



Settle On Not Settling

by Melody Bertucci

'I'm not happy, but I'm not unhappy about it.' She thought as she tried to busy herself with endless house chores. It's how she vented her frustrations.

She'd been having constant thoughts about her current predicament, although she wasn't even sure if she could call it that.

Rewind to thirteen months ago, where at the age of twenty-seven Violet, or V as she likes to be called, thought she'd finally found the man of her dreams. A man that was in tune with her needs, her emotions, her aspiration and her soul. Or so she hoped.

V and Patrick had both liked each other for five years before Patrick finally made his feelings known to her. The start of their relationship to any onlooker, might have seemed gooey, lovey dovey and just too much of a great thing, but they were blissfully unaware and wrapped up in their own cocoon, to even care. They were simply two peas in a pod, who despite obstacles that had come their way, managed to find one another.

V was completely smitten with her man and he was like a lovesick puppy around her. He would always be trying to make her feel wonderful, one of a kind. He often referred to her as his Queen, a term of endearment that no one had ever referred to her by and she was completely 110% over heels in love with her Patrick.

After the disappointment of past relationships, V finally thought she had found the one that she could create a happy future with. In fact she could visualize it as clear as the light of day. Their colourfully adorned nest, a little haven to relax and grow old in, surrounded with the chaos of kids, their St. Bernard and their ginger cat.

It was a picture-perfect image and she wanted to share it with Patrick. Unfortunately it didn't quite go according to plan.

"I don't want to move in together," announced Patrick, "probably not for few more years...and...I don't think I'd want kids!"

His words echoed in her ears, persistently. She replayed the conversation many times. She tried to see it from every angle. She didn't want to push him away or scare him with commitment. Heartbroken and shocked, she thought best to leave it. She would settle on not settling.

'I mean I'm not happy, but I'm not unhappy about it, at least we're still together. Having kids, is it really a must? Can I not even talk theoretically about moving in together? I thought I knew him, I thought we shared a vision.' She sighed.

Tears started to form a constant stream, so she scrubbed the hobs with all her might. Her breathing started to speed up, and her chest felt tight, everything started to spin and then everything went quiet.