

A New Home

She hummed 'Rock-a-bye baby on the treetop' to herself as she wheeled the pram along the suburban pavement. She just loved the look of this new top-of-the-range pushchair. The Bugaboo model holding her precious cargo was so stylish and well-engineered. It seemed to float effortlessly across the surface on its well-sprung chassis.

It was a glorious late spring day and the trees along the avenue appeared to be exploding with fresh verdant foliage. It seemed as if the people walking by recognised that her heart was full of joy. Everyone smiled in that special warm, congratulatory way reserved for young mothers with their babies. She had wanted this baby so much that it was as if a dam had released a tsunami of love on its arrival. As she headed homeward she scrolled down her mental list of the purchases she had made that morning. She couldn't wait to see how the Babygro she had bought from the trendy shop JoJo Maman Bébé looked on her baby. She hoped it was not too big. She knew she had gone a bit overboard on the bottles of SMA Formula but she didn't intend to go shopping again for quite a while. She had spent more than she intended on a Baby Einstein Octoplush toy. She had economised a little on the nappies. Instead of the more expensive Pampers she had chosen Tesco's own brand product, 'Fred and Flo.'

Thinking about this she leaned over the cot and said to its now happily gurgling occupant, "Yes, mummy has to watch the pennies...yes she does...yes she does." She used that goo-gooey childlike voice characteristic of mothers the world over with its familiar repetition of phrases. She loved the way the blonde curls sat like a halo around her baby's chubby face." You are so pretty I could eat you....Yes you are....Yes you are," she murmured in the same smiley, gentle tones.

She cut across the park towards her cottage on the outskirts of town, exchanging friendly nods with the other women sitting on the benches, hands often rocking the prams beside them. "*I bet most of them are just nannies*", she thought and murmured out loud, "I wouldn't let someone else care for you sweetheart. Why would you have a baby if you didn't want to be there for it twenty-four seven?"

She pushed the pram up the garden path towards the front door of her cottage. Parking the pram in the hall, she picked up the baby and hugged it to

her. A tear slid down her cheek as the familiar sweet baby smell reminded her of the other child she had lost.

She dangled the baby at arm's length and said, "Here we are darling, home sweet home. I'm your mummy now. It was her fault she lost you. She shouldn't have left your pram unattended outside the library."

477 Words