



Photo by: Nancy 7-16-09
Photo Manipulation by: Nancy

Dream
By Nancy

Sitting on the edge of the deck with our fishing poles in our hands, we talked about everything; our hopes and our dreams. We spoke as though we were friends, as though we've known each other since we were children.

It was a cool morning in late September. I woke up that morning feeling a bit sickly and tired. Ignoring the signs that I felt, though, I decided to take a walk down to the lake that I used to love as a child. Each step that I took made a familiar "crunch crunch" noise under my feet. Everywhere I looked there were gold, red, and brown leaves. I was felt happy; it was as though the bliss that my childhood self felt here was ebbing into this present story.

I stopped at a bench, a bit moldy and slightly damp from the morning dew, and sat down with a soft plump. I've been feeling more tired every day. I can't even make it back to the house anymore without losing my breath. Sighing, I lay my head on the back

of the bench, looking up into the sky. It is dark and gloomy; the grey rain clouds hover threateningly above my head. I close my eyes, exhausted.

I hear a soft rustling behind me, and I snap my eyes open and lift my head. I look back and I see a squirrel, innocently stuffing his face with an acorn. He sees me and he runs up to safety in the tree and I get up, and make my way back home.

I look down at my feet, watching them move slowly from one sidewalk square to the next, avoiding the cracks and the holes. The next thing I know, I'm falling. I've landed on my side, and someone else is to my left holding onto his elbow. I get up, irritated, and without a word, I keep walking home, as fast as my legs could handle.

My hands are burning. I look down and there is blood. Not a lot, don't worry, just a few scrapes and scratches. And then I realize: my ring is gone. It's gone. Vanished.

I turn back around to where the young man was lying on the sidewalk still clutching onto his elbow as though it were about to snap off. I get down on my knees and search through the grass, the sidewalk, the dirt, and the rocks. Nothing, I can't see it anywhere! "Get up and help me look for my ring!" I holler at him in frantic horror as the clouds begin to pour, mimicking the very emotions I was feeling right now.

He gets up beside me, seemingly fine now, and looks through the dirt with me. We can't see anything anymore, the rain is pouring down and there is no hope, there is absolutely no hope anymore. "Look," he says softly, "it's gone."

Crying, coughing with grief, I slowly get up. "Thanks," my voice cracks, "for nothing." Miserably, I walk back home, straining to see through the mix of the rain and my tears.

He gave me that ring when we were young; when we used to be in love, when he was still with me. He proposed to me that day, that wonderful summer's day, with no one around us but the birds and the trees.

We were so happy then, we were so young, we were so naïve. We didn't realize that we were going to have to leave each other too soon, so tragically. I should have never said yes.

We were sitting on the deck, fishing, laughing, smiling, and enjoying each other's presence. That was when he took out that ring. That was when I nodded my head vigorously in excitement and that was when it all changed. We were in love, and in love we stayed for 63 years, until four years ago, when he died of a heart attack and I was left on this earth to fend for myself.

Now, here I am, walking home in the rain alone; nothing to look forward to and not enough energy to look back.