotel (I'm on for tomorrow night). Exciting! And so cheap!

I look forward to hearing your voice in um, like, thirteen hours. I miss you!

Have a good day at work...

I love you,

Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hello my love  
Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

That e-mail to me about the massage was too much. I'm at work, for one thing, and this little lag in sex is really starting to get to me, seeing as it's been about six and a half months since I've been without regular sex. (Oh, I do love your sex drive!) And don't think it hasn't been getting to me. I'm thinking we're going to have a very wonderful Saturday night...

Anyway, my wonderful but very tense love, I'll get back to work (or whatever



it is I do, haha). I miss you more and more every day, and I can't wait to see you. Talk to you soon.

Love,  
Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: Re: Hello my love  
Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

I'm sorry I send so many verbose emails... I just can't help it. I thought that email would horn you up a bit. I can't even watch a couple kiss on tv without getting all oozy and lusty for you. And uh... Sunday night? Right? Check your airplane tickets, please. Aren't you leaving on Saturday and arriving on Sunday? Right?! Do you have a ride?!?! Ok, I'm done. I can't think of anything else that you need at the moment. Did you make copies of your documents? How bout the money thing? Oh my gosh I miss you.

Here I am again, blabbing on and on. I'm sorry.

You just miss me for the sex, don't you? How sad. I'm all, "Oh, I haven't not seen him for this amount of time since May" and you're all "I wanna get laid." Pig : )

I don't have much more of usefulness to say. except that I'm going to go back to my hotel room, hope for sleep, and then get to talk to you when I wake up. that's a good thing.

I love you so much.

Miss you,  
Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hello my love  
Date: Wed, 16 Feb 2005

Oh, yeah. Right. I can't wait to see you for the sex. That's the only reason I'm going to Europe anyway. Can't do with an additional two weeks of sex. You know me.

Oh, and yeah, Sunday night. I'm just not thinking. Either way, it'll be good. Um. Maybe I'll email more a bit little. Trying to fix multiple problems at the moment. And I'm kind of drawing a blank.

Bye, babe.  
Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andrew K  
Subject: The end  
Date: Thurs, 17 Feb 2005

Hey love.

I'm a little depressed right now... today was the last day at the clinic, and saying goodbye was really hard. Imagine me, trying to put this little baby in her crib, me bawling, her just looking at me smiling, sticking her little tongue out. It was much more painful than I expected it would be... I'm going to carry this with me forever..

Part one, finished. Part two is ready to begin. And I'm very much looking forward to seeing you.

Ok, can you please bring me some Aleve Cold and Sinus? It would be much appreciated. kissing snotty faces for two weeks has left me with a bit of a bug, but I'll zap it in no time, I won't be all gross, I promise.

You are such a sex fiend. Gosh.....

I'll call you tonight...

Have a good day at work. I'll check my email once more (in about four hours or so...one o'clock there), so email me if you want

I love you,  
Leigh

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: The end  
Date: Thurs, 17 Feb 2005

Aleve Cold and Sinus just put on the list. Along with the 50,000 other things. I'm doing laundry tonight, packing, already made my photocopies this morning... asking for a ride from my parents tonight. Ummmm.... need to clean my damn house, if I have time. It's a tad messy. Need to pay a few bills... Hmmm. I think that's about it. Then I'm off to Europe. With you. For two weeks. It's going to be so nice.

I'll talk to you soon, my love. I miss you.

- Andy

From: Andrew K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: See you soon!  
Date: Sat, 19 Feb 2005

Hello, my love.

Don't know if you will check this before I get there, but just in case...

I'm very excited and can't wait to see you, and I will at 11:05 AM at Terminal 1 at the Frankfurt airport.  
See you soon, Leigh.  
Love,  
Andy

\*\*\*

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: It's official  
Date: Mon, 7 Nov 2005

Well, it's done. I no longer have a lease on my apartment, and I'm taking a wife. The universe has shifted.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Moving in...  
Date: Thurs, 10 Nov 2005

Hi there...

So, I just took a shower (I've been a scuzzbucket all day). And as I was drying off, I saw your books atop the toilet tank. I had this overwhelming sense of warmth and happiness.

I'd imagine that, for many couples, living together is a challenge, a huge obstacle course. Ours has been a very smooth transition, it's been so wonderful.

I never thought I'd live with someone before I was married—not a moral dilemma, just a “leave something to look forward to” thing. But I have more than enough to look forward to with you... and frankly, I like being around you all the time. I would want nothing less than you to move into my, I mean, our house.

I'm a very independent, stubborn person. I've never had problems living with any of my roommates, but with them, there was her space and my space, separate. I remember freshman year at Wash U, Julie and I were great friends. But if her shit crossed over onto my side of the room, I would get all claustrophobic and angry. But with you, I love it when your shit crosses onto my side.

