

Baby Cries  
By  
Jake Bible

I slumped further into Dr. Boynmeir's couch. He was waiting for an answer.

“Jenns? I asked why you think you aren’t sleeping.”

I tried to bury myself in the plush cushions, anything to escape his gaze.

Hesitantly, I said, “It’s because of the baby crying.”

“A neighbor’s baby?” he asked.

“No,” I gulped. “Mine.”

“But, Jenns, you and your wife don’t have a baby,” he said, a bit condescendingly.

I didn’t answer.

“Right, Jenns, you and your wife don’t have a baby? Answer me,” he asked, alarm in his voice.

“Whatever you say, Doc,” I answered back. “Whatever you say.”