



Chelsea's mom's back straightened. "Honestly, if that's how you feel, you should have just said so."

Right.

Chelsea pulled on her robe, lifted Abigail to her shoulder, and headed to the kitchen. Her mom took a pot from the cupboard. "I'll just stay home for a little while, so I can make a casserole for your supper."

Chelsea patted Abigail's back. "I can feed myself."

"But you won't be wanting to cook when you get back from Abby's appointment. You know how she can be at that time of day."

"Don't call her that!" Chelsea kept on patting. No burp.

Her mom shoved her face into Abigail's. "Soon, little princess, I can make little casseroles for you too, can't I?"

"Stop it. I'm trying to get her to burp."

"Well, since I'm still here ..." Chelsea's mom took Abigail, sat down with her in the rocking chair, and patted her back.

"Not so hard, Mom. She's just a little baby."

"Sometimes you need a firm hand to get the bubble up." *Pat pat pat pat pat ...*

Annoyingly, Abigail burped and was asleep in minutes. Chelsea's mom put her in her crib. When she put on her coat, Chelsea breathed a sigh of relief.

"Snow in the forecast," her mom said. "You'll want your boots today. And don't forget to bundle Abby up nice and warm."

After she closed the door, Chelsea went to the crib where Abigail was sleeping and rested a hand on her tummy. "You know, sweetheart, sometimes I think Gramma thinks you're *her* baby."

Chelsea sat in the rocker and offered Abigail her breast. Arching her back, Abigail cried and pulled away. Chelsea covered herself and jiggled her baby against her shoulder, but she just cried harder.

"Poor sweetheart. Have you got a big burp in there?" Chelsea lay Abigail across her lap and patted her back. "Sweetie, I wish you could tell me what's wrong."

She changed her baby's diaper. She walked her up and down the hall, singing "You are my sunshine ..." She set the birds on the mobile twirling. She again offered her breast, but again the baby yanked away, screaming.