In the past couple of days, there have been moments where I just look at you, or hear you say something, and am completely overwhelmed (there's no better word) with how much I love you. I never worry about what I say to/in front of you, I never worry about how you will react to things I say or do, I never feel like I have to be any different for you. And I think that's something I've taken



for granted because it's been so easy, so natural. You are literally my best friend....not my best alternative friend, like, oh, you're not really as good of a friend as Megan or anything....my best friend. And yes, you make me feel wonderful and comfortable and protected—but I also love you so much, who you are. You are an amazing person... intelligent, caring, funny, words just can't accurately encapsulate how incredible I think, I know, you are. Thank you so, so much for ever wanting to kiss me, and thank you for being patient with me for those beginning months, and thank you for calling me every night while I was away....thank you.

And as for your living situation, I realize that you are a very private person. If there's anything about together that has made or is making you uncomfortable, please let me know. This is your house, too. I want you to be happy in it. I love sharing all of my spaces with you, and i hope you don't mind it, either. I love you Andy. and I can't imagine a day in the rest of my life without you.

Love,  
Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Yawn  
Date: Fri, 9 Dec 2005

Hello love...

Well, so far this morning at my new job, I've read up on the New York Times, and updated our Dillard's registry :)

I can't believe Christmas is two weeks away... I'm totally not prepared.

We need to get a tree (live, of course).

I love you!

~Leigh

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Yawn  
Date: Fri, 9 Dec 2005

Christmas... humbug.  
I've been on the Times, too.  
Love you. Have a good day.  
- Andy

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Yawn  
Date: Fri, 9 Dec 2005

Don't humbug Christmas!

I have done noooothing today. Do you want to do anything tonight?

I just read a newsletter from Global Volunteers, from my Romanian team leader. There are updates on all of the babies. I cannot even describe the ache I have to go back there. It's horrible. Maybe in '07...that might work.

Anyway...

Love and big wet kisses,

Leigh

From: Leigh K

To: Andy K

Subject: Greece

Date: Mon, 12 Dec 2005

OK, just got off the phone with a travel agent about our honeymoon. She's finding packages for us that are island-y things, but a little too resort-ish, I think. (This all makes me want to hyperventilate.) I've explained that we'd prefer off-the-beaten path type places and really don't want/need the all-inclusive stuff.

It's very tempting to do this all on our own (like book a random villa), but I have a feeling we should probably go with her, b/c we'll probably want to relax after the wedding, you know? This is all overwhelming.

She was looking at Santorini and Mykonos. Very expensive tourist islands. I just don't like it.

It just stresses me out, because I feel like we have this precious one week to work with, and I want it to be perfect. I mean, of course it will be perfect because I, Mrs. Leigh Kolb, will be with you, but you know...

From: Andy K

To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: Greece

Date: Mon, 12 Dec 2005

Yeah, steer away from the resort-type-things. We need our own little space. Relaxation with my new wife is my main goal.

From: Leigh K

To: Andy K

Subject: Busy, busy

Date: Tues, 13 Dec 2005

I finished up the company newsletter and it's on the boss's desk. So there's that.

And now I'm working on selecting wedding readings and wording for our invitations. I wanted to write it myself, to make it sound not-canned. Any good ideas?

Oh, I am just so productive at my corporate job. I'm just re-evaluating the Kahlil Gibran, Richard Bach and Madeline L'Engel readings.

My green tea's caffeine really hit me this morning.

I love you.

~Leigh

P.S. I just found the words online to the song you picked for our first dance—"A Girl Like You"? It was all I could do not to cry in my cubicle.

From: Andy K

To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: Busy, busy

Date: Tues, 13 Dec 2005

It's all great, Leigh.

And of course the words are perfect, that's why I picked it. I heard the hidden track on the Pete Yorn CD and thought... why hadn't I thought of this before?

From: Leigh K

To: Andy Kolb

Subject: Invites almost done!

Date: Thu, 15 Dec 2005

Ok. read this. Please, please give me your input.

Yours is the only input that I truly respect. :)

And it does matter....to me (I pout in your general direction).

I love you...have a good afternoon.

*Because you have walked beside us on our lives' paths,*

*Leigh Catherine Kellmann and*

*Andrew Michael Kolb*

*Together with our families*

*invite you to join us as we begin a new journey together on Saturday, the sixth of May two thousand and six, at four o'clock in the afternoon at the historic*

*John B. Busch Brewery in Washington, Missouri*

*Join us in celebrating life and love with a reception immediately following the ceremony*

*Röbller Vineyard Winery in New Haven, Missouri*



From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Invites almost done!  
Date: Thu, 15 Dec 2005

Yeah, that's good. Go with that one.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

Hello love....

