It was the worst day of my life. As I looked on, I could only feel the sadness of losing my friend Brently. But somebody had to tell her, and I was so glad that Josephine was there. Josephine was her sister, and I think Louise already knew that there was something wrong. Why else would Josephine and I appear at her home? But in a very careful way Thank God, she spoke slowly looking at her with teary eyes, as the words started to take meaning. Louise, I have some bad news, but I feel I should be the one to tell you. Brently was on a train and well the train had a problem. Louise I’m very sorry to say that he did not make it. At this point I looked down, I felt so helpless, and then I heard Louise cry uncontrollably and Josephine just grabbed her and held her close. The crying just continued and it tore me up inside because now the truth was so painful. My friend was gone and a lot of my associates that I had worked together with for a long time. Well I would never see them also.

Louise’s crying turned into sobbing as she let go of her sister. She then turned around and walked slowly to her room. Josephine decided not to walk with her, probably because she knew her sister just needed to be alone. I heard the locking of the door, which meant she was probably right. At that point I looked at Josephine, and said I ‘m really thankful that you came with me. I don’t think I could have done this. Do you think she will be OK. No she said, I mean nobody who loses their husband would be. I then realized the stupidity behind that question. It was just I had never been married. But she was right. At that point, I asked her if she was going to stay with her. She said maybe I can take her to my home for the night. I certainly don’t want her to stay here it might just make her even sadder.

Well, I think you are right. Maybe you could take her on a little getaway. It probably would be good for her. She just looked at me, and I could see the wheels turning as what she should do next. Yeah maybe a trip to the city or something, she said. But now we are going to have to make arrangements for his funeral, and then yeah a trip to the city. She started to sob, and then said I should go check on her. Yea that would be a good idea I guess, I said. I’ll wait here let me know if you want me. I was hoping she wouldn’t. She said Thank you I’ll be back. She then walked toward her sister’s room.

She knocked softly and said Louise, can I come in? There was no answer. She knocked again, but louder. Louise are you OK please let me in. Again there was no answer. I got really scared at that point, because Josephine had told me that Louise had a heart condition. I saw that Josephine started to panic, and I said can you hear her? Yes she is moving around. She then got on her knees and put her mouth to the keyhole and said excitedly, Louise open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door. And then I heard Louise. Go away. I am not making myself ill.

Well I am glad that she was alright, and my fear lifted. The emotions that swirled around me made me light-headed. And then I heard Louise unlock the door, and as she opened it, she came through and put her arm around her sister’s waist as if she was consoling her. There was something different about her. She walked erect and had this look like nothing happened. She almost seemed happy, but that couldn’t be. And yet the closer she came to me, she really seemed happy. I could not understand why though. Did Josephine notice it, I wondered.

All of the sudden I heard a noise behind me. It was the sound a latchkey and it was opening the front door. No it couldn’t be! They had confirmed his death in a second telegram. The door opened and to my surprise it was my friend Brently, and he was alive! And then I remembered his wife Louise and the uncontrollable sadness that she went through. Then I heard Josephine’s high pitched cry and I started toward Brently to take him outside, so I could explain to him what was happening. There was a thump and I turned around to see Louise had fainted and was lying on the floor. Brently rushed past me to aid his wife and yelled, get a doctor here right now, and before I knew it Josephine was out the door and in her car. I turned around and asked; is she OK, and Brently looked at me, his face lost all color, and he started to cry. What was going on? Why was he crying? He kept repeating himself through his tears Louise wakeup please Louise wakeup as if he was trying to will her back to life. Brently is she OK, I asked again. But he didn’t hear me; he just kept talking to Louise: Wakeup Louise Please wakeup. My mind started racing with bad thoughts and I got down to help Brently. C’mon let’s get her to a couch, but he just pushed me away and kept rocking with her head in his lap.

When the doctor finished examining Louise, he motioned for Brently and Josephine to come with him. They were both crying still but I heard him tell them, she seems to have suffered a heart problem and I cannot do anything else. He then said if what you told me Josephine was true she probably was overcome with joy that Brently was alive. She did go through an emotional ordeal, and maybe it was too much. I will make arrangements to have her taken to the morgue.