

The Re-birth

It had been two months since I had moved out of my old home and into a new one. Everything felt different, but that's exactly what I was looking for, I needed to get away; run away; from that house; from the ringing of the telephone through which a police officer told me that my husband was in a car accident.

He didn't make it. Ten years together with a baby on the way, and he wasn't going to be around to take this journey through parenthood with me; hadn't we said forever? Then why had he been taken away from me like this?

Tears spilled from my eyes, and I felt a sharp pain in my stomach. It died down and a few seconds later and came again. It then occurred to me that maybe I was going into labour.

I quickly called for a cab; I was going to have to do this alone. My mother wasn't going to be in town till tomorrow as my due day was next week but seems like the baby had other plans for me.

The cab driver pulled up, I grabbed my hospital bag, got in and told him to hurry; fortunately, there was less traffic as it was past midnight.

We made it to the hospital in time and luckily my doctor was on call. My water had broken by the time we reached the hospital. Dr. Ned came in and told me that I was ready for delivery.

As I began pushing, the pain overtook me, and I didn't want to do this alone. I needed my husband, I needed Rehman and he wasn't there. His face flooded into my mind, his sweet smile and his kind eyes encouraging me to go on. With one final push my baby, our baby was born.

The nurse took him, had him cleaned and wrapped him in a red towel; Rehman's favourite colour. She then handed my son to me. I took him in my arms and looked at him.

He had the same familiar sweet little face and those kind eyes which he slowly opened to look at me. I looked back at him smiled and whispered into his ear, "I think I know you."