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The Joy of Being a Mother

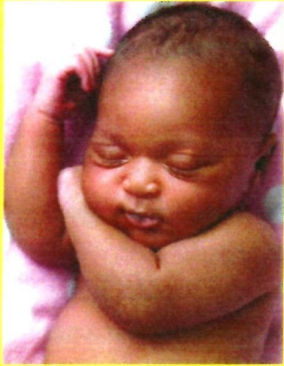
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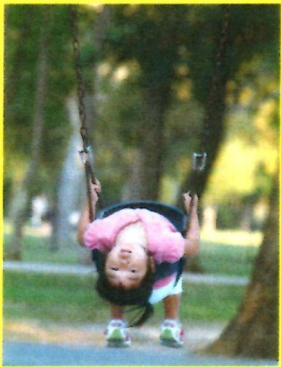
The Joy of Being a Mother

Anna Twyman

“Where’s Mike?” Amanda asked.
“He’s over there in the chocolate river that looks like a banana,” I said. As we walked down the valley of strawberry liquorish, we heard a faint noise far in the distance. The farther we explored down the sweet trail, the louder the sound became. It was still blurry, but we could make it out. It was a cry, like a baby crying.



While laying there still dreaming, the piercing sound cut through my consciousness like a knife. My helpless baby Natalie was crying. I opened my eyes to the pure darkness of the night. I reached up to the headboard of my bed to see what time it was- two-thirty a.m. in bright cherry red numbers. I sluggishly slid out of my warm cozy bed, and searched for my beloved comfy slippers. As my body quivered from head to toe, and a spiking a chill ran down my spine. I crept to the bedroom door trying not to wake another soul. While I gently opened the squeaky door, I tiptoed down the cold wooden floor. I finally reached Natalie’s room. I peeked in, and I saw the dim night light sitting on her chest of drawers, and detected the musty scent of her drenched diaper.



Seconds later Natalie pecked over her Cimmon Kids crib with her petite arms lifted and a bright smile, waiting to be picked up. Reaching down to lift her up, I whispered “Hey, Booger, are you hungry?” Little fingers grasped at my shirt, as she looked up at me with glowing eyes. Without her even saying a word I could already read her mind. So we walked to the living room around the corner. In the silence of the night I could hear her empty tummy rolling as if it were talking, telling me to feed it.



My body was still aching from the coolness in the air. I could feel the inflexibility of my legs as we sat down in our enormous recliner. I started to fix a formula bottle, while Natalie kept slapping my arm while she reached for her milk. I tilted her slender delicate body across my lap. As I watched her guzzle her bottle of milk, I held her tightly, making energy of warmth between our bodies. I looked up at the clock to see that it is almost three o’clock. Natalie impatiently tried to fulfill her craving of hunger. I could hear her gulping down every last drop. As I slowly took her bottle away, I lifted her up and laid her on top of my chest. I lightly patted her on her back, as she let out a huge belch. Having relief and satisfaction she cuddled up into my arms. As I gave her a kiss on the tip of her nose I said, “Good night, my little pumpkin. I love you.” As Natalie’s eyes drifted away I peacefully rocked my angel back to sleep. While I stared down at her, and watched every breath she took. I had a feeling that I never had before. A feeling that every mother has, and a feeling that will never fade away.

