

PRAISE FOR STACY LEE'S  
THE HUNDREDTH TIME AROUND

"I could see the Nubble Lighthouse in the distance. When the characters walked through the sandy beaches falling in love or experiencing heartbreak, I, too, could hear the music wafting over from the nearby piano bar."

— ALLISON NOWAK—REEDSY

"This book earns a rating of **4 out of 4 stars**. If you enjoy a classic love story full of summer flings, heartbreaks, anxieties, sacrifices, secrets, and second chances, then you'll appreciate all that *The Hundredth Time Around* has to offer."

— AVID BIBLIOPHILE—ONLINE BOOK CLUB

"I read this book in a day, once I started I couldn't stop I had to know how the love story ends. It's beautifully written, with so many twists and turns that I never saw coming. It's a beautiful modern day love story with a classic love that makes us all long for more books by this author."

— KATIE BRESSACK—FAN

PRAISE FOR STACY LEE'S  
FUTURE PLANS

In Book 2 of her Maine-set Nubble Light series, Lee offers skillful plotting that unveils several surprises readers won't see coming, both in the thriller and romance departments.

— KIRKUS REVIEW

Great read! It had my heart racing at times and tears in my eyes at other times. It had many unexpected moments I wasn't able to see coming!

— DANYELLE DICECCA- FAN

The author has a unique style of writing. She has her story development under control, no matter the twist that she adds at any point...I'd rate it **four out of four stars**. I'd recommend this book to romance lovers. The love story painted in this book was real and would interest anyone who enjoys such stories.

— ONLINE BOOK CLUB

# FUTURE PLANS

A NOVEL



STACY LEE



The characters and events in this book are fictitious. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Future Plans by Stacy Lee

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*For my daughter, my friend.*





## A NOTE TO THE READER

This is the second book in the Nubble Light series. The first book, *The Hundredth Time Around*, was published in January of 2021. *Future Plans* is the second book in the series. Book three is already in the works!

The Nubble Light Series was inspired by my visit to York Beach in 2020. My mother-in-law, Shirley Barbagallo, brought me and my family to visit during what ended up being some of the last months of her life. During this visit, we fell in love with the beaches of York, Maine, as well as Cape Neddick and the Nubble Lighthouse. Because of this, the Nubble Lighthouse will always hold a special place in my heart.

Also, please be on the lookout for a special mini-series I am writing for elementary-aged children from the point of view of dogs at day care. Please visit [www.frenchmartinipress.com](http://www.frenchmartinipress.com) or check out Facebook for more information!



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Thank you to an incredible mother-in-law, Shirley Barbagallo. Not a day goes by that we don't think of you and remember how much you loved us. Thank you for taking me

to the Nubble Lighthouse that summer. My world has been forever changed. I wrote this entire book underneath the warmth of your giving shawl, Ma. Thank you for keeping me toasty warm on these cold winter New England days.

Also, a huge thank you to my children, Paul and Lucy. One of these days I am going to write a book that you are allowed to read, I promise. I am inspired by the way you have both overcome the challenges you have endured over the past year. Even though cheerleading and basketball days are behind us right now, you have focused your energy on new dreams and goals. Keep dreaming big and never give up. You are what you believe.

Thank you to my aunt, Patricia Fishwick, and my parents, Dan and Karen DeBruyckere, for talking with me about life in 1970. I wish I could go back in time and experience it with you! I love you all very much.

Thank you to my friends and family—my biggest cheerleaders! My parents, Karen and Daniel DeBruyckere, my sister, Kate Giglio, my sister-in-law, Cheri Grassi, and my friend, Lauren Strob. Writers can only write what we know, and I have you all to thank for teaching me what it means to truly love.

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To my best friend, Kara Holloway, thank you for standing by me and supporting me and for reminding me each day without even having to say a word that you are proud of me. You really are the best friend a person could ever ask for. I

am so glad that Paul and I get to do life with you, Court, and the kids.

To my little brother, Dan, we love you no matter what, and we are blessed to have you in our lives. We are here for you, always.

Thank you to the community of York Beach, Maine, and the Cape Neddick community. You have been so receptive to the Nubble Light Series, and it warms my heart to know you have enjoyed my stories. Thank you to the Union Bluff Hotel and Event center for not only providing us with memorable vacations but for continuing to serve as the perfect setting in the Nubble Light Series.

