

Forgotten Dream

Forget Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare can eat his heart out. From the time they were born, Jack and Jill were always together. Kids who thought digging “love tunnels” in the sandbox on the playground was normal. Both grew up in the same city, yet drifted apart, and led very different lives. Their class reunion was in a couple of days.

Jack stood by the phone sipping coffee, hoping that Jill would go with him. There was no one that understood him better than Jill. She was the best. Best friends should know what to do no matter what, without having to say anything. A dangerous assumption perhaps, but not with how well Jill knew him.

Jill, centered herself after a stretch from her Tai Chi and looked at her calendar on the pink wall of her apartment, where she kept track of various events, birthdays, anniversaries, and anything else coming up. Her eye caught the date of the class reunion in red ink, making her face flush. She had forgotten to call Jack. There was no one like Jack. Finishing her forms, she grabbed her towel, phone, and downed a glass of thirst quenching water plus Wild Cherry Pepsi.

Jack didn't hesitate when his phone rang, and took even less time to say yes. This reunion was going to be fun. After all these years, his feelings for Jill had never changed. Jack smiled to himself as he laid out his best suit and tie, just like prom all over again.

Jill picked Jack up at his place. Her Barbie pink Lamborghini Diablo slowly pulled up on an amazing scene. Cray paper, streamers, lights, glitter, and neon couldn't contain the glow of Jill's face. She wandered around the gymnasium of their old high school, wearing the prettiest pink dress she'd ever owned. It was a blast talking to people she once knew, but became strangers over time.

Jack helped her through awkward social moments when she didn't know what to say. And loved her even more, reminded of her awkward goofiness. He followed her around the room dancing to pop music blaring from the DJ's speakers, stopping only a few times to commiserate with a few guy friends he managed to keep up with over the years. They playfully made fun of him for being single. Jack smiled, glanced over at the balloon arch by the windows overlooking the sea, and assured them that everything would change soon.

Both he and Jill followed the rhythm of a Backstreet Boys' song as a gorgeous orange/pink sunset shown on the horizon. Jack reached into his pocket and handed Jill the first note she ever passed him in grade school, handing it to her. Nervous, his palms damp, the song ending, he got down on one knee, produced a simple diamond ring, and asked Jill to be with him forever.

Jill gasped, but the answer had always been yes. Even if he had never asked.