Child Birth

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SARAH D. BURSE

Child Birth

Light red blood drips onto the squeaky white floors. I hear my mother banging on the wooden door. I quench my skinny brown hands around my swollen stomach. I look down at the dark realm between my fat legs. The floor has turned from squeaky white to sinister red.

Blood flows out of my dark realm. Tears roll down my hot cheeks. My piercing scream cries out. I hear a beeping noise. Every time I open my eyes I see the ceiling moving. People in white coats crowd around me.

The room stops and a dark shadow peeps around the corner. I hear the sound of metal hitting the cold table. He examines me. His eyes are fiery red, burning my innocent soul. The black slimy ceiling is dripping on my head. I feel the whoosh of crisp air hit my skin. He is crawling towards me. He sinks his nail into every rigi—my eyes are getting sleepy. Screams fade to whispers. My pain is turned to a numbing sensation. I feel a cold sharp object penetrate my stomach. My dark realm is brought to light. Its walls are tearing. Its walls are burning. Its walls forcefully stretched. A sweet soft lullaby plays nearby. The lullaby goes:
crying, laughter.