

Candle Vows

By A. C. Zito

"Vince and Sandra have written candle vows, ladies and gentlemen." The preacher said as he held his candle. Everyone picked up their candles as well; including Vince and Sandra. Sandra started:

"I've come across people with good flames and bad flames. But Vince, your flame has shown me that there are more important things to worry about than what other people's flames look like. All that matters is my own flame. My own flame that you've helped me love and nurture these past two years as I've tried to deal with my loved one I lost. You were there for me, Vince. You've taken care of me and have given me the love I need to move forward in life and cherish the love in my heart. The love I've been slowly opening up to you. The love we've gotten to share together in our good times and our bad times. From our low points like when you broke your ankle even though I *told* you that just because I liked ice skating that didn't mean you had to act like you knew how to do it." Sandra, turning to everyone, "And yes, he *did* look up famous ice skaters on Wikipedia to make it seem like he was all that!" Everyone laughed. Sandra continued, wiping a tear from her cheek. Vince helped her, fiddling with her thumb as they rubbed across her cheek together. Vince kissed her on the lips. "Yes, we've had our low times. But we've also have had our good times, Vince. Like when, for Christmas, as we came downstairs together that snowy, frost-covered morning, there our little stinker was. That four-pound fluff of joy that we chose as a name together, Whiskers. And even though our parents didn't like the name due to it being a *puppy* and not a *kitten*, we stuck with the name, and it has been the most beautiful blessing ever; especially from him waking us up every morning with wet, slobbery kisses. We've started a life together, Vince. My loving, big hunk of man! You've been a dream come true. You've been a rainbow to my cloudy days, a starry night always helping clear up whatever dreary fog that comes my way, you've been a Godsend. You've been my rock, my foundation, a warrior, a protector that keeps me safe. I love you. And I promise to always be there for you. Any dreary fogs that come our way, we'll fight them together and make sure those starry nights are here to stay." Sandra lit Vince's candle. Vince went in and kissed Sandra, feeling a teardrop fall down his cheek and hit his arm.

"Babe," he started. "I've always known how to ice skate. I'm just so goddamn good at it that I *had* to break my ankle so you'd be mine forever!" Everyone couldn't contain their laughter while Sandra looked at him with a seductive gasp, mouthing, asking if it was true. Vince whispered back to her no, chuckling as Sandra playfully slapped him on the arm. The laughter died down as Vince continued:

"I want to be yours forever, baby. I want to see the world with you. Together forever, that's what we've always said to each other." They locked hands together as the tears ran down each other's cheeks.

"We've got a life of love, laughter, cries and tears. We've got plans that we'll grasp by the balls because we're that *badass*, baby! We ROCK!" Sandra giggled, but it didn't change much. The tears kept rolling down her cheeks. "I love you Sandra Bella Wilson. I've always loved you. From the first time I laid my eyes on you I knew I had to make you mine. I knew the stars aligned and the world felt complete. That we would grow old together. We'd raise a family, have that white picket fence, and have some little

ones running around the house. I always knew you'd make a perfect mom, and I'll make a perfect trophy husband." Now, this had everyone laughing. Mr. Wilson stood up and yelled out:

"Get a job!" Which, Vince replied:

"Shut up, Dad!" Mr. Wilson sat back down, grumbling to himself:

"Not your father yet, I'm not, dang kids. *Free-loadin', weally-swiggin', bamboo-jumpin',*" And other phrases that made absolutely no sense.

Vince lit Sandra's candle, ending it:

"There's no boundary for us two with a world this big and with flames this bright, the world is our oyster, baby!" And Vince snatched the candle from Sandra's hand, gave his and her's to his best man, his best friend, Chuck, and the crowd went wild as they kissed *'til* their heart's content.

Through the years, Vince never did learn how to ice skate. But his and Sandra's kids became the best world renowned skaters to ever live.