

He entered into the airport with quite the unique stature to his persona. Black from the tip of his shoes to the brim collar of his thick trench coat. The only color was a white item peaking out of his coat. He came out of the gate, placing his hat, a chaps hat as if something that came out of a stereotypical British drama, on top of his head. He then headed straight towards the baggage claim. There was a hush around him that developed this quiet buzzing. The buzzing of the carousel coming with the luggage from his flight. Flight 1922 from London.

It was the last flight to arrive before the airport was going to get blanketed in complete and utter snow. The man, aware of the weather, hurried his way out of the airport and called for a taxi. It took no less than five minutes before the first taxi arrived in signature yellow with black highlight coloring. The driver, distinct with a sharp Italianesque accent, asked the man one single question.

“Where to?”

The man quickly responded in a fusion of English and Northeast American accents, “The Park.”

It was a grey day in the city, and it perfectly described the mood and outlook of the week behind and the day ahead. The man had the horror of being dragged to visit a wedding ceremony. It something that infuriated the man to bits and pieces, however the man realized that no one was ever going to tolerate him if he were to act with such bonkers and gob smacking actions. He decided he would have to compose himself. Mind tracing thoughts were brewing through his mind as he was in the cab, driving over the island to another island in this metropolis of archipelagos.

“Why did it have to be a wedding?” he often asked to himself. It seemed like the one thing that the man would not fall to standards and just cope with it. He had a despicable hate for the conception of a wedding, which would explain how his relationship life has evolved since his teenager years. Deteriorating like a piece of bread turning into mold. The thoughts confounded and led to the man thinking not only of the near future, but of his past, present, and forward future.

The wedding was of his best girlfriend and his best guy friend. A guy friend that he has remained loyal to and honest with since his days in high school. Forever to be mates, and never to be torn. The lady was the quintessential tomboy from across the

street. Played sports, enjoyed the outdoors, and had a better friendship with boys than she did with girls. However, the feelings were much too deep for the man. He had loved her ever since he first laid eyes upon the woman in high school. He once said of her to his colleagues at work, "When I see those crystal ocean blue eyes just staring at me, I can't help but tremble and yet smile at the same time in the awe of her defying beauty." Now, that defying beauty that captured the man's heart was about to marry the gentleman he least expected to betray him. The man's best friend.

Betrayal, dishonest, and liar were the words now torturing the man inside with rage as the taxi was only a few blocks down from the park. How could such a man that always said that he would never do something to go against his best friend's thoughts and wishes would now take the love of his best friend's life right in range, not say something, laugh, and in only six months after seeing her, were now only two hours away from marrying her. Had he no dignity or self respect to people? Bare in mind, the man never did enter a relationship with the lady. So how could the man expect his best friend to understand or comprehend such a thing?

The man could never develop the charisma, self dignity or confidence to actually get within a meter of her and yet talk about his feelings for her. Then, with nothing, up comes this tyrannical best friend of the man, steals his woman, and rips her to pieces with his cool charm. Nothing could finish it, nothing could possibly end it. He did it with no breakdown, it was produced with ease and comfort and ticked the living daylight of the man. It tore the man to pieces, brought them back together, and followed up with a secondary tearing into miniscule pieces. The man was broken down through the agony of detail and precision made to that detailed cut and annihilation of the man's pride and investment into the woman. Down the toilet it so went. Dashed among the many other hopes and dreams and aspirations of the man.

Yes, the man did however have a high profile job working as a television consultant in London. Yes, he was a major name in television and radio. Yes to all of that. However, he didn't feel that he achieved something in life. He didn't have a family of his own. He didn't live in a house filled with people playing. He was the despised a-word.

Five letters.

Vowel, consonant, vowel, consonant, vowel.

A. L. O. N. E.

The man hated that word because it was the word that perfectly described him and his world. A man with just himself and his thoughts. He couldn't share it because it would be denied. He couldn't keep it to himself because he would just tear down by the awful amount of negativity oozing out of his head as if he was a kettle, boiling water by the second with vapor coming out. The only thing was, in the man's case, it wasn't vapor but rather the lost hope and disgust that rattled the man for years, upon half decades, upon decades. The one lost opportunity in his life that captured his heart, mind, and all concentration.

