



Together for Good, Prologue

By Melanie Dobson

“No!” the girl screamed as she collapsed against the glass. But no one helped her. They were stealing her baby, and no one cared. She pounded her fists against the hospital window, but they couldn’t hear her cry. Would they tell him

how much she loved him? That she never wanted to let him go? Her stomach cramped, and she bowed over with pain. Losing him hurt worse than the contractions.

Worse than the labor. Worse than her parents slamming the front door. Worse than her boyfriend never coming back.

It was more than she could bear.

Her hands pressed against her belly, but the baby was gone. Two days ago, she’d felt him growing and rolling and dancing inside her. Just hours ago, she’d snuggled him close to her chest; playing with his tiny fingers, stroking his golden crown of hair.

The nurses took him away and never brought him back. One kiss, and her boy disappeared.

She scraped her fingernails across the glass, squinting to see his crinkled lips and soft blue eyes as they carried him across the parking lot below.

No one believed her, but she would’ve taken good care of him. She would’ve loved him more than anyone else could ever love him. She would have been a good mom.

The man who’d taken him tucked a blanket around his legs; the wife kissed his cheek. How dare that woman kiss her baby!

She was his mom! She’d taken care of him for nine months and anguished through

twelve hours of labor to deliver him into the world. She'd born this child, so much a part of her even after he was gone.

Would she ever see her boy again? Not for a minute did she want to let him go. Surely, they'd tell him she hadn't wanted to give him away. That she'd love him for the rest of her life. That she'd done this for his own good.

If only she could run down the hospital stairs and rip her baby from their hands. If only she could take care of him by herself.

“Stop!” she yelled at the glass. Stop those thieves. As the woman opened the car door, the girl's fingers trembled; her nose pressed against the cold glass

for one last look before the couple stole away her son.