

This is a story of my parents. At that time my parents were just teenagers. My mother was supposed to go on a date with my dad. She was very excited. She was with her friends all day. For her money she bought a new dress and shoes. When she was ready, she went to a place where my dad worked. They had a nice chat, but then he asked what she was going to wear. He didn't realize she was already dressed. My mother felt hurt and embarrassed. She told my dad that she needed to take a call. Eventually she said that she wasn't feeling good and went home. At the evening when she was supposed to have a date she called him, that there's something important. In the end she backed out of it. That night my dad went with someone else, but he didn't have much fun. He couldn't stop thinking that there was something wrong with my mom. After all, she was very excited and happy to go on a date with him. He couldn't just let it go. He called her friends, if they had any idea what was wrong. At first he was slow, but in the end he got an idea what was wrong. He apologized to her and invited her to dinner. I don't know how, but they somehow resolved it. That was a story of how my parents almost broke up before they even knew each other properly. Today, they are married. But the theme of their first date somehow became taboo in our family.