

The Letters of *M*

It has been almost 12 months now since May 21st became the worst day of the year for her. Ruby has been receiving a love letter from someone named "*M*" every Sunday since then. That letter felt familiar to her. But did she really know him as well as she thought?

It's Sunday again. How quickly can a week pass by? Despite the emptiness that fills me, I manage to get up and start my daily routine. I've been back to work for four months now, needing the distraction after he left me. I keep wondering why I didn't realize how much he was suffering. He loved me, and I love him. Yet, I lost him. I blink away the tears welling up and make my way to my letterbox. As usual, I retrieve the Sunday newspaper and a green-wrapped letter. My favorite color. With the newspaper and letter in hand, I over to the sofa and open the letter. The paper feels luxurious and so soft. I begin to read:

Dear Ruby Wheeler.

This is the 51st letter I have written to you. Each time I find new words that I wanted to say to you. I love you, and I want to take you in my arms and prove to you that I appreciate you more than anything. It may sound strange when I write this to you, but we will be together again soon.

Love M

I had to swallow. 51 letters I have already had in my hands. 51 weeks have passed since May 21. I've cried after reading these letters 51 times, and yet, it doesn't feel like such a long time. Next Sunday is May 21st, and I just can't believe it has already been a year. The police told me back then that it wasn't an accidental incident but a planned one. I must have done something wrong for him to not bear it anymore and leave me. I fiddle with my golden ring, which demanded such a big promise from me, and as if it were only yesterday, I feel the nervousness again as the ring was placed on my finger.

The following week didn't go as usual. I wasn't fully present, and my thoughts weren't focused. The simplest things reminded me of him, and I couldn't get it out of my mind that I would never be physically close to him again. I lay awake all night, unable to stop thinking that soon it would be the 21st of May. I hope I'll get through this day reasonably well.

Today is Sunday. So, I go to the kitchen first and put water on for a cup of tea. While the kettle brings the water to a boil, I go to the letterbox and retrieve a green letter and a newspaper. I set the letter aside for now and pour the water into my teacup. It soothes me to do the familiar things I do every Sunday. Sitting back on the couch, I open the letter:

Dear Ruby Wheeler,

It has been one year now since I sent you the first letter. And this, the 52nd letter, will be the last one you receive from me. It's time for us to finally be together. I have been longing so much for the moment to hold you in my arms. Please wear your favorite dress today, so that you feel more comfortable and experience a little happiness.

Please come to these coordinates at 4:00 PM:

51°34'01.0"N 0°08'49.6"W

I'll be waiting for you there.

M

With trembling hands, I put the letter back into the envelope. My tears dropped onto the paper, and I couldn't possibly imagine spending the day with someone else when today was his day of passing. I just couldn't.

I don't know how long I lay crying on the couch. My tea had long gone cold, and even my tears were gradually drying up. I realized that I couldn't continue like this. He wouldn't have wanted me to be unhappy. But could I already open myself up to someone new?

In the end, my curiosity outweighed my sadness, and I got ready to be at the meeting point on time. I wore my green favorite dress that he loved so much. I strolled through the streets of London. It was a beautiful spring afternoon. As I approached the coordinates, I felt unsure. A cemetery? I hesitated to continue. Why was this stranger leading me to a grave? I stopped. No, it couldn't be. But there he stood. My lover. Next to the grave where he was supposed to rest. My deceased husband stood beside his grave, with the name *Mattheo Wheeler* on it.