

Love, George

In the bustling streets of a vibrant city, during the glamorous era of the 1930s, lived us, a young couple deeply entwined in a love story destined to capture the hearts of many. George and I were so deeply in love, nothing could separate us. Our courtship was a whirlwind of romantic dates, fuelled by the lively jazz melodies that echoed through the city's speakeasies. We would dance with reckless abandon, with our laughter mingling and with the clinking of champagne glasses, our love was shown in the joy of each other's company. Together, we painted a picture of a future filled with love, laughter, and endless possibilities.

George and I never dared to be apart, after everything we were soulmates. But my dear George, how I miss you so.

July 17th, 1939

This is the perfect life. George and I are out most nights, with just the company of each other. My dress flows in the wind as the laughter from around the town flutters around us. Different couples flood the street, the scent of love is all through the air. It was the perfect place to be. We could spend a lifetime together and never get tired. "April, under these lights you're my radiant beam of the night, you've got glow on your face and such a glorious look in your eyes. Nothing could ever get between me and my love for you" George says beaming from ear the ear. I see a slight tear trickle down his cheek. "Will you be my wife?" my heart skips a beat. I see more tears trickle down as I feel my own. I was glad I could now call George my fiancé.

August 28th, 1939

There have been words about a war. Just like the last one. There was fear in my heart, knowing my George would want to go. Even after what he has promised, what he has said. I know he will want to do anything to protect us. It's the type of man he is. "April dear, I would never dare to leave you" George says whispering into my ear as we lay in front of the fireplace, talking the night away. All of our life we had been beside each other I was not ready for him to go.

September 4th, 1939

"George no you can't leave, please" I say, tears in my eyes. The war has been getting worse. Day after day I would be awoken by the sound of explosions in the far distance. George was the only way I could feel safe. He was torn between duty and the desire to stay by my side and protect me. "April, I am going to enlist. I need to do everything I can to try protecting my country and my dear family. My dear all I hope for is a better world." George replies.

With heavy hearts we bid farewell to each other. I never wanted to let go of him. "Goodbye my April, I promise I will return... So, we can continue our life together" he says as he turns for the door. Not knowing if I would ever see my husband ever again, I knew he would do anything in his power to come back home. Our love was too great to lose.

September 16th, 1939

As the war raged on, the world around me had transformed. The dazzling lights of the city dimmed, replaced by blackouts and sirens that signalled danger and uncertainty. The jazzy melodies were replaced by the mournful tunes of longing and loss. But I, believing in my love for George, remained loyal, waiting for the day we would be reunited.

September 27th, 1939

As I lay awake and wait for any sign that my love is still out there, longing to come home. I get the sudden urge to write. It feels like a lifetime since not having a word with my George.

My Dearest George,

I feel I must write you dear although there is not much news to tell you. I wonder how you are getting on. I shall be so relieved to get a letter from you. I can't help feeling a bit anxious dear. I know how you must have felt darling being alone, having no one. Of course, I know dear you will write as soon as ever you can, but the time seems so dull without any news of you, if only this war was over dear, and we were together again. It will be one day I suppose.

October 15th, 1939

My Dearest, Sweetest April

Oh, my April I just could not help crying as I read what you had written, and the tears rolled down my cheeks as I thanked God for giving me you. Dearest if I should lose you, I dare not think what I should do, for I love you so much and want you with all my heart and soul just for myself. I could be happy anywhere with my April.

Now dearest, I think I will have to leave this for a while. Oh! I do pray that we will both be proud to be united again in health and strength and to continue our journey together.

All my Love, George

October 16th, 1939

Dear George,

I am glad all is well. Not much has been happening in the streets as everything is quiet. Also Please dear don't speak of losing me, as it will not happen. My love for you grows stronger each day that passes. My love, I will wait for your next letter when it comes. I am so very excited already. I pray for the day we are reunited again, longing to be in your arms. I've seen good news in the papers so dear I hope it will all end soon. Please take care of yourself.

Love April

January 7th, 1940

It had been months since hearing from George. I set the table for two people realising just after its just me. It is a little bit to get used to. I know and hope that it will not be like this for long. I lay awake at night wondering what my love is doing. Questioning myself if he is alright. The worst thoughts rush through my head as I hear the faint shots in the distance. I must stay and wait for my George. The months are flying by without a word. Oh, George if only I could see you again.

May 10th, 1940

My dear April,

I write this as everyone lays asleep, we have all been very busy now adays that is why you have not received anything. This may be one of the last times you hear from me for a while my love, too much is happening in the war. There is a little more of a swell running now than there has been yet and most of us are feeling a little light-headed but have not been actually sick. Now honey it has been so long since I have written you and so much has happened since my last letter that I forget what I want to say myself. I will make sure to write more in my letter tomorrow. I hope to see you soon.

All my love, Your George

Ps. Lights go out soon, so I have no time for more. Will try write tomorrow.

He did in fact not write the next day.

That was the last time I ever heard from George.

June 7th, 1940

I sit on the sofa, doing what I do most days now. Laying there either drinking my tea or maybe reading a book, when I hear a slight knock at the door. I don't remember anyone that was meant to come over today. As I get myself up, I can feel this weight inside me telling me to sit back down. Like it knows what is about to be on the other side of that door.

I turn the doorknob and I am surprised by a soldier. Is it George? is he back early?

"George?" I say softly with tears in my eyes. "Yes, ma'am this is about George, and I- "I cut him off feeling the excitement rushing out of me. "Oh, my dear George how I have missed you so. I never imagined I would have you here so early, please come in love!" but he doesn't move. "Miss... I'm so sorry for your loss." He speaks. I feel my stomach drop. "b-b-but George... you are my George, right?"

"Miss, I bring you my deepest condolences as George will not be coming home. He was a strong fighter and was with us right until the end. Unfortunately, they were too strong. I wish you all the best." He says as he lifts his hand to his head, giving a salute to my Georges memory.

I feel myself drop to the floor as I carry the uniform my love once wore, watching his fellow soldier walk the other way.

July 7th, 1940

(A month after his passing)

My Dear husband, it is with a sad heart I sit down to write to you knowing you will not live to get this. I sat awaiting your next letter love, not knowing what you were going to write excited me. This is my final letter to you. My Dear when I think we can never meet again in this world of sorrow and suffering I can hardly contain My Self. My Dear if I had Money to bring me there how soon I would come to be with you. When I think of the lonely days that have past and hoping you would return but it never can be. My prayer that we can meet in that bright world where sorrow can never come and where we can be with each other yet again. I send my love to you dear George. I will remain your affectionate wife until Death. Where I can visit you again in the afterlife. Oh, my dear George how I hate this war.