

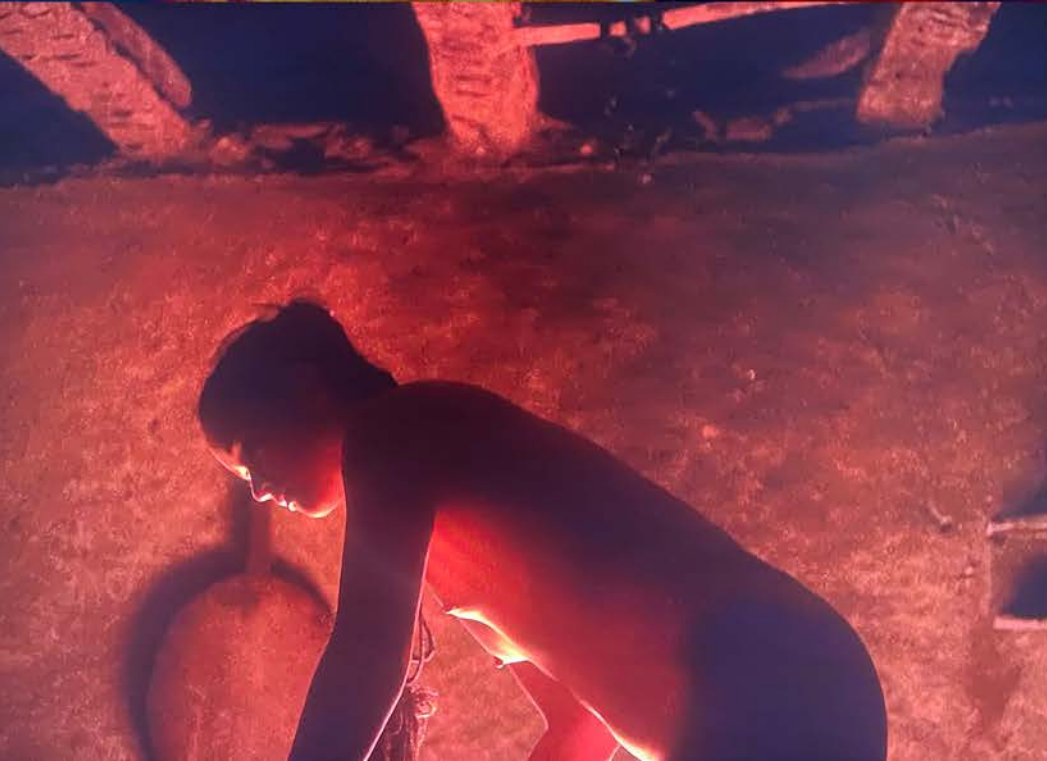
'The stone circle

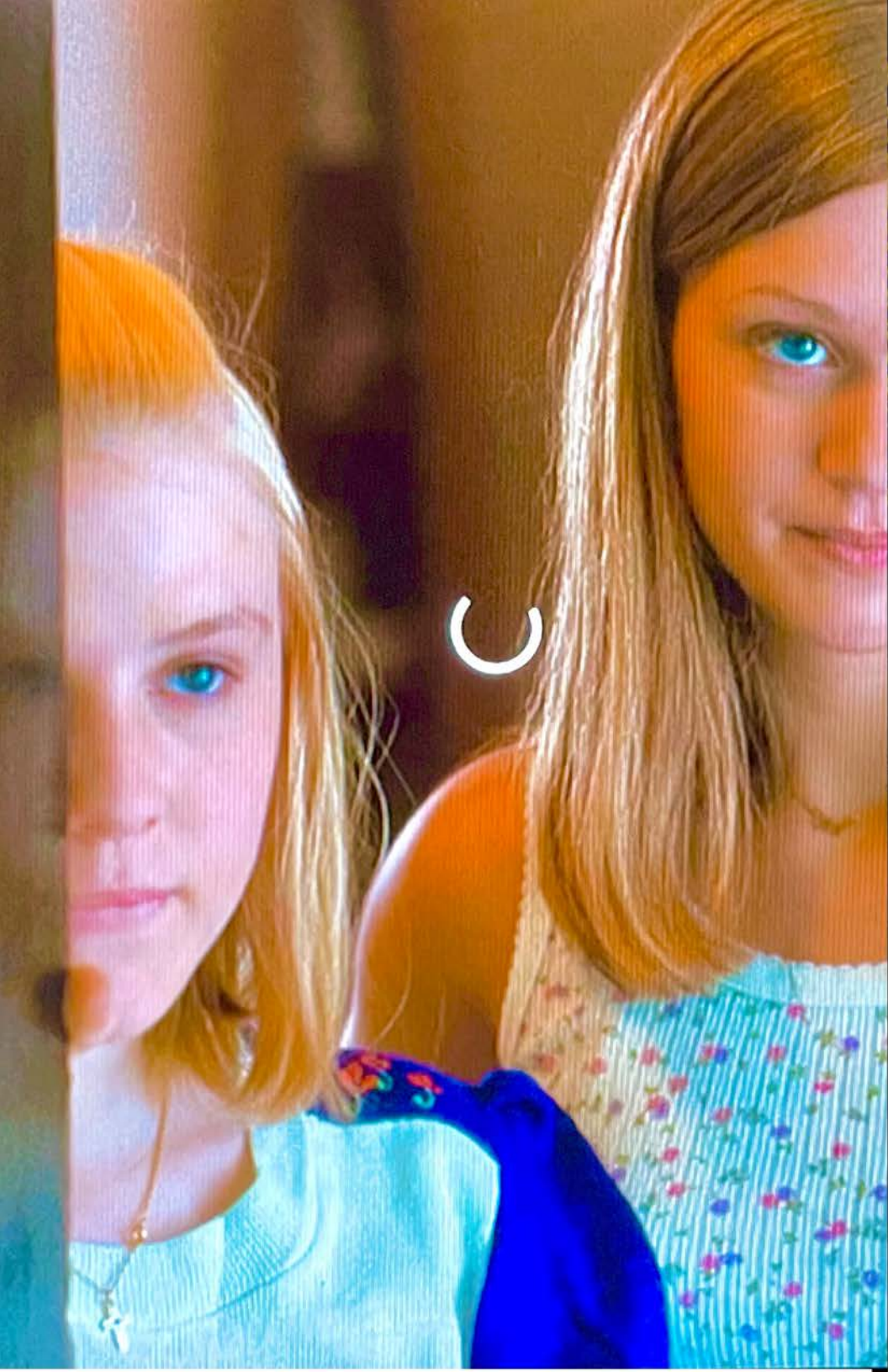
Dear Jane,

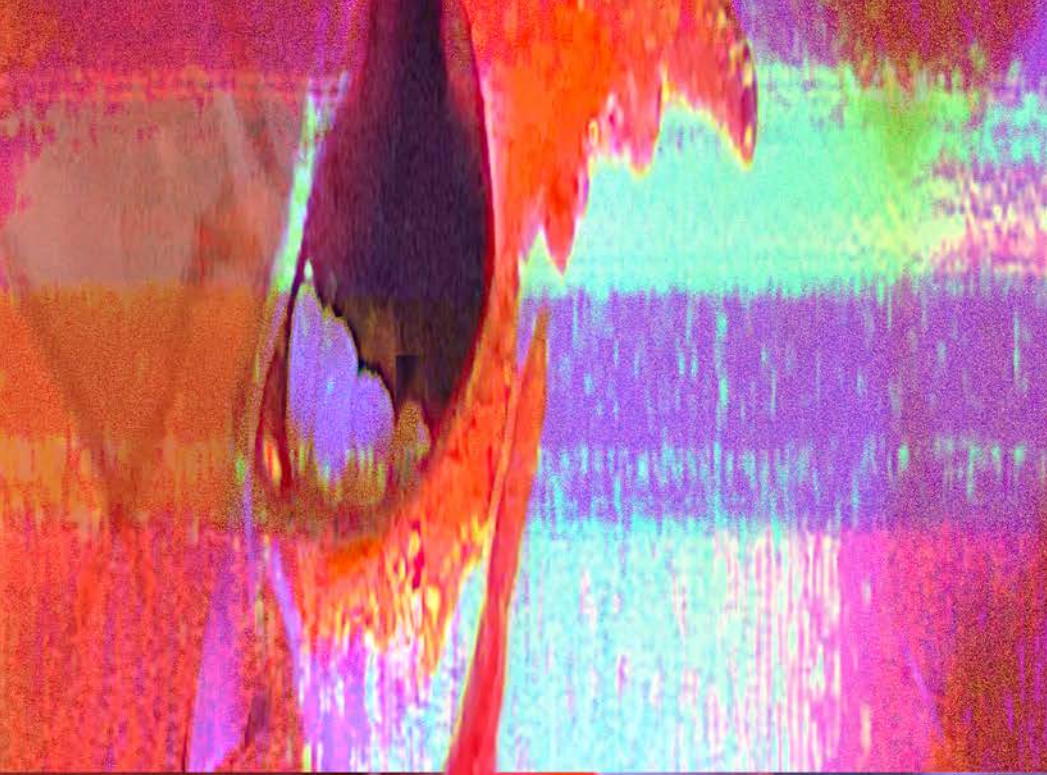
I hope this letter finds you on the floor questioning reality. I hope you chase me as I run away, until death do us grow apart. I hope my new house and old secrets don't just survive but thrive. I am the one being left by you in this letter that I am writing. Please never forget that. If you have dropped any pennies on the ground, I will take those, too when I come to steal your mail. Jane, I never meant to hurt you every day on purpose until you cried. Please know that I am hurt by you making me hurt you. If I hurt you back for hurting me for hurting you, maybe we can get dinner sometime. Please Jane, never forget that I hate you. Jane, please don't tell my mother that I said that. Hating you is too private and too special. I'll be over later to get those pennies, but you won't know when I'm coming, or if I will ever really leave. I hope you can hold me in your heart, think of me fondly, and always remember that I am right.

