

Dogma

Bethany: My first year in college. All through high school, I'd dated the same guy - Walter Flanigan. We were really in love, right? So much so that we decided to go to Carnegie Mellon together...that's this college in Pittsburgh. So, there we are - away at school, and there's suddenly no parents to worry about anymore. So, we're screwing like rabbits - just constantly doing it. And I wound up getting pregnant. So, he begs me to have it. The baby. He says we should quit school and get married, and I'm telling him that we'll screw up our educations. We fought for about a week - my argument being there was no rush to have kids, you know? We could always have a baby in a couple of years - after school. So, I got the abortion against his wishes . . . I mean, what the hell - it was my body, right? After graduation we got married and immediately set about trying to have kids. We tried like hell for the first 6 months, and - nothing. So, I went to a gynecologist to see if everything was okay on my end. It wasn't. My uterine wall had this fissure. It seems that the doctor who performed the procedure on me years before had somehow botched it. I'd never be able to have a child.

So there I am - devastated. And now I have to go home to break the news to my husband who years before had begged me to have the baby - his baby. And after I explain it to him through my tears, he sits on the couch and rubs his eyes. And in the calmest, most rational voice I've ever heard anybody use in my life, he asks me for a divorce. And I fought him, you know? I tried to talk him out of it, told him there were alternatives, like we could adopt. And all he said was he wanted a wife who could have HIS children. He remarried. He had two kids in two years with his new wife. We never spoke again.