

Dear john college essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I am John Paul Zanti, the youngest son of Thomas and Mary Zanti.

I was born April 26, 1986. Yes, I am real...I cry...I bleed...I feel. I am no one special, just a common man with common thoughts. Outside of my three tours of duty in Afghanistan.

I've led a common life. There are no monuments dedicated to me. In addition, my name will soon be forgotten. I know that you are having difficulty believing me.

Yet there was a time that I was very real to you. We shared a love, which was honest, true, and very special. Most nights I fall asleep worrying about you. Wondering where you might be out there.

How we went so terribly wrong. If you haven't already stopped reading by deleting this email, let me begin what I set out to articulate. I'm sorry isn't enough, even in my drug addled and jealous warped mind you know and I know what I did was, well I can't come up with a horrible enough word. You had every right to run as far away from me as you could.

As you said before, you know I'm screwed up, and I will always be screwed up, but you took a leap anyway with me and I will always be grateful for the time we had together. You should have never taken that leap Laurel, never given me a chance. Just know I am real. It is a blur to me now; what even happened. One innocent lie...my lie, trying to keep peace within my family.

Not for a moment did I not want you to fly to Colorado to be with me, to meet my family. My sister was adamant that you not come. So I lied." I miss you," that's what I should have said and I should have flown you to meet me.

I walked away from you and let go of your love because that was the only way I could stop myself from kissing your perfect lips, from taking advantage of you and your compassion.

I didn't want your compassion; I'm not capable of receiving it. I have never in my life displayed, given, said, or done anything that deserved compassion.

You know this. I realize now that I should have sent you the picture you requested, I should..

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