Of course, I need to thank you, the reader! Thank you for reading my novels and for all of your feedback. It brings such joy to my heart that you are falling in love with the characters just as I have. May you continue to love without hesitation and keep all of your relationships tucked away in a safe place. Always remember these memories: Past, present, and future... and lean on them to warm your heart during difficult times. I hope you enjoy book two of the Nubble Light Series. Thank you and God Bless!



## PROLOGUE



### IN THE FUTURE

She stands at the door in anticipation. After all, she has only waited her entire life for this night. Everything is perfect, what she has always imagined it would be, knowing that now, after all this time, *she* will be the one smiling in the pictures and *she* will be the one dancing in the spotlight. It is nothing short of a dream come true. She has envisioned it many times: her arms wrapped around him tightly, their feet moving together in unison to her favorite song. She imagines the smiles on their faces as they watch in admiration, knowing that happily ever after does exist. She knows because she is living it. She has sat back and watched, time after time, other people living their dreams... so it seems only right that now, after all this time, it is her turn to live, her turn to love.

She presses her lips together and closes her eyes. Her stomach flips and flops, and her heart races, faster and faster like a beat of a drum, picking up at a steady pace and building dynamically. Any minute now, she will open the door. She will step over the threshold, and he will be on the

other side. He will take her hand in his. He will smile in that familiar way he does, nothing short of perfect.

The night won't last forever, and this saddens her. But when the last song ends and the dance floor clears... it will be only the beginning. They will walk out together, hand in hand. Not just into the perfect sunset but into a life full of love and a future full of promise... just as she had always planned.

## IN THE PAST- EMILINE 1971



### CHAPTER ONE

The Nubble Lighthouse. Just when I thought I had seen it all. The spectacular colors of the green gardens in Paris, France. The wonders of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The crystal-clear night sky of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; so clear, in fact, that I believed I could reach up and pluck a twinkling star from outer space with my bare hands if I tried. I was blessed to have traveled to so many places at such a young age, fortunate enough to experience the authenticity of many different countries and cultures. But this setting, this place, it was breathtaking. The lighthouse had appeared miniature to the naked eye at first, but upon studying the way it towered over me up on the hill, its rocky coastline and lifelike waves that crashed one after another, the way it reflected the golden sun as it started to rest, specks of pink and purple glistening back at me on that evening, an overwhelming sense of inspiration took over, and I allowed myself to dream.

I had never been much of a dreamer. It was a rare occasion that I allowed myself to get too attached to any one place. My father was a pilot. He flew the new and improved

jumbo jets that only recently became popular about a year ago. Although I loved flying around with my parents and seeing the world, I sometimes longed for a normal life. Of course, at twenty-three years old, I could have suggested that I stay back home in London, alone. After all, I had friends and family there; I had a life. But there was something about traveling to new places that I couldn't resist. And it was moments like this, when Mother Nature met the power of man, and landmarks like this lighthouse reminded me that anything was possible, that deep in my heart, I knew there was something special waiting for me. My imagination overtook the power of my rationality, and the quiet prison I sometimes created for myself would just melt away. It was times like this when I felt as though I was home.

I placed my blanket over the rocky ground beneath me and sat down. I crossed my legs and pulled my skirt over my knees. The blank canvas appeared clean and fresh as I retrieved it out of my bag. I found my pencil and my oil pastels and placed them down in front of me, all the while keeping my eyes focused on the masterpiece that stood before me, the tiny lighthouse and its little piece of Earth. It had been my intention to sketch the lighthouse first and then come back another night to shade in my creation. I couldn't resist the way the delicate colors danced above me, so I decided that I would need to capture all of these magnificent elements tonight. I would need to start working quickly before it got dark, as my father would be very unhappy if I didn't return to the Anderson Cottage prior to nightfall, and I didn't have much time.

"Are you a famous artist or something?"

My shoulders tightened at the sound of the stranger's voice. I jumped to my feet and glanced down the cliff toward the large mountain of rocks. A young man, who looked to be my age, was climbing up them toward me. It wasn't until

then that I also noticed a group of people, about fifty yards to my right, perched on the rocks, bottles of beer in hand.

"I like to paint," I replied. "But I'm not sure I would consider myself to be an artist."

