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## Drunk In The Water

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# Drunk In The Water

*Madeline Jefferies*

The city wasn't quiet on a night like tonight. Despite the last hour, cars still bustled in the narrow streets, honking their frustrations, cutting one another off. Even at midnight, crossing the street posed an anxious danger.

Immediately upon crossing the street, though, it seemed as if the Windy City had come to a peaceful halt. The tall skyscrapers in the distance glowed with soft white light, only a few windows still twinkled with the indication of laborious projects, stale coffee, and heavy, office affairs.

Jack's warm, leathery hand led me to Buckingham Fountain, a beautiful sight made even more so when it sat tranquilly in the middle of the nighttime city. Lights in the fountain sang bright under the cascading waters, replacing the sparkling stars in the light-polluted sky. The sound of the rushing waters filled my ears, drowning out the hustle bustle that continued on behind us.

I stepped up to the wire fencing that kept hypnotized feet from wandering into the swirling waters, pressing myself against the cold barrier, pushing the artificial limits. Opening my arms wide, I let my laughter roar out of me as the chlorinated spray kissed the bare skin of my cheeks and neck. The lazy breeze was humid, but cool, foreshadowing the coming change of seasons that everyone despised. With my eyes closed, I could feel the warm heat of the glittering lights hitting my tired eyelids.

Jack scurried up behind me, grabbing me playfully around the waist, imitating the famous scene from Titanic.

"I'm flying, Jack, I'm flying!" I squealed though my drunk giggles, quoting the lines.

He whirled me around in his arms, looking me right in my eyes. The mist from the fountain caught itself in my hair. He stared so long into my face, and I noticed my ruffled reflection in his glassy eyes. The lit fountain behind me created a glowing halo effect around my head. He lifted me off the fence and pulled me so close to him, I could feel his heart beating atop mine.

"But your name is not Rose," he murmured. Suffocating grief crossed his face as his eyes continued to read my face.

A warm smile stretched itself across my lips, "I guess that means you're not allowed to drown."

For a slight second, confusion tinged his eyes, but as soon as it appeared, it melted to blushing delight as his warm face came to meet mine in a kiss so passionate, the fountain melted away.