**The Wedding**

The wedding. It was supposed to be the most beautiful day of my life. Saying “I do” to the man I love, everyone smiling, laughing, having a good time. But it wasn’t, I couldn’t say it, I couldn’t say “I do”, I couldn’t leave my husband a widow. I was given one year to live… This wonderful day turned into a disaster.

It was a bright, sunny day. I was looking out of my bay window, at the roses blossoming. \*Ding\*Dong\*. Someone was at the door, my silk dressing gown, drifted behind me on the marble stairs. I opened the large wooden, double doors. There was nobody there. I stepped outside; “Hello? Anybody there?” No answer.

I looked down, to find a cardboard box. All of a sudden, I blacked out.

“Ma’am… Ma’am, are you okay?” My vision was blurred.

“Who on earth are you? How did you get into my house? Where is my fiancé?”

I stood up, I felt very dizzy and cold, the sun still shining, however.

“That wasn’t supposed to happen”, the stranger muttered to himself.

“What have you done to me?” I screamed at him.

I was so angry. What had he done to me and why?

“Let me check your temperature.” He shoved a thermometer into my mouth.

“-20ᵒ”

My eyes bulged out of my head.

“-20ᵒ” I repeated, shouting. I felt myself going dizzy again.

“Don’t worry, you have one year left.”

“One year left of what?” I was shaking.

“Life”, he mumbled, “By the way, I am John.”

“I don’t care who you are, right now! What will happen to me after one year?”

“You will gradually turn into ice over the year and then you will either melt, or smash.” He said this very calmly, like he didn’t care.

That day I ran away and never saw my fiancé again. I did leave him a note though;

‘I’m sorry, something’s happened to me and I don’t want you to get hurt. Goodbye.’

I now have 1 day left, I have nearly turned fully into ice and my legs are beginning to melt.

Thanks a lot John, you ruined my life.