Only Faded Memories

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This is just a piece from a novel I wrote for my English teacher after finding out that one of my closest friends died... Small bits of it are true and the other are just fiction. Please let me know if you think I should complete it. Thank you!

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I wiped the tears away.

Although it felt as though my whole world had caved in on me, somehow I knew it would all be okay. That all my misery and pain would turn into nothing but bliss in the memory of him. Nicholas.

I had received a house call that very morning, just before the break of dawn; even before they knocked on my door I knew they were there. I mean, there was this sudden illumination of my - no, our particularly dark bedroom. Its originally white walls had flashed this bright red then suddenly, an even brighter blue.

I slowly sat up, pushing my hair out of my face, confusing myself with questions like *what could they possibly need from me at such an hour,* as I grabbed my robe off of the edge of the bed I made my way out of the bedroom, running my fingers across the walls so I knew exactly where in the house I was.

As I walked down the stairs and into the living room, awaiting the urgent knocking that would soon come I remembered how we had fought just that very morning, that although he had said that he would never be coming back I still expected to wake up in his arms, to have him tell me he was sorry for walking out. I somehow still expected him to come home and make the sweetest, the most passionate love to me. The knocking came sooner than anticipated, so sudden that as it interrupted my thoughts I accidently knocked one of our favorite pictures together.

"Shit," I mouthed as I walked towards the door, holding my robe closed I open the door allowing the illumination and chilled breeze to wash over me.

"Mrs. Doyle?" One of them asked as I studied both of their faces.

For a moment I stayed quiet waiting for them to just get it over and done with. "Mam?" the other asked, I felt my eyes well up, almost as if my head was going to explode.

"No," I breathed as I swallowed hard. "I am still Ms. Brea-Leigh October officers,"

Then, for a moment there was a moment of silence, making their presence so strong they didn't have to say anything for me to fully understand what was going on.

"We are sorry to have to inform you mam -"

"I just want to know when..." I mouthed in such a hushed tone it felt almost as if they hadn't heard me.

"- but Mr. Nicholas Doyle was involved in a 'drunken driving' car accident, by the time the paramedics reached him it was too late."

First it was the fight, then I remembered all of his screaming and how he had said he'd never come back, then I remembered how his cellphone had been off all day long, how I kept calling his friends asking if they had seen himâ ¦ then, I remembered how the picture broke.

I slowly stepped back into the house, and although I could tell that the police were still talking I closed the door, slowly making my way upstairs as if nothing had happened.

Nicholas would be back.

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