

"A Spring Wedding"

Sam Taylor

Neddinghaven Cove

Gailhan, LI

1010

Dear Sister,

Oh, sister, you must be surprised to receive a letter addressed to you from your kid brother after so long. What was it? 5 or 7 years ago, oh I hope whatever feud we had has long dissipated like the candle flame that is blown out when one no longer requires light. I do hate that we've grown apart and I'm sure you've changed in all these years. For the better, I hope. I write to you now, after so many years away, to tell you the most wonderful news. I've met someone. I know what you're thinking. I used to always "meet someone" and I always thought "they were the one." But all those times those people ended up being horrible, but this is different. This guy is actually the one. He makes me feel like a cherub in his presence. Freeing and uplifting. Like the wings on a butterfly. Like the flowers in the spring. Yes, the spring, I think that's when we'll get married. Have you ever known love to be this way? Whenever I see him, I can't help but smile and then I see his face follow. He reveals his ivory white teeth and his rose red cheeks. He's enamored with me, just as I am with him. A fire burns in my bosom and he has lit it with his very presence. Call it dumb. Call it luck. Call it love or wherever you will, but I know there is something between us. I hold a locket with his and mine photo in it and I wear it everywhere I go. If you love me the way I love you, surely you will love him the way I love him. I can not wait for you to meet him. When you see mum please tell her to expect a letter from me all about the amazing new man in my life. Oh, his name, how could I forget his name? His name is Sam as well. Au revoir, my sister. May we speak again.

Love,

Sam

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Dear Mother,

Last we spoke we left on such unpleasurable standing. The basis of this being my love, my own savior, my very own Sam. You seem to not like him or at least that's what you expressed in your letter two years ago when I told you and my sister about him. You told me that you'd never approve of such a marriage between me and my love. How depressing that was to read that, but I continued on, and guess what mother, we're getting married in the spring. He's a shining star in this vast void. He's like the brilliant sun to my serene moon. He's been my only source of light in these years of turmoil and I'd thought you'd enjoy seeing me happy. Why can't you just let me be happy? I'd forgive you for everything, even sending me to that horrible doctor if you would attend. You reference my previous suitors as evidence of why this relationship won't work, but I must say this one is very different, mother. He truly cares for me, focusing on his appearance every time he sees me. Ironing out the few imperfections he has in order to impress me. Can you not say that father did the same for you? He makes me feel like a newly made snowflake falling from the heavens. Can you not say that father did the same for you? He's given me the most treasured gift that all the world has to offer, his hand, and when we touch it is a metallic feeling that rings out in a chorus. Can you not say that father did the same for you? If you cannot how can you say you know of love. He is my left boot that I could never leave out in the rain. My right lens in a pair of spectacles. My conjoined twin that has been separated from me at birth. It is love in all sense of the word, that is the feeling I feel around him. And we shall be married whether you will it or not.

Love,

Sam and Sam

Dr. Briar

Wexcross Royal Hospital

Gailhan, LI

9129

Greetings Mrs. Taylor,

We write to you concerning your son, Sam Taylor as you are the only guardian he has told us of while at his stay at our facility. Sam has told us that you two have not had contact in an extensive amount of years, his letters imply 7 or 9, but it seems more like 15. In his cottage were stacks of letters addressed to you and a Sarah Taylor which he says is his sister. Mrs. Taylor, I will not waste any more time and will tell you the condition your son faces and why he has been admitted into Wexcross Royal Hospital. Sam has a sort of chronic narcissist syndrome where he seems to have fallen in love with his own reflection and personality. The many letters we discovered consist of him sharing his admiration and love for a character that is himself. Even here at the facility, he talks of this imaginary person and when presented a mirror he lights up. He will talk nonstop to anyone who will listen about his engagement to "Sam" and will show off his ring that he has bought for himself as evidence of a gift from his fiancée. We write you this letter to inform you of your son's status and to ask about any family history of madness. He seems to display an insanity not known that could have been inherited. Sam is in a very poor state and we've tried everything we can to lift him from this trance and convince him that the man he sees in the mirror is himself rather than a love interest. For now, Mr. Taylor is no danger to anyone nearby or to himself. He is able to function as a member of society, but we'd prefer to keep him under study for a while longer. Many of my colleagues suggest a lobotomy be performed on him, but I think this is rash. Mr. Taylor will be

allowed to stay here for the time being. What I am most worried about is this wedding he has planned for the spring that he talks about nonstop. What will happen when spring comes and there is no wedding?

Sincerely,

Dr. Briar