All the Best,
John



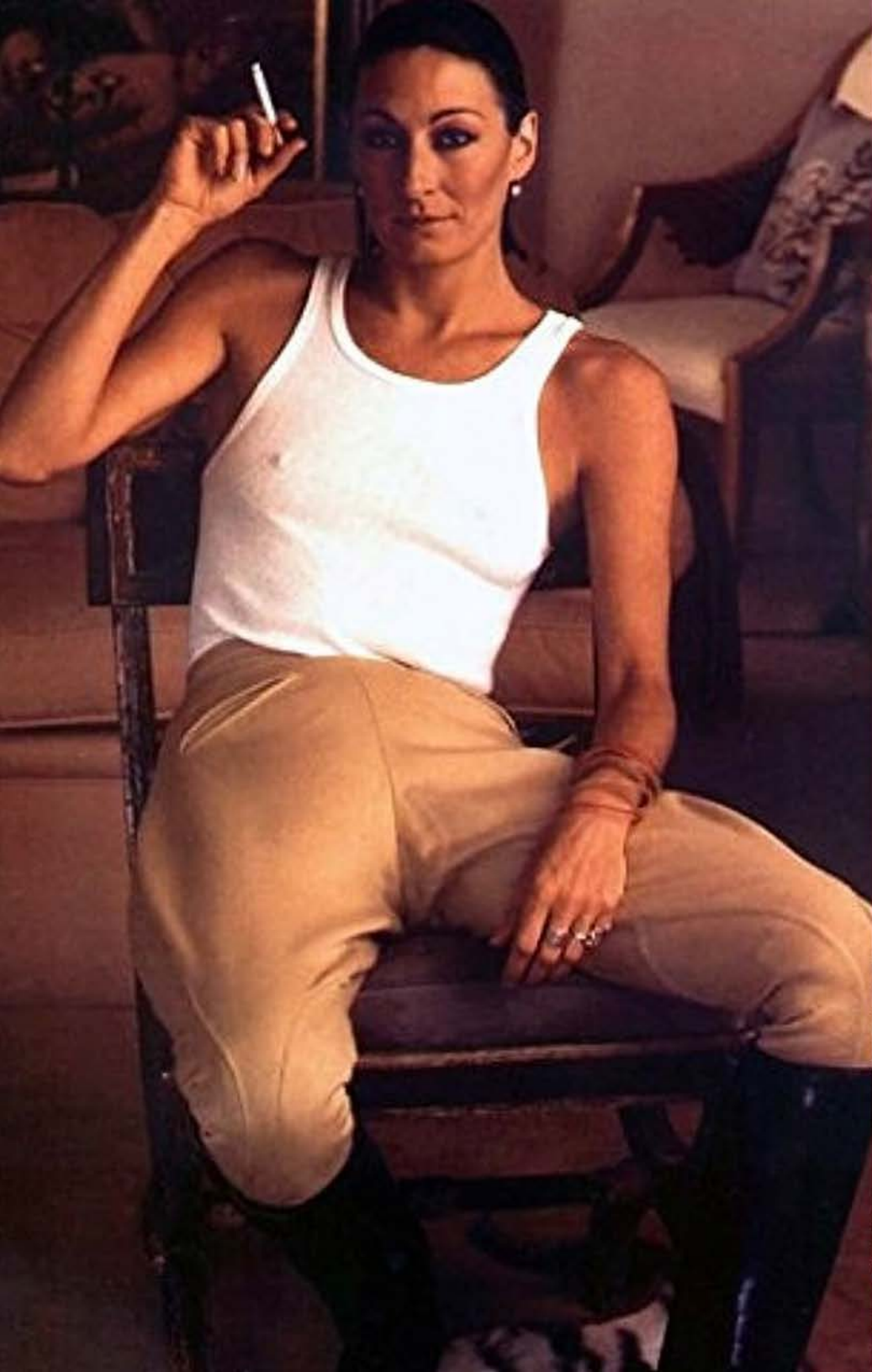






