Another Monday morning crept up on the town of Lakeland, North Dakota. The sun was slowly making its way up, but no one could tell due to the gray, overcast skies. The air was damp with a heavy wet fog, blanketing the ground and nearby fields. These fields, some growing crops among others growing weeds and wildflowers, stretched for miles on end. In the midst of all these fields was the isolated country home of Frank and Lorraine Steward. Their house seemed reminiscent of a typical, country home that you would find anywhere, but with just a pinch of class and individuality. Their home was a seemingly ordinary, light brown ranch-styled home. The outside decor was by no means trashy or ugly, but just very plain looking. Beautiful flowers and shrubbery added a hint of elegance to the overall landscape. However, this house seemed perfect for the owner since his outward appearance was very similar. Frank, in his mid-sixties, was a large man - not fat by any means, but tall and big-boned. He had very little hair on the top of his head, but the hair that he managed to keep on the sides was black with a grayish
tint. Frank’s face was pretty un-interesting as well. His eyebrows were dark and very unkempt - almost forming a single eyebrow. In addition, he had a large nose and pale skin - making his face rather odd. His face had aged very quickly over the last 10 years or so. Wrinkles, on his forehead and at the corners of his eyes and mouth, made him look older than he actually was.

The fog had slowly filtered inside the Steward's home that night since the windows were left open day in and day out. Frank's lungs breathed in the damp air and he awakened feeling slightly uncomfortable, and a bit confused. After allowing a few seconds to collect himself, Frank noticed that his skin had collected drops of moisture over his entire body. This watery presence made him wonder if it was simply a product of the moist air, or if it was sweat resulting from a nightmare that he was seemingly unaware of. Tossing both notions aside, he looked at the clock - it read 6:30 a.m. in a brilliant red glare. "Dammit", he thought to himself, "Only 15 more minutes before the alarm goes off."

Frank looked next to him and saw his wife of 47 years, Lorraine, sleeping soundly. Lorraine was one of the few people in the world who was as naturally beautiful in the morning as she was during the day. Lorraine never wore make-up - her skin
was soft and youthful despite her "old age." Even her hair was a soft blonde color, unnatural of course, but yet it seemed to fit her face perfectly. Lorraine’s petite body lay on its side while tightly hugging a blanket within her arms. However, something was different about Lorraine. For some reason, Frank looked at his wife intently and with more passion than he had ever felt before. By simply looking at her face, he remembered what he felt like years ago when he saw her face for the first time. Strong, heated feelings surged throughout his body. Frank just lay there, staring for what seemed like hours. Frank looked at her like a person would look at a newborn baby - lovingly, sympathetically, and with the fullest amount of respect. He didn’t know why these feelings overwhelmed him like they did. Without another thought, Frank sat up and placed his glasses upon his face. He shrugged it all off and went about his normal morning routine.

"I better get myself moving." he whispered to himself.

Frank carefully tried not to make too much movement in the bed as he slowly got out. Despite his attempts, Lorraine awoke and sat up. She gave her husband a quick, emotionless smile then headed towards the bathroom that adjoined their bedroom. Frank slowly followed behind her. As he entered the bathroom, he saw Lorraine standing in front of the sink brushing her teeth. He
walked pass her to turn on the shower. Leaning over the bathtub, Frank toyed with the knobs for a few minutes, trying to rotate the fixtures to the perfect amounts of cold and hot water. When Frank was content with the temperature, he pulled on another fixture making the showerhead shoot out a steady stream of water. Frank was about to undress; yet something made him stop for a second. Frank had noticed Lorraine staring blankly at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were in a cold, dead-stare, not even taking the time to blink. Her lips were tightly pressed together with the corners forming a bitter frown. Frank crept up behind her and reached his arms around her waist and squeezed very softly. He then rested his chin on her left shoulder. The two of them just stood there, looking at each other in the mirror without saying a single word. This sudden display of affection completely surprised Lorraine. Frank rarely performed romantic gestures such as this. Entrapped in the moment, Lorraine turned her head in hopes to find Frank’s lips waiting for hers. However, this moment was over before it could even begin. Frank quickly lifted his head off her shoulders, and removed his arms from around Lorraine’s waist.

“It’s going to be another long and busy day today,” he mumbled, completely oblivious to his rejection of Lorraine’s upcoming embrace. Frank quickly walked back over to the tub,
undressed, and stepped into the shower. Inside, Frank continued talking about the details of his upcoming day. Lorraine looked at herself again in the mirror.

