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Untitled

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Untitled

by *Krista Kovalchuk*

Part I. Childhood

Quiet, so quiet in the room. Little Peter learned to listen to this quietness. But no, he is not alone. A clock on the wall that makes the time pass very slowly. He is still living in this room.

It has been an hour since Peter has been sitting by the window. Today they are late.... He doesn't want to sit by the game that his mother got him anymore.

The quietness is interrupted by the telephone. It is probably Mother, and again she will apologize. Yesterday she said that soon there are going to be three of us living at our house. Third, he... Thoughts started jumping everywhere. For some reason there is no urge to think about him...

Yes, it is her calling. She says she will be late. Well, nothing new...

I will go wait outside. Oh, yeah. Forgot, today I didn't understand the math. I will take the books too ...

The waiting isn't long. They are coming. Mr. George, as always, has a cigar. It, unfortunately, is never separated from his face, such a kind face, and his very kind eyes. Mrs. Katie is blabbing something. Her kind blabbing is always with her. It makes the house so much warmer. The first thing she wants to do is to feed everyone. And Mr. George, as always:

"So what's new in school, Petrick?"

Peter liked his kind "Petrick." He knows that that's the way his name sounds in Ukrainian.

They don't have kids. They found each other during the war. Mr. George is from Ukraine, and his wife is from Germany.

That is all that Peter knows about them.

Part II. The Loss

Tragedy came somewhat unexpectedly. Sickness. It's ready to take Mr. George away. It won't give in and is so determined. He cannot be saved. Too late. Coming back from work, Peter runs to their house. Fritz lies by the front door. He understands everything. This time he doesn't welcome, as always, with a gentle bark. Lies, following Peter's every step with a sad look. No one else is home. They are at the hospital. I decide to take downstairs heavy boxes which Mrs. Katie liked to keep in the basement. Suddenly, the eye stops at the working table that belonged to Mr. George. Everything so familiar. They spent so much time together. They built things together. He was an engineer that worked on radio "stuff." He wanted to show Peter everything, teach him. Memories about fishing, walks, and work on the boat all come back. His fatherly care, good advice, and his kind eyes...

Now he is leaving for eternity.

Part III. Mary

"Dad, Oma is finally here. Look how much stuff she brought. Look how many presents!" That's how happily Peter's son George shouts. He has two. It's little George's third birthday. And as always, all of the organization Oma took upon herself. That's how the kids call Mrs. Katie. And especially today, when it is her favorite's birthday.

Peter got married not too long after Mr. George's death. No, he didn't get the education that his father wanted him to.

She came like a spring rain: warm, kind, and desired. She conquered his heart and his soul.

It seemed as if the whole world was against him, against his wish to get married, especially his mother. She didn't dream about a daughter-in-law like her. Everyone. *She is not a match for you.* Mrs. Katie kept quiet. In her eyes he found worries and hope.

He didn't fool himself. Mary was a good wife to him. She made him go back to school. He for sure will be an engineer...

Part IV. A Visit

Mrs. Katie didn't have guests like that yet. Her brothers' and sisters' grandkids decided to visit their lonely aunt. Everything was getting ready as though the kings were coming. Well, yeah. Everything had to be shown. She liked her guests. All of them were beautiful and determined.

For some reason, Peter hadn't come yet. He was busy somewhere.

The meeting came out to be unexpected. Her eyes saw the observing looks from everywhere. She saw that her guests didn't like the two young people that just entered. The language barrier made the situation even more uncomfortable.

In Katie's family, everyone talked about the fact that she was going to leave everything she owned for Peter. Well, why? For these two people?

When the couple left, she felt that everyone was very quiet. And their behavior said one thing: "Oh, dear aunt. What did you find in them? Everything for those strangers?"

Yes, for those two. Actually for their kids. Well, the time will show.

And for all of their questioning looks that she found in their eyes, Katie was ready to answer one thing: "I found in them my life."