

"Excuse me! is there anyone here that can help me, I've been standing here for such a long time, I'll be married before I get service" said a middle aged woman standing in line at Wilma's Wedding Attire and Arrangments. "Hello!" she was getting a little impatient and was starting to grab her cell and call the store before she noticed someone coming out of the back room. "Hi, my name is. . ." she got cut off by the gentleman.

"Miss Clarise Benoit I presume?"

"That's me and who might you be?"

"My name is Jeffrey Basseu and I'm guessing you're here to purchase a dress or are you here to try them on?"

"That depends on your service and the quality of the product because I want nothing but perfectness on the day of my wedding and since it'll be my special day. I'm the center of attention, I want the finest dress anyone's seen in years, no decades"

"Now is this visit going to be like the last two times you were here or are you actually interested in purchasing one of our dresses?" said Jeffrey
"what do you mean?"

"I was told by some of my associates about your need to try on a dozen dresses that take up hours of our time just to leave without even one hesitation to purchase"

"Excuse me! do you know who I am? I happen to be a very wealthy woman" she wasn't rich but you could never tell that by her fashion and attitude. "My husband will want to see me in your finest dress so if you cannot help me please send me anyone who can and let's get started".

"I am all the help you can have because you've already worked with everyone else here but I believe I can sell you the dress you are looking for"
"What about Wilma I want to see her is she around?"

"She isn't around and honestly I believe even if she was in today she wouldn't see you, she's more of a... how shall I say this without sounding too rude, never mind she just wouldn't see you, now is there a certain dress you are interested in or are we going to have to find one for you?"

"My husband said it's imparitive that I get my dress from here so let's take a stroll around your store, there just has to be something in here that

makes me look the way he wants to see me and he described it so well. He wants a long white dress tied with ribbons of red like the flowers that filled the hall, he said then I'd match the beauty of mother nature. He said it was important that the veil has a giant white bow because when he was a child he dreamt of his wife and she had a white bow with luscious blonde locks and that's how he wants to see me. He also said that he'd want to see me in a dress that had a long tail that could be carried by a dozen people or just follow gracefully behind. I see this dress everytime I close my eyes, in my head I envision me wearing it now I hope that you can help me see it with my eyes, can you do that Jeffrey?"

"Well I'm not magic but we can definitely try to find a something you'd find acceptable but I think you may have high expectations like you're Cinderella trapped in a fairytale or something but it's your special day so we'll find you your dream dress"

"Thank you so much he says I'm a princess but he would like me to be the queen he's always imagined"

"He sounds like a knight or prince charming" said Jeffrey in a sarcastic tone

"Derek is the greatest guy I've ever met"

"How did you two meet?"

"He saved my life, it was amazing he pulled me out of a fire and was able to somehow get my cat out too he was my hero and I owe my life to him"

"That truly is wonderful he sounds like a keeper"

"We have been together ever since, I don't want to wake up a single morning without him and I know he feels the same about me"

"How about this dress Miss Clarise?"

"That is a very wonderful dress looks like it will be the perfect fit and colour let's try it on. . . No. . . that actually doesn't look like a long enough tail, how about this one how much is this?"

"That'll be a little out of your price range but I'm. . ." Clarise cut him off.

"You don't even know what my price range is like I said my husband-to-be is a very wealthy man I can afford anything in this store"

"Well then Clarise that will be ninety-five hundred dollars"

"I think I want it but I'm not sure yet can we put it in the maybe pile"

“Sure Miss Benoit now is there any other dresses that interest you” She looked around picking from different dresses but always finding something wrong and Jeffrey got a bit antsy and irritated because even though he would say nice things the sarcasm was definitely noticeable.

“Finally I think I've found the dress, the one from my visions, let me take a picture” She didn't give him enough time to react she just pulled out her phone and took a picture then started texting away.

“Next time ask before you take a picture there may be sensitive fibres in some of these dresses, they can be harmed by flashing and I know you say you're a wealthy woman but there are some pieces in here that have the same price as a house”

“I understand but I didn't use flash but now I'm interested in seeing the dress that you are speaking of the one worth the price of a house”

“You have to have a special reservation to see that gallery I'm sorry but you will have to speak with Wilma about that”

“OK shall I make an appointment with her and then come back? Daryl said for me to find the best possible dress and in his own words I was to make sure it was as beautiful as I was and to spare no expense”

“I am sorry miss Benoit but. . .”

“It's soon to be Mrs Kingsley, I can't wait for the day I can call myself that and know it's true but I guess for now that'll do”

“I'm sorry Mrs Kingsley, Benoit or whatever you want to call yourself I don't think you'll be able to see that collection”

“Why is that?”

“Because I don't think you're going to buy any dress today let alone the most expensive ones, we have been looking at dresses for almost two hours and all you have is one maybe. How many dresses do you need to try on before you find the one you like?”

“I am rather offended by your comments right now”

“Think about it this is your third time coming to this store and trying on almost all the dresses the other times you had some kind of excuse of why you couldn't buy one and wasted our time, yet here you are again and I have the feeling you don't want any today am I right?”