"He never ceases to amaze me," she stated in a sarcastic undertone. Despite Frank’s constant rambling, Lorraine placed her toothbrush back on top of the sink and walked out of the bathroom.

Chapter 2

Frank was a funeral director and owned his own funeral home in the small, dwindling town of Lakeland. In fact, Frank owned the only funeral home in the entire county. The surrounding areas were very rural - mostly comprised of farmers and a few neighboring families here and there. If anyone in the county died, they were sure to have their funeral at Steward's Funeral Home. The only other alternative was quite a distance away, and quite an expense, too. Frank had provided his modest services to acquaintances, neighbors, close friends and enemies alike. Frank had seen and done it all. He took his career very seriously and was a true professional. In all actuality, his job consumed most of his life. Many hours were spent working with families, preparing bodies, and arranging other services. There was only one person that worked for Frank - his secretary, Lydia. All
other aspects were taken care of by Frank himself. The funeral home was a small, yet attractive building nestled in a forested area right off the main highway. The funeral home was located on the very outside of Lakeland's border, about 15 minutes away from Frank's home. He tastefully decorated the insides with shades of olive green paint on the walls, topped off with white crown molding. The beautiful hardwood floors seemed to glow from the elegant glass chandeliers hanging from above. Paintings of scenic landscapes and heavenly images were hung throughout the visiting rooms. Frank felt comfortable here, despite the stench of death that loomed about regularly.

Frank arrived at work, just as he always did, promptly at 8:30 a.m. As Frank drove up the paved, tree-lined driveway of the funeral home, he prepared himself for a seemingly busy and exhausting day. There had been an accident on a nearby farm. The Dearings, a modest family of three, had encountered the biggest nightmare of their life. Their only son was helping his Dad plow their cornfields in the early morning hours. While riding on the side of their tractor, straight above the enormous rotating tire, the boy had fallen off after hitting an unexpected bump in the field. The boy’s neck snapped instantly after hitting the cold, hard ground. The whole accident happened so quickly, that the boy’s father didn’t have the chance to help. The parents
immediately took their son’s body to the funeral home (due to the size and population of the county, Frank was the county coroner as well). The father burst through the double doors at the entrance of the funeral home, with his son’s lifeless body in his arms.

“Frank! You’ve got to help us,” the father shouted across the room to Frank, “it all happened so quickly!”

“Let me take him, it’ll be okay, just let me take him” Frank said confidently while picking up the boy’s small body from Mr. Dearing’s arms.

“I don’t know how it happened – one minute he was riding with me, and the next…”

“It’s going to be okay,” Frank said reassuringly, cutting him off in mid-sentence. Frank was a little nervous because he couldn’t seem to remember any of their first names.

Lydia peaked her face just slightly outside her office door. Lydia, in her mid-seventies, was a small, frail woman that had worked with Frank for the last three years. There was something about Lydia’s personality that made people feel comfortable. She was dressed in a maroon blouse, tucked into a long skirt that was horizontally lined with a repetition of beige flowers. Like always, she also wore a black cotton sweater with only the top button fastened. She saw Frank holding the
Dearing’s son and quietly gasped. She then slowly walked over to Ms. Dearing; her arms extended out in front of her the entire time, and embraced her closely.

“Oh my goodness, I’m so, so sorry” she whispered into her ear. Ms. Dearing held her tightly as well.

“If you could, please sit for a moment with Lydia while I take your son into my office for a few observations.”

“What? Why!?” Ms. Dearing asked worriedly. Lydia sat her down on a green leather-cushioned bench directly behind her. “Don’t worry, honey, this is completely normal. Frank knows what he is doing and will take care of your son to the best of his ability,” Lydia said with her arm around Ms. Dearing’s shoulders. Mr. Dearing paced back and forth across the room with a solemn expression upon his face. The boy's family was guilt-stricken and inconsolable in realizing their actions surrounding their son's death. However, Frank's job was to help console and comfort the family, doing anything he could to make this tragedy into something less horrifying - if at all possible. The mother, clutching her long black hair in both hands and staring up at the ceiling with tears streaming down her face, screamed, "I should have known - my son is dead and it's all my stupid fault! What have I done!?”
Frank walked back into the room and immediately sat down next to her after hearing her concerns. He rubbed her back in a circular motion as the young mother buried her face in her hands. Lydia stood up and walked over to Mr. Dearing, hoping to convince him to sit and help calm his wife.

"It's going to be okay -- you're going to be okay. This was God's plan and your son is safe now." Frank said reassuringly, "You were a good mother and you provided your son with a great life."

