Abbie entered her apartment and was immediately greeted by her mildly panicked roommate. Maria gave Abbie a big hug and asked, “Where were you? Are you okay?”

Abbie replied, “Yes, I’m fine. What are you doing home? I thought you had to work until 11?”

“Steven told me what happened. He has been looking all over town for you, and he’s freaking out. He said you ran out of the apartment hysterical, and you didn’t have your phone with you. I started to worry too and left work early to be here when you made it back home. I’ve been calling everyone we know trying to find you. But don’t worry, I didn’t tell them what happened. I just said that you forgot your phone, and I wanted to let you know it wasn’t lost, and I have it. ”

Maria observed that Abbie did not look hysterical at all. In fact, she looked the total opposite of hysterical. Maria commented, “I expected to see you devastated or furious or upset. But, instead, you’re wearing a men’s leather jacket with an expression on your face like you’ve been touched by an angel.”

Abbie smiled and replied, “Touched by an angel, how poetic. I was touched by an angel tonight, alright. An angel called fate.”

Maria’s phone buzzed, indicating an incoming text. Abbie watched as Maria replied to the text and informed Abbie, “That was Steven. I let him know you were home and safe. He totally regrets breaking your engagement. He’s not going to return the ring, and he didn’t tell anyone but me about the breakup.”

Abbie laughed and said to Maria, “That’s funny. He told me Steven would want to get back together.”

“By ‘he,’ I presume you mean the owner of that jacket?” asked Maria.

Abbie was still vibrating from her romantic encounter and wanted to get out of her cold, damp clothes. “I promise I’ll tell you all about it, but first, I need a nice, hot shower.”

“Am I going to want to hear the story?”

“I’m pretty sure you will,” replied a smiling Abbie.

“Am I going to need a glass of wine before you tell me what happened and why you are wearing that jacket?”

Still smiling, Abbie replied, “Definitely!”

“Oh God,” remarked Maria.

“While I’m in the shower, can you do me a favor and let Steven know that he and I can meet tomorrow. I’ll text him in the morning. Tell him I need to sleep on it. I’m not ready to see him. Make sure he doesn’t come here tonight.”

“Gotcha! I’m on it.”