Day 1

Dear Diary,

The ribbon of moonlight was cast between the open fields and trees. The wind whooshed across my window and delicately blew the curtains. In the distance, I could hear the quiet tlotting of the horses’ hooves that would finally bring my loved one to me. Standing at the window, the breeze and sound were a gentle reminder of how much I had missed him. The hooves became louder as my heart began thumping in anticipation. As I leaned out of the window, the lace from my hair dangled over the edge. I could finally see him and he quickly gave me the news I was hoping for. He would ride to me again in the morning.

Day 2

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