

A Place of Birth

By Donna Bishop

I had been living on this quiet, cozy little street for months just minding my own business. I admit at first I was a bit on the lonely side, sort of like in the middle of nowhere, but as the months passed I seemed to be taking up more and more of the space until now I fit right up along both sides of the street.

I no longer had time to be lonely as strange things happened to me with each passing day. Initially I just felt like a blob of some kind with no particular shape. Soon I felt the blob changing form with a small ball attached to a bigger ball. Things were moving around inside me but I couldn't tell what. It all felt very right and normal. Pretty soon I realized four bumps were pushing out of my big ball. The bumps grew longer and longer and finally one day I sensed that each long bump had smaller bumps on the end. At first I could do nothing about those parts that hung on me. They just seemed to move about freely kicking against both sides of the street where I lived.

As the small ball on top of my larger ball changed, many things happened. I became more aware of where I lived. It was a warm place and I could hear soft sounds around me. I felt the movement of someone close to me.

Suddenly my world started to change. I felt some sort of gentle pushes every once in a while. Pretty soon they weren't so gentle and it seemed like both sides of my street closed in on me and squeezed me towards this very small opening. I was not a bit happy about the whole situation but seemed to have no choice.

Soon the pressure against my body and the increased squeezing resulted in the most horrible loud screaming that was painful to me. In addition I sensed other alien sounds.

I was exhausted, frightened and just wanted to return to my cozy, quiet little street. Oh! No! I felt one last big push coming. Of all things, I was suddenly cold and hanging upside down. Smack! Something hit me! I was so startled I screamed my first sound and shot something wet all over whatever was holding me head down. That seemed to change things. I was wrapped in something warm.

I have lived on many streets over the years. All of them have contributed to the person I am today but I am most thankful to my mother for giving me the secure nourishing space for my initial development.