



## MICHELE MARKARIAN

### *DON'T YOU WANT THIS BABY?*

Garine sat in the waiting room of the doctor's office, thinking, is this really happening?

That morning, as she was getting ready for art class, it occurred to her that although her period was only three days late, her breasts were leaden and swollen with a familiar heavy ache. Garine was loathe to take a pregnancy test—at forty-five, she had suffered a miscarriage last year, and was so desperate for another baby that she dared not even hope for it. Yet there would be company for dinner, and most likely one or two bottles of wine . . .

Garine noted the time. She took the test stick out of the box and after peeing on it, laid it gently on the vanity. She washed her hands, made her bed, looked at the clock. Five minutes had passed. Garine checked on the stick. She was pregnant.

Her husband was at work and her six-year-old son was dressing for camp. She wanted to tell him that he was going to be a big brother, but thought better of it. Yet one pregnancy book she'd read recently said that it was important to tell people right way, so that the child will know it's welcome.

She dropped her son off at camp and called her husband on his cellphone. "Guess what?" she said, and when he couldn't guess, she told him.

"Really?" The disbelief in his voice was audible. It was pretty incredible, considering her age. "Did you feel this or something?"

"No, but I know we have people coming tonight, and I didn't want to drink if there were a chance," she said.

"Are you sure? Did you call the doctor? Maybe you should get another test?"

"I'm definitely pregnant," said Garine. "I'll set up an appointment with the doctor and call you later, okay?"