

CHAPTER 1

The first time she saw him, she knew.

Knew he was the one.

Knew she wanted to spend the rest of her life with him.

Knew she *would* spend the rest of her life with him.

She watched him.

Watched him from across the room.

Watched every movement he made.

Every step.

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Every smile.

Every turn of his head.

She just knew.

It was a feeling she had.

A deep feeling.

But one that she was sure of.

Yes. This was going to be the person she was going to spend her life with.

This was who she would tell her troubles to.

This was who she would grow old with.

This was who would guard her secrets.

This was going to be the father of her children.

She was sure.

As sure as she'd ever been about anything.

And she was sure of a lot of things.

And was usually right, too.

Which was unusual for a girl in second grade.

CHAPTER 2

“So how was your first day of school?” her mother asked.

“It was the most important day of my life,” Tay said.

Her name was Taylor. But no one was named Taylor at the time.

There was no one famous with the name Taylor.

So no one had ever heard of it.

Teachers always thought it was a boy’s

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name.

That *really* upset her.

So she called herself Tay.

And made everyone around her call her
Tay.

Her mother smiled.

“Why was it the most important day of
your life? Because your teacher knew you
were a girl?”

Tay’s mother had called the school this
time.

For the last two years, after each first
day of school, her daughter had come home
crying.

“The teacher thought I was a *boy!*” she’d
wail.

So this year, Tay’s mother had called the
school.

She’d spoken with Tay’s new teacher.

Telling Mrs. Clark that Taylor was a girl.

Mrs. Clark had been very nice.

Commitment

She said that she would make sure Tay would not come home crying this year.

So that's what Tay's mother thought Tay was talking about.

She was shocked when she heard Tay's next words.

“No, Mom. It was the most important day of my life because I met my husband today,” Tay said.

CHAPTER 3

Corina *was* shocked.

At first.

But then she laughed.

After all, Tay was only seven.

She was just a child.

This was her first day of second grade!

So Corina decided to play along.

She followed Tay to her room.

“And where did you meet this young man?”

Commitment

Tay threw her backpack on her bed.

“At school.”

“Is he in your class?”

Tay nodded.

“Yes. He is in Mrs. Clark’s class.”

“Does he sit next to you?”

“No. He sits three rows over.”

“Did you speak with him?”

“No.”

“Then how do you know he will be your husband?”

“I just do.”

Corina smiled.

This was just like Tay.

She was like this for seven years now.

Some would say she was stubborn.

But she wasn’t stubborn.

She was just sure of herself.

She was sure of her choices.

Since the day she was born.

If Tay wanted to eat strained peas, she ate

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them.

If she didn't want to eat strained carrots, she would *not* eat them.

She would just spit them out.

No matter how many times Corina tried to get her to eat strained carrots, each and every time, Tay would spit them out.

Tay couldn't read the label.

She was an infant.

But the peas always went in. And the carrots always came out.

Tay's dad, Chris, used to laugh at his wife.

He would look at her orange splotched clothes.

He would laugh at the blobs of orange goo dripping down his wife's face.

"Why do you keep trying to feed her carrots?" he'd ask.

"Because carrots are good for her."

He would laugh again.

Commitment

“But they are not good for you,” he would tease.

Then he would scoop some carrots off of his wife’s face.

He would eat them off his finger.

Then he would gaze at Tay.

The love he felt was clearly written on his face.

“Our baby knows what she likes.”

Then he would kiss Tay’s carrot-covered face.

“And she knows what she doesn’t like.”

Then he would turn back to his wife.

“She does *not* like strained carrots.”

But Corina kept trying.

Hoping one day her baby would like carrots.