He made his way over to where I was sitting. "Can I sit here?" he asked, like he had known me for years. He was dressed more appropriately for a night out, not a night on the beach. His tan polyester leisure suit stood no chance against the brown soil at my feet.

I smirked. "Aren't you worried about ruining your trousers?"

"My trousers?" He laughed. "You mean my pants?"

"Yes, your fancy pants," I affirmed. "If you sit here, with me on this ground, you are sure to ruin your fancy trousers."

He laughed, and when he did, his brown mustache seemed to take on a life of its own. He chuckled and ran his fingers through his brown hair. "Not if I sit on that," he said, pointing to the navy-blue blanket I had borrowed from the Anderson Cottage.

"Well, all right, then," I agreed. "Have a seat." I sat back down and stretched my blanket out as far as it could go. He sat down next to me. He smelled like cigarettes and beach air.

"Looks good," he said as he studied my sketch.

"Well, I didn't get very far." I sighed.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you came along, for starters."

He crossed his arms over his chest. "I can take a hint," he said, his eyebrows raising slightly. He began to stand back up, but I placed my hand on his arm.

"You don't have to go," I said, realizing for a quick beat that I really didn't want him to leave. "Are those your friends down there, getting pissed?"

"Pissed?"

I laughed. "Drunk," I explained. "Where I come from, we call it getting pissed."

He laughed, and it sounded like music to my ears. I studied him closely and considered the possibility that underneath his shaggy brown hair and trendy mustache, there might have simply been a real person under there who just wanted to talk.

"Yes, those are my friends. This has always been... kind of where we hang out," he explained. He gestured toward the small hangout. A girl who looked a tad bit younger than me was sitting on the ground with her acoustic guitar on her lap. Her voice echoed through the night air. It was soft and angelic. I struggled to make out the song she sang, but it was difficult. I brushed off the sudden and unexpected urge to be a part of it.

My eyes grew wide, and I studied him carefully. "Well, are *you* getting pissed?" I asked, a small giggle escaping from somewhere inside me.

"Me? Drunk?"

"Yes, you. Pissed."

"No, but I can. I mean, can I get you a drink?"

"Me? Heavens no. If I came back smelling like booze, my father would have my head." I ran my finger horizontally across my throat to signify my inevitable beheading.

He laughed. "Well, we wouldn't want that," he replied, his tone turning serious.

"No, we wouldn't," I agreed. A slight chill ran through me, and I shuddered. It was remarkable how quickly the air turned cool here. I rubbed my arms in an attempt to ease the prickliness of the goose bumps that were forming on my bare skin.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Yes," I confessed. "Just a bit."

"Want my jacket?"

I thought about it for a moment. “You don’t even know me. Why would you want to give me your jacket?” I asked, making an effort to remind him that we had only just met.

His eyes found mine. The playfulness of the moment faded away, like the end of a romantic scene at a major motion picture. “You’re right,” he affirmed. “I don’t know you, but I would love the chance to try.”

“Try?”

“To get to know you.”

I smiled and met his stare. The blue in his eyes reminded me of the way the dark colors of the ocean had hypnotized me just moments earlier. Now, this person... this stranger and his ocean-blue eyes had me feeling just as captivated. “Sure,” I whispered.

“Sure?” he asked, confused. “You want to get to know me?”

“No.” I snickered. “I will take your jacket.”

He exhaled, and I realized he had been holding his breath in anticipation of my response. He removed his jacket and placed it around my shoulders. I slipped one arm in at a time, growing fond of the smell of him. I reached under the back of the sport coat and pulled my long blond hair through the top and collected it over my shoulders. I closed the jacket over me and hugged my arms to my chest. I recognized the smell of his aftershave. “Old Spice,” I declared. “Very nice choice.”

He folded his arms over his chest. “I’m impressed.”

“Nothing gets by this nose,” I bragged. I pointed to my nose and laughed to myself, thinking of my father’s love for Old Spice. My mother gifted it to him in his Christmas stocking year after year.

“I guess not,” he agreed. He moved closer to me on the blanket, and my knees grew weak. His arm brushed up against mine. “What’s your name anyways?” he asked.

I smiled, thankful that he finally asked. "You tell me yours first," I insisted.

"Why is that?" he asked, pretending to nudge my arm.

"Because," I started, "if you tell me first, then I can tell you mine, and you won't be a stranger."

"True again." He laughed. "Jason," he said. "Jason Davis."