Frank added a few more clichéd expressions as the hours passed by. Being that he had worked with death his whole life, he knew exactly what to say and when to say it. Frank had a way with words that helped comfort grieving families. It seemed as if every thought or reaction given by the couple was returned with a designated response from Frank. After the Dearing’s had seemingly reached a more calmed and rational level, Frank spent the rest of the day with them dealing with details of the upcoming funeral. Frank liked this part the least. It all seemed so trivial to sell someone the newest and nicest coffin, especially after a traumatizing event, such as losing an only son.
Chapter 3

By the time he got home that night, Frank was exhausted. He walked through the front door of his house, as he did every night, and was quietly greeted by his wife.

"Hello Frank, how did your day go?" she asked quickly and almost robotically. "I'm sure it was awful in some sense, just like it always is."

Lorraine was right. Frank dealt with death and misery every day. Throughout the years, she had eventually accepted the fact that it was hard for him to remain positive and optimistic in that type of environment. She had learned to deal with his lack of energy and sullen attitude on a daily basis. Frank quickly bypassed Lorraine and headed straight for the bathroom across the kitchen.

"Well, the Dearing's lost their son early this morning. They're taking it pretty hard and the boy's body isn't in too great of shape, but I'll be able to fix it up for the funeral." Frank yelled from the bathroom with the door slightly open. Lorraine set out Frank a plate of green beans, cooked cauliflower and broiled chicken breasts. Lorraine cooked him dinner every night – a completely routine task. Frank didn’t know anything about cooking, actually, he didn’t know much about any aspects of domestication. Frank was one of those people who
seemed to be “book smart,” rather than “street smart.” This annoyed Lorraine. She slapped his food on the plate and headed towards the table.

Frank came out of the bathroom just in time to help Lorraine carry the plates, “Here, Lorraine, give me one of those plates, you’re going to drop something.”

"I can handle it, Frank" Lorraine insisted, "trust me, I do it every night - you just sit yourself down and relax."

“Bad day?” Frank asked.

“I guess...”

Lorraine was basically a housewife, even though she didn't consider herself as one. Throughout her entire marriage to Frank, she never once had her own job. She never really needed to since Frank made more than enough money to support them both. Frank took care of all the bills and expenses, leaving Lorraine to never worry about money - except when buying groceries, of course. She spent her days painting, sewing, gardening, and making crafts. At one point in her life, Lorraine dreamed of getting her own job. Basically, her ambition came from an internal need to break her interdependence upon Frank. She desperately wanted to open up her own “shop,” creating and selling her many crafty and practical ideas. Lorraine was a natural when it came to those types of things. Growing up, her
mother taught her how to make brooms and weave baskets, as well as a plethora of other simple, yet useful creations. She also perfected the skill of canning vegetables, fruits, and anything else that could be canned. She then used them later to make pies and desserts - things that people would come from miles around to buy. Lorraine figured that the “big city folk” would come and splurge their money on these ever-so-humble goods. This all had a large potential in Lorraine’s eyes. Frank disagreed, though. He couldn’t see any financial success in this business venture. Besides, Frank didn’t want Lorraine to work anyway. Her job was at home. The interesting thing was, he never realized that this just wasn’t a business to Lorraine, but a dream. Lorraine then settled for the perks of home life. She used her skills for her own home instead. Almost everything: blankets, paintings, decorations, etc. in their home was hand-made by Lorraine. She stopped baking pies and desserts years ago because Frank didn’t like sweets.

Lorraine also cleaned the house and tended to her outside garden - doing anything she could to keep herself busy and happy. She took great pride in her roses that overwhelmed the front of their house. The sheer amounts of red blossoming buds were truly breath taking to Lorraine. She often displayed them all over their home. One time, a large thorn sliced her thumb

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completely open while she was cutting a few stems. The nasty cut eventually became infected, sending Lorraine to the hospital for a few days. While Lorraine was at the hospital, Frank had hacked into the rose bush, tore out its roots and burned the remains. It was too dangerous for Lorraine to deal with.

