

“I’ve Waited So Long For This”

by F.R. Southerland

[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 31: “I’ve waited so long for this.”

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“You’re antsy; it’s making me antsy. Sit down.”

“I can’t. I’ve waited so long for this.”

The corner of Anne’s mouth twisted in amusement. He was excited—anyone could see it—and that excitement was contagious. “Wasn’t the picture published online? I can’t remember.” She knew it was. Glen had talked about it for days.

He paused near the window and flashed her a look before pulling back the curtain to peer outside. “Yes, but it’s different when its a hard copy.”

“Yeah, I know. I’m just ribbing you.”

Glen knew that, but his patience was thin with excitement and anxiety. “Yeah.”

“Just relax. Sit down. Drink some of this tea.” Ice clinked in her glass as she picked hers up for a sip.

“In a minute. I hear the mail truck.” Glen was out the door and on the porch a second later.

Shaking her head, Anne followed. She leaned in the doorway as Glen ran down the gravel driveway. She could see the mail truck pull up to the mailbox, just as Glen got there. There was a few moments where he conversed with the driver before she handed over the stack of mail.

By the time Glen made it back, Anne had made herself comfortable on the steps. “Well, let’s see it then.”

He was all grins as he sat next to her. He shuffled through the various envelopes and coupon flyers to get to the magazine. Flipping through, he found it easily. The article was written by his sister Grace, but the photograph was his own—a scenic view overlooking a lake and a cabin.

“What do you think?” he asked, passing it to her.

“ ‘Weekend Getaways on a Budget’, ” Anne read the headline, smiling. “I’ve been meaning to get away.” Her smile widened, teasingly. “Oh, you mean the photograph. Yes, it’s also nice.”

Glen shook his head, pointed. “The other ones—those are mine too.”

“That’s great. This is great. You did awesome.”

“Definitely fridge worthy material?”

“Oh yeah, hang it right up there.”