"It's nice to meet you, Jason." I hadn't meant to whisper. But for some reason, I was suddenly incapable of forming words in the way I intended. He was closer now, and if I wanted to, I could rest my head on his shoulder—and I wanted to. "My name is Emiline. Emiline Wilson." I extended my hand out to him for a handshake, but instead of shaking my hand, he pressed it to his mustache and kissed it. The bristles of his whiskers tickled my fingers.

"Well aren't you just the ladies' man?" I giggled.

"No, just a gentleman," he insisted, which was something I could already sense about him.

I pulled my hand back and fiddled with my pencil. "Your friend has a beautiful voice," I said, gesturing to where his friends were seated.

He nodded. "That's Beverly," he explained. "You will never see her without that guitar on her lap. Beverly is my buddy John's kid sister."

I listened again and this time could hear a familiar Joan Baez tune. I wondered if someday, when I would be old and gray, I would think of Jason Davis each time I heard it. I quickly shook away the thought. "Do you live here?" I asked, trying desperately to control the pounding in my chest.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Right here in Cape Neddick. I graduated a few years back. I've been bartending downtown ever since. How about you? Are you here on vacation?"

"You could say that," I started. "My whole life is sort of a vacation in a way."

"How so?" he asked as his hand moved closer to mine.

"My father is a pilot."

"Like, in the air force?"

"No, just a pilot. He flies the 747 jumbo jets," I explained. "My parents love to travel, so my father's job is their ticket. I'm along for the ride, I guess you could say."

"Groovy!" he exclaimed.

I turned to study him once again. I wondered what his smile would look like underneath the mop of fuzzy hair on his upper lip. From what I could tell, it was quite nice. His mustache was so... I don't know... unfortunate. "Yes, groovy," I repeated. My accent made the word seem generic and out of place.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"My accent doesn't give it away?"

"Well, you obviously aren't from New England."

"I stick out like a sore thumb, don't I?"

His smile turned serious, and he studied me for a beat. "I think it's beautiful, your accent." His voice trailed off into the night.

It was dark now, and my father was sure to be furious. I wondered if he had already sent out a search party. I blushed. "London. London, England," I said, glancing down at my watch. "So, Jason from Cape Neddick, Maine... it's getting late." I started to gather my things, but he placed his hand on my arm. The warmth that ran through my veins was invigorating, and the last thing I wanted to do was leave. It wasn't my usual behavior to befriend strangers. It especially wasn't typical of me to feel so connected to one.

He seemed to sense it, too, and he pressed my hand to his lips once more. "I'm glad I met you," he whispered.

"I'm glad I met you too."

His eyes locked on mine, and I was torn between what felt appropriate and what felt right. He reached forward and kissed the top of my forehead. I closed my eyes and envi-

sioned standing up and walking down to his party with him, hand in hand. He would introduce me to his friends, and I would join their circle. We would sit together, Jason and I, listening to the angelic voice of Beverly and the sweet sound of her guitar. I would rest my head on his shoulder, and he would sing into my ear. I could see it so clearly and wanted it so badly that I almost believed it to be true. But it wasn't. And the reality was that in just two short weeks, I would be flying home to London, and I would be leaving Jason Davis behind. "I... I have to go," I said. I stood. "Can I have my blanket back? I borrowed it from the cottage I am staying at."

"Of course." He stood, reached down, and collected the blanket. He brushed it off against his leg and then handed it to me. I hugged the soft fabric to my chest.

I turned to leave but stopped in my tracks. "Bloody hell, your jacket!" I exclaimed. "I almost took it with me."

"You take it," he insisted.

"I can't." I laughed. "It matches your fancy pants." I started to take it off but winced in pain. My hair had gotten stuck in one of the buttons. "Ouch," I cried. "My hair is stuck."

"Let me look."

I held the jacket in my hands and leaned my head close to him. He worked quickly and, without much effort, was able to untangle the few tresses from the wrath of his button.

"Thank you," I whispered.

He tucked the rescued strands of blond behind my ear, and his eyes grew serious. "You really are beautiful, Emiline."

I blushed and looked away. "It was really nice to meet you, Jason." I turned and started to walk away, ready to leave him and his trendy tan leisure suit and his hip group of friends behind.

"Where are you staying?" he called from where I left him.

