

Georgia Sprague-Davies & Kanzi Ahmad 10X

It wasn't the answer I wanted, but there it was; those two blue lines. Pregnant. I couldn't deny it now, seven tests, each one of them positive. What was I going to do? I would put on my shoes, go to work and act like everything was normal. My insides were churning, and there were tears in my eyes.

I couldn't tell Tom; even after six years together it was perfectly clear that children weren't part of the plan.

I walked out of the office and the wind was like knives to my face and the implications of where I was going, what I was about to do, finally set in. I drummed my fingers against the table, becoming more and more aware of my surroundings. I flicked through the magazine mindlessly, over the crackling and distorted address system I heard my name. I took a deep breath, for a moment my confidence wavered and I turned on my heel to leave.

'Mrs Smith?' the nurse asked.

'Yes' I whispered.

'The Doctor will see you now.'

I was back in the bathroom nine hours after I'd left for work but everything had changed.

Unfinished