So, Monday morning, checking my e-mail, and my dear mother writes me. The subject line is "just a thought," which I know automatically is going to piss me off. And she did! Suggesting that I switch around who's at the guestbook, since it's family tradition (what the fuck!?!!) that Kristin would be at the guestbook. Oh, dear Andy, I am so looking forward to the wedding being over. I mean, I'm so, so very excited for the day—I've loved planning this so much, and to get to marry you, I cannot wait! But dear lord, people piss me off. So i'm a little heated this morning. I love you so much. I'm sorry if people at your work today discriminate against you because your fiancee was a sloppy drunk slut at the company Christmas party. :( I love you... Anyway, onto doing nothing!!! Much love,  
Leigh

P.S. Close your eyes, pretend we're still in bed nuzzling. Ahhhhh.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

Hey, baby.

That one drunk lady from the party is still in the hospital. Apparently she inhaled her own vomit when she passed out and has walking pneumonia as a result. Moron.

Trust me, you have nothing to worry about as far as the embarrassment. Everyone was so fucked up, nobody even noticed. Have a good day, babe. I love you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

Inhaled her own vomit? That's fucking disgusting.  
But I guess not everyone can have a perfect companion  
who takes care of them... unlike our drunk asses.  
Ugh. My colon's all funny. Why at work?? Why!?  
I miss you already. It's strange...I'm just kind of dreading the next week or so,  
because I don't want to have to be around so many people. I'm feeling  
antisocial, and I want to just hole up, wear sweatpants, eat comfort food, and  
watch Arrested Development while snuggling with you on the couch.  
How good does that sound!?!  
Love you,  
Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

Hey.  
Don't you concur about my glorious vision of sweatpants, Arrested  
Development, and togetherness?  
(Ah! Another great vow idea!)  
I'm listening to iTunes on my computer, and my earphone wires are too short,  
so I'm kind of hunched over the computer. I look like a humanzee.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

That sweatpant plan sounds spectacular.  
Loooooooooove you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Mon, 19 Dec 2005

I'm listening to Jeff Buckley right now.

Is everything ok? I'm worried you're upset with me after my little insecure craze this past weekend...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Monday, 19 Dec 2005

I'm not mad at you, just busy being boss. Don't be silly. Leigh; and I've told you a billion times, I don't think about anyone else. My view of the past is cold and logical and detached. strictly fact-based with no emotion attachments. That's why I get so frustrated with you making big deals out of anything that happened years ago. The past is the past, I live in the now, and peering into the future has always been scary to me, but not so much anymore because now I can see that I'm with someone I love. does that make sense?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Ugh. Monday.  
Date: Monday, 19 Dec 2005

That more than made sense, it was beautifully put. Thank you.  
I guess it is hard for me to imagine anything being emotionally fact-based/logical. Which I don't really understand, it's totally hypocritical (I'll admit it in this situation), because I can think about the past with no emotional attachment at all... and we both know my past was more sordid than yours. I feel so strongly for you, that it deleted any other old emotions. That probably sounds a bit psycho, but it's true. All of that was nothing, nothing compared to you. (So I don't understand why I can't believe that you also have deleted those emotions...)  
The future still is scary, and I think that's ok. But I'm not scared of anything relating to you.  
Everything else? Scary. You? I'm so confident about our future that it's a sure thing.  
Thank you for being patient and tolerant. You have no idea how much that means to me, and how helpful it is.  
The way I think/feel/operate in regard to the jealousy thing has improved, I think, 99%. Thank you for helping me along the way...  
I'm still not perfect, I know, but it's like a canker sore that just sprouts up when I'm stressed/worried/upset about something else. And I recognize that, so it's easier to deal with. Having a wild imagination is something I'm



thankful for, I think it makes me a better thinker and a more creative person. however, personally, it often wreaks havoc on the mind, when let go. That's a problem....but it's getting better.

Thank you...

Love

Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Wanderlust  
Date: Wed, 21 Dec 2005

I was just looking, again, at vacationvillas.net. Ok, just so you know, there are so many places I want to go in our life, it's ridiculous. You want to travel just as badly, right? I just figure, you know what? Even when we have kids, they'll just have to deal with summer vacations in like, Poland. That's the plan.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Wanderlust  
Date: Wed, 21 Dec 2005

I like that plan.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: My melty  
Date: Thur, 22 Dec 2005

My mom e-mailed me about our engagement announcement in the newspaper yesterday, said I looked beautiful, you looked nice too. I e-mailed back, "my hands look huge in the picture but Andy definitely is beautiful." She e-mailed back, "shut up about your hands, you looked beautiful" and (here's the kicker)...."Andy looked MELTY as always"!!!! Ahahahahahaha... melty.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: My melty  
Date: Thur, 22 Dec 2005

Melty? Is that a compliment?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: My melty  
Date: Thur, 22 Dec 2005

Um I'm pretty sure. Like makes-you-melt, probably. The older women just love you, huh?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Going insane  
Date: Tue, 27 Dec 2005

Ok. I said I wouldn't, no way, register for fine china. However, I just found the most beautiful Vera Wang china and registered for 12 place settings. I'm insane, and you probably don't give a shit about china... I didn't either, until this wedding bug got under my skin.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Going insane  
Date: Tue, 27 Dec 2005