“I am getting married in a month to the best man in the world and if he were here right now he would demand that you treat me with a little bit of respect, I haven't bought one because I don't see the perfect dress yet and I don't think I want a dress from here anyways even if my husband had his hearts set on here”

“Well I assure you if you could provide your husbands number or have him come in with you we could help find you a dress but I am under the impression that you can't make up your mind so I'm afraid we cannot do business with you today”

“Good idea I'm calling him and when I tell him how you're treating me he might even get this place shut down”

She whipped out her phone and started dialing frantically and paced around so Jeffrey took a step back.

“There's no answer on his cell so I'll call his work”.

She starts dialing frantically again.

“Hello may I speak with Darren Kingsley please, it's very important it's Clarise” She then put her hand over the phone and started to talk to Jeffrey again, “Once my husband gets on the phone be prepared to get a call from your boss because he/she got a call from their boss”

“You can cut it out now I know what you're up to, there is no one on that phone and you were never talking to anyone I bet you don't even have a boyfriend. One of your friends must be getting married or maybe you're in a mid life crisis but here is not the place to be for that, I 'm sorry but you're going to have to leave.” said Jeffrey in a snobby tone of voice.

“Excuse me! Who are you to be saying that I don't have a boyfriend? Or that I'm not getting married why else would I be trying on wedding dresses?”

“Are you going to make me explain? Don't you think it'd be best to just walk out now and spare yourself the humiliation?”

“I don't know what you're talking about” said a very shocked and confused Clarise. “For real, what are you talking about?”

“I know for sure your husband doesn't exist and that you're not getting married you said your husbands name was Derek, then Daryl and

when you were on the phone you said Darren, so please spare us the time and leave miss Benoit, if that's your real name."

Clarise just stared at him for a few seconds and didn't know what to say, she stood their motionless until effrey broke the silence.

"Now should I call security or can you show yourself out?"

Clarise opened the doors and took off down the road, she was soaked after a few minutes but it was hard to tell whether it was the rain or the tears that made her more wet, obviously it was the rain but I wanted to emphasize how badly she was crying right now. Her firend was in fact getting married, better yet all of her friends were one-by-one and she couldn't even find a boyfriend. All of her family has been long since deceased and sometimes she gets lonely and tries on wedding dresses to feel like the bride once if even for a few minutes.

She'd been walking for days in her own mind but in reality it was only a few hours since she left the store and it was getting dark, she was still crying but now it wasn't like an all out tearfest. Clarise saw a picnic bench under a gazebo across the street and went to cross, she didn't look and a car came screeching out of nowhere. It swirved closer and Clarise just screamed and cowered down, it hit her hard enough to knock her down forcefully and she hit her head.

Clarise lied on the ground blinded by the headlights f the car and couldn't see who got out but a figure came closer and she passed out. When she awoke she was in the passenger seat of a car and they were driving really fast, everything was hazy and she could barely see but she felt her head had a bandage wrapped around it and she couldn't fully see who the person in the drivers seat was no matter how hard she tried to focus. Clarise could only move her head slightly but she tried to move her arm and it spiratically jumped up and it startled the driver who was an elderly woman.

Clarise had scared the woman and she lost control of her vehicle and they went off of the side into the ditch and smashed into a car on the other side of the road. The old lady was unconcious and Clarise couldn't move her legs she nticed that no one in the other car was moving or making any sounds either so Clarise thought she was the only person alive. If her day couldn't get any worse after a minute of hell she heard and saw the flicker of flame start up on the ground outside the car and before she knew it there was fire everywhere.

Clarise cried and prayed with everything she had for someone or something to help get her out or put out the fire. She lost hope when the flame crawled into the backseat and then the drivers side door. She closed her eyes and all she could hear was the sound of her prayers and the flame eating the car slowly she said her

goodbyes when she heard a bang outside the door and it was followed by another. Someone then was screaming but to Clarise it was just like whispering but next thing she knew it she was being lifted out of the car but she passed out before even seeing the outside of the car or what had happened and awoke in the hospital and saw the figure of a man asleep in the chair across in the room and made a sound and startled him.

“Are you the one who saved me?”

“Yes my name is Vincent, I was passing by and saw the wreck I am afraid to tell you that you were the only one that survived”

“You're my hero I thought I was going to die, how can I ever repay you?”

“just saving a girl as beautiful as you is payment enough, I am glad to see you awake the doctor says you should make a full recovery with some rest so I don't want to bother you anymore, my name is Vincent DelMonte and it was a pleasure to meet you miss. . .?”

“My name is Clarise Benoit and you may be the nicest man I have ever met is there anyway I can see you again maybe buy you dinner or something, it's the least I can do for saving me.”

She didn't even get the chance to hear his reply, she sat up too fast and got so dizzy that she fainted and when she awoke he was gone and she couldn't get up yet her head hurt a lot so she didn't try to move. As-soon-as a nurse came in Clarise asked a dozen questions in a few seconds about what had happened. The nurse said that she had been unconscious for a day-and-a-half and he had left yesterday and Clarise was trying to remember his name but she couldn't so she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes in the morning there were roses accompanied by a card on the table beside the bed. It read “Dearest Clarise, if you still wanted to meet me for dinner I'd be happy if you joined me” then his phone number. They got together and really hit it off and after a year of dating they got married right on the side of the road where he saved her life. This time she was the bride and she finally got to wear the one dress she's always wanted to wear and I don't mean a luxurious, expensive dress infact it didn't cost much at all. I mean what the dress represented as she said “I do” she was the happiest girl in the world because today she was the one wearing the wedding dress.