

2021 MCC Creative Writing Contest First

Honorable Mention - Fiction Category

“Black Dahlia” by Connor Royce

Black Dahlias, her favorite flower.

Normally I would wake up at seven to the sound of my alarm blaring at me to get around for work, but today I woke up early, earlier than my alarm is set. This is nothing new, this has happened every year for the past nine years. I wake up five minutes before my alarm, wide

Walking out the door of my apartment building and feeling the crisp autumn air fill my lungs, I breathe out and am suddenly in the same place years ago walking out the same door with a smile on my face and her hand in my own. She's wearing her slightly worn down jean shorts that fall a little below the mid of her thigh, but that's not far enough to cover the birthmark she has that looks like her favorite flower. Her gray sweater is new, a birthday present she received when she woke up that morning with a kiss on the cheek. She wore the same necklace I'd given her years before when I first celebrated her birthday, it was simply two interlocking rings with the engraving "I have found my _____ d nd wo

by people, yet I can't help but feel more alone than ever. I know it's not because I look intimidating or terrifying. I am well aware that they stay away from me because of the date.

Even from across the street I can see the pain in some of my closest friend's eyes as they go on with their days whether it be heading to work or even just going for a walk.

Ding

I grab the door with one hand and open it.

"After you," I say with a smile.

"Thank you" she says with a smile that could melt your heart, and it did every time.

Seeing that smile I knew I loved her, she always got this smile when we entered Cancun, her favorite restaurant. It was only a little Mexican place with dim brown walls, burgundy colored booths with black upholstery all around the walls. Halfway up the wall there was a green line separating the cream lower half from the top brown half of the wall.

"Table for two?" Enrique asked with a thick accent that added sounds to every letter

"You know it Enrique," I said as he led us to our booth in the corner of the restaurant. We don't even get menus, they already know what we're gonna order as soon as we walk in. It's only five minutes before we're brought our food. Two cheese enchiladas with two orders of rice instead of beans, and for me two burritos with beans, and rice on the side.

I admire her long brown hair as she eats. She eats so slowly compared to me. I've already eaten my rice and a burrito as she has barely finished half her enchilada, she only ever eats one.

property are weeping willows. The gravel pathways crunch beneath my feet as I head towards the biggest willow on the cliffside.

Names surround me, but they have no meaning. I'm here for one name, and only one.

“Goodbye my love” I said and walked away for the last time.