

**WRITING**

# To My Dearest, Vivianne

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**TYPE**

FANTASY/SCIFI

**GENRE**

GRADE 11

The letters started to come in late June; June 16th of the year 2023. These strange articles of writing were never expected, and I didn't know who they belonged to or where they were being sent from. Nonetheless, I read them; all of them. The hesitation only lasted through the first two, maybe three pieces. Everything was handwritten and the lettering weirdly formal, yet also extremely beautiful. The way each "i" was dotted, or how the edges of each "j" curved; the elegant nature of this unknown person's handwriting was far more admirable than anything I had ever encountered before. At first, I didn't send a reply, something I deeply regret. If I had sent one, our current relationship may hold yet a deeper, more meaningful connection.

Fast forward a good two months, the letters still came in through the mail, though their mysterious contents no longer mysterious, and rather replies to my own written curiosities. My replies were...considerably slow, but as time began to quickly pass, our indirect

exchanges of words became more and more regular, and soon enough, the norm within our everyday lives. I later learned my stranger of a pen pal's name: Vivianne. In the same letter I learned this fact, I also became aware of the truth revolving around her...well, our unnatural situation.

“I haven't any clue where my documents to you are headed, and everyday I wonder upon the nearly endless possibilities as I hand the envelope to the carriage man. The white stallion neighs as though it's aware of such routine. I bid them both farewell and slightly lift my dress up, so as to not trip whilst walking back up the steps and into my chambers.”

While I had grown used to Vivianne's particularly strange way of writing, this sentence caused my mind to go blank, but only for a few moments; I then began to piece everything together. The abnormalities of the letters, the formality of her words, how she'd date each piece of paper—I should've known something was up when reading 8/11/1827—everything was utterly strange, abnormal.

I was naive to think these letters were coming from somebody of my own era. To say the least, I was spooked, a natural reaction to finding out your pen pal was actually from a much, much earlier time than you, yourself was from. But regardless of these conflicting, fleeting emotions, I continued to respond.

I slowly weaseled the facts I had learned into my own pieces, so Vivianne could catch on. And soon enough, she did. It was beyond weird—it was supernatural. Neither I, or she, dared to utter a word of this discovery to those around us, in fear of potentially messing something up within the universe. (You know, like in time travel movies!) It was fascinatingly terrifying, but we had agreed to act as though we were unaware.

We spoke like normal, telling one another about the standards, and norms within our significantly different societies. We grew close through just written words. Neither had a clue what the other person was like in reality. And unfortunately, it would never come to that; the letters from my dear companion, Vivianne, stopped. I waited patiently thinking that perhaps she was just busy, as the 1800s were much, much different than 2023. After a few months of waiting, I came to the realization that I wasn't going to receive a response.

It was as if I went through the five stages of grief during that period of waiting, but soon came to accept the reality of the situation. Regardless, I still cherish Vivianne, and her past letters. I reminisce on our short friendship and am always amazed at how compatible we were, despite our immense differences. This made me realize that there was hope for everybody. If two people, such as myself and Vivianne, managed to grow so close despite being polar opposites, and well, from greatly different time periods, a friendship could bloom between almost anybody. A sincere and love-filled one, might I add.