

This is Goodbye by Rome Reginelli

What can I say but that this is the end? I wish I had the time to tell you how it reached this point, all the altercations and exacerbations that have culminated in this move, but I'm trying to keep this short, and besides, you're probably familiar with most of them, having been there to witness. I'm sure your next tenant will have a much happier time of it; I mean, it's roomy here, and it's a nice neighborhood and all. I won't lie and say I've gotten along swell with everyone, but it's not like I've been putting my best foot forward. Actually, every time I get in a row with Jack or someone it makes me feel a little better on the inside afterward, because I know that after I've moved on I won't be looking back at this place thinking about all the people I left behind and how we were the best of friends. No, I'll think back on this place and say, "That Jack and I were friendly to each other, but deep down we could never have been close."

Endings have meaning after all, so I'm glad it turned out like this. In a way, this is the end after a lot of troubles, but it's not a bad end, because I know that wherever Anderson Springs is, it'll be better than here. I'll be able to face my new neighbors and say, "Pleased to meet you," with a smile on my face, a genuine smile, and maybe when I've sold enough units the office will send me a new mug and I'll be able to genuinely invite those neighbors over for coffee. On second thought, forget the mug - I'll buy my own, make a whole trip of finding myself at Ikea amidst the ladles and the futons and the light bulbs. Because this new life, this Anderson Springs life, will be a life handcrafted from only the highest-quality materials, by me, for me. It's a do-it-yourself self-makeover, no TV involved. Not even Jack will recognize me when I'm done.

So I hope you'll understand: no hard feelings or

anything. It's all location, location, location in the end. I really apologize about painting the window latches shut, and that wine stain in the den, too. I wasn't really myself back then. Maybe I'm still not myself now. I'm working on it. It's been a trip, really has, wish I could stay, but I really can't. Keep the garage locked, and don't start leaking come February or anything, you know how unpleasant that carpenter was for your shingles. I guess I won't be seeing you, but who knows, maybe I'll see fit to send a letter your way from my new apartment. Don't count on it, I hear they stamp a surcharge on nostalgia these days.

Anyway, I've overstayed my welcome now, I'd best be out. I'll just cut it short now, my car's in the driveway, and I've got a full tank, you wouldn't believe what that cost me, but hey, you pay what it costs when you're driving a hundred miles into the future. So that's it, you won't be hearing from me, forget about that letter, because this is goodbye.