He arrived on the blocks of the park, 7th Avenue and 59th Street, the park street. He paid the cab driver forty dollars to the exact. Thirty five of it was for the fare and five dollars for the tip. He got out and breathed in the fresh city air. He was once again in the city of chaos, mayhem and final destinations.

He turned around to scope everything. The cities iconic skyscraper neighborhood and its two residential apartment sectors, with similar names, yet so distant from each other, only separated by the vast landscape of green that divided them known as the park. The man looked around, breathed in once more, and headed on his way on foot towards the wedding location. It was a hotel on 7th Avenue, just south of the park.

Thoughts peaked on the walk with every foot to the beat he took. Step. Thought. Step. Thought. 58th Street. It continued. How could the man go on feeling like this. The image of agony and displeasure, furious of the never happening. He turned, and arrived at the hotel, the beckoning tower among towers in the city. Up the steps, through the carousel door, and into a cathedral lobby that symbolized the city. He entered through the grand palace and found a sign. The wedding of Benjamin R. Arnold and Juliana V. Capluette. The man's mouth quickly dried on him by the thought of seeing that on a board.

He loved both of them, but he certainly did not love the two of them together. He despised the thought of them as one and once said, "I will despise them through the end of time and death has risen upon my soul. Whichever arises first to behold me and take me away from this cruel world of horror." Up the steps he went to the wedding hall.

One step. Two step. Three. Through the hallway that he processed through. The place was bubbling with people all gleeful and excited. The man wanted no part of it. He took his place in the ceremony.

Second row, fourteenth seat.

He waited patiently for the horror to be over and done with, never to be mentioned to him again. Maybe he could enjoy some sightseeing in the city after this shambles of emotions would be completed with.

The black death finally started.

Up came Juliana, dressed in all white except one miniscule streak of black tracing down the middle of the dress. She was just as the man imagined. The glorious, illuminating girl he met, only older, wiser, and more depicting the lovely girl of his dreams. Awaiting was Benjamin with a smile as wide as a Cheshire Cat. Gleaming to the high heavens was the groom. The man was trying to clear his mind, but every attempt left his mind to bring up the negativity surrounding him. Juliana reached the front, staring at her fiancé with gleaming eyes. The man could not take all the despicable lovey dovey between the two. He remained composed on the outside, but fuming with rigorous rage, anger, and passion inside.

“Does anyone go against the marriage of this man and woman?” asked the pastor. The man’s heart was saying to go for it. His mind was divided with half saying it would be dishonest of him to do such a sickening thing, the other half saying that it was about time that he developed some common sense when it came to relationships. His impulse of reluctance found itself on top. He held in silence, yet roaring like a lion. Quiet, blank, and with no facial expression. The ceremony continued with all the pomp and circumstance. Then came the last part that will come to live in the man’s life.

The pastor turned to the bride and asked, “Do you take Benjamin to be your lawfully wedded husband?” The man’s mind was racing back and forth in every way and direction. The bride, Juliana, said two simple words, “I do”. The clock struck twelve and all the horror and sorrow peaked.

The man was finished. It was done. He said he would hate it through the day he death had risen upon his soul, and now, his point was proven. He went down in a whisking silence, collapsed, and was finished and done for. The people surrounded the

man, all in surprise and shock. Shrieks were overheard around the hall. The bride and groom stormed up to the body, winding their way through the cluster of people surrounding the body. Juliana checked the man's pulse and knew at that moment it was useless to do something more. She looked and stared at a white thing peeking out of his trench coat. She picked it out, unfolded it, and realized it was a note. She began reading it.

*Dear my darling Juliana,*

*However I could not ever tell you this, I am here to tell you this now. I always will love you. You hold a special place in my heart. However much someone else tells you you're great, remember that I will always say that you're even better. You're Earth and everything in it that makes it gorgeous and marvelous. You are the image of elegance and brilliance. The only reason why I decided to go to the wedding was so that you can finally receive this note.*

*Love,*

*R.M*

*P.S. If you're reading this while it is still in my jacket, look for a red piece of paper.*

Juliana followed the instructions and found the paper in the pocket on the other side of the trench coat. She grabbed and unfolded it. She grew teary as she realized what it was. It was the first valentine card that the man gave to Juliana. She always said that he should keep it until Juliana got married. Inside of it was a picture of the man and Juliana on their first outing together in Times Square when they were thirteen. Juliana commenced crying and eventually broke down in tears as reality struck like lightning in the thick black night. The black wedding night.