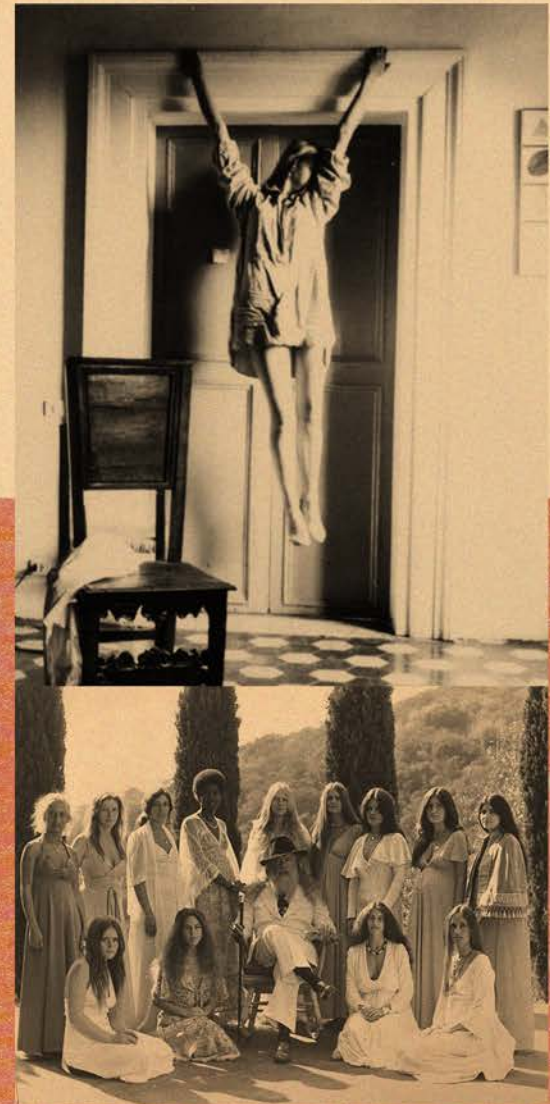
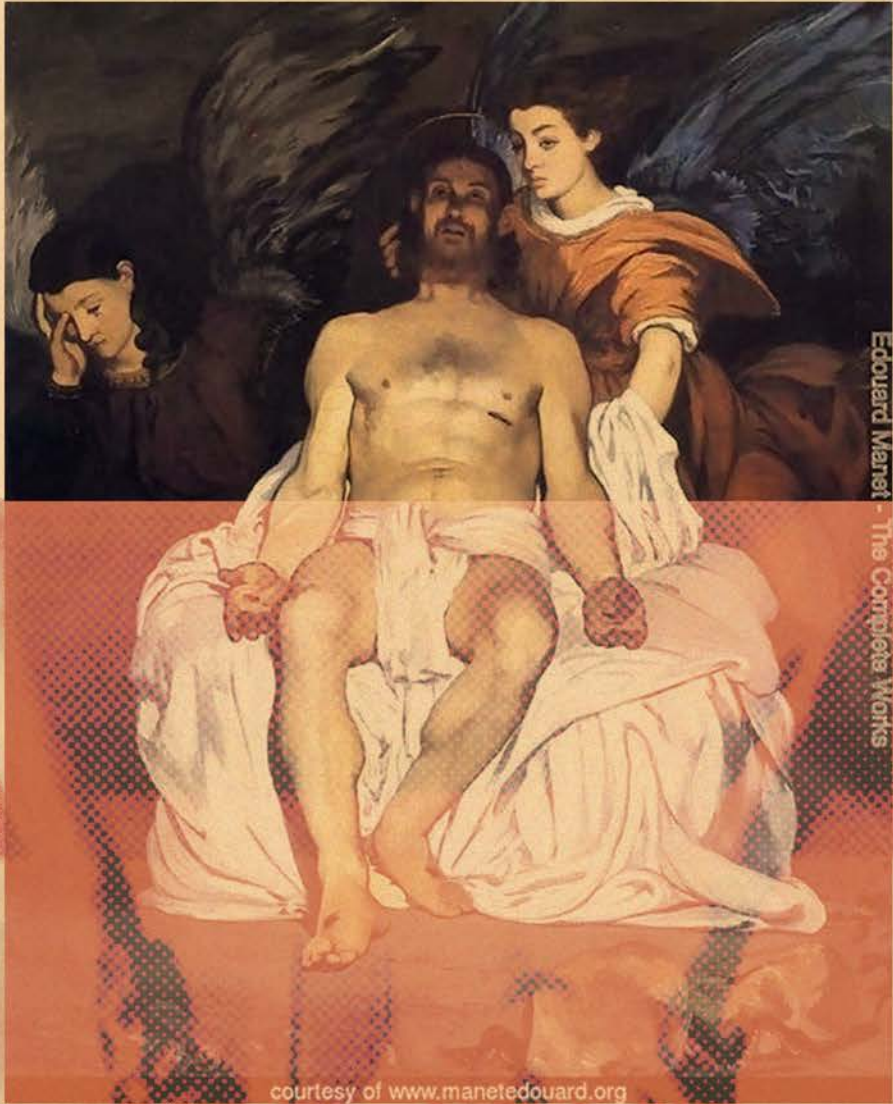




