

## MARIANNE

Well, Vincent is a catch. He's strong, and tall, with these eyes that just make you tell him every little thing. And he doesn't walk. Oh no. Vincent *strides*. Long legs and swinging arms, you know. And when that man wears a suit? Just give up, just don't even try to look away. But when he takes it *off*?

He courted me for months, but the truth is I thought he was too handsome. You don't want them *that* dashing, it'd make me worry.

I kept thinking "yes, he's very nice" and "yes he's from a good family." But I just wasn't sure I *really* knew him. Until. He let loose this *laugh*. We were talking about- I don't know- and out comes this rumbly, and loud, and big-old-stupid laugh.

*Might we hear this laugh?*

And that's when I agreed to marry him. They're perfect when they're just a little bit flawed. You know?

I miss him. And our kids, they're with my mom. Revolutions aren't for children. It's hard. When Vincent went back to Saint-Domingue last month I... I knew it was the right thing. But even when we're apart for a day. I miss him. It's like. Sending a letter to your best friend that keeps getting returned.