

# The Life And Times Of A Dying Bride[ONESHOT]

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**Title:** *The Life And Times Of A Dying Bride.*

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**ONE SHOT.**

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# 1 - Life&&Times

Ah, weddings.

I'd been to many, but never in one.

My friends would always tease me.

"Always the bridesmaid, never the bride."

It was all in good fun, but they didn't know how it felt.

They were all married or engaged to be.

When I should have been.

I was completely in love with Mikey, and he was completely in love with me.

We had known each other forever

**I stood at the bus stop twirling my plaited pigtails in my fingers.**

**I was so nervous.**

**Second grade!**

**I had Ms. Oliver, the nicest, prettiest, youngest teacher in the school.**

**I was soooooooooo lucky!**

**I felt so pretty.**

**I got my older sister Liz to braid my long brown hair into pigtails.**

**I was wearing a little green jumper that matched my emerald eyes that had a little silver bow.**

**I was wearing my brand new Mary Jane shoes, and Liz let me borrow a little bit of her lip gloss!**

**I was the luckiest girl alive to have an amazing bigger sister like Liz who knew so much about hair and fashion.**

**She would always tell me that I was going to be beautiful when I got older, and I hoped she was right!**

**I glanced around.**

**A lot of older kids.**

**I knew one girl, Elle.**

**She babysat for me when Liz was busy.**

**I noticed two new boys.**

**One boy looked about my age and the other about two grades older.**

**The younger boy had short brown hair that hung in his face a little.**

**He was wearing round glasses pushed as far up as they could go.**

**The older boy had combed back black hair.**

**The older boy started talking to a few other boys in fifth grade.**

**I walked up to the younger boy.**

**"Hiya! I'm Polly!" I said to him.**

**He looked shocked.**

**"I'm Mikey, this is Gerard." He said, looking up at his brother.**

**"Hi Mikey! Which teacher do you have?"**

**"Ms. Oliver."**

**"Cool! So do I!" I exclaimed giddily.**

**Then the bus came.**

**"You want to sit with me?" He said weakly.**

**"Sure." I said.**

**He told his brother, and we got on the bus.**

**We talked the whole way to the school.**

Mikey and I became best friends instantly.

We were as close as could be all through grade school.

I looked forward to the bus rides, just so I could sit with him and talk with out getting in trouble.

We were always made fun of that we liked each other, but we honestly didn't.

Well, I didn't anyway.

I didn't really talk with Gerard much, he was either with friends or in the basement, which was his room.

The summer after sixth grade, Mikey and his family went to Arizona to visit family, which meant I would see Mikey again until the first day of middle school.

Then that day rolled around...

