

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER

By : brontewriter

zoe says goodbye to her past by visiting her cousin devon's grave with their five year old son, devon. She looks forward to the wonderful future ahead of her to seeing her children grow up and grandchildren in years to come.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/brontewriter

Copyright © brontewriter, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER Chapter 1

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER :

Chapter 1

Chapter Twenty One

ï¿½

Five years have passed and my little boy Devon is now five years old and starting primary school. He's already been there three months and made lots of friends.

Jack is still working in journalism at the local newspaper company.

I set out my dream and ambition and became an English teacher for high school children between the ages of eleven and fifteen. ï¿½I'm expecting Jack and I's first baby together at five and a half months.

My little brother, Gene, is now eighteen years old and in college studying performance Arts and Music. That's where he met his first girlfriend, Tiffany Harris, whose a lovely girl.

ï¿½

One bright, hot summer's day in July of 1958, I decided to go and visit my Cousin Devon's grave in West Cornwall. I drove up in my own car with Devon Junior riding in the passenger seat.

It took us three hours to get there from East Cornwall. I stopped the car outside the cemetery's huge, iron gates and stepped out and helped Devon out then locked the car. I took hold of his tiny hand in mine and we slowly walked into the creepy looking graveyard with large willow trees all around us. We walked up the narrow concrete pathway to the end of the cemetery where Cousin Devon's gravestone stood.

I moved back the weeds that had grown over it to read the graving on the stone. My eyes began filling up with tears of sadness and felt my heart breaking.

ï¿½

DEVON SMITH

BORN - 1929

DIED -ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ 1953

BELOVED SON TO HERALD AND ISABEL SMITH

BELOVED BROTHER TO OLIVER AND CYNTHIA SMITH

ï¿½

Devon Junior stared down at the grave unemotional and then looked up at me and saw tears running down my face.

"You really loved Cousin Devon, didn't you, Mummy?" he said.

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER

I crouched down to my knees and wrapped my arms around him who was the spitting image now of Cousin Devon, who I'd been madly, deeply and passionately in love with and he with me and we made a perfect son together out of the pure love to each other. I couldn't possibly tell little Devon the truth now but when he's much older I decided I would sit him down and tell him the whole truth.

"I did, Devon, your second Cousin Devon was very, very dear to me," I replied.

"Is that who you named me after?" I nodded. "I like that name," he said.

I smiled and embraced him once again tightly.

"Mummy, don't hug me too tight the flowers will squash."

I took my arms from him and he placed a small bouquet of flowers on top of the mountain of flowers on the grave.

"I wished I would of known him," he said.

"I do too," I said, my bottom lip quivering. I choked back the tears "he would have liked to have known you too very much," I stood back up and stared down at Devon's grave.

Good bye, Devon, my love, you'll be forever in my heart. I shall always love you, I thought.

"There you two are," I was startled by a deep familiar voice that sounded like music to my ears. I turned around and smiled.

"Oh, Jack, I'm sorry we left without saying good bye. I just had to say a final good bye," I explained.

Jack embraced me wrapping his arms around my waist and kissing me passionately on the lips. "I thought I would find you here so I came as quickly as I could. I missed you too much to wait at home," he put his hands on my blooming belly and we felt a kick. Jack cried with delight. "I reckon it's going to be a boy."

I shook my head "no, it's definitely going to be a girl," I argued.

He laughed and we kissed passionately again.

"Where's Gene?" I asked, curiously.

"With Tiffany, they've gone skating with some friends," he said.

"Oh, how nice, so Mr Pascal, would you care to take your family out," I grinned.

Jack grinned and his hazel brown eyes twinkled. "I would love to take my family out."

"Wonderful," I replied, taking his hand and little Devon's in the other.

"Great!" he said.

Jack and I and little Devon walked back out the cemetery together and all of the ghosts from my past had gone. I saw a huge brightness to a wonderful future ahead of me with all of my family and grandchildren to follow in years to come.

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER

i₀^{1/2}

i₀^{1/2}

i₀^{1/2}

i₀^{1/2}

i₀^{1/2}

ZOE CHAPTER TWENTY ONE FINAL CHAPTER

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-28 17:17:17