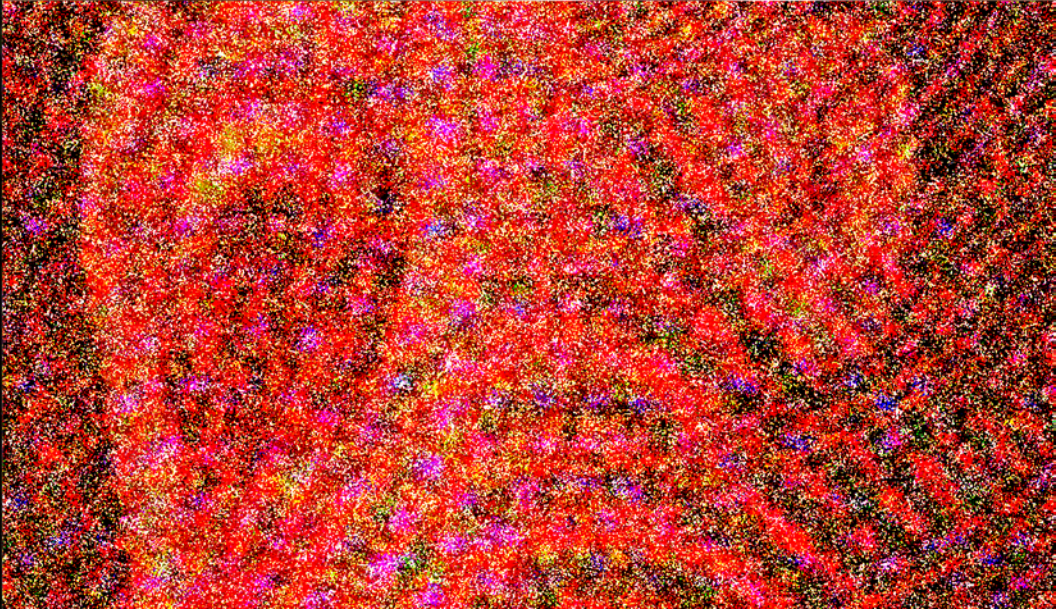


















Robin F. Williams
Good Mourning

September 7 - October 26, 2024

P·P·O·W