

NOT BY BEGGING ON HIS

KNEES /2/ EASY

DEAR AMANDA,

My cat jumped on your speed-dial button last night. What a **lucky coincidence, huh? At least it gave us a chance** to talk again. **Afterward**, I was **wondering** what you **meant** when you said, "It's **over**, Zack. **You'd better get it into your head.**"

Oh and one **more** thing, I **happened to be walking down** your street **last night** and noticed a yellow Mustang that I don't **remember ever seeing at** your apartment complex. Does this **belong to** the **mysterious** Francisco **I've heard rumors about?**

I **left** one of the cups **at** your front door; it **happened to be** in my car. With respect, ZACK

DEAR AMANDA,

This will be the last letter I write you. I **hate to hurt** you **like this**, but **I'm seeing** someone new. You would like her. But please do not call Marisa **at** the King's Kafe where she **waitresses** from noon to eight.

By the way, I heard that Francisco had or **is having** a **tax problem**. **Would you like me to meet with** him? I'm **over it** all now and would **be glad to help**.

Also, **be warned**: Latins. One woman is never enough. ZACK