

From “*Love, Virtually*” by Chloe Whitehorn

MATT: A fortune cookie. I mean, that’s not the reason I want to date you, just the motivating factor, the impetus. (*beat*) I was going to propose. Nice girl. Smart, beautiful, ready to settle down. I thought, I’m the age that’s supposed to happen at. Sure, she’d be a good person to do that with. I had a fortune written up with “will you marry me” on it and I was replacing the paper in a cookie, and I read the fortune I was replacing. “Sometimes a stranger can bring great meaning to your life”. Since high school I’ve been comparing every girl I dated with you and I realized it wasn’t fair. To them or me. You’re an amazing woman Laurel. And that’s not to say that these other women weren’t, there was just something about you. From the first time I saw you, sitting on the steps of the school, playing your guitar and singing. Not for anyone, completely oblivious to the rest of the kids running around on the stairs. You weren’t doing it for attention. Hell, you didn’t even notice when a bunch of kids started to gather around listening to you. You were just absorbed in it. Whenever I saw you in the halls, walking with friends or completely on your own, you radiated confidence. Which seemed really rare in high school. I was so curious about you, but not brave enough. The longer I left it, the harder it was. And then high school was over and you were gone. And the next time I saw you, you were dating my best friend. And then it was too late. You’re my proverbial “what if”. I didn’t want you to be a stranger, I wanted to know you.