

Liz Blackburn

Professor Adam Wright

English 361

May 22, 2022

Most days the rays of the sunrise flooded in through my bedroom window chasing the night away while the alarm resonated at 5:30 a.m., on the dot. Most days, I jumped right out of bed, ready to take on the day. My schedule was always booked down to the minute. I knew exactly how each day would go. I had a plan; She was always part of my plan. It has always been completely mapped out to perfection.

But not today. Today was not most days.

Last night in my despair, I had ripped the curtains closed to drown out the outside world. I had tried to shut out the events that had unfolded, the tears, her hand as it slipped just out of reach, the heartbreak and that one deafening word that played over and over again in my mind...

“No”

I went to bed thinking I would have an answer in the morning, but here it is already 9:30 a.m., and I am no closer to knowing what to do than I was when I fell asleep.

In a state of dread, surrounded by sadness, I rolled over and sat on the edge of the bed.

Looking across the room, my eye caught the small box that I had thrust upon the dresser in my despair. Like a beacon shining on my shattered dreams and plans; my shattered life. Slowly I walked over and picked it up. The tiny box creaked as I lifted the lid allowing a portion of my savings to glisten in the darkness that the closed curtains cast over the room. It was the most

beautiful diamond engagement ring I had ever seen and I wondered how in just 15 hours ago, this symbol of love could now bring tears to my eyes.

“How could she say no?” I questioned aloud. I played the entire events of the night before through my mind once again.