



*Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series
by W.C. Fielstra*

Entry 1: Kit's Diary: Kitty, who loves you now?

Warning: Two distant hearts on collision course - utter happiness to ensue.

A last hug for good luck ten long years ago and that was it of being kids - the missed ride on the ferris wheel, Bud, Tony, Mike, the college acceptance letters, graduation, the last hug and that was it. Ten years of that hug, I've relived and regretted that goodbye almost every conscious second since. Will she come to the reunion?

Worse yet, who will she come with? There just has to be someone else she's with; her boyfriend, her finance, her husband - their kids. Oh please! Not the kids, but I know there has to be some kids by now. I don't want to go because of that. If only there is a chance not; there still has to be a little chance. When I meet him, I'll shake his hand, close my eyes, and hug the kids - hug the baby, the twins, the triplets, whatever. The girls will look just like her, I know it - just like her when we first met. I'll say congratulations, best of luck, and all the happiness in the world, then I'll go. I'll just go! I'll finally know and I'll just go - leave right then. That will be the end of it at last. It was never to be, just me pining up everything out of nothing. We're all grown up now and our lives are set apart forever. Childhood was just that and nothing more, but what if there is just a teeny little chance?

If only there is a last chance, it's impossible sure, she's way too perfect, will she even entertain the thought? Will she just turn away and wish me gone? It's been ten years and she never tried once to call, email, text, search, or anything. She doesn't keep anything but a work presence on the web, an analyst at an investment firm - that's it, like she's hiding now. I just can't send her a note, no, this is too big for that, it has to be face to face or nothing. What if she isn't with anyone? What if she remembers me and doesn't just look away? What do I do to not be an idiot all over again, to not be scared stupid boring, skinny, and bungling me? What do I say, "My God I can't live without you?" Yeah, that will go over as well as when I tried to say "I love you" the last time.

What if it works, what if she want's me too? If she wants me too? Oh God! what if she's lonely too? Just to hear her again, to see her shrug again, to smirk at me again, to tie me up in one nonsense conversation all over again! Do I hug her, do I don't hug her? Kitty, tease me, toy with me, challenge me to something stupid again! Jump off that cliff, climb the waterfall, ride all the rides at the carnival, ride your motorcycle, I'll do it! I swear I'll do anything - anything for a chance to be with you again! Any old quick end is better than the last ten years.

I don't want to see anyone else there. Will anyone even recognize me or even care? I don't want any questions. I don't want to see anyone else, I couldn't think of anything else to say, especially if she doesn't want me. I just want to go, one last miserable night, a last miserable memory, then just go on. Just deal with it, I can just go on and deal with it. That is it, the end. *Fini, fait accompli*, all just like it is.

I sent in the RSVP for the class reunion today, what to do between now and the 4th? Probably just be miserable, like the last ten years, or maybe - maybe if there is a chance. Kitty, I love you so damn much still! Please forgive me, I so want you, can you ever give me my heart back?

Kitty's Diary: Kit, who loves you now?

Will he come? Will he be able to or does he just want the past to die? Just to be with my skinny, awkward, boring Kit again. The old friend who was always around. I never knew what I would miss until losing it. Who am I fooling, casting it away! Ten years of foxes and none of them ever being Kit. Every one of them I met, I measured against Kit. They tried for me, they toyed with me, they went all out to suit me, but they were never Kit. They were exciting, they were flashy, they were smart, they were rich, or they were handsome, or all that at once - but not a one of them loved me from the heart like Kit. A vixen knows, he could never say it despite trying, but that was so plain and so scary. I just had to get away, it was all too much back then, funny how now its all I've come to want.

Ten years and it's like yesterday. Ditching him after the fair, that last hug I gave him goodbye at graduation, then ten years of being the sorority girl, the hot number, a decoration, a contact, or a trophy. Acting was no fun without Kit. Mom and Dad were relieved when I took up stats, it seemed a simple way to forget, but everyone in financial engineering was more about insuring their share and flaunting it. A prison of matrices surrounded by guys more in love with themselves than they would ever be with me. Ten years of the excitement of the challenge, ten years of never knowing exactly when the new one was going after his next target on the way to the top. Ten years of searching for what I threw away in fear, ending up forever running away, trying to find him in someone else over and over again.

I arrived, I'm climbing the ladder, but what next? Another board meeting, another regression

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run, another bonus, another day at my cubicle, another overvalued bore breathing hard at me over my computer terminal? Just to have dreamy Kit again, the fox who could never earn a dollar but could get me to see the joy in every flower and who could capture the whole universe, just for me, in a splash of speckled paint on a candlelit wall. Let me play every silly part with him all over again, sing every sappy old song once more.

After all the games, all the compromises, all the manipulation, and all the lies, all I want now is my simple, dull, awkward Kit. Please God! Please, just this one cruel wish on my best friend come true, let him still be himself, let him still be awkward, let him still be quirky, sentimental, and unwanted - the only guy who ever really loved me. So help me, I don't care if he's alone or if he's attached, know that no matter what, I have a claim to him and nothing is going to stand in the way of that. Let it be one for the record forever more, I love Kit and I will only ever love Kit. I know that so sure now and need to touch him once more and say it direct to his face. I'm all too ready. I've made up my mind, if he doesn't show up at this reunion, I'm going to New York to find him.