

Tori Shepherd

Creative Writing

Ms. Martell

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Picking at a button on her blouse, Catherine ignored the piles of papers sitting in front of her. Her mind was somewhere else. The firm that she worked at sat on the side of a busy street in New York city. During the work day Catherine would often find herself looking at the new model T cars and the old carriages that bounced along the road.

Slipping on her spring coat Catherine welcomed the gentle breeze as she stepped onto the sidewalk. Walking towards James, a wealthy lawyer at the firm, she declined his offer to be walked home by him. James attempted to place a soft kiss to Catherine's cheek but she turned her head and stared coldly away from him. Catherine had been trying to keep James as just a friend for over a year now, but her dad was not helping the situation by pressuring her to date and then marry James. As she turned and briskly walked towards home shaking off the awkwardness of the situation. Catherine hung her coat up then quickly tucked a piece of hair that had fallen back behind her ear. She could smell dinner on the stove and hear the sound of her parents having a discussion. Walking into the room it felt silent. There was no doubt that Catherine's parents were talking about her. The first thing her dad asked Catherine was how James had been that day leaving a hint about what the previous discussion was about. Catherine's dad was right to think that James would make a perfect husband for his daughter. James was rich and had high moral values, almost a match made in heaven. The problem was is that Catherine had no intentions of marrying James and never would. Catherine knew that one day she would have to sit her parents

down and tell them this, but for now she let them keep believing in their own fantasy that their daughter would marry the perfect man.

Going to her room to freshen up before dinner Catherine opened her closet and dug into the very back uncovering a box. Inside the cardboard box was a dress. The dress, flowy and short, fit Catherine well. Feeling a deep blush cover her cheeks Catherine quickly boxed the dress up and shoved it in the depths of her closet. Catherine rubbed her face trying to get rid of the red pigment in her cheeks and the memories in her head from sneaking out in the floral dress.

Catherine was twitchy during dinner, tucking and untucking a piece of hair behind her ear, she picked at her food. Her parents paid no attention when Catherine finally got up and excused herself from the table. Waiting in her room all night until her parents went to bed Catherine got out the dress and slipped it on. Sneaking out of the house without making a sound had become easy for her as she did it every Tuesday and Thursday. Today happened to be a one of those days. Arriving in the park that was just down the street from her parents house. Catherine sat on a bench glancing around, almost as if she was looking for someone. She jumped up as the familiar click of heels echoed on the sidewalk. Catherine took the newcomers hand in her own and they started their secret leisurely stroll down the moon casted New York street.