Chapter 4

The weather outside had remained dull and overcast through the duration of the day. A fog had developed again, making a moist presence in the air. At the dinner table, there seemed to be some minor tension between Frank and Lorraine. Sitting mere inches apart from each other at the small quaint table, the two looked down at their plates and ate their food mechanically. Lorraine picked at her food with her fork, cutting into her chicken breast over and over into small, mangled pieces. Frank on the other hand, shoveled his food inside his busy and noisy mouth. His mind was elsewhere. Yet, Frank’s outwardly actions gave the impression that he purposely kept his mouth constantly chewing, in order to avoid an awkward conversation with his wife. Despite the lack of conversation on Frank’s behalf, Lorraine didn’t present herself as being acpceptive of discussion anyway. They ate most of their dinner in silence. Nearing the end of their meal, Lorraine reached over and placed her hand on
top of Frank’s shoulder. He looked up at her and stared deep into her blue, watery eyes.

“Something’s wrong with us” Lorraine muttered quietly, with the words barely escaping her trembling lips. She looked back down at her plate and nudged it away from her. She moved her hand from the top of Frank’s shoulder and slowly slid it down his arm, grabbing for his hand. Frank held her soft hand and placed it upon the top of the table, squeezing it lightly as every word came out:

“I’m doing fine, Lorraine. There is nothing wrong, it’s just been a rough day at work. That’s all it is – my mind has just been on my work a lot.”

“Frank...”

“Honey – quit worrying.” Frank gave her hand a few gentle taps with his other hand, then let go and continued eating a few cauliflower remains with his fork. He changed the subject quickly,

“What did you do today?”

“Same thing I do every day” Lorraine said subtly, re-positioning herself in her chair, “cleaned inside the house a little and picked a few tomatoes here and there in the garden.”
While she was speaking, Frank looked about the house with his eyes peering above his glasses that had managed their way down his nose, and with a half-smile upon his face asked,

“What is it that you cleaned? I guess it all looks the same to me...”

This was partly true. There weren’t a lot of things to clean in their home. Besides the ritual dusting and vacuuming, their furniture stayed basically the same. Lorraine did pay special attention to her crafts, though. These were elegantly displayed throughout their home, just as her flowers used to be. She took pride in her work. However, the Stewards didn’t have much company over to enjoy their accomplishments. This was in large part to their remote location, as well as the fact that Frank and Lorraine never had any children. The two never had much luck in this “area” to begin with. During the early years of their marriage, Frank was even busier than now. Between mortuary classes and working full time, Frank had little time or energy for making love to his wife. Even when they did make love, nothing ever came out of their efforts, so to speak. However, Lorraine did become pregnant in her early thirties. Things seemed to be going very smoothly, as both Frank and Lorraine were excited and patiently awaiting this new life they were about to share in. This dream also came to a shattering
end. Due to genetic complications, their baby’s life was treated with alarming concern. It turned out that the baby’s brain had formed on the outside of its skull. The doctors thought it necessary to abort the dying fetus after only 3 months of pregnancy. They predicted that if Lorraine carried it full-term, the baby would only have hours, if not mere minutes, of life. Frank and Lorraine were given no choice in the fate of their first child. The abortion was a horrific and traumatic experience for both of them. The grief and sorrow that they experienced were enough for them to never try again. Well, at least in Frank's mind since he was the expert in death. Basically, Frank made the decision that having children wasn’t the best idea, resulting in bitter feelings and sparse romantic interactions between the two for a few years afterwards.

“Well, you’ve done it again honey...great meal tonight.”

“I try...” said Lorraine while staring at the chicken breast remains still left upon her plate.

Chapter 5

After dinner, Lorraine washed the dishes in an attempt to clean up the kitchen. She rinsed and dried each dish, one by one, and placed them in the drying rack that bordered the sink. Lorraine reached into the bottom of the gray, murky water and
found another dish to wash. As she brought the dish out of the water, the tip of it struck the faucet, breaking into three large pieces. An edge had mildly sliced Lorraine’s index finger. She brought the glass to eye level and noticed that it was a glass that Frank and Lorraine had purchased on their honeymoon in Greece. A combination of suds, water, and blood raced down the broken glass and into the sink. With a sympathetic sigh, Lorraine placed the glass on the counter and loosened the drain. She watched as the suds, now with a reddish tint, circled around the sink, eventually making their way to the drain where they disappeared. Frank watched the whole incident from the table. “Did you cut yourself”?

“Yeah, a little, but this glass is a goner.” She continued, “I really hate to see it go...it was from our honeymoon, you know.”

“Well, I think we bought a few more than just that one. Make sure you wrap it up before putting it in the recycle bin.”

