

“Kindred Spirits In The Depths Of Despair”

Influenced by L.M Montgomery’s classic bestseller

“Anne Of Green Gables”

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Anne brushed a scarlet wave of hair from her face as she let the bouquet of pasty primroses drop onto Matthew's grave. Camouflaged in moss, the stone lay planted soundly deep into the earth. Despite her dramatizations of mournful events, she felt obliged to hold back tears, as if Matthew was watching her from an invisible place.

Jaw clenched, hands at her sides, grasping fistfuls of her cotton dress, her olive eyes softened and lowered to the foot of the slab. It had been years since that dreadful day of loss, and Anne was apprehensive of leading an independent life without his remembrance.

"You didn't have to leave me." She whispered. "You didn't have to disappear from us." She paused. "I yearn to tell you of merry times, but I'm dismayed to say that we've not been well. Green Gables is perishing and Marilla is struggling with preserving the land." She took a deep breath before continuing. "I've sold the remaining livestock to feed us for awhile. I wish you were still here."

Twisting her hair into knots she proceeded. "You've missed so much. There's so much you must know." She sat down calmly on the cool grass. "I've achieved a teaching position up North. I'll have to pack soon to be in time for Spring semester. I can't bear leaving Marilla, but I need to start my own life."

She bit her tongue before speaking, feeling ashamed of what she might confess. "Gilbert Blythe proposed, but I declined. I felt awful, wicked. But if I was to succumb to marriage I would be ridden of my teaching career and sent to be a homemaker."

She wanted to burst in that moment, to cry as if she was seven once again. But she was nearing seventeen, and she knew tears would not help her conflicts. With swift motions she rose to her feet again.

“I do not know my future, but of what I’ve experienced in my past I can tell to you that I will be whole again. I will miss you and remember you with a heavy heart, Matthew. But I need to let go and start a new life. Goodbye.” She said with a soft but confident voice.

Anne strolled away from the grave and didn’t look back. She approached into the golden sunrise, humming along the way. She was truthful; she didn’t know what was to come. She had never known what was to come. But she had her past, her memories, and her wisdom that tomorrow was a new day.

Tomorrow is a new day with no mistakes in it

-L.M Montgomery