**I walked into the middle school.**

**Oh, how I wished Mikey were with me.**

**I walked to my locker hoping he'd be there.**

**We were always next to each other in things like that.**

**You see, his last name was Way and mine was Watts.**

**I arrived at locker 66A.**

**I opened the locker and put my things inside.**

**I noticed a small note on the top shelf of the locker.**

**It couldn't be for me.**

**I picked it up.**

**"Pocket"**

**That would be me.**

**Only he could get away with that nickname.**

**I opened up the note.**

**"Pocket,**

**If my alphabetical skills are still as sharp as they should be, this is your locker.**

**If it is, you owe me a penny.**

**AZ was amazing.**

**I'll tell you about it in homeroom.**

**I missed you this summer!**

**Love You Pocket!**

**-Milky Way"**

**I flipped the note over and wrote my response.**

**"Milky Way,**

**YOU'RE RIGHT!**

**This is my locker!**

**-high fives-**

**Anyway,**

**I MISSED YOU LIKE CRAZY!!!!!!!**

**Love you Milky!**

**-Polly Pocket**

**p.s. if you read this, you owe me a penny. J"**

**I folded it back up and wrote "Milky" on the front.**

**I giggled to myself.**

**I loved our nicknames.**

**I was Polly Pocket, or just Pocket.**

He was Milky Way, or just Milky or Milk.  
Gerard didn't know it, but he was Biggie.  
We originally called him Big Brotha, but that got shortened.  
The last homeroom bell rang, snapping me back to reality.  
I slipped the note in his locker and scurried off to homeroom.  
I walked in the door and scanned the room for Mikey.  
I saw him sitting in the corner with Frank, another boy who moved here in fifth grade.  
He looked stunning.  
His sandy brown hair fell onto his face just right.  
He had a tan from Arizona, and it looked great.  
He had also gotten new glasses, more rectangular ones with black frames.  
They looked much better than the old ones.  
He was smiling at something Frankie had said, and it was beautiful.  
He seemed to be taking fashion advice from Gerard, because he was wearing a black, tight jacket littered with zippers and dark gray jeans.  
He looked up, catching my eyes.  
"POCKET!!!!" He yelled, jumping up and running over.  
He gave me a huge hug.  
"I missed you so much!!!" He said, more excited than he should have been.  
"I missed you too Milky." I said back.  
He unwrapped his arms from me.  
I didn't want to let go, but I did.  
"C'mon. Come sit down." He said, leading me to the table.  
It turned out our schedules matched except for eighth period, during which we both had gym.  
Which was technically the same, but it was boys and girls gym classes.  
We had so much fun in seventh grade.  
Mikey and I got even closer, which seemed impossible until it happened.  
Mikey, Frank and I got pretty close too.  
We were always doing things together, whether school projects or a movie on Friday night.  
Frank even got a stupid nickname, HotDog, often "shortened" to Doggie.  
Some people thought I was dating both of them at the same time, which was completely untrue.  
I still really liked Mikey, but he didn't act like he liked me more than a friend.  
I considered asking him out, and decided to consult Liz on the matter one day on the summer after seventh grade...

"Liz?" I asked, knocking on her door  
She turned down her stereo.  
"What? And this better be good, you made me interrupt The Misfits!" She said, glaring at me.  
"All hail The Misfits! Please, God, don't punish me for interrupting Liz's precious music!"  
She threw a pillow at me.  
"How many times do I have to say it? It's Eliza now, not Liz anymore."  
"Whatever Liz. Anyway, I have a question about Mikey."  
"Oh, here we go!"  
"Oh, shut up. Anyway, I like him, as more than a friend, which I guess was inevitable. I wanna be his girlfriend, but I don't want to ruin things by asking him out."  
"You know, he's probably home asking Jared or whoever the same question."  
"Gerard! And an answer please?"  
"Honey, you have to flirt. SHOW HIM YOU LIKE HIM! Send the signs, he'll catch on, he's not that

dense.” She exclaimed.

I guess she was right.

“Thanks, Eliza.” I said, leaving her room.

She immediately turned her stereo back on.

You know, those Misfits are pretty good, I should listen to Mikey and Liz and start listening to them.

Liz was sorta helpful, but not really.

I still remember the look of pure amusement when I said I liked him.

She probably laughed at me for the rest of the night.

I’ll have to make a note to ask her about that.

Anyway, about a week later, the phone rang.

I ran down the stairs to grab the phone.

Liz beat me to it.

Crap.

“Oh Pollypoo! It’s Mikeyyyyyyy!” She said, winking at me.

“Gimme the phone and don’t call me that.” I said back to her.

“As soon as you start calling me Eliza, I stop calling you Pollypoo.” She said, handing me the phone.

“Hey Mikey!” I said, answering the phone.

“Whoa.” He said.

“What?”

“You called me Mikey.”

“Well, that’s your name, isn’t it?”

“Well, you normally call me Milky or Milky Way.”

“Eh, whatever. Anyway, what do you need?”

“Uhm...”

He took a deep breath.

“Polly, you know I love you as a friend more than I love oxygen, right.”

“Uhm, yea. What, you moving to Alaska or something?!”

“Haha, no. But my point is.....uh.....you see....I, uh.....ILIKEYOUASALOTMORETHANAFRIEND!” He spit out in one breath.

“I.....I....Uh....”

I was completely speechless.

“Crap. No, Crap. I ruined everything, didn’t I?” He said, sounding like he was about to cry.

“Wha, Mikey, no. I....I like you too. A lot.” I said, smiling.

“So.....will you go out with me?” He asked nervously.

“Yes....definitely.” I replied ecstatically.

We both laughed, clearly feeling a bit awkward.

“So, I’ll see you tomorrow.” He said, breaking the silence.

