MY LONG LETTER

The Small Things I Remember

Stories to keep close

A fictional sample book

For the people who turn ordinary days into a life.

This demonstration contains fictional stories. The illustrated portrait shows Lucan, My Long Letter’s fictional AI writing companion. Your own book contains the stories and photographs you choose.

Contents

1. Sunday in the kitchen
2. The day we got the keys
3. What I hope you remember

CHAPTER 1

Sunday in the kitchen

When I think of our old kitchen, I do not begin with the room itself. I begin with Sunday.

There was never quite enough space around the table. Someone would bring in an extra chair, and someone else would move a plate to make room. We talked over one another. We lingered long after the meal was finished.

At the time, I thought those afternoons were ordinary. I was often thinking about the week ahead, the work still waiting, or the things I hoped would happen next. I did not understand that an ordinary afternoon could become one of the places I would return to most often in memory.

What I want to keep is not a perfect account of every Sunday. It is the feeling of being there together, with nowhere more important to be.

If I could sit at that table once more, I would listen for longer.

CHAPTER 2

The day we got the keys

Our first home was smaller than we had imagined. Standing in the empty rooms, we tried to picture a life that had not happened yet.

We had very little furniture. For a while, the rooms seemed to belong more to our plans than to us. We made lists. We changed our minds. We learned which things could wait.

The house became ours through the small things we did there: arriving home tired, finding a place for the books, deciding where to put the table. None of those moments seemed important enough to write down.

Now I think a home is made of exactly those moments. It is the place where a life gathers, one day at a time.

CHAPTER 3

What I hope you remember

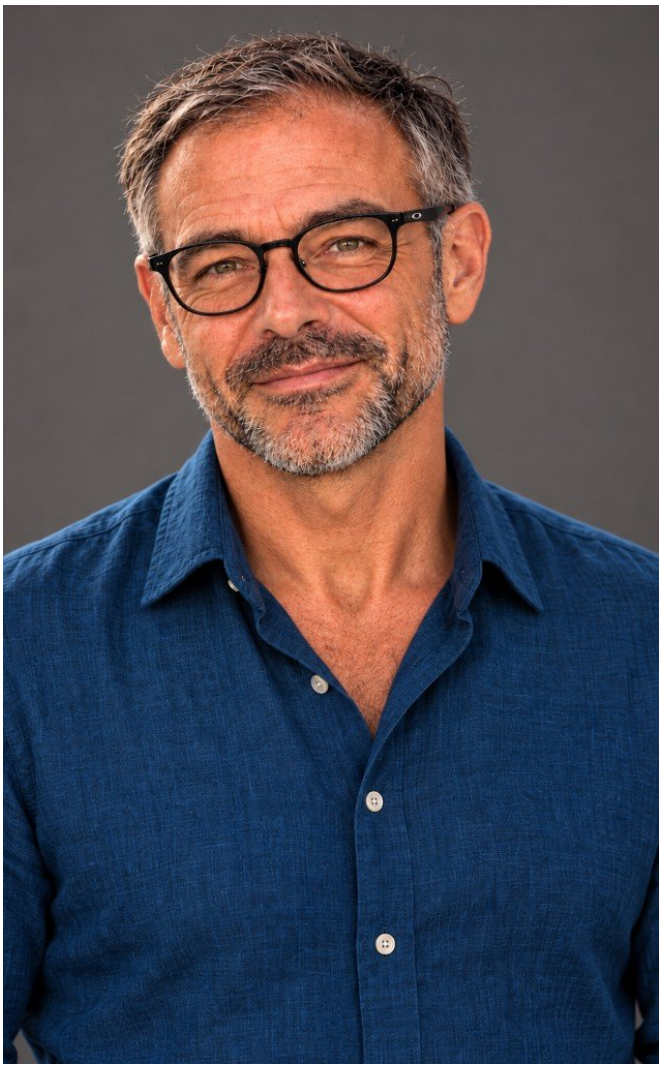
You do not need to remember every date in my life. There are some I cannot remember clearly myself.

I would rather you knew what mattered to me: the people I tried to care for, the places that made me feel at home, and the times I found the courage to begin again.

These stories are small. That does not make them less worth keeping. A life is not only the events that can be written on a form. It is also what happened between them.

I hope these pages leave you with something familiar. And I hope they remind you that your ordinary days are becoming stories, too.

Photographs



Lucan, the fictional writing companion. An illustrative portrait; your book uses your own photographs.