

Kaleena Deshawn

It is early. Much too early for anyone to be awake, but for some reason, she can not seem to get back to sleep. She moves down the attic stairs of the two family house towards the bathroom. However she stops when she hears our mother on the phone. For one thing it is the middle of the night; our mother and who ever she is on the phone with should be in bed and for another thing she can hear our mother whispering as she cries “ Here comes Jaleesa, how do I tell her?” It is more clear now that something is very wrong. She stands and waits as they acknowledge each others odd presence. Then our mother does something she hasn’t done for a long time; when Jaleesa was a baby and she got her ears pierced our mother brought our aunt along and left the two of them, running off, not wanting to hear her baby cry. It is not the same now, but similar as she hands the phone to Jaleesa. It is my God Mother on the other line and as she speaks Jaleesa begins to cry, just like our mother was. My God Mother tries to comfort her, “Be strong, you still have to tell your sister,” however that is possibly one of the only things that could have upset her even more in the moment.