

Dear Mary,

I regret to inform you, I have been told today by a reliable source that I will not live past this Thursday at 2pm. Unfortunately, it seems we will have to cancel our luncheon, for my death must take precedence.

I am in the process of writing letters to cancel all my plans. You are the first to whom I am writing. You will also be the last, as I've not many plans for the future. Consequently, death does not seem so scary. Nothing is being cut short for me. In fact, and I'm hesitant to tell you this, I'm sort of excited for it. Death is the first large event I've ever had planned in my life. Father's funeral was the largest gathering I've ever attended. I keep wondering how it will happen. Oh, I suppose I've kept you rather in the dark until this point. Allow me to enlighten you.

I've been having horrible night terrors. I repeatedly wake in the early hours of the morning, far before the sun is awake, and I will be sitting straight up. Now this isn't the sort of nightmares that wake you up like you're falling. Oh, dear Mary, you know me. I'd not dare be so cliché. It is very calm. My eyes just simply open, and I'm already in an upright sitting position. Anyway, in these dreams I've been meeting a man. The same man every time. I've lived a whole life with this man in my dreams. I've grown old with him. He has just passed away during my last sleep. His age took him. It was very peaceful. (Brace yourself, Mary, this is where the story gets exciting.) Today, I went into town and, you simply won't believe it, I saw him. Literally the man of my dreams. You can understand how I was confused as he died just last night.

Only now I know I must die. He appeared in this world to be with me. I just know it Mary. But the me of my dreams has grown old and I have a premonition that I will die before

Thursday at 2pm. Thursday at 2pm seems like a perfectly good time to die. You see, the man in my dreams (Eric, his name is Eric) died at 1:56pm. And now that I've seen him here, I know I must go to be with the him I fell in love with. I must be asleep forever. I've lived my life in my dreams, Mary. I can't help feeling as though my life is only about to start.

Though, I regret that I will miss our lunch. I do hope you can come see me before I die. I can tell you about Eric. I have a feeling I will see him again. The him that I know.

Now, since I do not know when this death will occur, I would like you to

Author's Note

I find the mixing of the inevitable with the unexpected to be an extremely profound phenomenon. In this piece I was playing around with resolution. I created this very strange situation where this girl has decided she is going to die and, to resolve, I simply cut off her narrative, suggesting she died midletter. The inevitability of her death has been the reason and the topic of this whole letter, but she speaks of it in such a calmness I meant for it to seem as though she had control over it. And she says she feels like she is not being cut off, so when it literally cuts her off it was meant to be jarring and upsetting. Her death is meant to be a resolution. It's sort of a turning point and a resolution all in one because I never really put in a turning point. I also liked the idea of having a narrator that wasn't truly all knowing, but seems to be. The whole story line is fulfilling this premonition or fate, as common in Greek tragedies, provided at the beginning of the story, but until it happens, you can't be sure how or when it will happen.

Hailey Rebecca Ibberson