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ENG 100

Formal Assignment #2: Narrative project, Draft #4

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A Big Decision

“What?” asks my dad. I can read the identical question in the eyes of all my relatives.

We sit in my parent’s house at the dinner table with my future parents-in-law. Each room, each corner in the house I know by heart. Almost thirty years I have spent there. With closed eyes, I can guide you around it. Each room has its own story and imprinted in memory, but this one is the coziest. My dad made this room a couple of years ago. He always wanted to have a fireplace at the home, and I can understand why. A fireplace is a symbol of my parent’s house where I feel comfortable, warm, and protected. It comes not only from his childhood but also from mine: this fireplace has become the heart of our house. Today, in this room, at the huge solid wood dinner table with dishes that I have known from childhood, chatting about everything and nothing at the same time, my fiancé and I have to share a big, changing-our-life news. This is the third time as I have spent time with my fiancé’s parents so I really do not know how they will react to the news.

“What? When? Why?” says everybody at the same time, and I can see how astonished they are.

“Are you pregnant?” another silly question flew out from my dad’s mouth. One time, in my early twenties, I was pregnant and hid it from them too long because I was scared by their reaction for my decision to kept baby. Now, my dad surprises us by his shrewdness.

“Noooo...”, we answer together in one voice.

“We are moving to Canada in six months,” says my fiancé in his best calm voice.

“But you are not married...” in unison say our parents. I feel like it is even more important for them than for us.

“We will marry in one month.”

“What about Oleg?” asks my dad.

Oleg is my son from my first marriage and the first and only one grandson of my dad. My fiancé and I have already discussed our steps in this situation.

“I will adopt him,” says my fiancé and closes this question for now.

At that moment, our parents realize that it is true, and they, actually, do not have voting rights. A bouquet of all possible emotions start from the blessing for marriage and total fear about our moving is in our parent’s eyes. Even some tears in the mom’s eyes can be seen. I think if my dad would smoke, he would smoke not one cigarette after such news. It seems that all ancestors from the photos on the walls become alive and have the same questions and feelings.

“But how?” asks my dad.

“I got an invitation to continue my work as a mechanical engineer at the main office of the company, in Canada,” answers my fiancé. “The company will do all of the documents and pay for all of the expenses. You do not need to worry. Everything will be good. Must be.”

“But you are not married...” almost whispers my dad.

He is that kind of father who admires his own children and puts his children first. And now, after the news which is a cold shower for him, he wants to protect my son and me from any

kind of possible issues. His eyes narrow, and some concern about my future and future of his only one grandchild settles in his mind. I knew he would not let go it easily.

“Do not worry, Daddy. We will marry this month,” I try to soothe him. “And after we will do all papers for adoption. We know what we are doing.”

It looks like a couple of new wrinkles just appear on the faces of our parents. This is too much sudden news for them in one day. Just yesterday, we were dating, and tomorrow we will be not only married but also moving far away from them.

For one moment they forget about Canada and concentrate on the wedding. And from all of the parents' faces, I understand how hard it will be to convince them all in our way of celebrating our wedding. My parents cannot imagine how the two of us do not like big weddings.

“What about the wedding? Realities? You both know what they would say about you two and us if no wedding will be,” ask our moms together.

“We do not have time for the wedding, and do not want to spend money just for entertaining and feeding relatives. I hope they will survive without our wedding,” says my fiancé bluntly, and I agree with him totally.

“So...no wedding at all? Even for us?” in a very sensitive voice asks my future father-in-law. He feels aggrieved already.

“Of course not... We will arrange some small restaurant at the end of the month to celebrate it. When I return from Canada with all of the documents,” says my fiancé and makes parents a little bit happier.

“I will go first to Canada to settle out everything, and they will come to me in a couple of months. There are a lot of steps and things that must be done at first, and I do not want to put all this pressure on them.”

I can see the pride of a son on the face of his parents. They are proud because he is the first with a university degree in their family and made himself without any help. Because of such harsh and difficult road, he traveled toward success, he starts to go gray too early, in his twenties.

“No,” says my dad. “You will be a family at that moment, and you have to go all together. Such difficulties make a family only stronger and united.”

“It is so far away... That Canada...” sighed with sorrow says my fiancé’s father. It seems that he already hates Canada. “I know... I feel you would not come to see us often...”

Unfortunately, he is right. We already know because of the distance and prices for tickets we will not be able to afford the first couple of years to come home to our parents. But how can we say this to them? Make them even sadder? No way.

“Skype!!! We will talk to you via Skype! We still plenty of time to teach you how to use Skype. So, we can not only talk but also see each other any time whenever you want.”

I look around as for the last time, although it is not. I try to memorize everything in its smallest details. I look at my parents trying to set their faces in my mind. Of course, I have numbers of photos and we will talk almost every day, but it will be later. Now, I want to remember them with smiles on the faces on the eve of the wedding, to capture their happy faces.

This day, we sit for a long time, maybe till midnight. We discuss all things:

wedding, moving, adoption, and the worse thing-how our parents would miss us. I know, from this moment a lot of things will change. The parent's house, that I hate so much to clean, will always wake childhood memories. My little room in this house will be only one place where I have always feel myself as a child. I will even miss my mom's awful borscht. From that unforgettable evening, each free day I try to spend with my parents in a manner to cover what I would miss when move out. At this moment, not far from the fireplace and photos, I realize I must cherish each moment with my parents. Soon, all of this will be too far away.