



What to Say?

Elizabeth Olsen

She moved around the spacious sunlit kitchen as she prepared lunch. Her daughter would be home in a few minutes for their weekly get together. She wanted it to be a special lunch. How would she tell her? Maybe it would be best to test the waters first. Yes, that's what she would do, she thought, as she tossed the chef salad she had just finished making. She walked to the refrigerator and was getting out the salad dressing as she heard her daughter's car pull in the driveway.

"Hi Mom!" Her daughter called out as she rushed right in, slamming the door behind her. "What's up?"

"Hello Jenny," her mom called, "Come on in the kitchen, I'm putting lunch on the table as we speak."

Jenny strode into the kitchen. "Alright, Mom! That salad looks great and I'm famished." She sat down and started shoveling the salad onto her plate. "So, how is everything going this last week?"

"Fine, dear," her mom answered, "I've been a little tired and I get nauseous a lot recently, but other than that, I'm pretty well. Your Dad is fine, too."

Jenny glanced at her mom in between bites. "You do look a little tired Mom. Maybe you're developing an ulcer or something. You've gained a little weight lately too. Maybe that's why you're so tired. You should go see a doctor. It never hurts to see one every five years or so, right?"

"Yes", her mom agreed, "I have gained about five pounds in the last month. I'm sure I'll be even bigger before long."

"Mom, all you need is to get a check up. The doctor will probably tell you to start exercising a little more and to take a daily vitamin, that's all."

"I guess I am getting old. I thought I'd be going through menopause by now," her mom replied. "You're right though Jenny; I'll make an appointment tomorrow."

"Come on Mom, you just turned forty – five. That's not old."

"Maybe you're right honey, but I'm not so sure your dad sees it that way."

"What are you saying, Mom? Dad loves you. The kids are all finally

gone. Emily is married and happy. Pete is in California now and he's doing well since he got that job as a forest ranger, and I'm in college. The two of you can do all the things you couldn't with all of us under your feet. Won't that be great?"

"Maybe it would be nice to hear the pitter tatter of little feet in this house again," she responded.

"I'm sure you'll be having grandchildren soon enough. Emily and Dan are likely working on it right now!" Jenny laughed. "Speaking of little feet, remember Sherri, my roommate at college? Well, her mom is pregnant! Can you believe it? Just Imagine how she must feel, Mom. Her little sister or brother could be her own child! I'm just glad it isn't you!"

Jenny rose from the table. "Lunch was terrific Mom, and I'm sorry to cut things short, but I promised the girls I'd meet them at the mall by two." She looked up to see her mom staring at her strangely. "Are you sure you feel all right, Mom? You really do look rough today. Don't forget to call the doctor in the morning, and let me know what he says," she said over her shoulder as she went out the door. "I'll see you next week. Bye!"

"Yes Jenny, I'll be telling you everything real soon," she said quietly as she quickly closed the door behind her daughter. "I won't be able to hide it for long" she thought, running to the bathroom.