

My future wife

I met my girlfriend when I was 17, back in my high school years. She was kind, funny, pretty, smart and all in all just perfect.

She still is.

I liked her ever since then but she was way out of my league. I was one of those nerdy guys and she was Ms. Popular.

I remember when I first met her. Well, we did not really meet. We looked each other in the eyes for a short moment but that is it. I do not think she even noticed me. She just saw me.

Actually, I noticed her a lot but I do not think she did. To be honest it indeed is hard to miss her. We never really talked. As a matter of fact, we never even said hello to each other. I had a lot of chances but never the courage to say anything. One time my class had to do a group project and I got paired up with her. I remember this moment because that was the first time I talked to her.

She explained something I did not get and this was the moment I knew I was in love with her. The way she talked and the sound of her voice... It was like those movies with the perfect sunlight shining on her. I could listen to her for hours.

If someone came up to me and asked when I knew I fell in love with her, I would tell them this exact moment.

A while after the group project, we spent some time together and I finally asked her to be my girlfriend. She accepted, of course.

Later on I proposed to her as well and we moved in together. We were super excited and almost could not decide on a house.

Right now, we are sitting in our new home. We had to move from our old one because of an accident.

“Do you still want to get married in September?”

“Let’s wait a bit longer. It is a bit stressful with the moving.”

“Yeah ... You are right.”

“What do you think of putting that picture up here?”

“Great idea.”

“I love you.”

“I lo-“

We hear a knock on the door. Twice.

I get up and open it. Behind the door is a man I truly do not like. He always ruins the best moments.

“Jeffrey, are you talking to yourself again?” he said.

“No, I am talking to my wife. She is sitting right there. Can’t you see?” I pointed at her.

“Jeffrey...”

“She died in the fire accident last year. You really have to stop talking to yourself.”

(Anastasia Loch, EF)