I stopped and turned back around and considered giving him the address. I could tell him where I was living, and

there was a chance we would meet again. I could lie and tell him that I was unsure of the address. I could also tell him that I didn't share that sort of thing with men I didn't know, which would in fact have been the truth. But as I stared back at him and examined the genuine way he looked at me, I couldn't help myself. Maybe it was the way the moon reflected off the water and shone on him like a spotlight, moving me in such a way that made me want to paint his portrait. Maybe it was the way he had kissed my forehead; I had never been kissed so gently. Whatever it was, I knew I was falling, fast. I needed to see him again. "The Anderson Cottage," I whispered. "Anderson Cottage, third floor." I adjusted my bag on my shoulder and hurried up the hill, eagerly anticipating our next encounter, already dreaming of what was yet to come.

## IN THE PRESENT- HAZEL



### CHAPTER TWO

I curse under my breath as the heat from the leather seat scalds my legs. I make a mental note to steer clear of a color that attracts the southern Florida sun next time I purchase a car. Although the discomfort of a minuscule burn seems insignificant in comparison to owning my dream car, a royal-blue 2018 Ford Mustang convertible with black interior. Standard transmission, obviously. I only drive stick.

I take a sip of my water and start my car, confirming with myself that my automobile is in fact perfect. I close the top of the car and crank the air conditioner. Even though I have lived in southern Florida for the past fourteen years, I find that I still have difficulties with the humidity and heat, especially this time of year. When I first moved down south for college, I was so overwhelmed by the temperature that I almost moved home freshman year. Air-conditioning was the only thing that kept me from fleeing back up north. There were times I had felt as though I was roasting in an Instant Pot, simmering from the inside out.

“Dial Franny,” I order my Bluetooth.

Franny picks up after one ring. “Hi, Hazel,” she sings with her usual peppiness.

“How is it going on the Peterson wedding cake?” I ask.

“I’m good. How are you?” she jokes.

“I’m sorry, Franny.” I chuckle. “How are you?”

“Great. Thanks for asking.” She laughs. “How was your date last night?”

My shoulders tighten in response to her question. “Not conversation worthy,” I respond. Images of my evening flash through my mind. It wasn’t completely lousy, just nothing to write home about.

“I see.” She sighs. “Not your dream guy?”

“Nope,” I respond. “Can I have an update on the Peterson cake, though? I’m trying to get home for Ellie’s game, but there are just too many things I still need to confirm before the weekend.”

“I will have it finished tonight, and I will deliver it to the venue on Saturday morning,” she confirms.

“You’re the best,” I say, shifting into fifth gear on the highway.

“Anytime! Tell Ellie good luck at her game.”

I press the phone button on my steering wheel and end the call, shifting gears again. I am thankful for Franny and her cake business. Of course, I appreciate all of my vendors, but Franny literally takes the cake when it comes to desserts. She was my roommate for all four years of college, and if it wasn’t for her support and confidence in me, I might have run back home to Maine before graduation. Now, I own one of the most successful event-planning companies in the region.

I turn the stereo up and find my favorite song on my playlist, quickly passing the car in front of me. I am only ten minutes from home. Surely I will have time to make Ellie’s game. My ten-year-old daughter is one of the girliest girls

around, but when she takes the flag football field with her team, she never ceases to amaze me. The boys on the team have nicknamed her *Lightning*, and I don't think she minds that name one bit.

My phone rings and interrupts my thoughts. "Events by Hazel. This is Hazel Lavigne."

"Hazel, it's Dale calling from Floral Inspirations. I'm afraid I have bad news about the flowers for the Peterson wedding."

*No, you don't*, I think. There will be no bad news about the arrangements we talked about and contracted months ago. No bad news regarding the coral and pink arrangement of oriental lilies, along with the green monstera leaves with white orchids. The flowers for Melissa Peterson's wedding are nonnegotiable. She has a dream and a vision, and I bring it to life. That is why I am successful. So, Dale from Floral Inspirations, there will be no bad news.

I press my lips together in anticipation. "What's going on?"

"I'm afraid there was a mix-up with our order, and we don't have what we need for tomorrow."

I feel my cheeks grow pink, and I turn up the air conditioner. "What exactly didn't come in?" I try to stay calm, but it really pisses me off when details and plans that have been contracted for months fall through last minute.

"The lilies... and the orchids," he starts. "We have them out for order next week. I'm so sorry."

