

## Chapter 13

Tuesday morning, Ben and Emelie slept late after their adventure. When Emelie got to the kitchen, she was surprised to find it empty. Liam had been insistent that she had to have “support.” Her phone told her that Jackie was running late. *Well, I guess Liam hasn't told Mama what a bad girl I've been, or she'd have been here before dawn. Maybe I won't have to explain myself to her.* Looking at her phone, Emelie realized she'd missed her Monday therapy appointment. *Oh, well. Another screw-up.* She'd call Dr. Smith later. Or maybe just see her Thursday as usual.

After breakfast, Emelie invited Ben into the studio. “Want to see what I've been working on?” she asked him casually.

“Okay,” he agreed. He helped her to flip canvasses over so that they both could look at the images she'd painted.

“Mama, you painted me!” he said with some delight.

“Yes, I did, and who else is there?”

Ben squinted at the painting. “Mama, that's my baby. How did you know about my baby?”

“Your baby? What do you mean, Ben?”

“My baby. I dreamed her,” Ben said. “You know, I told you about that.”

She wasn't sure she remembered. “Really? When was that?”

Ben looked wise. “Oh, a long time ago. Before kindergarten. I was only little. But I remember that baby.”

“Well, I dreamed that baby too, Ben,” she told her five-year-old. “Maybe we both had the same dream.”

“I dreamed about you, Mama,” Ben said. “Did you ever dream about me?”

Emelie recalled the nightmares that arose after her accident. “Oh, yes, Ben, I dreamed about you being at school,” she said lightly. She flipped through a few more canvasses.

“More babies,” Ben commented. “Lots of babies. But is it all the same baby?”

“I don't really know.” Emelie was pensive. “They do look alike, don't they?”

Ben got restless. “Am I going to school today? It might be show and tell.”

Emelie shook her head. “Daddy thinks we need a day at home after our adventure yesterday. Mimi is coming over.”

“Okay, but I want to go to school tomorrow,” Ben negotiated. “It is my turn to feed the hamster, and I don't want to miss my whole week.”