

The Medal
by Carol Sandford

When I look back over the years, I sometimes think I deserve something; Something to treasure other than memories.

Memories are a wonderful thing, I have so many and I treasure every single one of them.

From the moment I met him in the church, until as late as last night, when he kissed my cheek goodnight, as usual. It means a lot to me. It means he's still very much a huge part of my life.

And I wouldn't want it any other way.

But I would love 'Something'.

Its never likely to be a wedding ring, that has never been an issue. Well, not since we were very young and idealists .We've grown up since then. Not that I'm adverse to the idea of marrying him, but somehow now, it doesn't seem 'right' even though I love him.

We've still got things to do, places to go, new relationships to find and explore. We've explored each other as far as we want to go, and yes, it was fun.

It was fantastic.

And I want to tell everyone.

Somehow.

Maybe there should be a medal; A medal that says, 'I love William Riker'

Now that would be something wouldn't it?

Or maybe, 'I was bagged by William Riker'

He would love that one.

I guess not though.

Shame.

Maybe I should write a book, or a poem, and then I could frame it and put it on my wall.

But what would I say?

If I spoke my thoughts, he would know that I want more.

But he might not.

How embarrassing.

Maybe not.

Maybe.

Shall I?

Shan't I?

I'm still pondering the question as I go to enter my quarters, but you are waiting there for me.

"Hi!"

"Hi!"

"I've been thinking."

"What about?"

"Us."

"Us?"

"Us. I've think its time we brought our relationship out into the open."

"What relationship?"

"This one."

His kiss took my breath away. This was the kiss of a lover, not a friend, and I immersed every fibre of my being into that kiss. I trembled as he released me, but didn't let me go.

Marry me,, Deanna."

I was going to get my ring after all.