

# DIARY OF AN UNBORN CHILD

**October 5**— Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet, I am as small as a seed of an apple, but it is I already. And I am to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and blue eyes. Just about everything is settled though, even the fact that I shall love flowers.

**October 19**— Some say that I am not a real person yet, that only my mother exists. But I **am** a real person, just as a small crumb of bread is yet truly bread. My mother **is**. And I **am**.

**October 23**— My mouth is just beginning to open now. Just think, in a year or so I shall be laughing and later talking. I know what my first word will be **MAMA**.

**October 25**— My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on it shall gently beat for the rest of my life without ever stopping to rest! And after many years it will tire. It will stop, and then I shall die.

**November 2**— I am growing a bit every day. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I have to wait a long time yet before those little legs will raise me to my mother's arms, before these little arms will be able to gather flowers and embrace my father.

**November 12**— Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are I'll be able to stroke my mother's hair with them.

**November 20**— It wasn't until today that the doctor told Mom that I am living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, Mom?

**November 25**— My Mom and Dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I am a little girl. I want to be called Kathy. I am getting so big already.

**December 10**— My hair is growing. It is smooth and bright and shiny. I wonder what kind of hair Mom has.

**December 13**— I am just about able to see. It is dark around me. When Mom brings me into the world it will be full of sunshine and flowers. But what I want more than anything is to see Mom. How do you look, Mom?

**December 24**— I wonder if Mom hears the whispering of my heart? Some children come into the world a little sick. But my heart is strong and healthy. It beats so evenly: tup-tup. Tup-tup. You'll have a healthy little daughter, Mom!

**December 28**— Today my mother killed me.