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Pieces

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Dr. Hoag
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Pieces

It was one o'clock on Wednesday at Central Park in Manhattan when the lady in the red coat sat on a black park bench. Every day, at the same time, she sat here. She set a whiskey bottle beside her, pulled out a photograph, and stared at it, glancing up every once in a while.

The crisp fall breeze raced through the air as the lady sat there, blowing her long brown hair around carelessly. Leaves fell all around her and the park bench, landing on her clothes, in her hair, and in her purse. She did not flinch. She was focused on the photograph in her hand.

Every squeak of a bicycle wheel, tap of a shoe, and voice of a person in the park caused the lady's heart beat to increase. *Is it him?* She would eagerly look up, only to look back down and again wearily fix her eyes on the photograph in her hand. She took a drink of whiskey.

Her hand slightly trembled as she stared at the photograph and gently grasped the corner. She looked young. So happy and free. Smiling from ear to ear, she was wearing a beautiful white dress, one that she had bought when shopping with her mother. She could feel the tender, warm touch of strong arms wrapped around her body. She was secure.

His eyes were a light blue, almost as if a section of the pacific ocean was placed in his irises. They were the most beautiful set of eyes she had ever seen. His short blond hair complimented his eyes. She took another drink from the bottle. *He looks so good in camouflage.* He was tall, leaning over and placing his head on her shoulder. They were peaceful.

A small tear emerged from the woman's face and splattered onto the photograph. Her body began to shake and she quickly wiped a few more tears that were rolling down her face. Her heart pounded inside of her chest, wanting to be released from its cage.

All of a sudden, a deep voice emerged from a few feet away. *Patrick?* She looked up excitedly and turned her head in the direction of the voice. She frowned and stared with glassy eyes. A random man was just passing by. *He's never coming back.*

The lady slammed the bottle into the bench. Alcohol burst everywhere. She threw the photograph into the wind, stood up, and walked away. The photograph aggressively flew away, drifting farther away from her. Each step brought a new tear to her face. Her face was flushed and her mind was flooded with thoughts. All that was left was a park bench and shards of glass.