You can kiss my Vera Wang.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Going insane  
Date: Tue, 27 Dec 2005

Hmm...what body part is the Vera Wang?  
I've given all of your good bits names already.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Villas and islands  
Date: Thur, 29 Dec 2005

Ok, I think I've secured our reservations at that 18<sup>th</sup> century olive oil mill villa in Paltsi, Greece. It sounds amazing. The wonderful, wonderful woman with the villa e-mailed me again and told me of another island (Chios) that's

been undiscovered by tourists, and it looks like the most amazing place ever (stone houses, homes built into the hills, underground cave churches b/c of pirates). I've already scoped out übercheap lodging. And it looks like it would be totally doable to hit the island as well.

Wow, it's coming together.

I love you so much.

You're marrying me. Holy shit.

~Leigh

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: ...coughs weakly  
Date: Fri, 30 Dec 2005

Ugh. I feel like crap. I have this neverending cold/allergy/achy/icky disease.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subect: Re: ...coughs weakly  
Date: Fri, 30 Dec 2005

Maybe it's syphilis.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: ...coughs weakly  
Date: Fri, 30 Dec 2005

Well, I have been sleeping with you.

I'm reading an article on nytimes.com about Bucharest (Romania's capital). I sooo want to go back there! I ache! I hurt!

But anyway, the guy was talking about how the historical district crumbled under the communist dictator: Cristian Florea, a local tour guide, told me, 'Ceausescu hated Lipsani and let it deteriorate because he wanted to pretend that nothing existed in Bucharest before him.'

I realized, that sounds like me, and my weird problems with your exes. and it made me really sad and pitiful-feeling. I'm so sorry I do that. Please believe I'll get better (AM better), and I love you so much and know, completely, that every experience we have is why we are where we are now, and I'm thankful for every experience you've had. Honestly. There's just that tiny streak of evil communist dictator in me. :)

I love you.



From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: ...coughs weakly  
Date: Fri, 30 Dec 2005

Haha. From now on, I will refer to you as "the furor."

Oh, I found out I get Monday off too. Sweeeeeet.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: ...coughs weakly

You bitch.

While you're at home and I'm working, you can feel free to empty the dishwasher, clear out the Christmas tree, and put away all of my clothes upstairs, and do the laundry.

Ha! I kid, I kid.

I'm planning our honeymoon completely. I called the travel agent, and I think she's just going to arrange the airfare for us (you know, since we're such difficult little travelers).

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Need... real... food  
Date: Tue, 3 Jan 2006

So I think I might eat some real food tonight. I think it's the best thing for all involved. I'm feeling kind of shaky...and bitchy... evidently I don't do fasts well.

I think I'll cook that Trader Joe's pizza and sauté some veggies. Healthy, maybe not healthy enough, but healthy.

I hate, hate, hate, not finishing things. This is why I was weird about you saying you were quitting smoking this morning...I think it's such an awful feeling to fail, and I don't want you to feel that way. So, yeah. I'm a failure.

Well, it's still impressive that all I've had in the last like, 40 hours is raw fruits, veggies, and protein shakes. I'm sure it did my body good....

My allergies are gone...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K

Subject: Re: Need... real... food

You know I'm not going to judge you. I'm glad the allergies went away.  
I love you so much.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Hey there. How are you? Wonderful, I hope.  
You get to go home soon, lucky bastard.  
What do you want for din din?

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Doesn't make any difference to me. Anything sounds good. How about eggs? :  
)

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Eggs? I think you're having some kind of strong subconscious desire to  
reproduce.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Because I like eggs? Trust me, I just like eggs.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Ok Mr. I cant-take-a-joke. Eggs? Fertility? Sigh.  
Seriously. You choose dinner. Something I can make, order, whatever. I don't  
wanna.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Boredom  
Date: Thu, 5 Jan 2006

Papa John's.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Home alone!  
Date: Thu, 12 Jan 2006

I'm going straight to Lindenwood for class tonight. You have the house to  
yourself for roughly 7 more hours. Fucking midgets, internet girlfriends, your  
mom, whatever you want. Except it's still technically my house. I pay the  
mortgage.  
Remember that.  
Bitch.  
Leigh needs a nap.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Home alone!  
Date: Thu, 12 Jan 2006

I don't have midgets or internet girlfriends or anything. I only love YOU.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Poor sick baby  
Date: Fri, 13 Jan 2006

I am so sorry you are sick. :(  
I wish I was home with you though. I'm actually working today. Whoa. But  
I'm tired as hell. My keyboard wrist rest looks like a good pillow.  
Are you feeling ok? Better? I'm so sorry there's nothing good in the house for  
you to eat or drink to feel better. I'm a shitty woman. And I feel like I'm



going to be a really shitty woman for the next year or so while I'm getting my master's... but at least then it will all be over, and I'll have the tools in my belt to do better jobs, that will allow me to be a good wifey and mommy, in the future. I just hyperventilated a little bit.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Poor sick baby  
Date: Fri, 13 Jan 2006

