

Dear Selena Gomez,

Last time we spoke, there was a bit of a misunderstanding. I'm sure being famous is difficult, crazy fans constantly pestering you and all, so I just wanted to let you know I don't take it personally that you filed a restraining order against me.

I'm reaching out to you to clarify this misunderstanding. I feel awful and want to ensure we're both on the same page.

When your lawyer stopped by last week, he had a list of incidents that allegedly involved me. I'd like to address them individually.

1. Last week, when you were having a picnic with your nine-year old niece, you accused me of screaming "Selena! I want to fuck your brains out! Please let me fuck your brains out!" from across the park. That did not happen. I actually yelled it from the second story of the building across the street. Additionally, I think you misinterpreted my request as a death threat. I don't want to *literally* fuck your brains out. Selena, I love you. I will always love you. It was only a figure of speech.
2. Your lawyer mentioned that you caught me on security footage taking photos outside your bedroom window. I want to make this unmistakable and clear: I wasn't taking photos of you. I was taking photos of the amazing artwork you had hung on your walls. The fact that you were naked was a total coincidence. I had noticed the artwork from the previous times I'd been outside your bedroom window and I just wanted to go back and make sure I had a proper note of it.
3. I understand that I wasn't personally invited to your sister's wedding, but the software I installed on your home desktop copies all the emails you receive over to my inbox. I'm sure you understand how I might've mistaken your invitation for my own. Also, I'm sorry for hitting that car in the church's parking lot. I wouldn't have driven away so quickly had I known it was your grandmother. I'm sorry for your loss.
4. When the police searched my home, per your request, they found a cardboard box stuffed in the back of my shed, full of your dirty underwear. I want to make it abundantly clear that I did not rummage through your lingerie drawer to steal them. I'm not a monster. As chance would have it, I coincidentally found your worn panties under your bed. They were just laying there. It was an honest mistake; I thought it was first come, first serve.

5. The police also found a shrine I built for you in my basement. Last time I checked it's not a crime to worship beauty. I'm honestly a bit offended that you don't see a compliment in it all. Was there a ten-foot tall sculpture of you carved into smooth mahogany? Perhaps. Was it built with the intention of pleasuring myself? Obviously. Was it a remarkable display of affection and love for you? Of course. That should be the real take away.
6. I thought we put this behind us, but apparently we haven't. I did not set your boyfriend's car on fire. I might stay awake, late at night, dreaming of the day you and I can be together, forever, but I would never intentionally sabotage your relationship. Your boyfriend's car was stalling and I thought putting a lit match into his transmission would fix it. Apparently, I was wrong. I'm sure he's upset about his leg, but that's why he has two.

Again, I'm beyond sorry for any confusion. I'm so thankful we could air this all out. I wanted to make sure this was all in writing, because I'd hate for you to think I did anything wrong. Please don't hesitate to reach out in the coming weeks. I miss watching you sleep.

With everlasting love,

Kevin.

P.S. You should get that mole checked out. Based on the coloring, I'm a little concerned. It's not very big, but when I snuck into your bed sheets to smell it, it did have a bit of an odor.