Chapter 6

Frank headed straight for the bedroom. He put on his pajamas, got into bed and read an old 1940 edition of National Geographic. This specific issue featured Egyptian mummification. This greatly intrigued Frank, for he must have read the article
a few dozen times. Lorraine soon came in and got ready for bed as well. She walked over to her dresser and pulled out a long, flesh-colored nightgown. She then proceeded to the bathroom, closing the door behind her, and dressed inside. This was a first, but Frank hadn’t noticed. Lorraine quickly came back into the bedroom and crawled into bed, pulling the covers up to her waist. She sat upright with her back against the headboard, staring across the room. Frank glanced over and noticed the lack of life within her. Lorraine’s hands twitched slightly as they rested above the covers.

"Are you feeling okay?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh yes, of course, my mind just wandered elsewhere for a moment." she replied quickly, "I guess today was just a little boring for me."

"Are you sure, Lorraine?" Frank said in a concerned tone, "You look upset or confused about something."

"Nonsense." she scoffed. "I'm fine Frank. I'm going to sleep now."

Her tone suddenly shifted as she looked into his eyes and said in a quick, hushed whisper: "I love you."

Lorraine leaned over and gave him a soft kiss on the cheek. She turned over, laying her head upon the silk pillowcase. She
didn’t fall asleep quite yet, but simply laid there, for a while, with her eyes open.

"Love you, too" Frank said while turning over in the opposite direction. He took off his glasses and placed them on the nightstand next to him. He rubbed his eyes a few times, then turned out the small metal desk light beside him.

Frank tossed and turned all night long. He had returned to the nightmare that he had the night before. Suddenly, Frank sat straight up in alarm. He frantically looked about the room, half-awake and half-asleep. As soon as he got his bearings, he looked at the clock - it was 2:45 am. He reached for his glasses and put them on. He fumbled them about, trying to fit them on his face correctly. He squeezed his eyelids; open, shut, open, shut - hoping it would help speed up his vision. As soon as his eyes adjusted, he noticed that there was a slight fog about the room, and that his skin was quite wet from the moisture in the air. He looked across the room, but saw that the windows were shut this time. He then looked beside him, but Lorraine was nowhere to be seen. He glanced over and saw the bathroom door cracked open, letting out both the foggy mist and a small beam of light.

He called out, "Lorraine, are you okay?"
There was no answer. Frank became worried and slowly got out of bed. He nervously walked across the room and opened the door to the bathroom. The bright light blinded him for a moment, but he desperately rubbed his eyes to help them adjust faster. Inside, the bathroom was completely filled with hot, steamy air that drenched Frank's skin even more. Frank took a few steps inside, but gasped as his bare foot was slightly scalded with water. Water was slowly seeping over the edge of the bathtub, and collecting in large pools upon the floor. He could vaguely see Lorraine's body outline through the clear shower curtain.

"What the hell is going on?" Frank thought to himself. His heart felt as if it was going to explode inside his chest. Something was very wrong here.

Chapter 7

"Lorraine, what on Earth is going on?" he yelled impatiently.

Again, there was no response. Frank immediately pulled the shower curtain back and viewed the most horrendous sight of his life. He found Lorraine lying in the bathtub, submersed in light red water. The tub’s nozzle drizzled a continuous stream of water into the tub. Pink foamy bubbles floated atop the steaming water, each waiting for its turn to plunge over the side of the
bathtub. Lorraine’s body, forming to the curves of the tub, remained underwater. Her arms rested at the sides of her hips while with her hands, palms facing up, revealing the morbid answer behind this horrifying scene. Her wrists were sliced open in diagonal, jagged cuts all the way across. In one of her hands was the same piece of glass that had cut her finger earlier that night. Lorraine’s head was tilted towards the shower curtain. Her mouth was slightly open, as were her eyes. Both eyes were wide open, almost staring directly across the room. Frank stared at her body in pure horror. His jaw dropped open in disbelief and he could barely move a muscle. Even with his feet completely immersed in hot water and steam floating about the air, a cold icy chill ran throughout his body at the sight of Lorraine's lifeless body. In a sudden disbelief of the images surrounding him, Frank bent over the tub, reached for his wife's head and clasped it between his forceful hands. He stared into her eyes – they were disturbingly identical to the last time he looked into them. He screamed her name as loud as he could, squeezing her head even tighter. Frank quickly tried to find a pulse, but it was of no use—she was long gone by now. Frank slowly removed his hands from Lorraine’s face. Her head rolled back to its previous position, but this time Frank had noticed something different. Lorraine’s gaze focused on an object that was sitting
in a green, ceramic dish on the edge of the tub – her wedding ring. Frank hung his head in painful guilt. He looked at Lorraine’s face for a few more minutes with tears collecting in his eyes. Frank knew that his wife was dead, yet the shock of the situation made him feel as if he should be doing something to fix the situation.

