

## Today's 75-word Paragraph

Nights like this, I feel your arms reach round my waist to embrace me, and I feel the vibrato of your voice on my neck. The gentle purr of your laugh soothes me, if only for a moment, until I am snapped back to the reality of now, and I feel my stomach turn sour. Which is worse: to buckle at the knees on an autumn Wednesday or to believe that you once loved me?

By: Lindsey Heatherly

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