

Dad,

First of all, I double spaced this because I know you're getting old so you're going to have some trouble reading. Second of all, I'm really not too great at this sappy shit. Over these past eighteen years, you've always been there for me, and although I've always valued your presence, I may have sometimes taken it for granted. But it's your birthday, and since you're like me, I know you want some compliments because it makes you feel good.

I think over the past year, I found you to be a best friend as much as you have been a great dad to me. As soon as I got into college, I finally could see you be a bit happier and I guess what I just want to say is that it really made me happy. Seeing you not be worried and just having some bonding time meant a lot. Even though you don't think that skipping school with me was a big deal, I loved every moment of it. Going to the car dealership and eating that terrible Chinese food and watching movies on Netflix really made some good memories for me. I feel like we both were so preoccupied in high school with work and school that we never got too much time to just hang out, you know? But when second semester senior year rolled out, we finally got to do those things, and that's what I'm thinking about now. Going to Sweet Spoons with you every night after I did my homework is honestly one of the biggest memories I'll have about those months. And even though most people wouldn't understand, I think that *Breaking Bad* brought us together, too. We finally had something to just sit down and watch, me and you, and talk about. Taken out of context, I want you to know that you'll always be my Walter White and I'll be your Jesse Pinkman.

This next bit is for both you and mom. I know that me going to college far away sucks for you guys, but believe me, I feel it too. Even though I don't call everyday, I do think about you. Sometimes I wish I could go to school somewhere near home, but the

more I think about it, the more I realize why I'm here at USC and why it's a better choice to stay here. I know you think that I don't want you guys to visit, but I love it every time you do come down here. Especially because it means good, **free**, food. I think about you guys every day and I can't wait until Thanksgiving because that means I get a week at home with you guys.

I don't really know what this letter turned into. It was supposed to be a birthday appreciation sort of thing, but I think I deviated a little. But bringing this back to you, dad. I know you think you're getting old. Forty-six isn't young, but you're not a geezer either. Hell, even I think being eighteen is old. But here's a bit of advice to you from a book I love, and hopefully it shows you that I'll always be here for you:

"If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart... I'll always be with you."

If you want me to sum down this letter into three words, I guess what I'm trying to say is that I love you. I might call out your balding and grey hair, and even though you feel like you are aging, just remember that you'll never be too old to be my best friend.

Happy birthday!

Love,

Rohan