

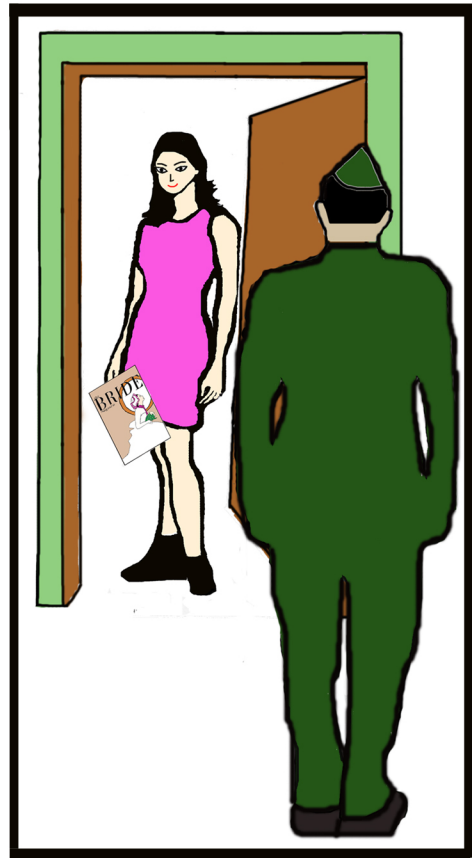
A Long Walk to Forever 1960

Interpereted by Cinthia Nava



His name was Newt.
Her name was Catharine.
They had known each other
since they were little kids.

When she heard a knock,
Catharine came to the door
carrying a fat, glossy bride
magazine. "Newt!" she said.
It had been so long. She was
surprised to see him. "Could
you come for a walk?" he said.



"A walk?" said Catharine.
"One foot in front of the
other," said Newt.



They were walking through a park when Catharine found herself angry, rattled, and close to tears. “Newt,” she said, “this is absolutely crazy.” What a crazy time to tell me you love me.” “Let’s keep walking,” he said.

Catharine took a deep breath
“Let me say that I’m deeply honored by this crazy thing you’ve done,” she said.

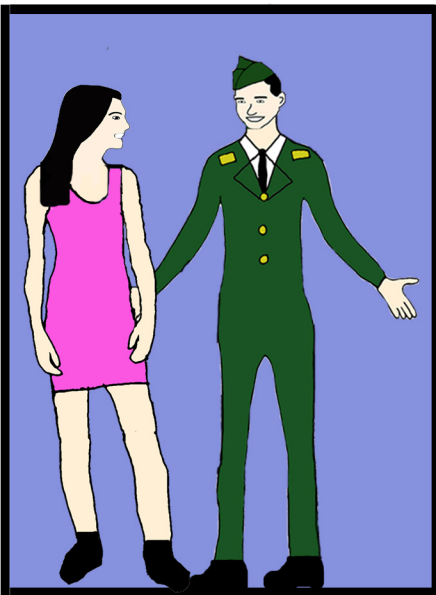
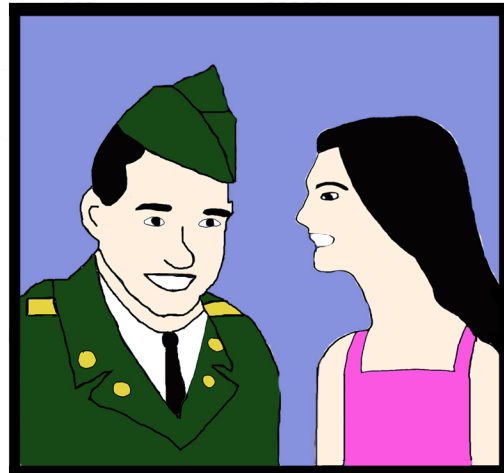


“I can’t believe you’re really A.W.O.L, but maybe you are. I can’t believe you really love me, but maybe you do,” said Catharine.



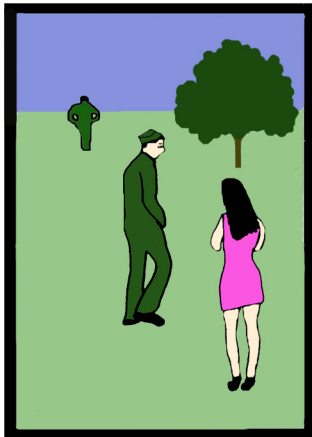
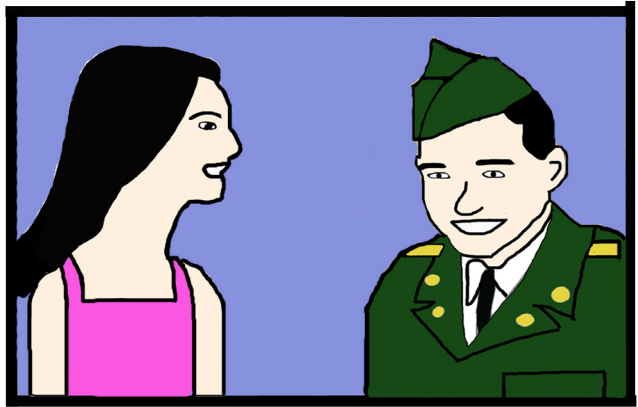
“Remember me from time to time. Remember how much I loved you,” said Newt.

“We must say goodbye,” she said. He frowned slightly. “All right,” he said.



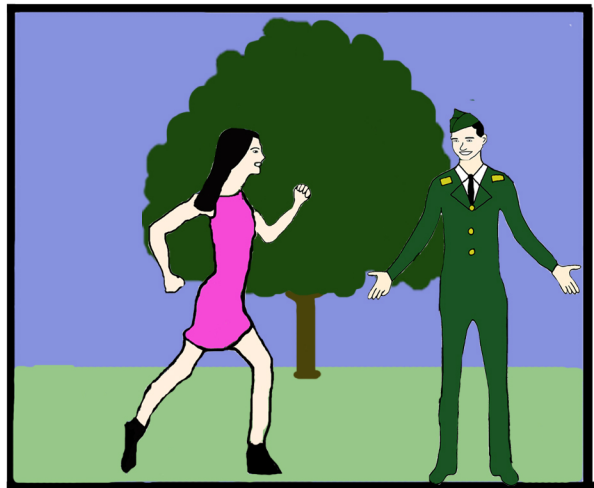
I'm not sorry we kissed that was sweet. We should have kissed, we've been so close. I'll always remember Newt. Good Luck,” Catharine said.

He smiled, stared at her hard for a moment, then walked away quickly.



Catharine watched him grow smaller in the long perspective of shadows and trees. She knew that if he stopped and turned now, if he called to her, she would run to him. She would have no choice.

Newt did stop. He did turn. He did call “Catharine.”



She ran to him, put her arms around him, and could not speak.