I'm feeling a little better... would be much better if you were here with me. Tonight, we shall lie around on our new leather couch and do nothing. Sound good? You're a great woman, and I love you very much. Hope your day is good.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Ramblings  
Date: Fri, Feb 17, 2006

So I finished "The Year of Magical Thinking" on the way to New York. Her husband dies, her daughter makes it through the illness, much reflection, etc. Very wonderful. Jane magazine recently made reference to Joan Didion's dead husband and daughter. I think, how irresponsible for a magazine like Jane to get the fact wrong. They didn't. Her daughter died post-publication. I was surprised how sad it made me.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: A dream to rival your own  
Date: Wed, Feb 22, 2006

Hey you. I just woke up a little bit ago—fucking crazy dreams. Recurring, but different this time. Abandoned toy factory. You and me and David (my brother) and some other younger girl, can't remember who. Maybe Mandy. We tried to walk in, but a bunch of plastic doll heads started falling and flooded the entrance, so we went to a different building that had this cave thing I've seen before, only that was different too. It had rooms like a normal hallway, and in the first room was my Uncle Dan and my Grandpa Kolb, only they looked like Patrick Duffy and the dad from Frasier (I'm not even kidding), but I still knew it was them. Crazy shit.

How's your day?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: A dream to rival your own  
Date: Wed, Feb 22, 2006

I am SO GLAD you were able to recount that dream!! Fucking hilarious!!  
Hahaha. Patrick Duffy. Doll heads? That would have scared the crap  
out of me.  
So you're still at home? Lucky monkey, you.  
Is it ok that we not eat until 8 tonight when I get home from spinning? Just  
have a snack. And please do the dishes. :)  
Oh I love you so.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: A dream to rival your own  
Date: Wed, Feb 22, 2006

It wasn't scary, I think because I've had it before, only more in depth this  
time. Actually, I didn't realize the Patrick Duffy and dad from Frasier thing  
until I woke up. I just thought it was them while I was dreaming. Don't really  
know how to explain it.

Yeah, dishes are on my list, and yeah, waiting for dinner is fine.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Insanity  
Date: Thu, Mar 2, 2006

Hello my love.  
How are you? Good, I hope. I enjoyed waking up in your arms this morning.  
(Well, I didn't enjoy waking up...I enjoyed sleeping there.)  
Did I fall asleep last night with my hand cupping your buttock? I think I did.  
That is  
funny.  
What are you up to? Going to work any time soon?  
I love you so much. And I am happy...I really am. Soon, I'll be much saner.  
Believe me. With the wedding stuff, it's a good kind of insane for me. I love  
being under pressure to get things like that together. It's just the other parts of  
the equation (especially the parts I can't control, like the difficulty to lose

weight), that make it difficult. Oh there I go with my control issues again. You are my sanity. I'm sorry you have such a daunting job, but believe me, I love you so much for it. I appreciate it. I love you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: It's coming...  
Date: Mon, Mar 6, 2006

You are marrying me!

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: It's coming...  
Date: Mon, Mar 6, 2006

Two months, babe. I love you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: The future  
Date: Fri, Mar 3, 2006

You know what I think?  
Within five years:  
We will both be freelancers. I will, to supplement our income, also teach. I will get grants from the National Endowment of the Arts, and we will travel everywhere. I will write about the travels. you can, too. and we will be published. and you will be an artist on the side, and I a photographer. I love you. and we will not be shackled by normality. There are too many places I HAVE to go—with you. And that's that.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: The future  
Date: Fri, Mar 3, 2006

And George Bush won't be the president anymore!



From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Neurosis, straight ahead  
Date: Tue, Mar 7, 2006

I hope you don't fantasize about and/or wish you were with another girl while we have sex.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Neurosis, straight ahead  
Date: Tue, Mar 7, 2006

No, I don't. Why would you think that?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Neurosis, straight ahead  
Date: Tue, Mar 7, 2006

Umm...I don't know.  
I just went to the bathroom, looked in the mirror. Realized my butt was being a little too jiggy for my liking, and wondered if maybe during times like last night (a la Brokeback Mountain style), you missed the days of smaller, firmer ladies.  
I realize you hate me very much right now. but it popped into my head, and, as you know, I can't leave things in my head. And it made me sad.  
Dammit. I'm sorry.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Neurosis, straight ahead  
Date: Tue, Mar 7, 2006

Blahblahblah. I don't hate you, and I know you're neurotic. I love you very much. I think you are beautiful. Which is why I don't think of other girls. I don't need to.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Neurosis, straight ahead

Date: Tue, Mar 7, 2006

Ok.

That makes me feel good. (Now of course, next time, you will. Wink.)

