

She was sitting there on her own.

It was a busy restaurant, full of couples.

It was Valentine's Day after all.

People kept noticing her. Because she was alone on the day of couplehood and she would have been expected to be sitting home alone, sad that she was still single. She should only be out if she was partying with friends, trying to find herself someone to spend the night with.

But instead she was there, in the middle of the most romantic restaurant in town and she was not sad and forelone, she was smiling, she was even grinning.

The waiter had asked her if she was expecting someone special and she had replied that she wasn't.

She would be eating on her own and she did not mind.

She was in fact really happy to be there alone; she would not want to celebrate this night with anybody else.

After years of hating herself and wishing she could just find a boyfriend interested in her enough to maybe one day become a husband, she had finally realised that life was too precious to keep waiting for someone else.

Someone else might never come but she was still there, after a year fighting cancer, she was still very much alive and she had more than a right to celebrate that in the middle of a romantic restaurant, she had finally discovered that she loved her body for its ability to overcome illness and she loved her life because she had nearly lost it.

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