

You're lucky that I'm not at the office right now, *Jesus*.

Am I under arrest, officer?

Cheeky.

Nothing if I'm not.

When do you think you'll be home tonight? I'm waiting in the bay window.

Irene and I will be back around two, probably? You should cozy up with a book.

It's alright though, we made a pit stop to get something to eat on our way home.

And I'm not the one driving. She offered, to pay back the favour from last time.

Will it keep you full? I can reheat up some of the lasagna we had for dinner for you. It's just hanging out in the fridge right now- extra cheese.

Amie helped decorate it tonight- she wanted to 'try her hand at making some of the same food that fat little cat loves so much,' which was cute. She cut out little basil leaf shapes. Hearts.

I think we're good. We grabbed burgers, and not tooth achingly sweet treats for once. Irene wanted to keep her hands steady for the ride back- and tanking from a sugar high didn't seem like it'd be a safe bet while weaving around on Tilrose Lane.

But I'd be more than happy to eat a slice come morning.

Of course.

It's still shocking that that road has been left to its own devices, more or less.

You're preaching to the choir. It's frankly ridiculous.

Is there even a good reason for it, beyond optics, or a lack of funding, or some other weasel word riddled excuse that the pols keep in their back pockets like Victorian gentlemen and their penchant for ornate, gold pocket watches?

Not as far as I can tell. I think it's just the sheer scope of the size of the operation that would have to be undertaken. The place reeks of death. Not exactly a popular platform either- it would be an expensive undertaking. Even the sandalwood boxes and silver chains can be distressing, and that's with community crowd funded efforts. Thank goodness for the Junction.

I imagine that it isn't necessarily the steadiest of planes, either. Bisecting, splicing, all of that jazz? It seems like the kind of place that would make jigsaw puzzles look like child's play.

Have you never taken a look for yourself? But yes, it's a kaleidoscopic disaster out there.

No, I've never taken a peek. Frankly, I'm afraid of what I might find out there.

Fair enough. Some things are better left unseen. Irene laughed and told me to say that she says hello, and that she agrees with my point.

Send her my regards back. Despereaux and I will be waiting for you to come home.

Amie dragged it out off of the shelf again? I love that damn mouse. Something about the pluckiness of using a thimble and sewing needle to equip a tiny little knight. So brave.

Very much so. I promise not to lose her place in the book, though. The bookmark is new. Gift from her little friend?

From Anthony's little girl, the one with the cat and the beaded tassel on the end of the bookmark? Amie's been obsessed with it. It's the cutest thing, they've swapped friendship bracelets recently. She was so proud to show hers off the other day.

That does explain the pink and white chevrons. It didn't quite seem to match her personal style. I'll leave you to the burgers. Come home to me safe. I love you.

Love you too, babe.