I clear my throat. "Dale," I say. "We have a contract, a *binding agreement*. I am going to need you to help me get my hands on an assortment of pink and coral oriental lilies and white orchids."

"I'm sorry, Miss Lavigne." He sounds like he is trying to catch his breath. "There is just nothing I can do."

"Dale, I understand the situation is out of your control,

but I'm not going to let you off the hook here. Falling apart on me now is completely unacceptable. I will be at your store in twenty minutes. Put your thinking cap on, Dale. This is going to be a long night."

\* \* \*

OF COURSE, I don't make it to Ellie's game. Dale and I end up making the trip to Miami to retrieve the missing flowers. Surely he will be up all night putting the arrangements together. By the time I pull up to the security guard post at the entrance of my gated community, it is well past ten o'clock at night.

"Late night for you, ma'am," Gus states. Gus has been the security guard at the entrance to my neighborhood since Ellie and I moved in five years ago. I appreciate Gus and his desire to make small talk. Honestly though, all I want to do is make myself a martini and get to bed.

"Yup," I reply. I wait for him to open the gate so I can go home.

"Ellie scored three touchdowns today!" he exclaims.

I smile. My Ellie is a beast on the football field. She is tiny but quick on her feet. "Awesome," I sing. *Now, can you please open the gate?*

"Have a great night, Ms. Lavigne."

"You too, Gus."

The gate opens, and I drive through my neighborhood. I pass the small lake on my right that Ellie and I fell in love with when we first came to see the house. The light from the moon reflects on the water, and I pause to appreciate the serenity I find in quiet moments. Sometimes I feel as though life is happening so fast around me. I know that I am successful in my career, and that I am very accomplished for a woman in her early thirties. But there have been times

when I feel like I am moving faster than the speed of light, and I can't help but anticipate a crash.

I turn down my street and drive underneath the weeping willow trees that line the road. They border both sides of the street and lean into each other, creating a tunnel-like appearance. Ellie once asked me why they are called weeping willows. "Are they sad?" she had asked. "Weeping means sad, doesn't it?" She was always thinking, that Ellie.

My response had left a lot to be desired. "Maybe you can look that up when you get to school," I had suggested.

\* \* \*

BY THE TIME I get inside, eat dinner, and begin getting settled for bed, it is well past midnight. The house has been cleaned up from dinner, and Ellie and Gabrielle are already both in their rooms fast asleep. The house is so quiet that it is almost eerie.

Gabrielle, or Gabby for short, is my live-in nanny. She has been with us since Ellie was a year old. Being a single mom has not been an easy feat, to say the least. When I got pregnant with Ellie, it was my senior year of college. My parents begged me to come home and live with them. I was stubborn and determined to start my company myself. Day care was helpful, but when Events by Hazel really started to take off, I began missing pickup deadlines and pediatrician appointments, feeding fast food to my daughter for at least two of her meals every day. There were nights I cried myself to sleep, thinking that I really would not be able to do this. I never had huge plans of becoming a mother. Once I had Ellie, I struggled to fit in with other moms. I had the utmost respect and appreciated those who were able to hop on Pinterest and brainstorm ways to pack their child's healthy lunches or the moms who organized the playgroups and car

pools. It just wasn't natural for me. My business was reviewed as being in the top ten event-planning companies by the time Ellie was eleven months old. Balancing my career and my daughter had started to feel impossible.

It was Franny who suggested I hire a nanny. The two of us together found Gabrielle, and she was, in fact, a dream come true. I am pretty sure that Ellie thinks of her as a mother, too, which sometimes hits a funny nerve and sometimes is almost a relief. Gabrielle is responsible for mostly everything when it comes to Ellie. I am thankful for the school lunches she packs and for all the drop-offs, pickups, and transportation to activities. Gabrielle is actually the reason that Ellie started taking an interest in football in the first place. The two of them always have a football game on the TV, and they hoot and holler at the players regardless of what game they are watching.

I finish brushing my teeth and pull my dark hair up into a messy bun. I stare at my reflection. I sigh and reach for my eye cream. Dark circles peek out underneath my blue eyes. I would need to get some sleep for the big day tomorrow. "Miss Peterson better be very happy with her floral arrangements," I say out loud. I turn off the light and get into bed, almost falling asleep before my head hits my pillow.