My Death

Dear diary,

My name is Maple. I am 16 years old. My life had changed dramatically these past 2 months. It all started when…

“Honey dinner’s ready,” called my boyfriend Emmett from down the stairs. Emmett and I have been dating for over 6 months now. We live together in a 2 bedroom apartment. He works at Viella as head cook and I love it when he cooks me special meals. I walk down the freshly white coated steps as I brush my hand down the handrail. I sit at down at the glass table, on my plate is a freshly cooked and marinated chicken with some vegetables on the side. Next to my full plate is a love note from Emmett. The love note reads:

Dear Sweetie,

Roses are red violets are blue; I will always love you until I am dead.

From your love Emmett

I fold the beautifully worded love note into my pocket saving it for later so I can read it again and again until it puts me to sleep.

“Night, night honey I love you,” I call from down the hallway to Emmett as I pull out the note from my pocket. I read it once more as I rest my head down on my pillow closing my eyes.

The cool breeze wafting up my legs as it softly wakes me up gently, as I lift my head off my pillow softly and slowly. I feel under my pillow and take the love note and put it once more into the pocket of my coat I pull off my covers of the bed as I get ready to feel the icy world come into focus. I pull on my dressing gown opening my door to jump into the shower to pull me into reality.

The water starts trickling down my face making droplets fall down into a puddle at the bottom. “Damn it the waters blocked again Emmett, just a way to start the day Maple” I say to myself. I hop out of the shower annoyed that it happened yet another time. That is the only thing wrong about this place.

I quickly put on my clothes wanting to go to the new café and get a delicious freak shake with Emmett before I have to drop him off to take my mind off the blockage in the water system and the bad start to the morning. I put on a pair of blue shorts and a tee-shirt on to rush out the door and start the morning over. I walk to the door and pick up my small but large black car keys and my cherry red lipstick off the middle sized coffee table in the lounge room and get in the car.