

Dear Fox,

The sun has begun to set earlier than usual causing the days to disappear before I even get a chance to enjoy them. I was driving to my home above the beach and listening to the CD you made me. Such time has passed since that forgotten January, yet everything manages to stay the same. The weather is colder now. A sharp breeze hits my face each morning while you and your friends have the chance to sunbathe and stay warm under the Australian sun. We are worlds away; one of us is facing the sun, while the other is turned away. "New York I love you, but you're bringing me down."

-Snake