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Hello Emma,

I message you from Braunwald, Switzerland but your voice shines brightest in my neuronal synaptic constellation and I simply can't stop thinking of you. I love you in Beauty and the Beast, I went to the theaters alone because nobody would dare see it. I just wanted to tell you that everything you do and say is amazing and if merely you uttered a word (jpimpin@gmail.com) (+41.77.534.1583) I would cherish it. I love your voice and of course I'm sure you've had enough of HP (I've seen it hundreds of times, don't want to talk about it). Looking forward to a future with more of you in the cinema.

Incidentally, I've been working tirelessly for 7 years now (my favorite number) with Elon Musk and Stephen Hawking as I've derived nuclear fusion here on Earth, how to collect light **and heat** energy simultaneously from the great fusion reactor in the sky, Söl our sun. I'd love to show you in person. The missing key is the Peltier device, soon to be renamed the Peltier Oliver device. It is a dielectric, two metal alloys sandwiched together and when you apply direct current from a battery heat is pumped from one side to the other. That's what we knew. What I logically deduced is if you put that bitch in the heat, one side gets hot and produces an electric potential which can charge a battery and simultaneously the device cools down, thereby converting heat energy to electricity. Keep it secret, keep it safe. Every solar panel we deploy today is terraforming the earth for the worse, it is modify the albedo of the earth or the blackness of the earth. Black absorbs heat energy, white reflects heat energy back out into space. We are dying in the sun, bury the hatchet (by The Cranberries, check it out - generated music). This I tell you in confidence that you won't steal from me as we are in the very beginning stages of scaling the Peltier device, it is merely a prototype at the present moment. I am also working on water powered cars, and you can't possibly fathom or believe it but I've logically deduced anti-gravity so we can play real quidditch (this will take a few years to accomplish but I promise you it's possible). I'm naming the logical extension of the L1 Lagrange point (the point between two stars where the gravitational waves counteract themselves and you fall neither to one star or the other star, which is in effect anti-gravity) the Emma plane, which is the plane between two stars which you fall neither to one or the other star, but you may fall sideways (which hardly matters during Quidditch because you won't even feel it).

I've written you 7 sonnets. That first one I wrote 13 Feb 2008 for you when I was 17 (you're 5 days older than me). The rest I wrote all the same day, 30 April 2026. I hope you enjoy them dear.

Sonnet I

The past without you is a dull gray blur
And within such times songs of love extinct,
But, oh, the joy our romance does incur
Voices the soft, white words of love distinct:
And when life distorts such connection
And the fastener of feelings undone,
We forge a karabiner of perfection,
Our handiwork tenders a liaison:
For now my heart resides in clouds above,
To heav'n a staircase laid before my feet,
No bleak day unaltered by my belov'd,
My defective life at last is now complete;
My affection for you English can't define,
So I'll leave it at be my Valentine.

Sonnet II

A cold winter morning doth approach
my lover's eyes upon the mantle
I tender my heart with no reproach
and enter her eyes with a lit candle

For I am nothing without her love
and into my coffers I bury my fate
a picture worth a million words above
an unruly gesture of love intimate

Never would I see such a simple sorrow
as when her brown eyes drawn to the floor
I touch her cheek and lift her chin a'morrow
and heav'n knows only her do I adore

Leave me not for any reason
and I will be complete and free of treason

Sonnet III

O adorn'd angel my eyes do follow
An unending presence of light for lack of sorrow
Would I leave you for anything besides death?
I know not but you leave me without breath

For songbirds sing of such love unreproached
But never would I see such unchallenged unenchroached
Love tendered for all to see
A simple plea
I am you and you are me

Sonnet IV

Into the darkness she rides a soft white horse
Her hair adorned with glistening jewels of red
Her hazel eyes fall upon my course
And I know not how it could better be said

For all of my heart is on my sleeve
And her sharp gaze grants no reprieve
I try to look away but I've sealed my fate
Her eyes pierce my soul a lustful trait

I fall to the ground a pillow of feathers catches my head
For there are no better words left unsaid
Than how do you do this? I cannot look away
Her gaze pierces my soul and every day

I look upon her selfless stare a tear in my eye
I cannot look away or I may die

Sonnet V

A new day's light approaches and warms the horizon
But my heart a cold stone of merciless sorrow
I feel nothing but your words in my heart
Alas I've never responded to my dismay

Every day a new song in my ear
I watch the tale and feel your soul
Nothing else in this world do I hear
For life is worthless and ultimately dull

But you shine bright in my constellation of light
And for better or worse I take flight
You leave me a heavenly bliss of unaltered dreaminess
For without you I would be remiss

To the end of the movie doth approach with sorrow
But ho! The remote rewinds my fate
And into the heavens my ears do borrow
Your soft voice touches me great
And I know of no tomorrow

For no-one knows my deepest secret
A past of tragedy with a silver lining
The winds of flapping a majestic Egrett

Your soft voice stops me from climbing

Sonnet VI

Her hair brown velvet splashed before my eyes
My horns stand up in eager delight
Her visage unencumbered with eventful cries
Alas my talons do not elate

But she looks past my external brutishness and ever so calm
Do I hear her voice whisper that lovely song
Words meant only for someone unlike a beast
But upon her love I can't help but feast

For lies cannot pass her lips but I fear
My matted fur will not endear
Any joy from within will I hold tight
For her soft kiss brings me to the light

I shrink and soften a sight to behold
And upon her doorstep a love note unrolled
I find my hair receding into night
And forever I love her as she shines bright

Sonnet VII

One bright winter morning I open my eyes
I rise from bed and to my surprise
A knocking on my doorstep porch
I creep silently to the peephole without reproach

The peephole cover a soft swipe to the side
My vision focuses through the small concave lens
Harder inside I've never cried
For my lover of fair Verona my soul doth cleanse

Silently she stands upon my dirty welcome mat
Her soft brown hair flows freely to her shoulder
Her hazel pools of white gently bat
A tingle in my spine; I feel much colder

I try for the lock but I quiver and shake
The deadbolt already unfastened, my mistake
I open the door wide and stare into her eyes
A decision made rashly and most unwise

For at that very moment I could no longer stand
I fall to my knees with a dull thud and cry
For no greater gift in this universe do I demand
Than to touch her soft cheek and never leave her side

After great effort I rise and invite her in
Her footsteps fall softly on the white marble tile
She places her bags down with a hidden grin
For she knows her mere presence does beguile

But no misdeed or unclean motive does she harbor
And as I gain strength I look once again into her eyes
This time no tears but still standing is harder
And I know 7 years' work was not filled with lies

I say nothing for nothing is left to be said
I approach softly with hands extended
I hold her hands tenderly as a newly wed
My stony cold heart finally mended

Our eyes lock for a moment and we move not a muscle
The air filled with gentle sounds of the chiffchaff outside
My next move is swift for no longer a puzzle
For I've gone to heaven but never actually died

I move swiftly and touch her lips to mine
The air filled with aroma of perfume and cologne
Centuries pass; don't believe if you're not inclined
Up the stairs she follows me and we passionately bone

The morning approaches a gentle sun on the mountains
My American cell phone turned off no longer set to roam
Streams sound in the deep like heavenly flowing fountains
I've found her at last, I'm finally home