From: Leigh K  
 To: Andy K  
 Subject: Cue Jaws music  
 Date: Wed, Mar 8, 2006

I can feel my acne. I can FEEL IT GROWING!!!! What a shitty feeling.

From: Leigh K  
 To: Andy K  
 Subject: None  
 Date: Fri, Mar 10, 2006

Hi there.

Ok, so now I'm on vday.org, reading testimonials, etc. and I realize (not that I didn't know, but every single day I get new reminders) how incredibly lucky I am.

I remember when I was in the Vagina Monologues, I chose two monologues that were relatively tame—because I felt I didn't have enough "oomph" for the big ones because I'd never lived through anything so traumatic. Looking back, there are a few incidences on my record that, whether it's self-preservation or denial, were times that I said no, or was disrespected, or simply taken for granted and not taken seriously. It's nothing like some girls go through (or boys), but it's still there. When I was in New York with Megan and Gina, we stayed up late talking about everything, and I recounted the story about when I was a junior (total virgin) and went to that college party with Ruth...and something strange happened, and I still don't know what. That's ridiculous (the idea of being drugged/date raped) and I feel foolish for even saying it. I don't know. Or the one or two other times that I clearly said no... and then my serious relationships in the past—never violent, but I was never taken seriously. (Yes, I can realize I'm a little crazy sometimes, so it would be easy to not take me seriously.) But then you came along. I just cannot fully explain how thankful I am to have you in my life. I have no doubt in my mind, that without you, maybe there would be someone else, but never could I imagine being treated better, or respected more, or being listened to so much. I have never felt so loved. And you? I love how you always have answers, knowledge, and facts. You are so

intelligent. I love how you know what's going on all of the time around you—you observe so well, and catch so much. I love your ability to be alone. I love your taste in books and music and movies. And you're fucking gorgeous (which is simply annoying). It's just too much. And I don't know what I did to deserve such a wonderful human being and relationship. I will never stop being thankful for you.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: None  
Date: Fri, Mar 10, 2006

I love you so much, Leigh. I can't wait until May 6...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Honeymoon? Check.  
Date: Wed, Mar 15, 2006

Our reservations for the "spitaki" in Avgonyma, Chios island are in place. Now all I need to do is get a rental car out of Athens, and one for Chios, and a flight from Athens to Chios. Almost ready to go! How are you doing? Are you gearing up for your new job... you'll be amazing, I know.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: After-birthday apology  
Date: Mon, Mar 20, 2006

I want to say I'm sorry about last night. I don't know what my problem was. I really appreciate everything you did for me, and it was a wonderful birthday. I just get really introverted and depressed on my birthday, I always have. I love you so much and can't wait to marry you. Are you spinning tonight?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: After-birthday apology  
Date: Mon, Mar 20, 2006



Yep. I'm set to tan 'n' spin.

I'm sorry I wasn't more sensitive to your birthday "blues"... I don't know, I just wanted to make it special. And I got a little emotional, too. I think we should just resign ourselves to the fact that these next few weeks might bring lots of those...weird bouts. It's ok. We're fine.

Today I started worrying about if one of the flower girls or attendants barfs when they're walking down the aisle. I am by no means mentally ok right now. :)

Maybe I'll make that olive pasta tonight? That sounds good.

I got a random call today from the publisher of the Hermann paper. They're looking for an editor to take over the New Haven newspaper, and I think they want me to do it. My resume was on file from over a year ago... I have no idea what to do.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Mortgage  
Date: Thu, Mar 23, 2006

I just talked to our mortgage guy. We're going to get the ball rolling on the refinance/adding you to the loan. (I'll get your info tonight, to tell the lady tomorrow who's going to call me about our info.)

I understand everything about the editor job isn't perfect. I still have no fucking idea what I'm doing. But I did a little math, and I think we COULD do it with the pay cut, if need be. I don't know. I'm so sorry about all of this sudden uncertainty and rocking our boat. I just don't know.

I love you so much.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Mortgage  
Date: Thu, Mar 23, 2006

"(I'll get your info tonight, to tell the lady tomorrow who's going to call me about our info.)"

This is a sentence you actually sent me. I have no idea what that is. What kind of English major are you? And you want to be an editor... hmph.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Mortgage

Date: Thu, Mar 23, 2006

Hahaha. I know. As I was typing I was thinking "what the hell is this?" but it just kept going.

His assistant needs to gather our information for the refinancing process. I'll get yours tonight. :)

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Mortgage  
Date: Thu, Mar 23, 2006

Eh. What kind of information?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Mortgage  
Date: Thu, Mar 23, 2006

Social security number, work info (previous and new), birthdate, etc.

Woo hoo home equity loan!

(I think the fact that I just typed that sentence is indicative of the fact that I am by no means ready to be an adult, much less be talking about things like home equity.)

