

RUBY
by
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The hallways at Endvale High were always crowded. People bumping in to each other and random smells as you passed by various students made for quite an interesting experience. Preston liked interesting, but he also liked quiet. He loved quiet, in fact. When he graduated, he decided to move to a tiny town in Iowa called Waverly. Waverly was the town no one spoke about. Nothing ever happened in Waverly and no one notable ever came from there either.

Preston worked as a reporter for the Waverly News, a small newspaper. The editor-in-chief graduated with Preston's father, so coming out of college, Preston hit the ground running. Because everything that ever happened in Waverly appeared in the newspaper, word spread quickly when a beautiful, zaftig woman sped into town in a Toyota Prius.

Ruby was intriguing. Every eye was on her, but her eye was on Preston. Soon, they were spending every lunch together, then every dinner. The rumor mill offered theories about her arrival and their relationship, but Preston wasn't talking and Ruby didn't care.

One evening, Preston made his way to Ruby's flat. Mr. Horton, Ruby's landlord, stopped him as soon as he got out of his car, a 1991 Toyota Camry.

"Preston," he called out.

"Hiya Mr. Horton! How's it going?" Preston saluted Mr. Horton and started up the stairs. Mr. Horton followed Preston.

"What do you see in her? What do you know about her?" Mr. Horton pleaded. Preston stopped and looked at Mr. Horton.

"Mr. Horton, it is none of your business what I see or don't see in Ruby. She is my friend. And if you must know, we are quite kindred, the two of us. There's nothing going on that you need to know about," Preston snapped.

Mr. Horton mumbled something about 'crazy women' and scurried away. Preston looked up to see Ruby staring out of her window. He waved. She smiled and disappeared from the window. When Preston reached her door, Ruby opened the

door. She smelled like freshly baked cookies, his favorite food.

"Hey, boo," Ruby laughed and walked towards the kitchen. Preston smiled and closed the door behind him. She walked back in with a plate of chocolate chip cookies as he was settling into the couch.

"Hey!" he shouted awkwardly. "What is the occasion?"

"Do we need an occasion? I thought you liked cookies?"

"I love them!" Preston grinned. Ruby sat across from him, looking stunning. She twirled her shoulder length curls and crossed her legs.

"Are you ready?" Ruby cooed. Preston jumped up, reached out to pull Ruby to her feet. She sauntered into the kitchen. Preston was close behind.

"Well, this is your very last cooking lesson! I can't believe that you had me flown in just to teach you how to cook," Ruby noted.

"I needed the best. My mom is going to be so surprised when I make Thanksgiving dinner," Preston said. "I can't wait!"