

Dear Mehek,

Happiest birthday, my sweet love. You've reached the big 21, and I am the luckiest person to have known you when you were at the little 8. I wish I could be there with you, I wish we could go back to not having to plan when we're going to see each other next. I keep imagining you just being here one afternoon, or me just showing up to your house and waking you up. I am the luckiest person to know you, be close to you, and to be able to call you my best friend. We've been there ~~through~~ for all of our milestones (I meant each others', sorry :/). I hate missing your 21, and I cannot even try to put into words how much I miss you. I want to squish your cheeks so bad (SO BAD TO BAD SO BAD SO BAD). You're the sweetest, kindest, most adorable, most whimsical, and my favourite person to be around. I can't wait for the rest of our lives. There's going to be so so many more favourite memories. I can't wait to be an adult with you. I can't wait to take trips to France, Vietnam, and Goa (PLEASE I REALLY WANT TO DO OUR PENDING GRAD TRIP TO GOA). I can't wait to come back and have you drive me around and go to all our planned places in Kolkata. I can't wait, I really can't. We're going to have the rest of our lives together and nothing makes me happier than knowing we're always going to be together. I just want to remind you that no one makes me happier than you do, and I wish you the happiest happiest 21. I love you so so incredibly much, and no amount of distances changes us. It's always going to be us. Always.

With so much love, forced kisses, and cheek squishes,

VAsu

