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Good evening, everyone!

I stand before you today, not as the perfect partner I imagined I'd always be, but as a humble human who sometimes misplaces both his keys and, unfortunately, important dates. Yes, I forgot our anniversary. I can almost hear the gasps and see the hands on your cheeks, and trust me, I've already taken a long, dramatic sigh in front of the mirror.

Now, before I face the music--or the possibly cold dinner--I want to extend an apology that, while sincere, is enveloped in a bit of humor, much like my life these days.

To my wonderful partner, whose patience truly knows no bounds: I forgot the date, but I never forget the love we share. It's engraved in my heart, even if it's not tattooed on my calendar.

I promise to make it up to you with a grand gesture--perhaps an all-expenses-paid trip to the living room this evening, where I'll serenade you with my slightly off-key rendition of your favorite song.

Thank you for your understanding and forgiveness. Here's to love, laughter, and better calendars!

Cheers!

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