In the time of the Butterflies

By : lost love long forgotten

Just a short story about a girl who is missing her boyfriend who died a long time ago.

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Feeling sad I hold the dried rose. The first he ever gave me, it was a while back but it's the only one I had ever kept as a memory of the beginning of us. It's the middle of winter I'm sitting in the park where we had our first date. It's been almost a year now, a year since he died. I get up not really noticing the other people around me and I start to walk not paying attention to where my feet take me. We used to walk through this park together holding hands trying to stay warm.

He's dead so it doesn't much matter now. He'd joined the army and left a few weeks later leaving me behind. We were both eighteen, and I was waiting for his return so we could start our life together. I wrote to him and sent him pictures, of our families finally getting along waiting for his return to make us complete again.

One day my letters were returned every single one. Then one dreadful morning I got the news I'd most dreaded. It was the news I didn't want to have to listen to or believe in ever since he's gone away. The military, it's the place I'd hated since it was the place he went. The day was completely rainy and I was wishing he'd come home to me but instead it was his commanding officer.

I'll never forget the way he told me that I was never going to see the man I loved again. "Are you Orion?" That was my nickname. "Yes, I am." "I am sorry but Justin was killed in the line of duty." I went into shock not realizing it. I could hear my father rushing to my aid catching me before I fell to ground, I was trying to process the words I'd just heard and didn't want to believe in.

I became really depressed and looked at every letter I wrote to him wondering why I never got to see or hear from him again. Walking in the snow I look at the ground letting my tears fall slowly, silently wondering how am I ever going to get over him? Looking up I see that I've walked to his grave there I lay the rose down and whisper "Goodbye." to the silence then I place a white envelope with my last letter to him.

My letter read: "Dear Justin, I can't wait for you to come home. I've got a surprise for you! I love you and miss you as do everyone here we can't wait to see your sweet smiling face." Those were the last words I was writing him when I got the terrible news. Each day I spend alone I spend mourning the loss of him, a part of me wishes he had never died so I would never be alone but another part of me says it was bound to happen. I just try to keep his memory alive.

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