

Tori T.F.R.'s
Brief Realization

Today, I'd tell him the kind of woman I was.

"Nick," I said, shaking him awake.

"Ugh..."

I could tell he was tense.

"What is it?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"I have to tell you something," I said.

"What is it?"

"I have to tell you something important."

"I'm listening," he said.

"It's about me."

"What is it? Is something wrong?"

"I've got a secret," I said.

"Well, can't you tell me what it is?"

The sun hadn't come up yet, which always made him anxious. It was dark and I was looking down at him. He was lying down and staring straight at me. I couldn't find it in me to tell him. I knew the words, but couldn't say any of them.

"Aren't you going to tell me?" he said.

"How long have we been dating, Nick?"

"About 3 years now, I think," he said.

"When did we first meet?"

"For Pete's sake, Hannah," he said. "What's with the questions?"

"I have to tell you something," I said.

"I know," he said.

"I have to tell you something important," I said.

"I know," he said.

"But you've got to promise me something in return," I said.

"What is it?" he said.

I started caressing his hair.

"You've got to promise you won't leave me."

"Okay," he said. "I promise I won't leave you."

My hand went down to his chin and held it.

“Nick,” I said. “I think about doing bad things to people.”

“Like what?” he said.

“I think about hurting them,” I said.

“Do you think about hurting me?”

I nodded.

“Who else have you told this to?”

“No one,” I said.

“Can I ask you some questions?”

“Yes,” I said as my voice trembled.

“What are some ways you think about hurting them?”

“I think about shooting them,” I said. “I think about stabbing them. I think about running them over with my car.”

“Would you ever do any of that?”

“No,” I said. “I wouldn’t.”

“Would you ever do any of that to me?”

“No,” I said, letting go of his chin and shaking my head as I began to cry.

“Hey, hey,” he said as he got up and hugged me.

“I’m sorry,” I said, hugging him back. “I’m sorry for telling you.”

“It’s okay,” he said. “It’s okay. There’s no need for that.”

It was quiet and the crickets were still chirping.

“Please don’t leave me,” I said.

“I won’t,” he said. “I promise I won’t leave you.”

We went back to sleep after hugging for a while. The next morning, he didn’t say anything about what I’d told him the night before. He made me breakfast and we sat down at our dining table.

“Hey,” he said. “Do you want to get married?”

“Okay,” I said.

“All right,” he said. “Then we’ll get married.”