

Sunday Dinner

“Don’t worry, he’s gonna come.” I said to my parents as they grew more and more frustrated.

I started twirling my fork as I became concerned that Tyler wasn’t gonna show. But before my dad could yell at me for playing with my cutlery, the doorbell rang.

“Hi! So glad you finally came.” I said to Tyler as I kissed his cheek when he walked in the front door. As we made our way to the dining room I whispered, “My parents are a little upset you’re late, but don’t worry, it’s gonna be fine.”

“Sorry babe, I was finishing up the last recording for my new song I’m dropping tomorrow,” Tyler responded as we had just reached the dining room.

“Mom, Dad, this is Tyler,” I said as they rose from their chairs to greet him.

This is not gonna be good, I thought to myself. They’re so uptight and pretentious and Tyler is nothing like that. What do I do? I don’t know. What would impress them? I don’t know!

As I came back to myself, I looked at Tyler and then at my parents who began to eat the prime rib that had already grew a little cold due to Tyler’s late arrival. Forks and knives clinked against the ceramic plates. I could feel the tension grow.

“Have I told you guys about Tyler’s music career?” I said to ease up the conversation that was not present. The clicking of the forks and knives stopped as I looked over at Tyler only to see his eyes grow wide.

I noticed my parents glance at each other and my dad proceeded to say, “No, you didn’t tell us that,” as he took another bite of his prime rib.

“Oh, you’ve got to hear some of his music! He’s dropping a new song tomorrow, isn’t that right?!” I said as I looked at Tyler.

Tyler dropped his utensils and brought a fist to his mouth. He looked up from his plate and stared at my parents. “Yee-eeah, b-but did you see that football game last night Mr. Stevens?”

Before my dad could reply, I said, “No, no, your music Tyler! Let’s play them one of your songs... it’s really good!”

I took my phone out of my pocket and started to look up one of Tyler’s songs.

“You know Tyler, I actually haven’t listened to the one you’re dropping tomorrow, can we listen to that one?”

“Ss-sure,” Tyler replied nervously as he reached for his phone. I grabbed his phone from his hand and started to scroll.

“Is it this one Ty, as I tapped on the one called “Emma.” Before he could respond, the song began to play and my parents sipped their wine as they listened. I held Tyler’s hand under the table and nodded at him, letting him know it was gonna be okay.

As the song played, my parents’ eyes grew wide and so did mine. Before the song was even halfway through my dad had spit a mouthful of his wine across the table and yelled at me to turn it off. It was silent for a moment.

“You wrote a song about having sex with my daughter?!” My dad said as he looked at Tyler with a stern face.

“Ss-sir I can -”

“And you think it’s appropriate to play this for us?! And produce it???” My dad said as his voice grew louder and louder. “I can’t believe your boyfriend wrote this, Emma.”

We sat again in silence.

“Oh yeah... well aa-at least Tyler and I actually love each other!” I yelled to my parents to break the awkward silence.

This created even more awkward silence. I was just defending Tyler, I thought to myself, as this dinner was already going so much worse than I thought it would.

“Honey, your mother and I do love each other,” dad replied.

“Bullshit, dad and you know it! All you guys ever do is fight and I’m so sick of hearing it!”

“Language!” My mom yelled at me.

Tyler was just sitting there. I felt so bad that this was how he was meeting my family for the first time.

“I’m so sorry,” I mouthed to Tyler as my parents remained quiet. “Don’t get upset at Tyler just because he cares about me more than you guys care about each other,” I said to my parents to defend Tyler. “When’s the last time you guys even did something nice for each other?”

“...I-I don’t know,” My father replied, looking at my mom sincerely.

My mom was quiet but she seemed sad by her facial expressions.

“Emma’s right,” mom said to dad. “We’ve been arguing a lot lately...”

This was kinda awkward for Tyler and I, so I began collecting the dishes from the table and took them to the kitchen. Tyler followed me, carrying the cutlery.

“I didn’t want you to play that song, Emma,” Tyler said to me as I placed the dishes in the sink.

“Ty, it’s okay, they needed to hear it. They’re both too shy when it comes to this shit. I’m glad I played it.”

“Well I hope everything is gonna be okay,” Tyler said to me as he kissed my forehead.

We decided that we should probably go back into the dining room in case it got ugly. But to our surprise, my mom was crying on my dad’s shoulder. Tyler and I both looked at each other as we began to sit down.

We said nothing.

“I really do love you,” my mom said to my dad as she was sobbing.

“I love you too Stephanie, and I’m sorry we’ve been arguing so much. I’ve just had a rough week at work.”

And before I knew it, my parents were hugging. I looked at Tyler and then back at my parents in amazement.

My mom then got up and went into the kitchen to go get the dessert she made. She came back smiling with some pie and ice cream.

“Who wants some pie?!” She said to us as she sat back down.

“I do honey, you know your pie is my favorite,” my dad replied.

“I’ll take some too, Mrs. Stevens, it looks really good,” Tyler said politely.

Well this is definitely not how I thought dinner was gonna go, I thought to myself, as everyone ate their pie. I don’t know if it was good or bad. I definitely don’t think I’ll bring him back here though...

“Emma would you like some too?” My mom asked.

“Uhh yeah sure,” I replied, still flustered by everything that just happened. “I’m sorry I yelled at you guys,” I said to them as I began to eat my pie.

“That’s okay sweetie, someone had to bring it up,” my mom said.

“And I’m sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, I-I didn’t mean for my song to start any of this,” Tyler said hesitantly.

“That’s okay Tyler. You do have a really good voice,” my dad replied.

And by the end of the night, we were all smiling and laughing, eating our dessert.

“How about you write a song for us, Tyler?” My dad asked.

Tyler looked at me with his eyes wide.

THE END.