“Okay.”

“Love ya Pocket.” He said, hanging up the phone.

I looked back in the doorway to see Liz with a huge smile plastered across her face.

“YOU HAVE A BOYFRIENDDDDDDDDD!!!” She yelled running over to give me a hug.

We were attached at the hand for that first day together.

In the little time I saw Gerard that day he was glaring at me.

I swear, the closer I got to Mikey, the farther I got from Gerard.

I barely even talked to him, he just hated me.

I never really knew why either, and I only brought it up to Mikey once, about two weeks after he asked me out.

**“Hey Mike?” I asked quietly.**

**“Yea Polly?”**

**“What’s up with Biggie? He acts like he hates me! He shoots me these looks. I don’t know what’s wrong! I’ve barely even said two words to him!”**

**“I don’t know Polly. I’ve asked him about that multiple times. He always says ‘I just don’t like her.’ He’s really weird like that, you’ll grow on him.”**

**I sighed.**

**“But it’s annoying! I’m so close to you and so far away from him!” I whined.**

**He wrapped his arms around me.**

**“It’s okay Polly. He’ll like you, you just have to talk to him more!” He said, trying to console me.**

We were together for the rest of middle school.

And high school.

We both got into the same college.

We lived together off campus.

For the first semester we lived with Gerard and his girlfriend, who were living ten minutes away from the school.

At the beginning of the second semester we got an apartment.

We lived there for the rest of our college career.

Eventually, after graduation, we bought a small house in New Jersey.

His looks had changed quite a bit.

He got laser eye surgery, eliminating his glasses.

He also began dying his hair black.

I looked basically the same as I always had except my long brown hair was now short and black.

Slowly, I watched all my friends walk down the aisle.

One by one.

I slowly became very jealous.

Very, very jealous.

I had been with Mikey for longer than they had been with their husbands and wives.

Why hadn’t he even talked about marriage?

I’d brought it up, and he’d changed the subject.

It was like he didn’t want to marry me, which made no sense at all to me.

I know, that sounds selfish, but really.

From seventh grade to college and beyond, you think he would have!

But now, finally, here I sit.

Rather, here I stand.

In the back of the church, ready to walk down the aisle.

The flower girl and my bridesmaids had gone and it was my turn.

Then I heard a voice behind me.

“Hey Polly.”

It was Gerard.

“You won’t touch my brother.”

A gunshot was fired.

I heard a scream.

Maybe it was my own.

I’m not really sure.

I saw Mikey running back to me.  
Then everything slowly faded to black.

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I opened my eyes.  
The bright white glow burned my eyes.  
I instantly shut them.  
“P-Polly.” I heard Mikey mumble.  
I became more aware of my surroundings.  
I winced at a pain in my chest.  
I realized I was still in my white lace wedding dress.  
Mikey was still in his suit.  
There was blood splattered all over it.  
“Polly?” Mikey asked a little louder.  
“I’m here Mike.” I said weakly.  
“OH THANK GOD!” He said hugging me tightly.  
“M-Mikey....What happened t-to me?” I mumbled, not knowing if he heard me.  
“Gerard. He s-shot you in the back. It w-went through into your heart. T-They said you don’t have much longer to live.” He said, starting to cry.  
“Then marry me. Right here. Right now.” I said, crying.  
“I’ll be right back.” He said, skulking out of the hospital room.  
He made a few calls, and got what we needed of the wedding ceremony to the hospital.  
It was getting harder to breathe.  
The ceremony went as well as it could in a hospital room.  
We said our “I do”’s.  
I could literally feel the life slipping out of me.  
“You may now kiss the bride.”  
It sounded so distant.  
So far away.  
I felt Mikey moving closer to me, going slow being careful not to hurt me.  
He was inches away from me.  
I looked into his eyes.  
And everything faded away.  
I don’t remember our lips ever touching.  
Just seeing his face right in front of mine.  
I could see us.  
Our faces inches apart, my heart monitor stopping, him realizing I had died before we kissed, him kissing me lightly and collapsing onto his chair crying.  
I couldn’t do this to myself.  
I couldn’t do this to him.  
But, I had no choice, what was done is done.  
And I will forever be a dying bride.

**Fin.**