“It’s going to be okay, everything will be fine,” Frank said out loud, “I’ll take care of it, just like I always do.” Frank firmly placed Lorraine’s head next to his chest and held her as close as he possibly could. He didn’t move an inch – he just knelt there, sobbing and pleading while holding his wife’s dead body next to his.

“This was God’s plan…she had a wonderful life…you were a good husband to her…” he whispered, continuously reaffirming himself.

“This was God’s plan! It really was. Everything will **be okay**!”

He stroked her blonde hair that he so very much adored, all the while loudly trying to reassure himself that "it will all be okay."
Chapter 8

After quite some time, Frank eventually removed his wife's body from the bathtub and laid her down on the kitchen floor. He dried off her body and dressed her in a pair of his favorite sweats and sweatshirt that she often wore. He wrapped both her wrists in scotch tape, then placed a few silver bangles on one wrist and a cheap, black watch on the other.

"Okay, see, I can deal with this" Frank thought as he surveyed Lorraine’s appearance, disregarding the haunting flashbacks that overwhelmed his mind.

After that, Frank didn’t know what to do next. Even with all his years of dealing and working with the dead, he simply could not think of what to do with his beloved wife. Nothing about this awful night seemed to be real. However, as he stared down upon his wife the reality quickly struck deep within him - his wife had committed suicide. His wife was dead, forever. This thought angered Frank even more to the point where he thought it best to figure things out in his office at the funeral home. He carried Lorraine's body to the car and placed her in it as if she were still alive - in the passenger's seat with the seat belt buckled. Frank went back inside to get his car keys. He saw them lying on the kitchen counter, but under them was a pink piece of paper. Without even opening it, he knew what was
written on the paper. Despite his intuitions, Frank opened up the paper carefully and read:

Dear Frank,

It pains me to think that this night has been of a shock to you. After all, you never were aware of the way I felt inside – too busy with your work and too busy taking care of everyone else’s needs. I know you loved me Frank, but you were never there for me, especially when I needed you most. Work…you always had work to do. My life was full of nothingness – nothing to gain, nothing to do, and nothing to live for. I couldn’t continue this any longer. All possibilities of happiness ended before they had the chance to begin. You were too surrounded by death to notice the life you had, the life I had, and the life we had together. I’m sorry things had to happen this way, I really am. However, I am not sorry for you, I’m sorry that this had to happen. Don’t allow death you work with become the death of you, as it did me.

You have a life – live it.

Lorraine

Frank now knew exactly why his wife committed suicide. Consciously, he had known she was unhappy for quite some time,
but never realized the extent of her pain. Lorraine was right again though - Frank did work all the time. His absence left her alone and with no one to talk to, as well as no one to be loved by. He had failed her as a lover, and ultimately he had failed her as a husband.

Frank drove to his office and laid his wife's body on a table in the operating room. The routine procedures of preparing her body ran through his mind. He found a pair of latex gloves, and placed his hands inside. As he was adjusting his fingers in the sticky gloves, a nauseating feeling rumbled throughout his stomach and traveled up to his throat.

“Not this time...not to her” he thought to himself.

Frank could not allow himself to even touch her. He refused to even think about picking out a coffin, an outfit, or even applying a touch of make-up to disguise the death upon her beautiful and flawless face.

"She never wore make-up - she never needed any."

Without another thought, Frank picked up her body and took her back to the car. He placed her in the passenger seat again and fastened her seat belt tightly. Frank drove for almost an hour, until finally coming upon a scenic spot on a cliff in one of the many forests of North Dakota.
"This was my fault" Frank said out loud in the car. "You died, Lorraine, because I wasn't there for you the way you needed me to be. You died because I couldn't show you the undying love that I've had for you all my life."

Frank turned the car’s ignition.

"I will never leave you like that again" he said with a quiver in his voice.

Frank kissed Lorraine's cheek and then reached inside his coat pocket. He pulled out Lorraine's wedding ring and placed it back on her finger and held her hand tightly. With the other hand, he put his car into drive. He looked over at Lorraine with her head slumped over to the side, resting upon the passenger door. Frank took off his glasses and placed them on top of the dash. He slowly let his foot off the brake, letting the car coast a few seconds, then punched the accelerator and sped over the edge of the cliff. The car came crashing down into the vast lake below, bobbing a few times, then slowly sank to the bottom of the deep, dark water. It was over now -- Frank had performed his last funeral.