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Shopping spree  
Date: Tue, Mar 28, 2006

Well, this morning I have purchased:

12 wrought iron floor-stand pillar holders (for down the aisle), 3 wrought iron Amish-made fireplace candelabras (for the "altar"), and ivory ballet slippers for the flower girls.

Whew.

How is your day going? Lunch good?

I love you so much.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Shopping spree  
Date: Tue, Mar 28, 2006

My day's ok, still trying to get in the swing of things here. Lunch was great, thank you for making and leaving it for me.  
I'm sorry I missed your call, I think my phone was on vibrate. I hate cell phones, have I mentioned that?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: My first newspaper  
Date: Wed, Apr 26, 2006

I can't believe I'm a newspaper editor. How did this happen?  
There's just this overwhelming feeling of... being overwhelmed and on display for the world (ok, or the 1,400 readers) to see.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Wed, Apr 26, 2006

Leigh, stop it. Your paper was (and will continue to be) great. You're awesome.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

I talked to the old editor today (he was the editor for like, 10 years, and now is the city administrator). He seemed a little weird—which isn't that unusual—but he didn't say anything about the paper. That worries me.  
AND the "I" is sticky on this piece-of-crap computer from 1985, so an I was lowercase in my column. Ugh.  
Oh, and one of the headlines for a sports story (that I didn't write) was totally wrong. New Haven won, not lost. I'm fucked.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

Shut up. Just shut up. If I have to hear you complain all week every time a



new paper comes out, about how you made a typo or two, I'm gonna run away. : )

I love you babe, but really, no one cares but you. Content is more important than missing some damn capitalization or misspelling a word anyway—and you did a great job on that. I'm sure the community is going to love you.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

I'm sorry, I know, I'm just worrying and being... me.

How are you doing? Working on anything new?

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

I can't believe it's only 10. I feel like I've been here for 10 hours. I'm just working on a website hit counter thing. I want to make a flash application that can read the hit data from the database and make charts and bar graphs and all that crap to display the data. Exciting, huh?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

Let's quit our (brand new) jobs, get married, run away and stay there. Wherever. Preferably Greece. Want... to... escape... with... you...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: My first newspaper  
Date: Thu, Apr 27, 2006

Sign me up.

From: Leigh K  
 To: Andy K  
 Subject: tgif  
 Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

Here's the aubade I wrote for class last night...

another morning

please don't please  
 don't get up  
 don't release your arms from underneath my breasts  
 your knees from the back of mine  
 your stomach clenched to the small of my back

the alarm is an illusion  
 the workday, a way  
 away

my soles rest atop your toes  
 so warm

it's time

From: Andy K  
 To: Leigh K  
 Subject: Re: tgif  
 Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

That's awesome, Leigh. I'm impressed. Were there some sort of guidelines?

From: Leigh K  
 To: Andy K  
 Subject: Re: tgif  
 Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

No guidelines, just for it to be an aubade (which, he illustrated, ranges from the morning scene in Romeo and Juliet to the Everly Brothers' song, Wake Up Little Suzie).

As soon as I pressed "send" I was embarrassed. I'm glad you didn't totally roll your eyes at me...

So what's new with you? I'm thinking we should go to El Ranchito tonight with friends... a symbolic thing, you know? Our last night out as (gasp) unmarried people!

By the way, I'm going to cut out early today to pick up our marriage license!

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: tgif  
Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

El Ranchito sounds good, but, um... what friends? :)  
Marriage license. Wow.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: tgif  
Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

Ha. Well... Nathan always wants me to call when we go there, and I'm sure Danielle would want to go. I'm hearing crickets chirping, ok, you're right. We have no friends.

God, I'm mentally and emotionally exhausted. I can't wait to collapse. In Greece. Soon.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: tgif  
Date: Fri, Apr 28, 2006

It's going to be so nice...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

So how's this week's Leader coming along?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006



Oh, I dunno. I've spit out a billion press releases so I have plenty of filler (and stuff to leave for the editions I won't be here), but as far as feature stuff, it's pretty dry. Evidently there's a new guy opening a restaurant downtown, but the guy wasn't in there; I went to the kids' field day, but all they do is run. So, not as many cute pictures as I'd anticipated.

I'll probably put Gov. Blunt's column in this week. It's about his "math and science" movement, how we need to focus on math and science and technology more in school, etc. So I can write my editorial on the opposite side, about how a well-rounded education is most valuable.

From: Andy K  
 To: Leigh K  
 Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
 Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

I hate to say it, but he's at least a little right. I mean, everything is important and well-rounded is what needs to be shot for, but the way things are going, the way that corporations are shipping out any sort of job that can be done cheaper somewhere else, math and science (the two subjects most greatly affected in regard to future technologies) are the key to securing stable well-paying jobs in the coming years.

They may also want to look into the way some of Europe and China's educational systems work, where they start specializing in things in high school, the way we do in college. It is, of course, risky to have someone choose their life aspirations at a high school level with this sort of setup, but they would be more advanced and more employable.

