

***Her First Letter***

*Wednesday 5 November 2008 06:29*

“Just like that”

*I want to meet the sunrise with...*

*I want to sit in front of the fireplace with...*

*I want to be the best wife for...*

*I wish to give all my love to....*

*I am dreaming of a happy life with...*

*I wish to smile for...*

*I am here for...*

*You?*

*Write me back if you are serious...*

*Elena*

**Hans — Reflection**

I read her letter twice before I even realised, I was smiling.

“Just like that.”

The words sat there at the top of the page, simple and almost playful — and I heard Van Morrison in my head, *just like that...*

A strange coincidence, but for some reason it made the whole thing feel more personal.

Then came the next lines.

Short. Open. Almost... bold.

*I want to be the best wife for...*

*I wish to give all my love to...*

A part of me tensed. Too fast, too much — but at the same time, each unfinished sentence invited me to imagine the rest. And I did, before I could stop myself.

It felt as if she were reaching out into an empty space, waiting to see who might step forward.

And then that last word.

*You?*

Three letters, but they hit harder than the rest.

I caught myself wondering who she was, whether she had written that in a rush of courage or in a moment of loneliness.

I told myself to be careful.

I wasn't looking for anything — not really.

But something in her tone slipped under my guard, warm and curious and unexpectedly sincere.

I almost answered right away.

I even opened the reply window.

But then I closed it again.

Better to wait a little. Let the feeling settle. See if this spark was just an impulse — or something I should allow myself to follow.

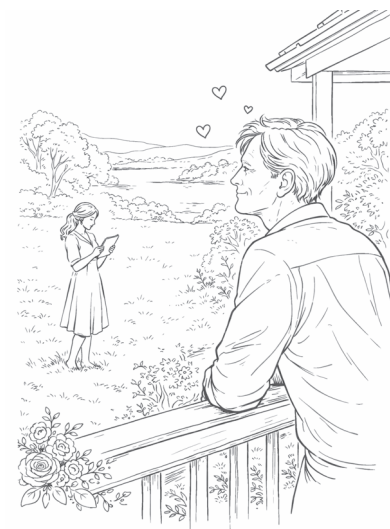
Still... as I went to work later that morning, her final word stayed with me.

*You?*

And no matter how much I tried to brush it away, one quiet, treacherous thought kept returning:

Why not?

# His First Letter



### **His First Letter**

Wednesday 5 November 2008 18:00

Dear Elena,

Thank you for your letter, “Just like that” - I loved it!

You’ve awakened my romantic side, so let me try to follow up your lovely introduction.

I can take you to the most stunning sunrises...

I have a cozy fireplace...

I can be the most loving and faithful man...

I can return all your love with passion and warmth...

I have the strength and heart to build a happy life.

I love your smile!

I am here now, ready to take off.

Maybe we will discover love — I’d like to give it a try.

But we must be patient. I am serious and I know what I want.

Here is how I imagine it could unfold:

First stage: A spark of love arises.

Second stage: A small fire spreads, like dry grass, the result can be unpredictable.

Third stage: You are struck by lightning; the marks can stay forever.

If you wish to follow me further, maybe to the second stage (the first has already begun),

will be happy and give you all my attention.

Please start by telling me more about yourself, and I will follow up immediately.

Can’t wait to hear from you!

With love,

Hans

### **Hans — Reflection**

I felt strangely nervous after sending that first letter.

It had been a long time since anyone had stirred this part of me, and yet her few unfinished lines did exactly that. “Just like that,” she wrote — so simple, almost innocent — and something inside me replied before I had time to think.

Maybe I wrote too much, stepped too far into the romantic tone she invited me into. But it felt natural, as if her words opened a small door inside me that had been closed for years.

Her line “I wish to be the best wife for...” stayed with me longer than I expected. It was bold, maybe too bold — and yet it didn’t frighten me. Instead, it made me curious: who is this woman who dares to speak like that from the very first letter?

When I pressed send, I leaned back and felt a quiet rush in my chest — a feeling I hadn’t felt in a long time, something between anticipation and caution. I told myself not to expect too much, not to drift away.

But still... I found myself hoping she would answer soon.