

Dolores by Marina Palmier

You know, Alice, I know how you feel. I really wasn't ready to have a child either. Oh, I suppose I was by the time it came out. You learn to adjust. You have to. But I always wanted to do something else too...oh, That probably sounds terrible and I shouldn't be telling you this but I always wanted to be an interior designer...creating comfortable spaces is the one thing that I really have a passion for but to do it properly costs so much money, which is why I wanted to design professionally so I could get paid to do it. ...My senior year at Brassport High, I won the Most Promising Artist Award...which got me an internship with this fancy design firm...and the owner, she sort of took me under her wing and encouraged me to apply to her alma mater, Metro School of Design...but when I went to their open house down in MetroCity, it seemed as if everyone there could draw pictures that looked like photographs...So I almost didn't apply...But still...a chance to study at Metro School of Design, I mean that was the ultimate...And I'll never forget the day that the letter arrived from the admissions office...It was about a month before our wedding. I was so anxious...but I held off opening the letter until I got to Sam's house. So I'd have some support if I got rejected...Sam and his father were on the couch in the living room watching TV. And I sat down between them and opened the envelope...And when I saw that first word, "Congratulations!"...I...I Couldn't believe it...Sam's father was really happy for me, and he gave me a big hug and went downstairs to get a bottle of champagne. And I was just so elated that I started singing and dancing around the house...And while I was in the midst of singing "Zippity Do Dah," Sam took my acceptance letter...and without even reading it...he ripped it up into pieces, tossed it in the trash, and said, "Baby, the only designing you're gonna be doin' is for me and our children" And then he began hugging and kissing me..and I started to cry, while we were kissing, and then Sam started to cry. And there we were, both crying, for about five minutes, and then somehow we ended up on the couch, kissing and crying...and then Sam remembered he had to get down to the bank before it closed.. So he just left me there, with his father...And...and That was that...How old are you Alice? ...Hmm, I was only nineteen when I got married too.