

By: Trisha 6 White

Down the Memory Lane

I nervously squeeze my hands. To know whether the love of my life is leaving today, is unpredictable, but it is inevitable. As my mind fills up with stress and misery, Doctor James along with Nurse Ann come outside of the ward. "Look Mr. Eden, we've tried our best to cure your wife, Fay but she's almost lost the fight. We suggest you visit her, before it's too late." Doctor James explained, as Nurse Ann nodded. I thought to myself, this can't be true, it definitely can't, right? If it's the last time I see her, I'll do anything for it.

As I stepped into the ward, I saw Fay restless on the bed, pale lips and looked withered. I sat next to her, in a chair and took out my present, specially made for her. She led out a weak smile as she saw me, as I held her hands. I spoke, "Dear Fay, I know you are worsening day by day with Breast Cancer. My greatest wish of all is for you to be healthy, but if I'm unable to give you the best, at least allow me to take you down, down our 'Memory Lane'.

As I opened the scrapbook, designed by me and our two kids, Zena and Connor, I started to walk the lane. "I still remember the times back in Secondary School, where we would constantly decline that we loved each other. From your teasing to mocking me, I've never felt anything else but love. I knew we were meant for each other, so I decided to confess." I slowly explained. "Remembering all these memories still reminds me of our first date! Fay, you were in the gorgeous lily dress which really made you stunning. All the jokes you've told me, and how you laughed at my responses, and how you never told me your best friends, Hazel and the gang were spying on us! Those days, how enjoyable they were, I said. I leaned closer towards Fay, he eyes sparked when she saw all the photographs of us.

Slowly, her shaky hands flipped pages by pages, until she reached the proposal and marriage page. She seemed interested and ready to hear the memories to be told. As ordered, I continued. "I see you'd like to hear this, Fay. Anything for you. Back in 2009, I booked a hall, Faraway Hall for our proposal. Jacob, my good friend along with Hazel, planned a magnificent proposal, to be sure you'd say YES! Choosing a ring was hard, but remembering how much you loved rose gold, made me choose a rose gold ring. Seeing you all so happy, made my day. Our wedding, something we both can never forget! Your dress made you look like a princess, but now you are my queen. The wedding was so memorable, we all teared up during our speeches. Do you know, I still kept my promise of being with you forever? Your parents, Paola and Nolan are certainly proud of you," I told.

We both spent hours, flipping through the nicely decorated pages. Knowing this may be my last chance to spend with her, memories are something precious that she can remember, and which is more valuable than any jewellery or luxury in this world. Though my dear Fay couldn't express herself, deep inside I knew she felt delighted and special. As time went by, she gradually started to act odd and worsened as I told about our most recent adventures with our kids. The machines started to show failing results. Fay pulled me over and mumbled, "I love y-you."