

TO MY MOST CONSTANT FRIEND

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My dearest Rebecca,

I miss you so much. You left only a month ago, but it seems like forever. I miss the sound of your sweet voice and our long talks about everything. It's like my only true friend in the world has gone away.

Everything in my new life is wonderful. I feel serene and I'm finally happy. I'm even cooking every night. Can you believe it? I do wish I had all your delicious recipes, and I miss your advice when I don't know an ingredient or can't understand the instructions.

I was lying in bed last night watching a travel show about Hawaii. Do you remember our trip to Hawaii years ago? We celebrated Stanley's and your Anniversary – your tenth, I think. I was with Ned or Fred, I forget which husband, there've been so many. Anyway, we had a wonderful time, the four of us. I remember that was the first time I realized how cute Stanley was, with his mustache and tan and surfer shorts. You and Stanley made a lovely couple, and I thought how lucky you were. You were so generous to pay for me and Ned, but then your business was taking off and I was nearly broke, as always.

My dear, there's something I have to tell you, and I'm just going to say it because we've always been so honest with each other. Stanley and I got married two weeks ago. There, I've said it and I hope you're not angry. He was so lonely and helpless after you died, he wasn't even eating. And God knows he's needed sex, with you being sick for so long. I helped him after you died, just as I did while you were sick, and well, it just turned out that way. You're still my dearest friend, and you know I would never have tried to make him marry me. Never, ever.

And, my dear, there's something else. It's about the pill mix-up the night you died. Your room was dark and the night nurse was asleep. I was tired, and I just made a terrible mistake. When I think how peaceful you became, I know you'll forgive me someday.

We're living in your house and I'm taking care of your roses, just as you would have. Juanita has made everything spotless. I asked Stanley if we could donate all the clutter to Goodwill, and he agreed. We gathered it all up, and the house looks neat for the first time ever.

Stanley's totally focused on his business now, so he put me in charge of the bills and all the investments. You know how he always hated managing the money. I asked him if we could fire that by-the-book CPA who helped you make your first million. Stanley thought it was a good idea, once I explained it to him. I even got him to tidy up the will and all the deeds.

So, my dear, we're fine and your worries are over. Stanley is happy, and his prostate cancer is in remission for now. I feel very blessed.

I miss you and will love you forever.

Your devoted friend,

Constance