

Mourning Dove

One by one. Each picture frame revealed a timeline of different memories of them. The perfect couple... Slouched down on a cawn couch, John, a man in his late twenties, was desperately trying to fix his heart over his loved one. It was as if he had fallen into abyss of darkness, the pale walls surrounding him as if closing in on him with worry and despair. Scattered around the room, were mountains of beer bottles; it seemed like alcohol was his only friend. Silence surrounded the room, but was soon shattered by the television static that used to display their wonderful memories of them. Anxiety choked him and grew like a pit in his stomach, everytime he remembered her. He picked up his favourite photo and gripped onto it tightly only to relive the moment again...

In a field of many gorgeous flowers, the smell of lavender lingered as Jack led his soon-to-be fiancée to the centre. An explosion of pink and golds stained the sky with its light making her eyes sparkle and dance and he couldn't believe himself. As they walked further into the land, he brushed the flowers and picked out the most beautiful one for her and gently placed it into her hair. After minutes of walking, they stopped and it was time. Butterflies flew in his stomach and questions spun around his mind. Will she not like it? Will she marry him? He bent down as she looked around. The four most precious words

fell out of his mouth as he reached in for the ring. Tears were in her eyes as the two words came out, "I do,".

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Ring... Ring. He snapped back to reality and heard the sound he'd been dreading to hear. He grabbed his phone and saw her. It seemed like her face looked more beautiful than before. He accepted the call and poured out everything, "Julia, my darling, where are you-!" he was cut by the deep monotone of the man's voice.

He cleared his throat before explaining, "Sorry to upset you, but this isn't who you think it is..."

"Who is this? Where is my wife! Is she okay?" John shouted as goosebumps spread across his arms.

Shaking in fear, the next few words haunted John as he broke the news, "My name is Dr Phil, but your wife is -"

The rest of his sentence were a blur to him, but he could only hear five words: your wife is not breathe...

Drowning. That was all it took, just as John pushed and shoved through the sea of people to get to the big double doors. His heart was racing, he tried to get rid of the overwhelming fear that ate him up. Clipping onto his coat tightly, everything now seemed too bright, too whitewashed as he knew he was running out of time. For her. Their possible

future. Searching around, he rushed through doors and doors, looking for who he loved the most.

Step by step, he arrived at the room that mattered most to him. Fear choked him, as he dragged his feet towards the colourless curtains. His mind was in a whirlpool of thoughts and nimbly doing the denial dance; 'She had to be okay... she is okay... Right?' Slowly, he pulled the curtain.

Digging his fingers into his palm, he stared at the horror that lay in front of him - a part of him expected to see her sitting upright, fine and well. Instead, he was acknowledged by her soulless body. Julia was gone.

Hesitantly, John walked over to her, hearing the beep of the monitor flatline. He couldn't dare to look at her, once her beautiful hair flew gently in the wind and was now loose strands on her head. Covering his mouth in fear, a wisp of cold rage rested upon him as he leant over her body. She was gone. And there was nothing he could do about it... Rubbing her face gently, he dropped to the floor, submerged in his sorrow, as sobs racked his body. Nothing could heal his broken heart; all he wanted was her chest to move, for her to breathe. Picking up her lifeless body, he put her into a tight hug before planting a kiss on her head. Memories of their life flashed before him, as the rain hammered against the window. All he could do was to keep the memories, but he couldn't... she wasn't here... she was gone and he couldn't change that.