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Little Love Letter

Let me tell you a secret: I love you.

I can't remember what it was like not to love you. I can't remember why I ever thought I would die alone, always insatiated, never smiling. If I can be honest, you've helped me realize why I like being alive. My parents divorced when I was very young; I wasn't close to either of them. I didn't have many friends growing up, either. I was alone, and I never felt what it was like to care about someone so deeply, so wildly, that you'd either ruin your life for them or make it better so there's room for them in it.

I want to make room for you. More than just a room, even. I want to build you a house, where you can come and rest your feet, and where we don't have to think about things in the outside world, like why I don't talk to people anymore, or why you feel so tired all the time. Your eyes look dark and gray sometimes, but in here, we can bring color back to the both of us.

I'm okay around you.

Our lives are so small. What precious few years we spend on this rock, all floating in a flood of others just like us, walking and working and losing ourselves. Being with you is like having a rope to hold on to, and you're slowly dragging me back to shore. I want to finish school, become a doctor, maybe, or an engineer, or anything that will test my limits, really. You want to be an artist, right? I'll help support you as you get off the ground. We'll be a duo. Us against the world, like it's always been, and always will be.

To summarize, I love you. I know you love me, too. The way the air gets lighter between us isn't something I can accomplish alone. So, let's conquer the flood together. Let's build a house. Let's live.
Love,

Her.

The page feels soft in your fingers from years of use and reuse. How many times have you read this letter now? Too many, probably. You have it memorized. You dream the words on it in your sleep, even if they're cheesy, the kind of thing a girl would write, not a woman.

But you love them anyway, because this letter was the first, and now it's the last.

The morning is just settling in. Birds are chirping, and the leafless trees outside are swaying gently in the autumn wind. It's so still.

"Happy birthday, darling," you whisper, and plant a gentle kiss on the ancient paper. When you drop it, it floats gently back, then forth, and lands on the table, light from the windows shining on the ink.

You'll visit her resting place later today. The little love letter will not move or change in your absence; it never has.