

This whole thing is so surreal.

Peter and I were roommates for the three years that we were at vet school together. That first year, he, I, and Melissa, three perfect strangers, got along beautifully, and we continued to be good friends throughout our time together.

We had so many interests in common, board games, video games, dungeons and dragons. He taught me how to play Go, and I remember him explaining that he learned the game because he was sick of his brothers beating him in chess... so he went and learned a whole other game. We would have board game nights very frequently.

Most memorable of all was when we played the Pandemic legacy games together, seasons 1 and 2. Our group would eagerly plan for our next meeting, and would spend many an hour looking tensely at the board, working together to come up with a plan when success and failure rested on a knife's edge. It was his idea to pin all of our used up cards on a box to remember our journey by.

As a fellow DM, we would talk about our campaigns that we were running, swapping stories and ideas. We would even catch up with each other after we'd both graduated to talk about that.

I remember that he would bake sometimes. No particular reason, just that he felt like it. But he'd make sure to let everyone in the house know so we could share.

I remember that he was so chill and laid back, but could also be snarky and quick-witted when the situation called for it. I remember how kindly he treated our apartment cat, Luke.

He was such an amazing person. He touched so many lives, and changed so many for the better just by being there.