

Hey y'all,

Sawyer here.

So apparently, it's my turn to write you all an update on things. Josh and Owen tried to tell me that their letters were wildly popular and that they would be happy to each write another instead. But I've got this. Not because I have to one up them, but because I'm happy to let you all know what's been goin' on around here.

Of course, like everything with the Landrys, this turned into a group project. Everyone just assumed I wouldn't want to write a letter and so one night at Ellie's, after a night tour with the kids from NOLA, they were all giving me reasons I should do it and what I should say.

I let 'em go on and on, because, as you know by now, there's really no sense in tryin' to stop any of 'em once they get started. And when there's more than one all intent on the same goal? That would take the fortitude of a much, much stronger man than I am. But I also thought maybe you all think their craziness is a little loveable too, so I figured what the hell?

Juliet assured me that I should write this letter because I was the hottest of the guys you all have read about. I think she's biased, but I don't mind hearing that. Erin told me you'd want to hear from me because I was the one you were all the most worried about. That's sweet. I didn't realize how much you all knew about everything that had gone on down here with Tommy and everything. So, thanks for your worry and yeah, I'm good. Actually, I'm really good. I'll never be over all of that, but I'm doing great. Juliet's here full-time now and has moved into my place. Havin' her around all the time is everything I didn't even know I needed. Her dad isn't too sure about her livin' down on the bayou with a bunch of crazy Cajuns, but truth is, he has no idea how well she fits in around here. She's working up in New Orleans with a couple of advocacy groups and she's puttin' her toolbelt, hard hat and safety goggles to good use on the weekends.

We've been buildin' a bigger habitat for Gus and his new girlfriend. Yeah, there's a little girl otter hanging around now too. They can come and go as they please, but they seem to really like hanging out with us—especially Kennedy for some reason. We suspect she gives them special treats and attention when we're all not around, but she won't admit it. So anyway, we've built a big ol' play area for them to crawl around and climb and swim in. I care less about the otters and more about those safety glasses so I'm gonna have to come up with some other projects when this is done. Like maybe a deck to surround a new swimming pool. I'm still intent on goin' skinny dippin' with that girl. And I'm thinkin' I can talk her into it—if you know what I mean. I probably won't be able to get anything deeper than about three or four feet and I'll need a lot of chlorine to convince her, but our own private skinny-dipping spot sounds just fine by me, whatever it takes.

After Juliet and Erin weighed in, Stella told me that you all would mostly want to hear from me because I'm the coolest. Which is a pretty huge compliment considering Stell and I have had some ups and downs. But then she went on to insist that I tell you that Wilma's eggs hatched and there were thirty of the little critters. So, I don't know if she really thinks you're all that interested in *me* but there you go. More gators. Which is exactly the way the world should be according to Stella.

Who else? Chase is doing great in medical school. He's already talkin' about figuring out an internship that would allow him to learn all about rural medicine and do some of his practice down here. I don't know how any of that works and not sure if that's really a possibility, but Chase is a charming son of a bitch and if he's motivated—and I'm guessing he is, by both Ellie's gumbo and the cute little wildlife ranger he met this summer—he'll probably figure something out.

Bennett Baxter has been spendin' more time down here lately. And yes, I know that has to do with my baby sister. Everyone acts like they're keepin' that some big secret from me and pretending that Bennett is really into fishing. Thing is, Landrys suck at keepin' secrets. Also...I'm not blind or stupid. So yeah, Bennett is here a lot and mostly that's okay. He's a good guy and anyone who thinks he wants to take Kennedy on might just be crazy enough to fit in down here. If he survives. Tori and Josh and Owen and Maddie and Ellie and Leo are all great and madly in love and all of that. Just the way I would think you'd all expect.

So, yeah, things are crazy and chaotic and happy down here. Just the way Tommy loved it and would have wanted it to be again.

In the end, I gotta say, I'm pretty happy Chase crashed that airboat into my dock.

The strangest things can turn into the biggest blessings. As Ellie would say, just because a day doesn't turn out the way you expected it to, doesn't mean it's a bad one.

Take care y'all.

Love,

Sawyer