

She drove up the driveway and turned off the car and threw the keys in the deep abyss of her purse. It was 1:30 in the morning. The fifteen- degree weather made fog immediately cover the windows of the car after she turned off the engine. Her six children were fast asleep in the back of the minivan. He was in the passenger's front seat fully engaged in a joyous conversation on his cell phone. She gathered her purse and fixed her scarf, making sure that the icy winter air could not crawl up her exposed neck. She opened the door and hurriedly placed her feet on the ground so that she could open the side door to remove the baby from the car seat. She picked up the ten-pound baby and laid him on her shoulder like a sack of potatoes, along with the diaper bag in her other hand. She gently called the names of the five other children so that they could wake from their sleep, to walk in the warm house. Immediately the children fell right back to sleep. She used her free hand and gingerly took turns guiding the children one by one up the driveway, onto the porch. After they were on the porch, she closed the porch door. She searched through her purse on the frigid dark porch for the keys to the house. She put the key in the lock and opened the door.

She was relieved with being able to place the diaper bag and her purse on the counter. With the baby in her arms, they walked through the door into the warm house. Empty handed, he walked through the door a few moments later then asked, "Are all of the children inside?" She replied, "yes they are." Not giving much thought into what he just asked, she unzipped the baby's snowsuit and put her to bed. The children were all in bed fast asleep, so she thought. She undressed herself and got in the bed next to him. For the next several hours she fell into a paralyzing

slumber. In her dream state she kept hearing reoccurring sounds of the screaming little boy who was being chased by a dog. The dog ran back to his master but the little boy was still yelling. The perpetual sounds of the little boy yelling brought her to a jolting conscious state of sobering mobility. She realized that the little boy yelling and screaming was one of her little ones who feel asleep on that freezing dark porch.

The whole house was awakened by loud cries and banging on the front door. They both jumped out of bed, raced to the front door, flicked the lights on, opened the door and there he was standing before them half sleep shivering with his winter coat zipped up, not knowing where he was. "I asked you if they were all inside", he sharply charged. "I thought they all walked inside when I opened the door. I had the baby in one hand, keys and the diaper bag in the other. I was using my one free hand to get them all out of the car and inside. It was dark," she replied. "You left my son on a freezing porch!" he yelled. "I thought that he walked in the house when I unlocked the door, it was dark", she said as if her breath was being snatched away. "Well why didn't you check", he demanded as he invaded her personal space. Just as she was getting ready to respond, she felt a slight warmth running down the inside of her leg. "He seems to be okay. I know that he is scared and cold, but he's inside of the house now, I'll put him in the bed" she responded nervously. He reached out his hand to block her from moving. "Don't touch him. I don't trust you to put him in the bed. You had a chance already. I'll make sure he gets in bed. I specifically asked if he walked in the house and you were too lazy to check. You are

selfish. You always think about yourself and your comfort. You are an unfit mother.”

Her heart broke in six pieces and fell on the floor right in front of her.