

Here see your  
strength. despite your  
anxiety,



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Here we are, beautiful. After you've gone to sleep, I'm still awake and thinking about what to write in the letter I so generously agreed to write you. I suppose I'll write about what I see in you, and what attracts me. Firstly, most obviously, let's start with your eyes. Beyond the enchantment your warm brown eyes cast on me, I see a light. They say the eyes are the windows to your soul, and if that's the case then your soul shines brightly indeed. I can only imagine and wait in anticipation for the day when I get to gaze into them in person.

Not if, When. But beyond your physical beauty, beyond those warm eyes, your raven hair, and lovely skin, I see your compassion. You helping a single mother, hanging out with her and her kids.

You listening to some of my sad stories and fears without complaint. I see your strength. Despite your anxiety, your depression, your as yet undisclosed dark past, you still smile.

You don't let it control you. Despite your unease, and your fear, you still want my affection and love. I see your Intelligence. Your desire to know more, your love for philosophy and talking about the world, its politics, its people. Your openmindedness, despite our very different ethnic and religious backgrounds, you're still very much interested in me.

I see your nerdiness. Your love of shows, music, books, poetry, and games pretty much guarantees we will never be bored. I can't wait to hang out with you. I see your adventurousness, and I can't wait to go sky diving, scuba diving, motorcycle riding, camping, and hiking and so much more with you.

Whether my continent or yours. I may not see all of what makes up Imaan, my Princess, my love. But I dont need to. I see You.

And I deeply, deeply want you. Not just sexually, either. I want your companionship, your affection. I want your help in making memories so bright that they will shine through the veil of time when we're old and frail and no longer see the bearded skinny nerd with bright blue eyes, or the darkly seductive and lovely ballerina in our mirror.

Life isnt a fairytale, true, but it isnt a nightmare either. And I cant wait to walk life's rocky road by your side.