



THE NOTEBOOK by Jeremy Leven

ALLIE: I prayed for you to die. During the war. I really did, Noah. Well, not die. I would've felt terrible if you'd died. I just wanted you to kind of not be alive anymore. I couldn't bear the thought of us never being together again, of your being with someone else, which is why I should go now, don't you think? Oh, God, Noah, I am so confused. It may not seem like it, but I am. For seven years, no matter what I did, I couldn't get you out of my mind, and then I met Lon, and he's really great, and I told him I'd marry him. And I want to marry him, I really do, but then I saw your picture in the paper. And I knew I couldn't marry him until I saw you again, because we never really finished things, not really. And now here I am, and all those adolescent feelings have come back, and I still love Lon, and I'd never break off our marriage. But, basically, all I want to do is crawl under a rock and stay there for the rest of the life. So, what do I do? Leave before I make a total mess of things, right? Or do I say the hell with everything and just stay here and enjoy whatever time we've got left? You tell me. What do I do?