

Beautiful? Yes. Perfect? Almost. The one? Not even close. The day of my wedding is a dream, all the right roses and shades of colors. The best bridesmaids I could ever ask for, but as for the groom, nothing you would ever want. He is a brutal man, strong and aggressive. I can't even feel the love that once flooded my body. I loved him like he would be the only love of my entire life. I saw magic in us, but then just like every magic trick there is, the secrets were revealed. My once glowing atmosphere has now become a shattered world of bruises and pain, yet I can't escape him. He holds me with a firm grasp I can't seem to shake and the monster that will forever encage me goes by the name of Mark Frennan.

Now, you must wonder why I am about to condemn myself to a life so pitiful, well it all started with a first glance at a restaurant, not a special one, just average. I was on a blind date, my friends set us up. Then, while having sat there for a few minutes, I saw him walk in with a confidence that seemed as if it could never be shaken and when our eyes locked we both shyly looked away. We both knew that the date was going to be an interesting one. He then walked over said his "hellos" and sat down. We were fascinated by each other, he thought I was beautiful and I thought him to be handsome. We talked for hours and hours, even after our meal was long gone. He, in my eyes, was the most magnificent and intriguing person I had ever met, but as they say looks are deceiving.

After that first magical date we saw each other many more times. Our friends even said we were perfect and meant to be. I realize that I was only dreaming and using my heart instead of my head. I never noticed the signs, until we were together for 9 months; that's when everything changed. I started to get the gist of his darkness but I ignored it, after all it was just one smack that would never happen again, he promised. Just three weeks after that incident I stupidly decided to live with him and leave the safety of my own home; it was one of my greatest mistakes. The fighting started, but he was still the man I loved.

After just days of living together, people started to notice the bruises, I lied over and over again blaming my clumsiness. I still loved him and couldn't let go; it was always my fault anyways. I caused his anger, I made mistakes, and he always said it wouldn't happen again. I still believed him, until one day when he got really angry.

“Hey, Kayla, You home?” he had said and I replied “Yes, I’m in the kitchen. Would you like me to make anything special for dinner?” He then walked in, smiled, kissed me and said “Hmmm, how about a surprise?” I giggled “Okay, but be prepared for something amazing.”

“Babe, when I’m with you I always am.” He winked then walked out.

I decided to make chicken pot pie, I had never made it before and we had all the ingredients, so I thought why not? It took several hours but I was happy to do it. When it was done and I thought it looked perfect with its golden brown color, I set the table and called Mark in.

“So, what did you decide to make? Smells delicious.” he asked, but when I joyfully told him, his face went dark. “What’s wrong?” I asked curiously

“I don’t really like pot pie, could you make something different for me?”

“But I worked so hard on it,” his face softened

“I know hun but I just really don’t like it.” I pleaded “Could you try just a piece?”

“Fine.” He took a bite and scowled.

“I told you I wouldn’t like it.” I was disappointed “Oh, I’m sorry. I will just make something different.” “Thank you.” He got up and kissed my head.

I walked back to the kitchen deciding to just make a simple steak. I finished the marinating and cooking, it was time to serve it, but when I took out the plates, one slipped from my hands and shattered on the floor, making a noise that I could still hear ringing in my ears. Mark came running in.

“What happened!?!?”

“Oh, I just dropped a plate.”

“Are you alright?” “

Yeah, it just surprised me.”

“Wait, is that one of our good plates?”

“Yeah, I’m sorry.”

“No, you are not, because this would have never happened if you had just started off with the steak.”

“I know, but it was an accident.”

“Are you trying to make excuses?”

“No I was just say-“

“Do not talk back.”

“I’m no-”

“Just stop talking.” He was mad.

“Okay, well I will just clean it up.” I said scared

“Fine.” When I picked up the ceramic though, I cut myself.

“Now, look what you did. You can’t do anything right!” That’s when he hit me; it left a bruise. That one caused a lot of attention but once again I was just clumsy. I snap back to reality.

I say I hate him and after all he has done I have the right to, but I could never leave him, I fear that wherever I go he would find and kill me and if I were to find someone else, he would kill them too. That is what I fear most, him killing a loved one and I can’t ever risk that, so I must stay with him to make sure that no one else will ever be harmed. Even if it means that I will be damaged along the way.

As I think of the damage he could do I shudder. No. I will never let that happen, especially to a friend. After I realize what I am thinking I try to change my thoughts. Right. I must act normal. I must act normal. “

Kayla, you okay? You look pale.” my friend Anne, who was my maid of honor, asked. “Yes, just nervous.” I replied “Okay, but anyways it’s go time.”

She doesn’t know I thought. How doesn’t she know? How could she not notice? I want her notice, I suddenly thought. I want someone to be there protecting me for once. I want to scream out and run; run far away. I want to escape to a place where he will never find me and take all my loved ones with me. I know this isn’t possible but I would like to dream for once, instead of just seeing nightmares. I want to feel actual love. I need love, but all I have right now is misery. I have to endure the pain for others. I then looked down the aisle; the aisle that would condemn me.

That is when I decide I must proceed forward. I try to keep my head down so I won’t look into his eyes but after a while I know that it looks suspicious so I look up. He is staring; staring at me. Even though I know that is what was going to happen it still scared me. He scared me. As he looked into my eyes I could feel the evil that was radiating out of him. How could no one else feel it? I guess you have to know it in order to recognize it.

I realize I am still walking towards him. I make sure each step was slow, I didn't want to speed things up, and in fact I want this to be bragged out to the last possible moment. I don't want to do this, but I have to keep going.

I look to my right and then to my left. They all look so happy. I wish that there was something to actually be happy about. If only they actually knew about the truth; the truth about my pain and the truth about this hateful man. I still wish I could yell it out, but if I do that he would surely get revenge. I guess it doesn't matter though; he is going to hurt me anyways. At that moment I look up again, I was now only a few inches away from the altar; only a few inches away from an eternity of life with this monster.

It's time for the "I dos". He looks happy. I know he is. How could he be happy? How could he be happy hurting me? Well I guess he doesn't realize. It's now my turn to say "I do" and my last thought before I spoke was "*maybe he will actually kill me this timed and I can escape this life.*" Never have I prayed for death to come so soon. Either way I wish desperately for it.