

From "*Dressing Amelia*" by Chloe Whitehorn

AMELIA:

You had your chance! You had your chance to deal with it and you did it wrong! All wrong. "It's just a dress Amelia". You remember? "It's just a dress." That's it. That's all you could say. I tried to tell you what he'd done, what he'd taken from me. "Stop crying. It's just a dress. I'll buy you a new one." You used to talk about how he was such a fantastic guy and how lucky I was that a guy like that wanted me, chose me. How shocking it was that someone that smart and attractive and successful could possibly choose me. How grateful I should be that I found someone when I was young so I could spend the rest of my life with him and grow up together. How amazing he was on paper. You were so set on the fairytale. You wanted it so badly for yourself that you didn't see, you didn't see it wasn't what I wanted. Wasn't what I needed. That looking perfect "on paper" didn't mean he was actually perfect. Or good for me. Or even good. I didn't need a new dress. I needed you. I needed you to understand. I needed you to hold me. I needed my mom. There's no take back, there's no do over, there's no I'm sorry. I needed you. I needed you to be there for me, and you weren't. That was our last chance. That was. And you missed it. And you don't get a do over just because you're dead. It doesn't work that way.