

Dear Beloved Matthew

By AddictedFreak

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I don't normally do romance stories, but I HAD to do this. It was screaming in my mind, so I had to type it. It's about love and loss. (Has a few swear words, but nothing that should offend anyone.)

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1 - Dear Beloved Matthew

Dear Beloved Matthew,

It was only rumors at first, but I found out the truth for myself. I guess you really are gone... It's funny how one day a person is with you and having a good time, and then the next their lives are taken away. It seemed to happen so fast, like it was nothing I could have done to stop it. However, I was wrong. I could have talked you into staying with me that night. I should have cried instead of holding it in, and then maybe you would have felt bad enough to stay with me. If I had done that, you would still be alive and right by my side.

I'm not very good at words, and even you know that. I hate talking to people, and I hate hanging out in crowds. But what I do know is that I know you like no other person. I learned to tell from which smiles were fake, and which ones were real. I also learned that you were one hell of an actor. I guess you never wanted anyone to know how you were really feeling. I have never enjoyed being with someone like I did with you. You made me laugh, but I never smiled. Hell, I did everything that I could to hide my feelings for you, but the truth is:

I love you

I mean this from the bottom of my heart. I know that these words are nothing more than words, and they may not have a big effect on you, but it's the truth. I just regret that I never said it to your face, and now I'll never have a chance. I guess you will never know how I really feel, and it kills me on the inside to know that. I had so many opportunities to tell you, but I always choked on my words. I wanted to tell you this so badly, but these three words were the hardest thing to say. It's funny how the simplest thing is the hardest thing to do. Now, you'll never know...

It's just too hard to believe that you're actually gone. I hope you know that I'm going to miss everything. I'm going to miss going to the meadow late at night, and watching the stars. I'll miss your hair blowing under my nose and that scent that you had. I'll miss the time where you pursed your soft lips against mine, and told me that you loved me, even though I just stood there. I'll even miss that goofy grin on your face. It hurts to know that these things are just memories now; not future references anymore. However, if I'm somehow wrong and you are alive, don't bother looking for me. If you read this letter, I'll

already be long gone to the other world. So if you read this letter, do me a favor: there is one last beer can in the fridge. I want you to drink it. There is also one cigarette and a match. Go ahead and light one up. I know how much you love those things, so please enjoy it while you can.

Oh, and one more thing: If you're alive, don't search the house for your gun. I'm taking it when I leave to end my life. I have nothing now... you were the only thing that I had, and now I have nothing. So now, my life shall end. If I am correct, however, I'll see you in the other world. Please, don't be mad. I've been planning on doing this for a while now. Please forgive me.

Sincerely,

~ Cindy