



For the past years, I asked myself time and time again, "What is so great about Natalia? Am I not good enough?"

---Back to Reality---

My days begin with worry and self-doubt. I feel inferior and became more sensitive.

I am more likely to be absent-minded and immersed in my thoughts most of the day.

I know there must be something wrong with my body and I also know I should have a divorce. Probably I should go to see a clinical psychologist but I can't make up my mind.

The sky turns dark outside and I realizes that I have wasted another afternoon again.

I have the worst insomnia the last few days. As soon as it is night, I start to worry about whether I can fall asleep, which makes it even harder for me to sleep well.

Under most situations, I take refuge in remembering the old happy days. What other memories can I use as medicine to release my pain tonight?

Suddenly, it strikes me that Harold and I took many photos in our senior high school. I bought an instant camera at that time and took every opportunity to take pictures.

Harold was my model. I took a lot of solos of him and pictures of us. Those photos were collected in an iron box that should be placed in the storage room.



Quickly, I go downstairs to that storage room in the basement. As expected, I find that iron box. Holding it in my arms, I walk quickly back upstairs but accidentally fall.

The box is thrown into the air and the photos inside are scattered everywhere. I struggle to pull myself up and pick up those photos but unfortunately, I roll down the stairs.

Waves of stomachache hit me and I feel warm liquid flowing out of me. I stand up and climb up the stairs with great difficulty. After a while, I can get the phone on the coffee table

I call 911 immediately. During the waiting, I see the blood spreading under me.

I call Harold's number but even after the ambulance arrives, he still hasn't answered the call.

"I am sorry. I think we are losing the baby," the doctor's words keep spinning in my mind.

"Was I pregnant?" I am confused and my hands subconsciously put themselves on the belly.

"How could I not know I was pregnant? How could I be so careless? Does the baby not like me?" I stare at the white ceiling, tears leaking out of the corner of my eyes and wetting my pillow.

I sigh, "Maybe it is a good thing. The baby won't live in a happy family even if I can give birth to him. Harold and I can't be good parents. The baby makes a smart decision."

Chapter 6

But why my tears can't stop? They blur my vision and I can't see the ceiling clearly.

Finally I burst out crying, covering my face with the quilt.

God knows how badly I want a child.

After the release of the emotions, I pick up my phone and text Harold: Can you come now?

As expected, he doesn't text me back.

That is ridiculous. I don't know when Harold stops replying to any messages from me.

It is always me who ask him when he will come back home but never get a reply. He hasn't come back home for a long time.

I remember that the last time he went back home was last month. That day, I saw a picture on Natalia's Instagram of Harold celebrating her birthday.

He had the entire bar to celebrate her birthday. It seemed to me that he wanted to tell everyone he loved Natalia the most.

I went crazy, texting him that if he didn't come back this time, I would commit suicide. I got him with my lie. On that day, I added something to his water to raise his sexual desire and we had sex. But it was not pleasant and I could see his veins standing out on his neck.

The next morning, after he woke up, Harold sneered at me and said cruelly, "I'll never come back home even if you die. If you want me back, agree to have a divorce."



I clasped his leg and begged, "Please, Harold, don't leave me!"

He looked at with an impassive face and said, "Quinn, look at yourself. Don't you think you are very horrible?"

Returning from my memory to reality, I guess it is that night that I got pregnant with his baby. On the sick bed, I once again stroke my stomach.

The baby has chosen me as its mother but I am not qualified to be a mother.

The baby is lucky. It doesn't have to arrive in such a loveless family. Its mother is crazy and its father won't care about it at all. How pity it is!

All of a sudden, I feel so relieved as if something heavy is lifted from me and disappear with the baby together. I spend a night in the hospital bed and have the best sleep.

I haven't had such a peaceful night in a long time.

When the sunshine come into my room, I suddenly realize that the thing that has gone with the baby is my stubbornness and obsession with Harold.

My obsession is my fetters, stopping me from pursuing a better life.

I have it all figured out, deciding to break up with Harold. After making this decision, I have a great feeling of freedom. Probably it is a gift from my baby.

Thinking of divorce, I feel no longer sad and miserable.

Chapter 6



I can drop my past! Covering my eyes, I cry again in happy tears.

Wiping my tears, I pick up my phone. Harold still doesn't text me back.

It suddenly strikes me that if I can't find Harold, I can go to Natalia. She must be able to contact him. Soon I text Natalia: Could you tell Harold that I need to talk to him urgently?

A minute later, she replies to me, "I am sorry. He's still sleeping."

And then immediately, she sends me a close-up of Harold's side face on the bed.