

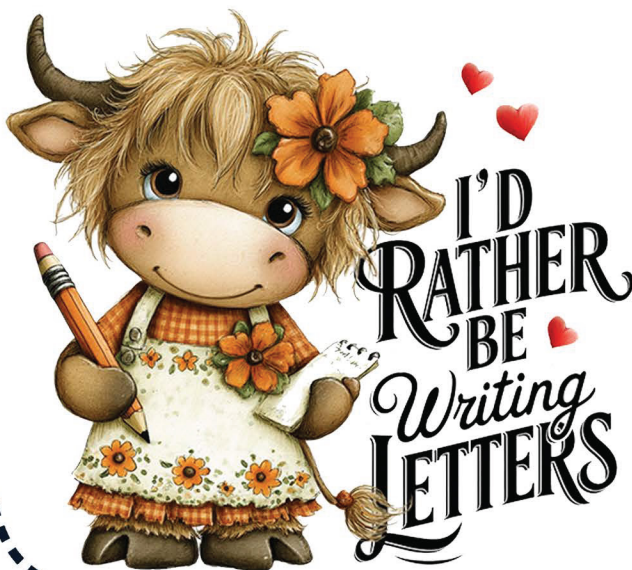
Dear _____ (fellow mail lover, pet name, or imaginary friend),

I sat down this morning with full intentions of being a responsible adult. Truly. My to-do list included things like _____ (dreaded household chore),
_____ (thing you've already been avoiding for days), and maybe even
_____ (impressive-sounding task you had zero plans to complete).
But alas, the siren song of _____ (favorite pen pal supply) called my name.

Next thing I knew, I was knee-deep in washi tape, deciding if my envelope should be
_____ (adjective) or just wildly _____
(another adjective). I told myself I'd write one quick letter... but then I remembered
_____ (name of pen pal) hadn't heard about my recent
_____ (random event or mildly dramatic life update), and that obviously required a full illustrated page.

At some point, I took a break to refill my _____ (fancy drink/snack),
which somehow turned into a spontaneous photo shoot of my stationery stash posed with
_____ (random object or pet). I regret nothing.

Sure, the dishes are still in the sink, the laundry is _____ (disgusting status), and I may or may not be wearing _____ (odd clothing combo). But I did manage to test out my new _____ (type of ink, pen, or rubber stamp), and frankly, that's what I call productivity.



So if anyone asks why I didn't
_____ (chore you 100%
flaked on), just tell them I was casting sticker
spells and folding enchanted envelopes.

A typical day for a correspondence conjurer.

Yours in postage and procrastination,

(your name or pen pal persona)