

# Seven

I didn't bother eating my breakfast because I wasn't hungry. Well, it was more like I lost my appetite, but I didn't tell Eve that. I didn't want her to know about my mother just yet, so I made an excuse that I wasn't really hungry and would eat it later. She didn't look convinced, but just nodded as if she understood and said, "Okay dear, if you want."

I spent most of the morning laying on the bed, thinking. I've spent a majority of my time in Willow Woods thinking, but I felt like I was able to think more straight then the other times. I sighed, remembering how Dad told me to be home by eight. He was probably going crazy right now, asking everyone in Tacoma if they have seen me. As far as I know, he probably is searching all of Washington, even the whole country.

Dad use to tell me Mom was very overprotective over me. I would always think he was probably the overprotective one, when he didn't allow me to have sleepovers till I was 10 and never allowed me to cross the street unless he was there to hold my hand. He told me when Mom figured out she was pregnant with me, she was very excited, but didn't leave the house for 3 months because she thought something would happen to me. He said he had to force her to go outside, at least for some fresh air. But she would refuse. She had to leave eventually, for doctors' appointments and things like that.

Dad also told me Mom was not only very beautiful, but also very smart. "That's probably where you got your smarts from," Dad had told me, "It definitely wasn't from me." He chuckled after he said that. That was the day I was got Principal's Honor Roll. He was so proud of me, going on about how if Mom were here, she would squeeze me all tight and probably would never let me go. She would be so proud of me, and probably would cry tears of happiness and jump up and down.

Every time Dad talks about Mom, it feels like I would never be complete without that mother figure. Dad has asked me if I would be okay if he ever got married again, and I said I wouldn't mind. But he never did, and he asked me that about 5 years ago. I still remember that moment like it was yesterday.

Dad also told me when I was a baby and Mom was still alive, she would sing me his lullaby she made up. He said she spent hours figuring out the lyrics when she was pregnant, and when she finally finished it, she couldn't wait to sing it to me when I was born. When I was little, she sang it to me once they handed me to

her in my little beanie on my baldhead and mittens on my tiny hands. He said when he walked in before he got to hold me, all he heard was her whisper-singing the lyrics to me, calming my cries. She was rocking me gently back and forth, and Dad just stood at the doorframe, listening to her sing the song. Every time she sung the song I stopped crying. I would calm down and snuggle against her, slowly falling asleep to the sound of her voice. Even when she took me home after I was born, she sat down on the old rocking chair we used to have, me in her arms. She had a sweet smile on her face and she start to slowly rock back and forth, cradling me in her arms and she stared deeply into my eyes and started to sing. I would close my eyes as she sang the song, slowly falling asleep to the sound of her voice. She had such a beautiful voice.

I sat there, thinking of the song. It slowly came to me, remembering each word of the lyrics one by one. I smiled, closing my eyes and starting to sing quietly to myself:

*Child oh child, oh don't you cry  
It will be alright and I'll tell you why  
You are such a blessing and dearly loved  
From your mommy and daddy and all the above  
Your cries make us worry; we wonder what's wrong  
Your laughs are a beautiful, sweet little song  
Your giggles are perfect, a wonderful sound  
Your smiles make people happy all around  
Oh child oh child, oh don't you cry  
It will be alright and I'll tell you why  
You're loved and you're cherished, you are beautiful  
Oh child oh child you're a miracles*