

Grey and gloomy Brooklyn pier. It was January 1919 and people were dropping like flies left right and center by this new thing called the Spanish Influenza. This deadly disease is how Peter and Elizabeth are now homeless. Two months ago, this thing killed their parents and younger sister. Homeless, hungry and hopeless on the crowded, smoggy streets of New York. Sat with clothes that had more holes to fabric and gloves that were practically useless. Sat shoulder to shoulder, a small blanket wrapped tightly around their skinny shoulders. In front of them, a scabby piece of cardboard aged from the harsh weather with blocky handwriting asking for help.

Black smog filled clouds impregnated the sky, blocking out any sunlight that was threatening to poke through. "I just want to go home." Cried Elizabeth, scared and afraid, looking up at her older brother with desperation in those cerulean orbs.

"I know but hopefully we can find shelter for the night." Peter said with just as much desperation in his caramel brown eyes, pleading with the world to try and keep them safe. Little did they know, a woman wearing a cream velvet winter coat was standing in the distance, watching them suffer and wanting to do something to help.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The siblings look up, the woman wearing a long cream, velvet winter coat approached them. She's wearing a black dress with black stockings and white heels. She doesn't look much older than Peter. Her silky straight hair was pinned up into a sophisticated updo with a red hat placed upon her head. Her hands were adorned by thick black gloves with a white fur trim. "Hello, do you need any help?" She asked Peter and Elizabeth, with a silky voice which matched her appearance.

"Yes please ma'am. We're really cold and would like somewhere to sleep." Peter says with hope in his facial expressions.

"I'm here to help." Said the woman, helping Peter and Elizabeth up off the dirty ground.

"Thank you ma'am. I'm Peter and she's Elizabeth, Peter and Elizabeth Smith." Peter said while putting his frail hand out for the woman to shake.

"Nice to meet you." She said, while leading them off to a nicer part of Brooklyn.

The blast of heat against Peter and Elizabeth's faces made their cold skin sting and sigh in delight. "Oh" Peter gushed as he moved away from the door.

"It must've been a while since you've been in a warm home." She said from across the hall with pity in her eyes.

"It's been two months now." Peter said, sadness building in his chest. "Since our parents and younger sister died due to the Spanish Influenza." Tears sprung to his eyes and he wiped them away quickly. Elizabeth hugged him. She leads them to a different room where they can go and bathe.

It's been six months since the woman took Peter and Elizabeth in. They found out that her name was Vickie and she is 25 years old; Peter is 24 years old. Vickie and Peter are in a relationship and it's going well. Elizabeth is in Medical school and is training to become a nurse and has met a dapper gentleman. Peter works as a teacher in a school and is loving it.

"Honey, I'm home!" Peter called out as he enters the house.

"I'm in here!" Vickie calls out from their bedroom.

"I'm making us dinner tonight." Peter said then kissed Vickie on the temple.

"Okay. What time?" Vickie asks.

"6 o'clock" Peter replied with then goes down to the kitchen to prepare the meal.

In the kitchen, Peter is making a beef lasagna for Vickie and him. He is preparing the beef when he can hear his girlfriend singing in their room. His face lights up with a smile and there's a little twinkle in his eye as he knows he's going to marry her someday. He continues to prepare and cook the meal while humming along to Vickie's singing. Once the meal is complete, he calls Vickie down to enjoy it. He helps her to her seat and pushes it in for her like a proper gentleman. He then seats himself and they enjoy this amazing meal.

A year later, Peter and Vickie are married. They have officially become Mr and Mrs de Marie-Smith. Vickie is now pregnant with her first child which will be a baby girl. Her and Peter have already picked out a name and will be calling her Danielle Rose de Marie-Smith. Elizabeth is now married and is also pregnant. Vickie has taken up helping in a nursery full of orphaned babies while she is pregnant as she has to take it easy. She is four months pregnant and just barely showing. Her doctor told her to rest and not do much work.

"I'll be fine" was her words to the doctor and she has been fine. Vickie is wearing a long blue loose dress with a pair of black flats and a cream coloured shawl. Her hair is in loose waves and she is wearing a beige wide brim hat. As she rocks the baby to sleep, her husband comes to visit her at work. He picks a baby up and rocks it while he smiled at Vickie thinking about how lucky he was to have her as a wife.

Three months later, Vickie and Peter are laying in bed together, talking, when all of a sudden Vickie coughs. She looks up at Peter in alarm, panic in her eyes, and starts to cough violently. Peter looks at her in shock as she clutches her stomach and he knows he will never get to meet his little angel and hold her in his arms.