

From *To All the Boys I've Loved Before* by Jenny Han

His voice is still low but actually furious. “I also don’t always take the last piece of pizza.” “What are you talking about?”

“That’s what you said. In your letter. How I’m an egotistical guy.

Remember?” “What letter? I never wrote you any letter!”

Wait. Yes, I did. I did write him a letter, about a million years ago. But that’s not the letter he’s talking about. It couldn’t be.

“Yes. You. Did. It was addressed to me, from you.”

Oh, God. No. No. This isn’t happening. This isn’t reality. I’m dreaming. I’m in my room and I’m dreaming, and Peter Kavinsky is in my dream, glaring at me. I close my eyes. Am I dreaming? Is this real?

“Lara Jean?”

I open my eyes. I’m not dreaming, and this is real. This is a nightmare. Peter Kavinsky is holding my letter in his hand. It’s my handwriting, my envelope, my everything. “How—how did you get that?”

“It came in the mail yesterday.” Peter sighs. Gruffly he says, “listen, it’s no big deal; I just hope you’re not going around telling people—”

“It came in the mail? To your house?”

“Yeah.”