

TOO HONEST

Y'know what my problem is? Besides that. I'm too honest. I am, really. You know me well enough by now to know how I always spit-out my deepest, truest, sincerest feelings, whether they're warranted or not. I don't know where I got this from. I sure as hell didn't inherit it — you know Mom and Dad, they're both chronic liars — and incidentally, they *love* you. I love you. And I know it's not considered, well, *proper* for us to be seeing each other face to face right before this whole thing, but I feel like, in this particular instance, it's necessary. Because, well ... like I said, I love you and I consider meeting you a regular *miracle* from heaven ... but, I can't marry you. I can't walk down that aisle and say I do because I don't — I CAN'T. I — I'm not ready. And I know this whole thing is supposed to happen in ... 3½ minutes, but in my heart of hearts I have to tell you — I'm not ready for marriage after all. I hope you're not mad at me for telling you this, I'm just being honest. *(beat)* I bet at times like this, you wish I WERE a chronic liar, huh?