

### **The Pembroke Diary.**

The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of amber and rose. Wisps of cloud caught the fading light, their edges glowing like molten gold. The landscape stretched out below, a patchwork of rolling fields and meandering hedgerows, now cloaked in the soft embrace of twilight.

Elizabeth Pembroke sat on a weathered stone at the crest of the hill, her silhouette stark against the vivid evening sky. Her chest heaved as she struggled to quell the tide of emotions rising within her. She clenched her hands in her lap, her knuckles white.

“She’s made me miserable for twenty-two years,” she whispered fiercely to the wind, her voice trembling. “I won’t let her decide the rest of my life.”