

Write Your Life

A micro memoir writing project

Remember a moment when someone took a choice out of your hands. Were you relieved or annoyed?

Turn Here

Last night Tizi asked the boy, “Which road would you like to take home?”

“I don’t care, Nonna.”

“We can go Telegraph Road or Franklin Road. Which do you like better?”

We’d just picked him up from Jiu-jitsu. He was sweaty. He was eight years old, sitting behind her in the van. He said he didn’t care, again.

“Franklin Road is scenic. On Telegraph there’s a lot of traffic. Which do you like?” The Square Lake Road light changed. Four lanes of southbound traffic swelled forward. “Hurry! Which?”

I faded right into the turn lane and decided for him.

Down in Dearborn there’s a noisy burger joint on Michigan Avenue. You enter Miller’s Bar through a side door. It’s always full, there’s nowhere to stand and wait. If it looks dark, that’s because there are no windows. When a table is vacated, you sit. There are no bad tables. There are also no good ones. When she gets to you, the server does not hand you a menu. You’re supposed to know, and she’s got a lot of tables besides yours. If you’re new to Miller’s it must be frustrating. We took a friend there one night. We’d briefed him. It’s burgers, that’s all. Fries and onion rings. When the server got to us, Tizi and I recited our orders. Our friend said he’d have the burger.

“What can I have on it?” he said.

“Onions and pickles.”

“Do you have lettuce and avocado?”

She looked over her shoulder at a couple that just sat down. Then she pointed at the condiments on our table. “I’m offering onions and pickles.” At Miller’s, you were relieved of having to think, of having to choose. You had things their way.