

~~Hey dad, it's me~~

Hi dad, it's your daughter

~~First,~~ Let me start by saying I love you. I know we've always struggled to sit down and talk, but you've always been there for me when it mattered. Even when I didn't think I needed it, even when it was totally my fuckup- you reached out first, and asked questions never.

~~I always-~~

~~I wish I~~

I always wanted ~~to give you more you back more~~ to do more for you. To give back. To make you feel like you (once in a while) can ~~lean back on me~~ lean on me for a change. Like I'm useful.

Maybe I just want my dad to be impressed with me!

I love you, okay?

Your daughter grew up fine! I'm fluent in 3 languages now, and I've written so many novels! I can cook virtually anything, and I built myself a home I love so much...

I really miss talking to you dad. I can't stop crying while writing this, but they're happy tears, I swear. The "I know dad loves me I just really need him to say it" kind of tears. The "I made it!" kind of tears. "Could you treat me to ice cream one last time?" kind of tears.

~~Fuck~~

I'm sure you'd tell me off for rambling so much. Tell me to get to the point. ~~For the longest time I hated that, but I'm starting to see the point.~~

~~Well, hope you're sitting down for this~~

Okay- ~~the~~ main point:

Turns out I can stop time dad. Like in ~~the movies~~ that one movie, y'know... It's really cool, and I'm using it to do great things (most of the time). I can focus my all on writing, and study ~~for ages~~ without needing to worry about scheduling things. I don't have to worry about making it in time for rent. ~~Hell, I can even just~~

Right, well, the point...

I really don't know what to do dad. I'm more lost than I've ever been in my life, and I **really** need your advice. I want you to sit with me and tell me all your thoughts about this, really give me your time and experience...

Time...

~~I don't have time.~~

~~We don't have time.~~

There's no time.

I looked into it dad, I really did, I looked up everything, ~~wracked my brain for several years~~ but there's a really finnickicky limit on what I can move while in timestop, ~~and there's just nothing I can do~~

~~There's nothing I can do to save you.~~

I'm sorry...

I know more than I ever wanted to know. I was obsessive and self-destructive for the first few years of timestop, and isolation really started setting in after a while. It's fucked up, but I studied so much medicine for this, I just... know now.

~~I have a few seconds with you, depending on how strong~~

I'll have just under half a minute with you. ~~I'm sure~~ I'm really hoping for more.

I know you'll never read this letter, I'm really just writing it to sort my own thoughts out. I know I need to start moving again, to live again, I can't just sit here in timestop ~~for the rest of time~~ forever and ever. ‡ My body doesn't even age here.

I just don't know how to say goodbye.

Like, I know I should hug you, I know I should say I love you. I know I should shut up and listen for whatever you end up saying next.

No matter how I flip it in my head, I just can't do it.

What if tomorrow I talk to someone and they say "oh, you could've just done this"?

What if the right book or the right knowledge was just under my nose?

~~I've studied medicine for the past seven years. I've read through every book on medicine in the national library, and in the libraries of every major hospital I could get to.~~

~~I hate medicine. Nothing is intuitive or interesting, it's REALLY not my subject. I just forced myself to do it day in day out, for..~~

~~I couldn't practice anything, and even if I could I know there's no fixing this. I knew this from the first month of studies.~~

~~Fuck. FUCK!~~

I love you dad.

I...

I know there's no use in delaying the inevitable.

(Your daughter is very good at delaying the inevitable, ~~and I wish I could show you so you can be proud of me~~)

I'm very good at more useful things.

I wish I got to make you my curry. I practiced it for so long, hoping I can make some for you.

~~I hate this~~

I love you. I miss you so much. I don't know what else to say, but I'm so damn scared of finishing this letter.

~~I had to stop writing and hold your hand every other line of this latter, I really need a hug~~

Dad, I...

I'm gonna go grab a cup of coffee for both of us. I need to stop crying first, but idk how.

~~I won't get movie-like last words that'll give me closure here, I know, just... fuck. FUCK.~~

I really wish you could read this.

I need you.

I.....

I'll be right back.

With the best damn cup of coffee you've ever seen.

~~Loves~~

~~Love you so much~~

Loves

Love you so much

Love you more than words or time can carry

Your stupid goddamn timestopping daughter.

Your best work.

Your daughter.