

Tables Turned

“Will you marry me?”

Silence

Simple question, or so it seems. My stomach tightens as I hold my breath for longer than I probably should.

No room for maybes.
No time to think.
No escape in sight.

Across the table, what looks like a gigantic pair of floating hazelnut eyes stares into mine, intense and defiant.

What will it be?

Three seconds are acceptable, any more would be deemed suspicious. Time is up.

“Yes!” I shout wholeheartedly.

Now broken, I realise that my initial silence had nothing to do with hesitation. Of course, I want to marry the most wonderful person I’ve ever met!

I just never thought she’d be the one popping the question...

SOLÈNE ANGLARET 100W