

You will Always have more Dreams

It was late, the girl about three or four at the time, and everyone else in the family was sleeping upstairs like they always were. The mom with the dad, the brothers in their bunk beds, and herself in her own room. Or so she thought. Her eyes fluttered open sometime during the night, and she was greeted with an open darkness. A quiet darkness. So quiet that she managed to hear faint whimpering coming from downstairs. She curiously slipped out of bed, into the dark hallway, and made her way down the stairs avoiding every creaky floorboard. She didn't turn on any of the lights for fear of alerting the person of her presence. Once she had finished her stealthy descent, she peered around the corner into the dark living room and saw who she assumed was her mom.

Her mom was sitting curled up on one of the couches in the room that was set up against the windows. They held a view of all the stars the darkness and the moon. The moon cast a faint white glow through the window onto her mom as if it were holding her in a comforting embrace. Just enough light coming through to accentuate her silhouette somewhat eerily as she faced the window. The girl suddenly realized her mother was crying. Sniffling, wiping her tears and runny nose on her sleeves. The girl stood there in the dark living room doorway silently taking in the scene before her. *Why was her mother crying?* She took a step forward and her mother heard the floor creak behind her. She turned around to see who it was. Immediately her crying ceased and her face became hard set as she turned back towards the window. It was as if she were pretending she hadn't just been crying.

The girl had not known at the time, but years later she now knows that earlier that night her mother had gotten into a fight with her father. They talked about how maybe a divorce was

the best option for them. But the mother had nowhere to go, no family to run to. She realized that this news she had received was far too much to bear, so she went to drinking in an effort to drown out her quelled sorrows. This type of behavior was typically unheard of from the girls mother, but she now understands and forgives her mother for her actions that night. The girl walked closer and sat next to her mother on the couch. Her mother didn't dare look at her for fear of falling, crumbling apart when their eyes locked. Instead her gaze was fixed, looking at nothing in particular through the window. A sorrowful yearning was painted onto her face with her own slick tears, as she continued staring through blurry vision. It seemed as if she were trying not to blink, trying to dry out her eyes and will the inevitable tears from falling. The girl noticed and took in how the moon's glow illuminated the wetness on her face, how the stars almost made the tears appear to sparkle. It was almost beautiful, how the tears beaded up on her lashes only to be spilled over, rolling down her cheeks whenever she blinked. Over and over again. But still she remained sitting, crying in silence pleading to the night sky. Wondering if the same moon she sat crying under now was seen by her family thousands of miles away. If only they had any idea what condition their baby girl was in now. If only they knew how desperately she wanted to crawl into their bed, and into their arms.

The girl sat patiently waiting for her mother to say something, anything, but when nothing came, the girl asked "Mom why are you awake so late? And why are you crying?" The mother seemed to bask in the temporary silence that followed before the girl questioned her once more. "Did you have a bad dream?" The mother thought to herself this time *If only it were just a dream...* She smiled to herself tasting the salty tears on her lips and lied.

“Yes, I did have a bad dream tonight,” she said rather choked, feeling her throat closing in on itself silencing her once more. Upon hearing this the little girl scooped closer and cuddled up next to her mom carefully placing her head in the warm nook between her mother's shoulder and neck. She simply held her mother comforting her while thinking about what she could possibly say to take away her mother's fear. Trying to think back to something that her mother might have said to calm her from nightmares past.

“Its ok” the girl whispered through her mother's hair, the warm breath brushing her ear.

“You will always have more dreams.”

The mother could no longer keep herself together. This one sentence had unraveled her completely, it was her undoing. She choked on a sob. She didn't bother hiding herself from her daughter anymore. She was too pure. She let the tears fall, and welcomed the little comforting arms that were tightly wound around side her, and the tiny head that still lay on her damp neck. She pulled her daughter a bit closer; it was a bittersweet lie that she had told, but one she needed to tell nonetheless, for this burden was hers, and hers only to bear.