From: Leigh K  
 To: Andy K  
 Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
 Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

More employable, blah blah blah. There should just be as many efforts made to make children into better human beings! In Germany, before you go to college, you have to spend a year either volunteering in a civic organization or serve in the army. Then the government pays for your university tuition. That's an excellent idea. Because, good lord, I don't think anyone figures out what they want to do until they are a bit older.

Do we want to be like China? It's so funny, because it's the conservative Republicans who are pushing for these China-like educational measures, but these are the same people who hate "communists" etc.

I'm not making sense. I know what I mean.

We're official nerds—talking about educational reform days before our

wedding!

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

I like the Germany thing. Very cool.  
As far as the Republican/China thing, it has little to do with government, and more to do with competition. The rest of the world (China, Singapore, etc.) keeps getting smarter, while we keep getting dumber.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

Yes, but they also are communists. They have limits on how many children you can have, which frees up more resources and parenting for each individual child (ideally). The culture is completely, totally different, and that's why this shit won't work for us.  
Yeah, the Germany thing is perfect.

P.S. That's how I met Valentine Quack. He was volunteering a year with the Missouri UCC, and served as a camp counselor the same week I did. Ah, what one can learn from being morally loose at summer camp.

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

Um, what the fuck is a Valentine Quack?

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

Hahahaha...

That German guy I was a camp counselor with? When I found out that if someone tells me I'm beautiful in a different language, I'm putty in his hands.

:)

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

Was that his name? Mokay.  
Te quiero, my love.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Our wedding week  
Date: Mon, May 1, 2006

Oh, I just had a little orgasm at my desk. I love you. ;)

Have you seen the forecast for next Saturday?  
Sunny, 72 high/53 low, 10% chance of sprinkles.

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Hey babe  
Date: Tue, May 2, 2006

Just finished the newspaper. Whew. I'm more tired than if I'd run a marathon.  
Can't wait to see you tonight and collapse in your arms...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: Re: Hey babe  
Date: Wed, May 3, 2006

Hello, my dear. What are you up to? I'm just reading, and planning for the main website crap. Downloading some stupid-ass sound editing software so we can add (ugh) voiceover. It's awful. What are you up to now?



From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: Hey babe  
Date: Wed, May 3, 2006

Um, making playlists for the reception music (to go with the CDs I made the DJ... can't leave any stone unturned. I'm sure I should be really working, but oh well.

Our wedding is just around the corner... I can't believe we've been planning for it for eight months, and it's finally almost here. I'm just so damned excited...

From: Andy K  
To: Leigh K  
Subject: One more day...  
Date: Fri, May 5, 2006

It's coming...

From: Leigh K  
To: Andy K  
Subject: Re: One more day...  
Date: Fri, May 5, 2006

WE'RE GETTING MARRIED

\* \* \*

May 6, 2006

Leigh,

*Sadly, this was the least ugly card I could find, but it only matters what's  
inside, right?*

*Leigh, I have a lot of doubts about a lot of things, and as a result, I never  
follow through with anything that I'm not 100% sure of.*

*But I am following through with today because I've never felt so sure about  
anything than I have about marrying you.*

*Without trying to sound too corny, I want you to know that I've never felt more  
myself than I do when I'm with you.*

*I love you more than anything and I can't wait to marry you and spend the  
rest of my life with my best friend.*

*I'll see you soon, my wife.*

*Love,*

*Andy*

May 6, 2006

Andy,

*Well, today's the day! So exciting, and surreal, and wonderful.*

*It's 7:30 a.m. as I write this. I woke up early and there was no going back to  
sleep. It's like Christmas morning, but a thousand times better.*

*I hope you know how much I love you, and how honored I am to be marrying  
you. You truly are my best friend. And not in that "Today I marry my best  
friend" blah blah blah cliché, you really are. Shit. I'm crying.*

*The singlemost important event in my life was July 22, 2004. Never in my  
wildest dreams would I imagine that that kiss would lead to this. Words  
cannot describe how thankful I am that it did.*

*I want more than anything to be a perfect companion and wonderful wife to  
you. Because you deserve nothing short of it.*

*I can't wait to spend all of my days with you...laughing, traveling, cuddling  
on the couch—all of it.*

*Thank you, Andy, for coming back into my life and for finding me worthy of  
your love. You are my world...and I just couldn't imagine a better habitat.*

*I love you so much, more and more every day.*

*All of my love,*

*Leigh*

## Works Cited

Austen, Jane. *Pride and Prejudice*. Bantam Classics, 1983.

Baer, Will Christopher. *Kiss Me Judas*. MacAdam/Cage Publishing, 2006.

Bronte, Emily. *Wuthering Heights*. Bantam Classics, 1983.

Scarry, Richard. *Best Word Book Ever* (Golden Bestseller's Series).  
Goldencraft, 19980.

Wright, Richard. *Native Son*. Harper Perennial, 1998.