

## Dear Amanda

DEAR AMANDA,

I think we have made the right decision. Thank you for your love these past five months. I want you to know that our time together will live inside me in a special place in my heart. It is best if we do not phone or write.

Love always,  
JOEY

DEAR AMANDA,

I dialed you last night because the Lucy "pie" episode was on and I knew you'd want to see it. Anyway, while I was leaving a message I accidentally punched in your message-retrieval code. Sorry about that. Who's Francisco? Just curious.

JOEY

DEAR AMANDA,

I realized that I still have your set of six Japanese sake cups that I bought for you on our trip downtown and was wondering when might be a good time to drop them by. You can give me a call at the usual number, or maybe at the office before seven, but then try the car, or I'm usually home now by seven-forty-five. I would like to get these back to you, as I know you must be thinking about them. This will be my last letter.

Regards,  
JOEY

DEAR AMANDA,

It was a lucky coincidence that my cat leaped on your speed-dial button last night, as it gave us a chance to talk again. Afterward, I was wondering what you meant when you said, "It's over, Joey. Get it into your head." So many interpretations. Oh, I found myself on your street last night and noticed a yellow Mustang that I don't remember ever seeing at your apartment complex. Does this belong to the mysterious Francisco I've heard rumors about? I left one of the sake cups at your front door; it happened to be in my car.

With respect,  
JOEY

DEAR AMANDA,

This will be the last letter I write you. I hate to hurt you like this, but I'm seeing someone new. You'd like her. But please do not call Marisa at the Kings Kafe where she waitresses from noon to eight. Incidentally, I heard that Francisco had or is having a tax problem. Should I meet with him? I'm over it all now and would be glad to help. Also, a word of warning: Latins. One woman is never enough.

JOEY

P.S. Do you have my red Pentel pen? I really need it. Page me when you get this.

DEAR AMANDA,

Guess what. I got a weekend job washing windows at your apartment building! The guys in legal think I'm nuts, but it's something I've always enjoyed doing. Remember how I used to love to do the windshield even at the full-service pump? Just wanted to warn you, as I will probably be wearing your favorite outfit of mine: the tan pants, my blue Gap shirt, and my foam "Go Gators" hat. It's so easy to start things up again, and I wouldn't want to think it was because of my newly acquired stomach ripples. By the way, there's someone named Francisco trying to pick up girls on the Internet. Hmm. I wonder.

J.

DEAR AMANDA,

This will be the last letter I write to you. I'm quite upset that you changed your phone without a forwarding number. There could be an emergency, and I'm still in possession of those fancy upholstered hangers of yours. Marisa questioned them the other day and it wasn't fun. They're probably too dear to you for me to throw them out, as we bought them together at the swap meet the day your mother raved about me, telling you I was "pleasant." Please come by and pick them up; they're seriously damaging my relationship. A good time would be any Wednesday after five but not after seven, Fridays all day except lunch, Monday is good, and the weekend, anytime. Also Tuesday.

JOEY

DEAR AMANDA,

Valentine's Day is tomorrow and I hope you don't mind my throwing this note through your window, as the post would be too slow. The rock it's tied to came from our desert trip! I'm wondering if you'd like to get together for a quick lunch on the fourteenth? I need to get my letters back from you, and could you bring this one, too? I'll meet you at Wavy Dave's, at our old table. I'll bring the hangers, and I also want you to have the small photo of me nude skydiving. I don't think I can handle all the sake cups but I could certainly bring a few. You can even bring Francisco if you want; maybe I could help him sort out his heavy urology bills. Can you let me know soon? I'm waiting outside on the lawn.

This will be the last letter I write to you.

Love you always,  
JOEY

February 16, 1998  
The New Yorker  
By Steve Martin