

This is like a new beginning in Amalia Varga's life. She walked to the doorway that led to the city of New York. She had only an empty box back in Hungary. She had only her old man by her side who worried of the days left for him. She had never thought that she would ever leave her country. The place where she felt like she belonged was gone now. It was before. Before her husband had the dreaded, bloodied, and shivering body. Then he died and no one knew why. That was the sad thing she had ever through in her life. No matter what, life must go on.

Now, she saw the grey doorway of the boarding house with a dusty spider web on all around it, and paused for a second or two. She asked herself, "If this the right choice". She did not bother to ask her father about the question, because himself did not know what should happen. Feeling unsure and uncomfortable, she just wanted to be in her country right now. It was so much easier to make decision back there. Now all she knew, she was stuck with full bucket of unanswerable questions. She knew what she would see when she pushed the door. Just like what she predicted.

Carefully, she held her father's wrinkled, shrunken-little hands. They met with the owner of the boarding house. As she walked to show the way to their room, her hips flapped like jelly ready to be eaten. The room smelled like rotten fish, and water came from the moldy-holed ceiling.

That night as she was going to close her eyes, she thought of her country. She missed everything already. A tear drop fell from her eyes. Swiftly, she swatted it as if there was someone watching her from the broken window. The place she laid right now was the place her husband had wanted to go before he died. She did it for him. She did not want to be sad like this anymore.

Then, she got up from her bed and pushed the door that went to the roof of the boarding house. There was a big open space on top of the roof. As the night air soothed in her nose, it made her feel so near to her country. She imagined herself in her cozy, warm-little house, cooking for her sweaty, exhausted husband, after he returned from the farm. She watched the moon light up the darkness, just like in her own country. It made it feel all near. Then, she remembered that she used to watch the moon almost every day with her husband. After some point when he got sick, and they stopped doing that. That yellowed sphere made her mesmerize everything. From that day on, she would be at the roof if she missed her country. Although she was truly hearted the country she lived now, her memories in Hungary would never fade. As if she put them inside a special box and would bring it everywhere she travelled.